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ground, which, however, the lower leaders at once utilised so far as possible.

Now, however, our military authorities are reintroducing skirmishing in some form or other. But when they do so they must compel commanders to regard the use of skirmishers as an absolute necessary feature in every field-day. The commanders must accept it as a reality, and if they do so the stock pattern field-day either on a large or a small scale falls through, because finding out the whereabouts of an enemy, the careful examination of his position and the acquiring the necessary information, takes time, so the men's dinner-hour field-day ceases to exist—concurrently is afforded opportunity for practice by commanding officers in keeping the men's ammunition pouches, water bottles, and stomachs well supplied.

But South Africa also tells us how difficult it is to find out the exact position held by an enemy and the disposition of the troops in it. Reconnaissance may tell the attacker something of the ground, yet if the defender knows his business, and the topographical conditions are favourable, the reconnaissance may be powerless to discover the strength of the force holding it; what parts are occupied strongly and what parts weakly, and in many cases not even where its real flanks rest; how much of the occupation is merely for deception, how much is for resistance. And even if something is learnt by the reconnoiters as to the disposal of the troops, it is quite possible that between the obtaining the information and arranging a plan of attack in conformity to it, the enemy may have altered the disposal of his troops. I believe this happened in Natal, at all events once, when General Hildyard commanded the attacking force. I know that it happened at the battle of Beaune la Rolande in 1870, when the Germans in the early morning shifted their reserve from right to centre, and so checkmated the plan of attack based by General Crouzat on his knowledge of the position of the reserve on the previous evening. There is nothing new in this experience of the difficulty attending reconnaissance, but peace training has obscured it in the eyes of our officers. At peace exercises the detailed strength of each side is known to the opponent, so he can form some estimate as to the strength in which the position is held, and if lucky he can sometimes tell fairly well where the larger units are. A mounted officer by mischance shows himself in some part of the position; in our small army personal acquaintances are very numerous; he is at once recognised by somebody as General A.'s A.D.C. or Brigade Major, or as Colonel B. commanding the East Blankshire. More than once have I heard a commander say 'Now, I know where they all are, except old ——'s brigade.' Our officers when on the defending side have been yet more favourably situated in this respect, for since the attackers must necessarily show themselves, and their composition is known to their opponents, these simply tick them off on the

list as they become visible in succession, and know at any moment the force yet to be accounted for and guarded against.

Besides the study of ground and learning all about it, there is yet one other matter which our Generals must insist upon in the elementary stages of the training, and without which the troops will be but ill prepared for the further work. During this preparatory period, there must be fostered, in and out of barracks, on the parade ground or at the tactical exercise, the habit of delegation of command and control to the lower leaders, and of co-operation of these among themselves. Never mind how little many captains may know of their work as company commanders, and how helpless a colonel would be if compelled to rely on them only with no adjutant at hand, this habit must be inculcated and practised now, no matter how great the inconvenience may be—a battalion dependent in close country on its colonel or its adjutant for guidance had better be excluded from the *Ordre de Bataille*. Would Fransecky have been able to hold on to the wood of Sadowa, or would the Germans have got to Le Mans, if every company leader and subaltern had been dependent on colonel, major, or adjutant?

In this year's training, the umpiring staff will find themselves confronted by the difficulty of assigning a proper value to artillery fire. Our knowledge of the real effect of this fire in South Africa is very small indeed. It will be only after careful inquiry at some future time that a true estimate will be arrived at as to its physical and its moral effect on either Boers or British. That the preparatory artillery fire will either force the defender to reveal the position of his guns, silence the enemy's guns when discovered, shake his position, or demoralise the defenders remains unproven; whilst on the other hand we are obliged to accept the fact that the artillery fire of the defence will probably reap a rich harvest among the ranks of an attacker in other than extended order. In close and cultivated England, artillery cannot, however, play the important part it does elsewhere, and artillery cannot advance without the greatest caution, if it does not want to run the chance of being annihilated by rifle fire from some not far distant hedgerow.

Then comes in this question of entrenchments. The lesson taught is depth of entrenchments; but as regards our own work, how is the depth to be produced? It seems very doubtful that the fighting Boers handled either pick or shovel, and it is believed by many that workers, Kaffirs, did the work for them—if so, we must take a lesson from them, and provide willing arms beforehand to aid our fighting men in obtaining the necessary cover. Heavy manual labour seems hardly compatible with maintaining fighting men in the physical condition necessary for actual fighting in the field. A soldier can scrape a hole for himself, but he won't be much good with his rifle if before using it he has to dig out a human rabbit-burrow.

In conclusion I would reiterate that for the object in view in the training of 1900, 'ground' overshadows everything else. Then comes the devolution of responsibility and command, and independently of, but in close connection with it, working hard to learn to become soldiers, not confining ourselves to lesson-time only, but working out of lesson-time, even in playtime, if only just for the next three months. Soldiering is not so very difficult if only people who have to soldier will think about it. The battle of life, the battle of our ordinary daily existence, is very like the battle of war, and how we fare in either depends very much on our common sense or our want of it. And as I write this, I open a book that lies by me, and my eyes catch the words, Chapter XII. 'The Battle,' and then 'Crowds both in the Image and the Real mean casualties,' and again 'that all-important desideratum in war, *the intelligent use of ground.*' Why this is 'shop' surely! Yes, so it is; but it is 'shop' in civil life, it is the 'shop' of the hunting-field; and then I read the book and thank the soldier now fighting in South Africa who has, when I wanted a little literary 'play' time, inveigled me into reading his version of some of the 'Common Things of Life,' and has shown me how, even in the pursuit of a sport which I had thought to be all absorbing, a soldier, horse or foot, can prepare himself to become a better soldier.¹ But for the pursuit of any sport, ground is needed. 'We used to call on those good fellows,' says our soldier-sportsman-author, 'the East Kent farmers, to ask permission for the Shorncliffe Drag hounds to run over their land, and on several occasions the reply we received was: "We don't mind when you come or where you go, as long as you treat us *friendly like.*"' Private owners, private occupiers in close and cultivated England, whether you be great people or small people, will you not grant, just this year at all events, similar indulgence to the officers and men of your own, your very own Home Army, if they treat you 'friendly like'?

LONSDALE HALE.

¹ *Pink and Scarlet*, by Bt. Lieut.-Col. E. A. H. Alderson. Heinemann, London.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE

IN maintaining the necessity of administrative reform in the public service it would be alike unwise and unfair to ignore the immense burdens and the high qualities of our Public Officials. If the system falls short of Imperial requirements in certain directions, we must not overlook its characteristic merits, nor sacrifice *morale* in the pursuit of smartness.

The British Empire is administered by the Higher Division of the Civil Service. Its members are able, honourable, loyal to their chiefs, conscientious according to the tradition of duty which they have imbibed, industrious and interested in their work. As in the Army, the material is excellent; it is the system only which needs reform. A survey of the scandals and breakdowns which emerge alike in the colonies, in foreign countries, and in municipal government at home, ought to make us very careful not to undermine the fundamental traditions of our Public Service. It might doubtless draw valuable suggestions as to directness, effectiveness, and method from great commercial and manufacturing concerns. But apart from questions of organisation, the whole spirit of public and of commercial administration is, and must be, different. The public official cannot be tested like the man of business by the competition of the 'house next-door' and the inexorable logic of a balance-sheet. His work is essentially non-competitive. The question of profit, either to himself or to his employer, does not enter, and there can be no payment by results. Under conditions so exceptional, a given salary may doubtless secure the exclusive services of an able man, his regular attendance in a public office, his unimpeachable discharge of official work. But nothing except devotion to duty, exclusive absorption in his official career, care for the public welfare, and that willingness 'to spend and be spent' which can only be perfected in an assured position—will elicit the full measure of his capacities. If, on the other hand, all these conditions are present, and if, nevertheless, the highest capacity of many public

servants is not elicited, is it not fair to assume that the system is at fault?

It is undoubtedly a great and honourable profession, with the merits and also the weaknesses of a profession. Amongst the latter there is possibly the characteristic failing of all bureaucracies, the tendency to lose touch with the workaday world outside, to develop an esoteric orthodoxy, to assume that the daily work and traditional system of a department are ends in themselves, and to forget that it is after all a mere implement to attain definite results for the Commonwealth. Still, the great departments of State could no more be worked without a professional Civil Service than the fleet could be manned without professional sailors. But the fleet, and every man in it, is a machine which exists to effect certain objects, not to pursue a certain procedure, nor to embody certain regulations. The position of the Civil Service is analogous, and those who direct it must bear the blame if the implement is not equal to its task and is not effectively employed.

Who, then, is responsible for any shortcomings? Ultimately, Public Opinion, with its command of the public purse-strings. But Public Opinion, conscious that everybody's business is nobody's business, and is only spasmodically attended to, delegates its authority to highly paid officials, some parliamentary, others professional, and should look to them for effectiveness in method and organisation.

Public Opinion, however, cannot achieve anything by a wave of the hand. Its demands upon its officials must be reasonable. In delegating its authority, does it offer a remunerative and expanding career to able men? Is it willing to pay able men in sufficient numbers for the work imposed upon the departments? Does it trust its ablest officials? Does it encourage their initiative? Will it recognise and enforce their responsibility? Will it support them if they speak unpleasant truths? Does it censure politicians who sacrifice the consistency and continuity of a settled departmental policy to meet some party cry? Will it insist on the redemption of Imperial administration from the costly triflings of party politicians and the paralysing vacillation of the party pendulum? If not, public opinion must take the blame to itself, and 'muddle on' at a huge and accumulating expense and risk, until some day it shall have learnt wisdom. No nation ever gets in the long run a much better, or much worse, administration than it deserves.

At the present moment, however, there is every indication that the nation is alive to the necessities of its position; and as vague outcries are profitless, it is worthwhile for the man in the street to consider why it is that Imperial administration falls short of what Imperial interests demand.

Fundamentally, the whole problem is a question of the *ability* enlisted in the service of the State, its training, and the use to

which it is put. Do we enlist ability of the right kind? Do we enlist enough ability? These are questions of selection and of payment. Do we make the best of the ability at our command? Do we utilise it with sagacity and foresight in the systematic pursuit of well-considered and predetermined ends of Imperial policy? These are questions of organisation and statesmanship.

In the first place, the immense growth of Imperial interests and the increased complexity of social life have created new responsibilities and new fields of work for the administration by leaps and bounds. This increase of official burdens has been met by no adequate expansion in the highest grades of the Civil Service, and consequently in many directions the machine only lives from hand to mouth—just keeping abreast of the day's work without any reserve force to meet special pressure, or to anticipate the contingencies of the future. The best men, the most willing horses, break down one after another. Statesmanship, initiative, and forecast are elbowed out by the day's routine. An overstuffed department elaborates detail and creates infinite friction and delays. But a hurried and overtasked official loses all sense of the proportion of things, all opportunity for providing for the day after to-morrow, while a sheer instinct of self-preservation develops in him the habit of burking difficult problems, and of quenching the smoking flax of initiative in any sanguine junior.

Again, the inherent weakness of every public office is that it breeds in-and-in. Men come into the department young, with no knowledge of affairs, no general business experience. They are drilled into methods and routine by seniors who have themselves never known anything different. The existing system and regulations (with all the little accretions of custom and method which spring up to meet special conditions and need to be reviewed and brushed away from time to time) become sacrosanct. They appear to be absolutely essential to the conduct of affairs, and obedience to them becomes one of the chief ends of man.

On the other hand, in large commercial concerns there is a ceaseless evolution of improved methods, a constant interchange of men and ideas, and an instinctive economy of effort. The promising junior passes from one firm to another, or from a home branch to an American branch and back again, always bringing in fresh methods and always finding fresh methods to learn.

A third weakness is the difficulty of developing merit under a close departmental system. Promising men may be ossified in their very youth by stereotyped forms, by limited and monotonous duties, by the discouragement—even the jealousy—aroused by initiative. In a private business the object of the managers is to get as much work out of a junior as he is good for, to let him run to the top of his ability, to shift the sharp errand-boy into the office, to encourage

the intelligent shorthand clerk to draft his letters, to look out for the man who can bear responsibility and load him with it. Above all, a man's time must never be wasted upon a boy's work. That is as reprehensible as selling a sovereign for a shilling. The boy's work must be passed on to a boy, and there will be plenty of man's work found for the man. But in a department which everybody has entered at the bottom, where every one's work is definite and stereotyped, such a handling of the staff is all but impossible, while if every official felt that his own promotion was jeopardised by the activity and vigour of a youngster, the latter would soon find all doors closed against him.

Again, in vigorous private concerns the bureaucratic tendency to crystallise posts and responsibilities is checked. Redistribution of work in accordance with the capacities of the *personnel* is always proceeding, almost unconsciously. In a measure 'every man creates his own post : ' he does not step over other men's heads into the precise duties, the precise salary, and the precise armchair of his predecessor, as when a colonel is promoted to be head of his regiment, or a clergyman is presented to a benefice. If an important subordinate leaves, it is far more likely that his work will be distributed than be passed *en bloc* to a junior. On the other hand, if a junior is doing his work well, a sagacious administrator throws more and more upon him, to the junior's pride and delight, while giving him a subordinate that he may not be overdone. Yet such a process, so economical in effort, so stimulating and encouraging to the junior, is practically impossible in a department in which every official works up the ladder step by step, as the man just ahead of him vacates the coveted rung.

If it be admitted that the first step should be to enlarge the number of well-paid and responsible posts, the second appears to be to break up the system of watertight compartments and stereotyped positions in the public service. I would urge that the whole Higher Division should be regarded as a single service. It should not be merely permissible and exceptional, but an absolute rule, that *men, especially young men, should be shifted from office to office* in order to widen their experience, to freshen their views, and to elicit their abilities by contact with new questions and new conditions. There will be far less jealousy of juniors, and far less difficulty in promotion by merit, if unusual energy and ability mark out a man for removal from his department, and not for promotion over the heads of seniors who will certainly believe that they taught him all he knows.

It is quite true that such a stirring of the waters would excite objections as giving unnecessary trouble. The man who is promoted has to go to school again ; the men who stay behind have to break in a fresh colt. Still, public officials are paid to take trouble to serve

the State, and if (as I believe) both the public service and they themselves would be the gainers by greater elasticity, that would be sufficient justification. In the Diplomatic Service a man is invariably shifted on promotion, and takes up his new post amongst new colleagues, new surroundings, and new problems.

In pursuit of the policy suggested, a definite (not a large) proportion of vacancies *in every grade* of the Civil Service should be reserved for men of unquestionable experience brought in from the outside world. Such men are good bargains for the State, for they will count fewer years for their pensions, and they will contribute valuable experience bought at their own risk and cost. The necessary increase of highly paid posts in the Civil Service will prevent such a step from in any way impairing the chances of promotion to which existing Civil servants have looked forward.

We are not ignorant that the freedom of appointment suggested is at times exercised, but it is looked upon as exceptional—an expedient to secure the services of some special man; whereas to insist on migration and transplantation, with an occasional importation from outside, as the *rule*, would be for the benefit of the whole service. Indeed, it is the marked success of experiments in this direction which justifies a much wider extension of the principle. Sir Robert Herbert was brought into the Civil Service when he was just forty, having previously practised as a barrister and been the Premier of Queensland. On retiring from the Colonial Office, his services were eagerly accepted in the City, and at a time of crisis when his successors have broken down under an impossible strain, he is the man whom every one welcomes back again at the Colonial Office.

Lord Loch, one of the most valuable officials the Empire has possessed, was a midshipman, an Officer of Irregular Cavalry, and a Diplomat before he entered the Home Office; and thence he passed on to be Governor of the Isle of Man, Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and ultimately Governor of Victoria and the Cape.

Sir Alfred Milner exchanged journalism for the Civil Service at the age of thirty-three. He left the Civil Service for Egypt, returned to be Chairman of Inland Revenue when he was thirty-eight, and resigned that office at the age of forty-three to take up his present position.

Sir Arthur Godley began as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, became a Commissioner of Inland Revenue at thirty-five, and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India at thirty-six.

Better instances could not be found of the stimulating effect of frequent transplantation. Three of these four men belonged to the class of brilliant University undergraduates from which the upper ranks of the Civil Service are habitually recruited. The striking point is that in no case did they get the training which made them valuable officials by entering the Civil Service young, but by serving

a varied apprenticeship in the world outside. It may be a positive solecism that the Foreign Office should have drifted casually into the administration of our East African territories (which under any logical arrangement should be a function of the Colonial Office), and yet under the present system of watertight compartments there can be no doubt that the *personnel* of the Foreign Office and of the Diplomatic Service gains by the wider scope and experience thus afforded through the interchangeability of diplomatic and administrative work. Obviously the same advantages of transplantation might be secured without overburdening a department which is already swamped by undigested problems pouring in upon it from every corner of the world.

Under the system indicated, promotion by merit is shorn of half its difficulties. The average of capability would be raised. The crystallisation of duties, and salaries, and steps in the hierarchy—the stereotyped organisation—the feelings of vested interest—would be dissolved in the large movements of the whole service of the State. Juniors could be pushed on to the limit of their capacities, regardless of their standing and pay, without taking the work out of their own senior's hands. Duties could be redistributed, and superfluous posts would not be filled. No man would see his own quondam subordinate stepping immediately over his head.

Doubtless there would come to each man a time when he could go no further. But it must not be hastily assumed that the man left unmoved would be a useless public servant. 'It takes all sorts to make the world,' and the same is true of a department. A man may lack initiative or be unequal to responsibility, and yet be a valuable official in the right place. In effect, considering the excellent quality of the men who now enter the upper division of the public service or obtain commissions under the Crown, there would be few men incapable of initiative and responsibility if they had wider opportunities when they were young. Still, if a worthy official is left unpromoted in some less important post suited to his capacities, he ought to be entitled to certain increments of salary as the reward of long experience and faithful service. Every man should have something to look forward to—an ultimate salary, which may come sooner or later according to a man's abilities;—which a man of mark may secure at forty, possibly on his way to something higher; for which another man may wait till sixty; but of which nothing but incompetence or neglect of duty can deprive him. For neglect of duty there should be short shrift. As for honest incompetence, it is far cheaper to pension a man before his time than to have him making confusion for his colleagues. After all, 'he is as God made him,' and the blame lies either upon those who selected him for the service, or if he was wisely selected, upon those who failed to train him.

I have said that by such a system promotion by merit is shorn

of *half* its difficulties—the internal difficulties. But the difficulties of selection have still to be considered, for promotion by merit is a very invidious task. The selection requires the painful exercise of judgment. It involves great responsibility. It affronts one friend and disappoints another. If you promote by seniority, everybody feels one step nearer the top. If you promote by merit, conceivably only one man feels a gainer. Is it wonderful that, in the inevitable search for the line of least resistance, which is characteristic of harassed men and confused methods, promotion by merit remains a counsel of perfection, and the whole public service suffers? Under the grim test of war, millions of money and thousands of men must be squandered to slough off the dead-weight of seniority which an indolent, easy-going system has imposed upon the Army. And yet many a fine officer may fail, only because experience never came to him when he was young. Surely in peace-manœuvres every officer in his turn should have the opportunity of acquiring and exhibiting capacity in the work of the rank above him, *before*, not after, he is promoted to it. Doubtless jealousy, etiquette, and tradition stand arrayed against such a method of selection, but are these for ever to outweigh the vital interests of the Empire?

Further, promotion by merit may easily deviate into favouritism, patronage, nepotism, even jobbery. On all these accounts the problem in the Civil Service is likely to remain insoluble, unless we can set up a central authority of indisputable experience and impartiality.

Mere Commissions of Inquiry have proved exceedingly instructive but practically ineffectual. Lord Randolph Churchill's Commission laboured hard and long, but its survey was incomplete and its conclusions have been largely disregarded. What is required is a small but strong 'Board of Administrative Control.' This board would be as independent of all departments (the Treasury not excepted) as the Audit Office is in regard to accounts; and like the Audit Office it would present an independent report to Parliament, or, where expedient, a confidential report to a parliamentary committee.

It might consist of three paid Commissioners, of whom not more than one should be a Civil servant, two being men of experience in the industrial or commercial world. To these may be added four or six unpaid Commissioners, who would be members of the Upper or Lower House, chosen for their business reputation—great ship-owners, railway managers, or provincial manufacturers. It would be essential that there should be no *ex officio* members, except perhaps the 'First Civil Service Commissioner.' Above all, its political independence must be absolute.

Such a body would have much the same powers of inquiry as Lord Randolph Churchill's Commission of 1886, but would differ from it in being a small, permanent, and highly responsible board, super-

vising and unifying the appointments throughout the whole Civil Service. Though the board would be permanent, the Commissioners should not hold office indefinitely—the term being limited to five or seven years. They would retire by rotation, and, to bar any presumption as to reappointment, they should not be re-eligible until the expiration of a year from the end of their preceding term of office.

To such a body questions of administrative reorganisation, of selection, transfer, and promotion would be referred. The duties of the present Civil Service Commissioners in examining candidates for admission to the public service would naturally be affiliated to such a board—and the board would be in a position to urge with great authority any improvements in the method of selection which seemed desirable to them as business men. Such a Commission could regulate, without exciting departmental jealousy, promotions from one department to another, and would be responsible for the occasional enlistment of outside ability and experience.

The storm of objections to such an innovation can be predicted in advance. The answer will be that every system depends upon the wisdom of the men who work it, and that seven or nine experienced men of affairs are not likely to work unwisely. Being *ex hypothesi* practical men, they will leave the vast majority of appointments to the departmental chiefs, and as to the remainder, in nine cases out of ten they will be content to endorse their recommendations. They will certainly take no action without considering the recommendations of the department involved, and obviously, if those recommendations are unimpeachable, they would be accepted. Again, there will be an outcry against their right of inquiry into the organisation of an office. But no experienced administrator nowadays resents the advice of experts in any department. Nothing is more common than for a firm of accountants to be invited to inspect and regulate the books of a house of business—a close analogy.

It would be to such a board that a Cabinet Minister would appeal, if (as has happened recently in more Departments than one) he found his best men breaking down one by one under an unreasonable strain. He would not have to turn aside from affairs of State to consider details of departmental organisation, to overcome the passive resistance of overworked men to the introduction of new blood, or to argue with a reluctant Treasury. He would send a memorandum to the board pointing out the growth of business, the increasing strain, the successive breakdown of his best men, and submit his requirements. It would be the board's duty at once to approve any provision that appeared essential in an emergency, whilst if they thought desirable they would proceed to consider the proportion of staff salaries to the work passing through the office; they would indicate (if need arose) points at which time and labour could be

economised, and finally report their conclusions. Their report would in due course come before Parliament, with a note as to the action of the department or of the Treasury thereon. For persistent opposition to a needful rearrangement, the department or the Treasury would have each to justify itself.

To be fair to the Treasury, it must be remembered that every department naturally asks for as strong and well-paid a staff as it can get, and that it is less troublesome to meet new demands by new appointments than to redistribute existing duties. Somebody must play the critic—and defend alike the public interest and the public purse. This part the Treasury has discharged in the past by compelling each applicant to prove the necessity for every shilling he requires, and then dismissing him with a grant of sixpence. The Treasury has, in fact, thought more of the public purse than of the public interest, forgetting that it is better economy to pay a sovereign to get a job well done than seventeen and sixpence for mediocrity.

If, however, such applications came before the Treasury winnowed and overhauled and responsibly endorsed by an experienced board, 'My Lords' would be exceedingly reluctant to obstruct them without unimpeachable justification.

As regards any increased drain upon the public purse, it by no means follows that the Treasury would have cause for anxiety. It may be predicted that a board of practical administrators would frequently advise substantial additions to the salaries attached to the more responsible posts. On the other hand, it is probable that they would effect many departmental economies, for there seems to be this mysterious law in administration: '*Nothing is so cheap as efficiency: nothing is so inefficient as cheapness.*' Substitute for the Treasury control which seeks *cheapness* the Administrative control which seeks *efficiency*, and the nation will be the gainer, even pecuniarily. It seemed worth while to a great English landlord to induce the ablest of the young Indian Administrators, Mr. Lawrence, to assume the management of his estates at a salary higher than that of any permanent official in the English Civil Service. It seemed worth while to a great commercial house to invite the Financial Member of the Viceroy's Council, Mr. Clinton Dawkins (till ten years ago a clerk in the India Office and at the Treasury), to exchange his great position for their service.

There is in truth no greater economy than efficiency. For years the nation has declined to pay the market value of a cavalry officer—'the eyes and ears of the Army'—relying upon the readiness of rich young men to undertake the responsibility practically for nothing. What is the result of our fatuous economy? The country has saved in each officer's pay an infinitesimal percentage of the public money represented by the cavalry he commands, and in the day of battle gallant and admirable troops, trained and horsed for years at

immense expense, shipped to the seat of war at immense expense, proved lacking in 'eyes and ears' even for their own use, and were taken prisoners by hundreds at a time. What can be done by higher pay and higher requirements is indicated by the brilliant achievements of our Artillery. May the nation take to heart that there is nothing so costly in bare pounds, shillings, and pence—let alone in blood and honour—as the cheapness of inefficiency!

The question of Army Reform is, however, a subject for separate consideration. Yet the fundamental principles will be found not dissimilar, while it will always be impossible to dissociate the Military from the Civil aspects of this urgent and vital problem of State.

We asked at the outset four questions:

Do we enlist ability of the right kind in the public service?

Do we enlist enough of it?

Do we train and develop to the uttermost the ability at our command?

Do we utilise it with sagacity and foresight, with consistency and continuity of purpose, in the pursuit of well-considered ends of Imperial policy?

The conclusions at which we have arrived may be thus summarised:

In quality and *morale* the ability enlisted for the higher division of the Civil Service is admirable. It might with advantage be more frequently reinforced by the introduction from outside of men experienced in business affairs.

In amount the ability is not adequate to the demands upon it. This inadequacy is due partly to insufficient payment in the higher ranks; but chiefly to the failure to bring on younger men, and to accustom them early in their career to varied conditions of work and responsibility.

To utilise the ability which is available, it is desirable that posts should not be too stereotyped—that men should be habitually transferred from office to office—and that promotion should be by merit. The best organisation is that which is firm, comprehensive and logical in its main lines, whilst highly elastic in its details.

A Board of Administrative Control, which must be itself frequently freshened by new blood, would be essential to ensure the proper working of such a system.

The answer to the last of our four questions may be left to the man in the street. As he reads his daily paper, let him put the question to himself in regard to any conceivable subject which attracts his interest. Does he recognise that foresight and continuity of purpose (without which he knows his own business would drift into confusion, perhaps into bankruptcy) in the operations of any one Department of State? Has he ever known Foreign Policy,

Colonial Policy, Naval Policy, Army Policy, Education Policy, Irish Policy, Temperance Policy to be pursued consistently for ten years together? • He asks for no rigidity. He will appreciate the opportune development and adjustment which must habitually be necessary to meet changes in the facts. What he seeks for is evidence of a settled departmental purpose as regards the fundamental principles and objects of Imperial Government at home and abroad; and as this cannot be guaranteed by alternating Secretaries of State, he will conclude that the only hope for the Empire lies in the trained and stable wisdom of the permanent Civil Service.

All Englishmen know to-day that through these anxious months they have been redeeming at huge cost the blunders of past vacillation. We do not forget Delagoa Bay, once secured by Sir R. Morier, but thrown away by a Foreign Office without a settled Foreign Policy. We do not forget the egregious waverings in our past dealings with the Transvaal, the outcome of a Colonial Office then (as it may be again under another Minister) without a Colonial Policy—without even a lucid interpretation of the purpose of its own Conventions. Nor do we forget the gallant lives offered to their country to retrieve the disasters brought down upon us by a War Office without a Military Policy. Even to-day, after months of warning, has the Department a settled policy as regards the defence of our own shores, as regards the Militia, as regards the Volunteers, even as regards the soldier's cap, or the way he folds his overcoat?

Do we intend to acquiesce permanently in a standard of Public Administration far lower, instead of far higher, than men of business demand in practical life?

The subject is truly worth attention, for it is the higher Civil Service which is the implement of all Imperial administration. Upon its *morale*, its effectiveness, its sagacity, its prescience, far more than upon the votes of Parliaments or the short-lived energy of the Minister of the day, the destinies of the Empire depend. Ministers and Parliaments alike must lean upon it for the information and guidance and suggestion upon which their policy is based. Ministers and Parliaments alike must rely upon it for the means by which policy is transformed into action. And all the year round, whether Ministers and Parliaments are exchanging so many thousand words per hour at Westminster, or whether they are dispersed for vacation, or whether they pass away altogether, the Civil Service is sleeplessly governing the Empire at home and abroad.

It may be likened to the faithful steward of some vast estate—the patrimony of a well-meaning landlord who has never mastered the intricacies of his own affairs, who is always a victim to new fads and hasty theories, and who vacillates in his interests and his temper. Or it may be likened to the conscientious nurse in a large family where

an impressionable mother oscillates every three months between rival doctors, and wants to rear the children upon the last quack medicine advertised in each day's newspaper.

An autocracy with a fixed policy and system can be served economically. Each man's work is directed to fixed objects, and the web woven one day is not undone the next. But democracies, which indulge in the highly expensive vagaries of pendulum-parliaments, need officials of exceptional public spirit and character and ability. It is worth our while to pay high for the ablest administrators we can secure, to develop their responsibility, and then to place the settled principles of Departmental Policy safe out of Party reach. And if democracies will not pay the price, nor exercise the self-control, which can alone secure efficiency, they will assuredly pay tenfold in waste, mismanagement, and disaster.

P. LYTTELTON GELL.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN 1900, AND ITS PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS

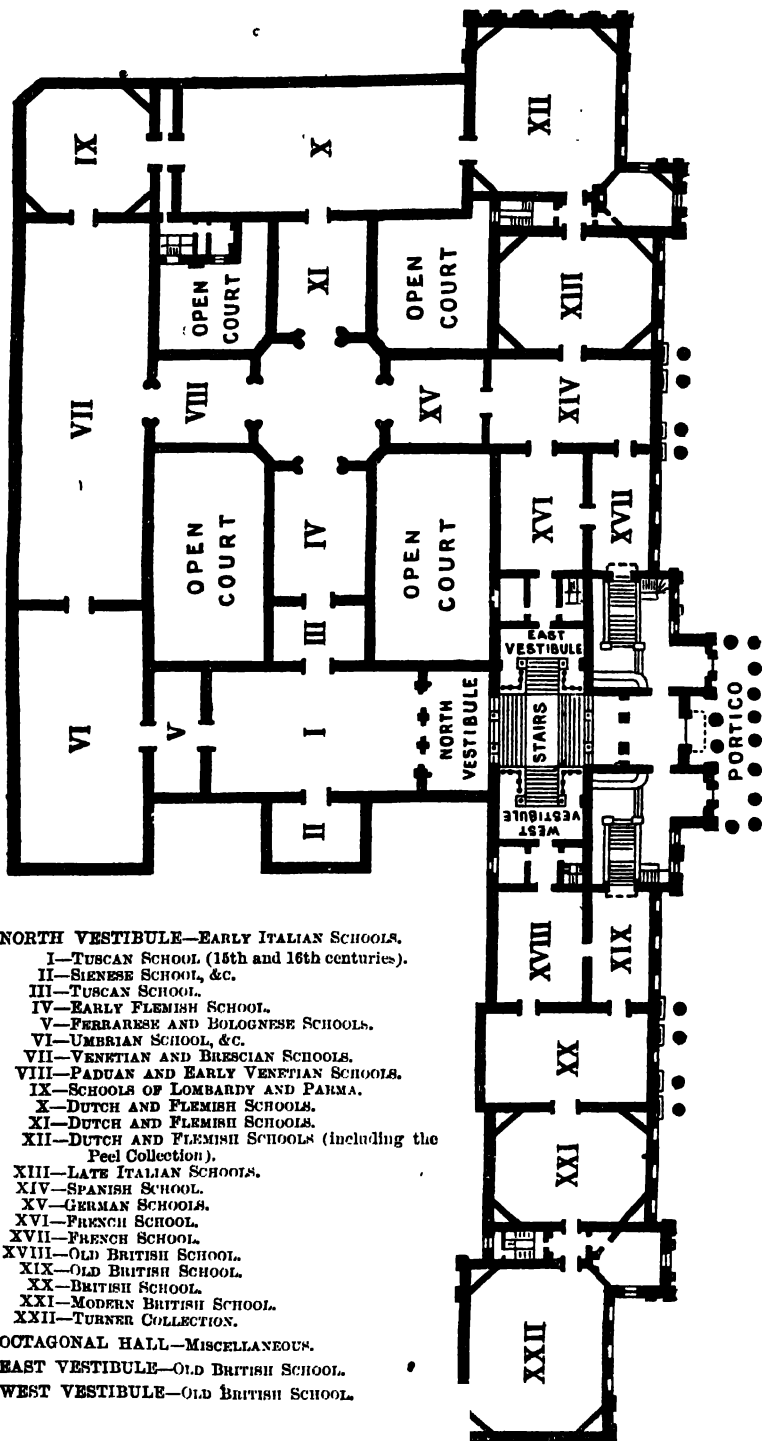
SEVERAL occurrences have lately turned public attention to the National Gallery—the death of Sir Frederic Burton, the re-appointment of Sir Edward Poynter as Director for a further term of five years, the publication of the great illustrated catalogue of the collection—a scholarly and invaluable work, the first of its kind ; but, above all, the outbreak of fire next door by which the Gallery's perennial danger was forcibly brought home to the minds of the country and of the Treasury. The approximate coincidence of these events has suggested some sort of inquiry into the present arrangements in Trafalgar Square, some sort of examination of the management of the Gallery during the stewardship of the present Director.

In the short period of six years during which Sir Edward Poynter has reigned at Trafalgar Square, the collection has grown in certain directions at a vast rate, and many important changes have taken place. The number of pictures has nominally risen from 1,408 to 1,687, an increase of 279, or a yearly average of 46.¹ Although this increase consists mostly of English works (as was the case in the Eastlake *régime*, when the Vernon, Turner, and Jacob Bell additions accounted for more than half the total acquisitions), the trouble involved in dealing with them in the Gallery is not therefore any less. The figures may be profitably compared with those of previous directorates :

Period	Director (or Keeper)	Number of pictures acquired	Years in office	Pictures acquired per annum
1824-1843	Seguier	184	19	10
1843-1847	Eastlake	514	15	34
1855-1866				
1847-1855	Uwins	57	8	7
1866-1874	Boxall	149	8	18
1874-1894	Burton	505	20	25
1894-1900	Poynter	279	6	46

¹ Owing to the surrender of the twenty pictures bequeathed by Lady Hamilton in 1892 (1,354 to 1,373 inclusive) the actual number acquired is 259. But the numerals attached to pictures subsequently added to the collection will not for that reason be altered.

To provide for this increase and for the better and more logical arrangement of the Gallery itself, a whole series of transpositions has been effected. Sir Edward Poynter's first act was to take the great Holbein ('The Ambassadors') from its screen and hang it on the wall, and to arrange in their proper places the Velasquez ('Admiral Pulido-Pareja') and the Moroni ('The Italian Nobleman') which accompanied it from Longford Castle. Then followed the removal of nearly one hundred English pictures, executed after 1790, to the now completed National Gallery of British Art, presented to the nation by Sir Henry Tate. Still more recently, a further batch of thirty-one pictures has been transferred to the same gallery—comprising seven Landseers, four Mulready's, four Goods, three Ettys, two Wilkies, a Collins and a Pickersgill, belonging to the English school, as well as the Scheffers, Dyckmans, Horace Vernet, Clays, Bonvin, M. Charles Poussin, M. Fantin-Latour, and Professor Costa: none of which could well be claimed as necessary to the National Gallery. Yet what is the *locus standi* of the latter in a National Gallery of *British* Art it would puzzle the Director and Trustees to explain. At the same time, sixteen drawings by David Cox, John Varley, and others, have been removed; and—a very grievous loss—the whole of the twenty pictures constituting the Lady Hamilton bequest (made in 1892) have had to be surrendered to that lady's heirs, and to be expunged from the catalogue. Of these pictures, no doubt, nineteen might have been given up with scarce a pang; but the twentieth is Reynolds's exquisite masterpiece 'Lady Cockburn and her Children,' and the loss is irreparable. By this means all English pictures (except the two Turners in Room XVI) have been transferred to the west wing. Rooms XVI and XVII were made available for the French school, which formerly occupied Room XIV; and by the transfer of the Spanish pictures to XIV from Room XV—a great improvement—the Early German school could be moved to the last-named apartment from Room IV, which was thus rendered available for the Flemish school only. Numerous screens could therefore be dispensed with. A third happy alteration was the removal of the Leonardo (the 'Vierge aux Rochers') from the Florentine room (I) to the Milanese room, where it was fitted with the wings by Ambrogio de Predis which formerly belonged to it and where it had a right, inasmuch as Leonardo lived in Milan and painted this picture within its walls. At the same time, much-needed relief was by this means afforded to Room I. Later in this system of re-classification came the removal of early Italian pictures from Rooms I and II (Florentine) and from Room III to the North Vestibule—ably carried out by Mr. C. Eastlake; while by the re-hanging in Room IV of early Flemish pictures which had previously occupied Room XI, space was allowed in the latter room for the pictures which had previously overcrowded Room X. Reference



PLAN OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

to the plan of the National Gallery will render all these changes perfectly clear and intelligible to the reader.

The next proceeding was the relief of the Octagon room from the *olla podrida* with which it was lumbered. The four magnificent Veroneses of Lord Darnley's from Cobham Hall were then hung here (a little too high still, it may be suggested), and the gift by Mr. C. Butler of Philippe de Champagne's 'Richelieu' and Sir M. M'Murdo's bequest of the portrait by Raeburn of 'Colonel M'Murdo' rendered possible that symmetrical arrangement in the East and West vestibules which is so strikingly attractive to the visitor as he enters the Gallery. Then followed the introduction of the amusing but useful paradox, the 'permanent loan,' whereby, by a pleasant fiction, legal impossibilities were made legally possible, and certain pictures deposited immovably at South Kensington might be transferred to the National Gallery which hankered after them, in exchange for a number of water-colours inalienably hung at the National Gallery, yet for which South Kensington had conceived an illicit affection. In this way both institutions were enabled to gratify their passion, to the great benefit of each collection and to the advantage of the public. The National Gallery has thus, by surrendering a few drawings by David Cox, Turner, and others, become possessed of Perugino's great fresco (1441) (originally in the Circulation Department, of all places in the world), Giovanni Bellini's wonderful 'St. Dominic' (1440), the two 'Venetian Senators' (1489 and 1490), and pictures by Solomon Ruysdael, Bakhuyzen, H. Steenwyck, G. van Honthorst, and Rachel Ruysch—a notable addition cheaply and skilfully made.

The hanging, too, has generally speaking been admirably effected. This matter, purely mechanical as many may think it, is an extremely troublesome one, practically considered, for the placing of an important picture may involve the re-hanging of a whole wall, or even of an entire room, and there are conditions of light and height and other details which must be carefully weighed. The amount of wall space available, and the limits to which it is useful to go, are fixed restrictions,² and the insistent demand for space is ever at war with the desire to hang the pictures attractively and to the best advantage. Sir Charles Eastlake wrote as long ago as 1847:³ 'It is not desirable to cover every blank space, at any height, merely for the sake of clothing the walls, and without reference to the size and quality of the picture. Every specimen of art in a national collection should be assumed to be fit to challenge inspection, and to be worthy of being well displayed. . . . Mere dimensions are not always

² In August 1856, M. von Wolfers wrote to Baron Manteuffel that at the Berlin Gallery the hanging limits were '2 feet from the floor to 16 feet 4 inches to the top; never more except in cases of absolute necessity.'

³ See *Copy of the Minutes of the Trustees of the National Gallery, 1845 and 1846* &c. 1847.

a criterion; since fine works of art, of whatever size, should be placed where they can be appreciated.' Mr. John Ruskin would have had them all on a line—'the common-sense principle,' as he told the Committee of 1857 (2,429, &c.).⁴

'Then you disapprove of the whole of the European hanging of pictures in galleries?' asked his friend George Richmond, who was on the Commission (2,433). 'I think it very beautiful sometimes,' replied Ruskin, 'but not to be imitated. It produces most noble rooms. No one can but be impressed with the first room at the Louvre, where you have the most noble Venetian pictures one mass of fire on the four walls; but then none of the details of those pictures can be seen. . . You lose all the beauties, all the higher merits; you get merely your general idea. It is a perfectly splendid room, of which a great part of the impression depends upon the consciousness of the spectator that it is so costly. . . It is not well to have a noble picture many feet above the eye, merely for the glory of the room.'

The idea of a *Salon Carré*—like that at the Louvre, or like the Tribuna at Florence—has fired many minds during the early development of the Gallery, and even at the present day, one may regret to observe, it has its adherents. It seems to me that, apart from the convenience it offers to the tripper, the system is discredited by two main objections. In the first place, the mere piling up in one room of masterpieces of every school and epoch is in its essence a vulgar notion, like the heaping together of jewels for sensuous pleasure but not well-ordered or intelligent contemplation and enjoyment. In the second place, the establishment of a room in which the masterpieces are avowedly congregated throws an undeserved slur upon the rest of the collection, and in the general mind is certain to detract from the respect in which the mass of the collection ought to be held. Mr. Richard Redgrave was the chief advocate of the system, and, without much show of authority, invoked the influence of Turner's name. Thus, he told Lord Overstone: ⁵

'I knew Turner, and I can gather his intentions from his will. I conceive that Turner had two views; one was that in our National Gallery there should be a *Salon Carré*, in which the choicest works of all schools should be gathered together; and he desired to have some of his best works in that collection; he especially named two that should be put with the Claudes. In no arrangement that can be made could you place those Turners by the Claudes in a sequence of schools; they must be in a collection forming the cream of various schools.

And in a report sent in to the same Committee, he pressed his point thus: '6th. There may be a grand saloon, a large central room or tribune, in which a few of the rarest works of all schools may be promiscuously juxtaposed.' But the Committee doubtless bore in

⁴ See *The National Gallery Site Commission*, 1857.

⁵ See *Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Turner and Vernon Pictures* July 1861.

mind Ruskin's evidence, as well as Eastlake's warning of a few years before: 'They have departed from that principle [of classification] in the great room in the Louvre, by making a sort of tribune, where the choice specimens of every master are put together; under such circumstances pictures rather injure each other;' and they accordingly declined to endorse the recommendation.

It is to be regretted that some of the most important gaps in the collection still remain to be filled up. These notable *lacunæ*—such as Fra Bartolommeo, Watteau, Dürer, Masaccio, to take them haphazard—must surely be due only to lack of opportunity. At the same time, it should be borne in mind, directorial leanings have been indulged in the past, when opportunities no longer existing of strengthening the Spanish school, for example, were allowed to slip. I refer in particular to the action of Sir Charles Eastlake on his own admission. Testifying as an artist, opposed to 'mere erudition and scholarship,' Sir Charles told the Committee of 1853: ⁶

There is at present what may be called a rage for very early works of art; there are persons in this country, but more particularly on the Continent (I know there are exceptions, and I honour them), who have a predilection for very early works of art, because the study is connected with a certain sort of erudition, and is addressed to the understanding rather than to the imagination; and I should say of such persons that they may cultivate that predilection without having any taste whatever.

He would include German and Flemish masterpieces in the collection, he said, although they were not so elevated in character as the Italian; but as for Spanish—'I confess I have very little admiration for the Spanish school generally . . . I should omit the Spanish and Bolognese schools with very few exceptions.' Then he proceeded when asked as to public taste: 'I have so expressed myself as to show that I am not a good judge as to that object; I cannot help being influenced by my own predilections.' Above all he would exclude pictures of the early Italians which show 'affectation and grimace.'

We have here, no doubt, the reason why during his long reign at the National Gallery, while he endowed the collection with 514 new pictures, he added only *three* new pictures of the Spanish school out of the whole total; and we appreciate his statement that connoisseurs are less likely to have leanings towards (or presumably away from) one school or another. If Eastlake's argument meant anything, it meant that professional painters are in his opinion not the fittest rulers of a national art collection. Theoretically, no doubt, he was right; but one or two brilliant exceptions have in more recent years weakened the force of the rule.

It will doubtless strike many people as strange that results so good have at the National Gallery been obtained from an administra-

⁶ See *Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1853 [6466].

tive system in itself extremely faulty, a system of divided responsibility, in which a Board of Trustees—stipulated by Government to consist of amateur connoisseurs—are set above the Director, in the capacity of a vigilance committee. That things have hitherto worked so well must be set down to the admirable feeling animating the distinguished gentlemen whose collaboration has been so valuable, and to the professional expert whose position at the head of the National Gallery must always be a testimony, not only of the knowledge, but of the tact of the holder. Yet the worst mistakes in the past may be traced to the division of responsibility, and perhaps to the conflict of opinion; and it must, I think, be admitted that Lord Rosebery was hardly well advised when he further reduced the freedom of action of Sir Frederic Burton's successor. Perhaps it was that the somewhat autocratic manner adopted by Sir Frederic Burton—with excellent result, it must be allowed—was rather feared in an untried man.

In former times the Director (or Keeper, as he was then styled) received his instructions from the Treasury direct. Later on he was merely required to take the instructions of the Trustees and to look after the conservation of the pictures and to present to that 'Committee of six gentlemen' his requisitions for money defrayed under their sanction; and he was the subordinate alike of the Treasury and Trustees, and applied for orders to either authority in certain cases.⁷ The ordinary instructions from the Trustees were recorded in writing, but those as to hanging were given verbally on the spot." Among his duties was the negotiation of purchases, for in the Minute appointing the Trustees no such duty is assigned to them; but when, in 1853, the Select Committee reported in favour of appointing a Director for renewable terms of 'at least five years' (at 1,000*l.* a year)⁸ they recommended that a travelling agent for purchases should also be appointed (at 300*l.* a year and expenses). This recommendation was carried out, followed by the appointment of Mr. Otto Mündler and the subsequent suppression of his office;¹⁰ and the Report containing extraordinarily spirited and convincing protest by Sir Charles Eastlake and his defence of Mr. Mündler is one of the liveliest official documents which have been issued in connection with the National Gallery. Many offers of fine works were about this time refused. For example, when Mr. Ruskin—ever a true and disinterested friend of the Gallery—wrote from Venice in 1852 expressing his willingness to undertake the negotiations for the purchase of Tintoret's 'Marriage at Cana' in the

⁷ See *Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1853.

⁸ See *Minutes of the Trustees of the National Gallery from 1847 to 1852, 1853*.

⁹ Mr. Seguier had only received 200*l.* per annum.

¹⁰ See *Copy of Correspondence which has been received at the Treasury from the Trustees and Directors of the National Gallery respecting the employment and services of the Travelling Agent*, 1858.

Madonna della Salute and the 'Crucifixion' at St. Cassiano, the former for 5,000*l.* and the latter at 7,000*l.*, or less, if the Government would undertake to sanction the expenditure of 12,000*l.* for the two pictures, the Trustees declined, on the simple ground that a Mr. Cheny did not agree with him as to the value. What was the result of this miserable shortsightedness we are all painfully aware.

It was for the first time in 1855 that the Director's duties and responsibilities were fully set forth.¹¹ Apart from merely administrative matters the recommendation which has most closely been adhered to is the following: 'My Lords are also of opinion that, as a general rule, preference should be given to good specimens of the Italian schools, including those of the earlier masters.' It appears clear, at the same time, that the whole intention of the Lords of the Treasury was that the main responsibility of the ultimate decision should remain with the Director, the Trustees having the rather barren right, in certain instances of difference with the Director, of recording their protest.

The eminent predecessors of the present distinguished body of Trustees were not appointed without care, for it was realised that, in the words of a witness, the Rev. H. H. Wellesley, D.D.,¹² 'it is easier to find a competent person than a competent body,' an able Director than an able board of Trustees. Originally 'a visiting or inspecting body who, on behalf of the Treasury, were to exercise a certain ill-defined superintendence,' they held no meetings for four years and a half, and no record was kept of their proceedings. The number of six gentlemen originally stipulated for was gradually added to, until in 1853 they were seventeen, and the 'Committeemen' became 'Trustees.' In 1840 they instituted monthly meetings during the Parliamentary session, and year by year they assumed more power until they were (in the words of the 1853 Report) 'in the position of immediate Directors of the Gallery.' In 1846 the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were appointed *ex officio* Trustees, but they, like their colleagues, were without any official instructions.¹³ But in the Minute already referred to, the Treasury put all these matters beyond doubt and set forth a view so reasonable and right that a quotation from the document may profitably be made:

Their Lordships are of opinion that the continuance of Trustees is desirable, not for the purpose of sharing, except in a very limited and defined form, the responsibility of the Director, but in order to keep up a connection between the cultivated lovers of art and the institution, to give their weight and aid, as public men, on many questions in art of a public nature that may arise, and to form an indirect though useful channel of communication between the Government of the day and

¹¹ See Copies 'of a Treasury Minute, dated the 27th day of March, 1855, Re-constituting the Establishment of the National Gallery,' 1867.

¹² See Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery, 1853.

¹³ See List of Names and Official Designations of the Trustees &c. 1853.

the institution. Without this aid the Director would be in a high but insulated position, reporting periodically to the Treasury, but missing the counsel and experience of the Trustees, and being without that stimulus to exertion which the knowledge of the bond of union existing between the lovers of art in this country, and himself, through the medium of the Trustees, would be calculated to afford. . . . But they are of opinion that [the number] . . . shall not at any time exceed six; vacancies as they occur being filled up by the First Lord of the Treasury; no person being appointed or acting in virtue of any office he may hold.

Accordingly the *ex officio* members were suppressed; Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham disappeared from the Board, the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Ripon resigned, and Lord Ellesmere and Mr. Samuel Rogers withdrew on the ground of ill health. A Treasury minute of the 5th of June, 1898, increased the number to eight. At the present time the number of trustees stands at seven;¹⁴ but their comparative powerlessness as set down by the Minute is understood to have been considerably modified at the time of Sir Edward Poynter's appointment in 1894, since when a considerable advance in the Gallery arrangements has been effected.

Never, to begin with, has the Gallery displayed more care in its arrangement, better taste, greater dignity, a more pervading atmosphere of pleasantness (for want of a better term) than prevail at this present moment. There is a good deal more to be done—there is more that never can be done, on account of the architectural disadvantages of a structure put up in sections, by different designers, and without any sort of concentrated responsibility on the part of one man or cohesiveness of thought on the part of many. Yet the general effect is excellent and *soigné*. I recently asked a distinguished foreign writer what had most struck him during the visit he was then making to London—the first for many years—and he promptly replied ‘*Le respect de l’art*,’ as displayed, primarily, in the National Gallery.

‘Respect for Art’—that, we may congratulate ourselves, is the note which, with all our shortcomings and cheeseparings, we have always struck, or aimed at striking, in our dealings with our picture galleries. And there are signs that that respect is growing into a stronger feeling still, an emotion less cold and formal—that a more friendly sentiment, so to speak, is developing, and that we are beginning to realise that we should treat our works of art as though they were cordially welcomed and honoured guests to whom not respect alone is to be shown, but such sort of hospitality as we would offer to our greatest friends, most highly valued: housing them in the best and most beautiful chambers we can provide, and surrounding them with everything that we can devise to fit their worth or match their charm and splendour.

¹⁴ The present Trustees are, in order of their nomination, the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Mr. J. P. Heseltine, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Sir Charles Tennant, Earl Brownlow, and Sir J. Murray Scott.

Now, to produce an effect such as this the adoption of a judicious admixture of the distinct principles of picture arrangement is absolutely essential. These principles, broadly classified, are as follows :

- (1) The picturesque.
- (2) The technical.
- (3) The archæological.

The first is that which appeals mainly to art-lovers and connoisseurs, the second to painters and students of methods, and the third to the students of the history of art. A national gallery must aim at satisfying all these classes—to teach the artist, to afford material for the historian, but above all to delight the public—those for whom the painters executed these very pictures. If the picturesque method is the only one which can gratify in all respects the eye of the spectator, it must be allied as far as possible, but not sacrificed, to the archæological—that is to say, the scientific system of classification according to countries, schools, and chronology. Most men have been ultimately driven to the conclusion that while a museum is designed for study, reference, and consultation, a gallery is primarily established for enjoyment. As Mr. Ruskin told the National Gallery Site Commission in 1857, the National Gallery ‘is not for artists, who might be taught with a few pictures,’ to which Sir Charles Eastlake added, that if it were instituted for the instruction of artists, unfinished pictures, and the most incoherent pictures of Turner, all of them wholly ineligible for public exhibition, would be useful and even necessary. As Eastlake felicitously expressed it, such a gallery is ‘not for pedants.’ It is for the people at large, for their enjoyment, for the education of their æsthetic taste, and still more, as Ruskin pointed out,¹⁵ for their instruction in the development and thoughts of other peoples, their religion and their life, for ‘the whole soul of a nation goes with its art.’ For all, therefore, who can appreciate the highest efforts, the subtlest refinements, the most exquisite perfection, and who can best realise the intellectual and moral conditions of which these pictures (taken in periods and classes) are the unmistakable evidence and the material symbols, these works are intended. Such appreciators are the true connoisseurs : and it is not they, as a rule, who ask for the purely archæological system—for that strict classification, geographical and chronological, that involves the museum-like system of tabulation in which a scientific arrangement must be adopted such as we expect to find in a beetle-case or album of postage-stamps.

It has always been the wise practice of our authorities, before moving in any essential matter relating to our National Gallery, to gather such experience from abroad as the good-will of foreign Governments or officials might supply. In 1853 an elaborate

¹⁵ Questions and Answers, 2437-2474.

appeal to the Governments of Europe elicited some valuable facts as to the practice abroad.¹⁶ In the Dutch galleries nothing whatever except effect was cared for; that is to say, beauty of arrangement was held to justify a chaotic lack of system in hanging. The pictures in the Amsterdam gallery were arranged, said the Director, by 'relative harmony of colour;' at Haarlem, by 'general effect alone;' at the Hague, 'taste and harmony only dictate the placing of the pictures;' while at Leyden, history and chronology are 'only secondary considerations.' At Naples, also, historical and chronological arrangement was disregarded; and at the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg 'the productions of different schools and epochs are deposited together, according to the convenience of the arrangement in the museum, and to be of more service to the learners; no strict system is followed in their disposition.'¹⁷ But at all other galleries a scientific system, more or less complete, was adopted. The Louvre and the Pinakothek at Munich claimed to be arranged in schools and epochs, the Hermitage by schools, the Uffizi according to chronological sequence, and Berlin, historical.

The chronological system has nearly always had the platonic support of organisers. Sir Charles Eastlake, it is true, while approving of classification, which had never been thought of by the Trustees while the gathering of the collection was proceeding,¹⁸ was dead against an historical and chronological arrangement—by which, he said, he did not see that anything would be gained; while Mr. Coningham (6,943) declared that 'to convert a national gallery into a mere archaeological museum for literary antiquarians would be quite misapprehending the real object of a gallery of ancient masters,' such object being taste and pleasure, not pedantry. Mr. Ruskin, however, was very strongly in favour of such arrangement. 'My great hope respecting the National Gallery,' he exclaimed,¹⁹ 'is that it may become a perfectly chronological arrangement, and it seems to me that it is one of the chief characteristics of a national gallery that it should be so.' Such arrangement should be perfect, and historically interesting, while 'documentary art' should be included; but 'it should be the best of its class. I would take the greatest pains to get an example of eleventh-century work, though the painting was perfectly barbarous at that time.'²⁰ The artistic sentiment should govern the archæological in the selection and in the arrangement;

¹⁶ See *Select Committee on the National Gallery*, Appendix, 1853.

¹⁷ At the present moment, in the large and, in its way, extremely important Museum of Lyons, M. Dagnan-Bouveret's early picture 'Une Noce chez le Photographe' hangs between an excellent Gonzales Coques on one side and a Panini and an Otto Marcellis on the other.

¹⁸ See *Report of the Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1853.

¹⁹ See *The National Gallery Site Committee*, 1857.

²⁰ Such pictures, Dr. Waagen told the Select Committee on the National Gallery of 1850, are, in Berlin, hung opposite to windows, being treated not so much as works of art but as historical links merely.

but inasmuch as a nation's art is precious evidence of its history and is valuable for teaching that nation's life and temperament ('whether they were energetic and fiery, or whether they were, as in the case of the Dutch, imitating minor things, quiet and cold'), such teaching, not to be chaotic, should be chronological; and in all cases, and under any circumstances, the works of one master should hang together. Baron Marochetti, J. F. Lewis, and John Bell supported Ruskin in his view, and the Committee warmly reported in its favour, remarking: 'A just appreciation of Italian painting can as little be obtained from an exclusive study of the works of Raphael, Titian, or Correggio, as a critical knowledge of English poetry from the perusal of a few of its masterpieces. What Chaucer and Spenser are to Shakespeare and Milton, Giotto and Masaccio are to the great masters of the Florentine school, and a national gallery would be as defective without specimens of both styles of painting as a national library without specimens of both styles of poetry.'

That is all very well, but there are links much less important than Giotto which now require to be filled in, and—we are still without that Masaccio! But Sir Edward Poynter has been hardly less industrious in seizing opportunities for filling up gaps than in making beautiful and, so to speak, reverential arrangements on the walls, so far as the present restrictions of space permit. It can never be hoped that the superb effect of the Rembrandt and Van Dyck Exhibitions at the Royal Academy can at any time be rivalled at the National Gallery; but the principle adopted under Sir Edward in Piccadilly cannot but recommend itself as a principle to Sir Edward in Trafalgar Square. The general aspect of the Venetian Room (VII) is at present superb, even without the help of gorgeous decorations such as lend splendour to the Louvre, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that effects equally fine may be obtained in due course in other portions of the Gallery. A suggestion has been made by a connoisseur of acknowledged taste—that the Umbrian room should be divided by partitions into three compartments, not so much that additional wall space might be gained—for at present it is much too large for its contents, which look lost on its great bare walls—but in order that the *Ansidei Madonna* might thereby appear to those who approach it through the Florentine and Ferrarese Rooms (I and V) as enshrined in a sort of inner temple set apart for this supreme acquisition. As it now stands, this fine room is one of the least satisfactory in the Gallery, in general effect. The objection that the lantern light above is too small in area to allow sufficient light to enter the two end compartments which it is proposed should be formed, is founded upon error.

Visitors who nowadays visit the Gallery, and, enjoying the greater depth and beauty imparted to the pictures by the glass that covers them, applaud the prudence of those who caused the adoption of

this means of preservation, little realise the amount of discussion that took place before this simple precaution was accepted in principle. •Due in the first instance to the manifest deterioration of a number of pictures through injudicious 'cleaning'—which cleaning and subsequent 'restoration' were rendered necessary, it was alleged, through the dirt which had accumulated on several of the finest canvases in the collection—the agitation against this alleged destruction of masterpieces on plea of protection gave rise to searching inquiry. The objection to the adoption of any sort of protection to pictures came chiefly from abroad; glass was denounced not less than varnish, even as it sometimes is to-day. There is no doubt that those who are not used to glass in front of a picture commonly look at it instead of through it to the painting, and find it in consequence a great deterrent to their enjoyment. Equally do many object to varnish. Only a short while ago one of the most distinguished of the landscape painters of France asked me: 'Why do you always varnish your canvases in England? The landscape, the country-side, is not varnished! Why always put a window in front of Nature?'

When, in 1850, the question was first seriously dealt with,²¹ the danger of postponing action was insisted on by several witnesses; Dr. Reid, who was responsible for the ventilation at Westminster, computed that in the 400 feet of surface of the gauze veil filter in the House of Commons 'upwards of 200,000 visible particles of soot have been excluded at a single sitting;' and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, who was a member of the Committee, startled Mr. T. Uwins, R.A., the Keeper, by asking him: 'Are you aware that there was a commission appointed by the French Government, during the time of Napoleon, to inquire into the duration of pictures, and that they reported to the Emperor Napoleon that no picture would last above 500 years?' And the Committee were further confused by the erroneous statement of Mr. H. Farrer that the National Gallery stood alone in Europe in varnishing its pictures: the fact being that Berlin had for some time been doing the same thing. In that year Sir Robert Peel reminded the Keeper that Mr. William Russell had strongly recommended that the most valuable pictures should be covered with plate glass,²² and much evidence was taken upon the subject in the great inquiry which took place in that year. Professor Bassine of St. Petersburg reported strongly against the measure,²³ declaring that deterioration would slowly but inevitably ensue, as the enclosed air, he affirmed, would become heated with the rise of temperature, dry the paint, and thus develop cracks, first in the varnish and afterwards in the paint itself; and as it was the best

²¹ See *Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1850.

²² See *Minutes of the Trustees of the National Gallery from 1847 to 1852*, 1853.

²³ *Idem*.

masterpieces that were so 'protected,' he added, connoisseurs were prevented from seeing the details and appreciating the painter's touch. Nothing was more likely to give pause to the Committee, for the question of conservation of pictures had been, and was still being, examined with extraordinary patience and thoroughness. But they had an object lesson under their eyes; for Wilkie's 'Village Festival' and 'The Blind Fiddler' were already showing those signs of cracking to which Sir Charles Eastlake was forced to draw special attention in his Annual Report of 1856, on which occasion these pictures were put under glass in the vain hope that that measure might arrest the mischief. On the other hand the successful adoption of glass at the Dresden Gallery had its weight, and the powerful testimony of Faraday (who gave satisfactory answers as to circulation and expansion of air within the frame and under the glass), of Mr. Munro, Mr. Dyce, Mr. George Richmond, Mr. Hurlstone (the President of the Society of British Artists), and Sir Charles Eastlake, entirely broke down the opposition of the three or four less important witnesses who objected. From that time forward the glazing of the national pictures has regularly proceeded, but only quite recently has the operation been completed of placing under glass the whole 1,700 (roughly speaking), so affording indispensable protection not only from the noxious constituents of the London atmosphere, but from possible attack by Goths and Vandals—lovers of mischief for its own sake, who are kept in check only by lack of opportunity.

A further improvement, dependent upon this gradual and now completed change, should be recognised in the removal of the hand-rail which was originally set round the rooms in order to keep at arm's length any evil-disposed person or persons. So far, only the foreign section has been freed from these ugly barriers, and were the advantage of convenience to the visitor the only result, the measure would be amply justified. The reader who tries to examine a new work at the Salon Carré of the Louvre, for example, and has experienced the difficulty of approaching close enough to examine the details of the picture and its handling, will not be slow to declare in favour of the suppression of the obnoxious hand-rail. But a further concrete gain has been one of space, inasmuch as pictures can now be hung down to the dado, the view being unimpeded and the offensive reflection in the surface of the pictures entirely obviated.

Another change to be recorded in the appearance of the galleries is that caused by the gradual adoption of wall-hangings better adapted to secure cleanliness and durability. There can be no doubt that these objects have been secured, but it is impossible not to regret the flock papers which produced so handsome yet quiet an effect when they were new. In introducing this change Sir Edward Poynter has set practical necessity against temporary richness, and his decision

must needs be approved. In originally deciding upon flock papers the Select Committee of 1853 were moved by the evidence of Mr. Spence, the art dealer of Florence, and by Baron de Klenze, Privy Councillor and Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria—a much respected expert witness. Mr. Spence pointed out [Question 10049] that in the Tribuna at Florence a sober red silk hanging (with carpets to match) was found to afford the best colour for the pictures, both in tone and quality, and that the result was far superior to any obtained from the stronger paint or plaster with which experiments had previously been made. The Baron testified that only three colours were entirely suitable to the hanging of pictures—crimson-red (not ‘ox-blood,’ or vermilion), dirty green (‘merdoi’), and *chocolat au lait*, and that each colour was to be variously employed according to the school of painting to be hung upon it, or according to the class of picture in each room; and he advocated for London the use of silk stuff or flock paper. The latter was adopted, but an economical Treasury ordained that such paper could only be changed once in every seven years; and inasmuch as this hanging faded with the utmost regularity every two years and at every rehunging of pictures disclosed dark and discoloured patches upon the walls, the rooms usually presented a shabby, ill-conditioned appearance not at all to the advantage of general effect of the Gallery, and of little service in providing a pleasing background to the pictures. In place, therefore, of a fading paper peculiarly adapted to the collection and retention of dirt, the present Director has employed a varnished embossed paper which, clean and durable in itself, presents a surface of broken tint which gives variety without harming the pictures hung upon it. For my own part, I believe that red is the only colour suitable, and that a tone more decided—though not necessarily as strong as that advocated by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in his own semi-public studio—would impart a still richer appearance to the rooms without harming the pictures; and, further, that it would have been better had the authorities secured identity of effect by repapering all the rooms at the same time. The colour adopted in the Umbrian Room does not seem to me best suited to the display of pictures, for experiment has proved that a neutral tint, although in theory the best, is in practice not the most effective background or the most desirable. As a contrast, the colour of the walls and the new red marble columns may be very fine, and undoubtedly it is so; but the setting-off of the pictures and, in hardly less degree, the sense of comfort of the visitor and general opulence of effect of the Gallery decoration must be the first consideration.

Closely allied to this question, which is really far more important than many persons seem willing to admit, is the question of the decoration of the galleries themselves. This point has always been recognised by the authorities, and is acknowledged in Mr. Barry’s and Sir John Taylor’s attempts to give beauty to the rooms without

unduly weighing down the pictures with architectural embellishments. As Mr. Ruskin justly put it,²⁴ in 'a national gallery of pictures or other works of fine art there is necessary' 'a certain splendour—a certain gorgeous effect—so that the spectator may feel himself among splendid things, so that there shall be no discomfort or meagreness, or want of respect for the things which are being shown ;' and Baron de Klenze, coming to details, explained²⁵ that the most suitable and effective decoration of the upper parts was that afforded by stucco mouldings and ornaments, coloured light green or blue, with gilt added, such as might at that time be seen in the Pitti Gallery, the Louvre, the Pinakothek at Munich, and the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

Yet another improvement, a minor one in the scale of development perhaps, but of very striking advantage, has been the darkening and polishing of the floors in Rooms 1 and 2. Why this has been so long delayed is a puzzle, for it has been evident that half the complaints against the bad lighting of the rooms, and especially against the disturbing reflections from the glasses covering the pictures, arose mainly from the dusty greyness of the floors ; and it can only be supposed that some opposition was offered by the Treasury in ignorance of the evidence previously collected and of the mischief arising from a light wooden floor tramped over by some two thousand pairs of dusty boots a day. Before the Select Committee of 1853, Mr. Spence testified that floors should be dark so as to play up to the walls and ceiling with the object of making the pictures tell, and he added that when the carpets in the Tribuna were taken up in summer-time the pictures suffered, 'looking discoloured, as it were, from the change.' Baron de Klenze also reported that the best flooring was offered by oak, lined or inlaid with black, or painted dark brown.

When, in 1873, Mr. E. M. Barry was building the first great addition to Wilkins's structure he was strongly averse to the use of wood in any form ;²⁶ he pleaded against the introduction of any combustible material whatever, even going so far as to recommend that the walls should be of Parian cement, furnished with iron picture rods, such as are in use in Dresden and in parts of the Louvre—similar, I believe, to those of which Mr. Spence produced drawings in 1853 in explanation of the Italian method at Florence.²⁷ It is clear that no one anticipated the probability in the likely event of a fire next door—say, at Hampton's—of burning fragments falling through one of the numerous skylights and setting the flooring or the walls

²⁴ See *Report of the National Gallery Site Commission*, 1857 [2436].

²⁵ *Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1853.

²⁶ See *Correspondence respecting the Construction of the Flooring of the New National Gallery Buildings*, 1873.

²⁷ See *Report from the Select Committee of the National Gallery*, 1853, p. 830.

alight. The fact, however, remains that there are wooden floorings in the National Gallery and that there they must remain; at any rate, by his recent action the Director has succeeded in getting rid of their most obvious and irritating objection.

This danger of fire is very real; yet should we awake one morning to find the Gallery gutted and the collection destroyed, no blame whatever could we attach to the Trustees. The whole responsibility would lie on the Treasury, which has uniformly turned a deaf ear to the repeated appeals and remonstrances of the Board. Within the past ten years no fewer than four such warnings have gone forth from Trafalgar Square and have been treated with the same indifference as that displayed towards kindred representations in the Press. In 1890 the removal of the ever-threatening St. George's Barracks was pressed for.²⁸ In the following year a more urgent expression of apprehension felt by the Board was merely acknowledged by the Lords Commissioners, but an efficient water supply was laid on—by which they admitted the danger, while adding the danger of water to the existing danger from fire. Three years later the Trustees wrote:

When it is considered that the barracks are in actual contact with the National Gallery buildings,²⁹ and that a fire might occur there at any moment (as actually happened some years ago at the Wellington Barracks), they trust that the priceless treasures of the National Collection may not be exposed to such a risk longer than is necessary.

To which appeal Mr. Herbert Gladstone, then in office, retorted in the House of Commons, that 'the danger of fire was infinitesimal.' In his last Report the Director returned to the charge; and I am credibly informed that on the very morning when we were all startled by the report of the recent fire—which might well have developed into a great conflagration—the Treasury received another official warning upon this ever-present risk. The Government, converted at last, now agrees to acquire 'the adjacent property with a view to the isolation of the western end of the National Gallery.' But it is necessary to understand exactly what this means. If—as the statement seems to convey—it means that the whole block is to be taken over, a great step will have been taken towards ensuring that security which is absolutely essential to the Gallery, and to the peace of mind of the public. But if it is intended that only the nearest house of the row shall be razed, thereby effecting a nominal isolation, the danger remaining practically what it was from the direction of Hampton's, then other means of pressure must be found.

²⁸ See *Copy of the Report of the Director of the National Gallery for the year 1890, with Appendices*. Also, the Reports for 1891, 1894, and 1899.

²⁹ Replying to a question on this point of Dr. Farquharson (April 1898), the Government, curiously enough, denied this vital fact. Mr. Akers Douglas, modified this denial (June 15, 1900).

For example, if the Board as a body were to threaten resignation the whole matter would be settled in a week.

By the important and significant weeding-out, and other removals, which were made in May last and to which I have already alluded, a great improvement has been effected in the Turner Room. Here a rearrangement of pictures has been made possible by the transfer to Room XXI of six of the master's works:—(483) 'London from Greenwich,' (485) 'Abingdon, Berkshire,' (486) 'Windsor, 1810,' (494) 'Dido and Æneas,' (495) 'Apuleia in search of Apuleius,' and (496) 'Bligh Sand, near Sheerness;' and it may fairly be said that never did these pictures look so fine in the room they have just quitted. There are several minor changes besides, all for the better, but five Landseers still remain.

Now, merit is, or should be, the one touchstone. If a British picture by a deceased artist is worthy of companionship with the foreign masterpieces of old, that companionship ought not to be denied to it. On the other hand, the presence of British pictures the main interest of which is the evidence they afford as illustrations of the development of British art should not be tolerated in the National Gallery. Neither is mere reduplication desirable.

We come, then, to this:—

That all the Landseers except one or two, all the Constables but three or four, all the Turners but ten or twelve, and so forth—the great majority of the British pictures—should go to their natural and proper home in the National Gallery of British Art, whence a few already transported would doubtless have to be brought back; while any modern French masterpiece would take its place by right in the French Room, No. XVII. But no English or other picture should hang in the Gallery the painter of which had not been dead for ten years. Such relief would thus be effected as would excuse the Treasury from a further expansion of the Gallery for two or three years to come, while conferring upon the art of the United Kingdom a real distinction and homage which it has not hitherto enjoyed.

But if the Director and the Trustees set their faces against so radical a change, its practicability and reasonableness notwithstanding, there is one other method by which, I suggest, further accommodation might be obtained at a cost immeasurably less than that which would be involved if new galleries were at once to be built that would encroach upon the barrack-ground. On the western side of Rooms VIII and XV are two vast courts or wells, useful chiefly for giving light to rooms below which, already dark, are of little and only of occasional service, and which are in any case not of such utility that their illumination need stand in the way of an enormous gain. The proposal, then, is that these great wells should be floored over and roofed in and thrown into the body of the Gallery (see Plan on p. 56).

There is, of course, the technical question as to whether the walls as at present existing could safely carry the extra weight of a sky-light; but while it is exceedingly unlikely that in a public building of this class the walls would be calculated so sparingly as to be unequal to carrying the extra weight, there would be no difficulty, and relatively little cost, in so strengthening the walls as to ensure security both for floor and roof. If this suggestion be adopted two new galleries, each one practically as large as Room I and together equal to the great Venetian Room (VII), would be handed over to the Director, while further accommodation might be obtained by assimilating in similar fashion the courts or wells on the eastern side. I am aware that some unimportant lights are derived from certain of these wells; but with so great a gain in view other means—such as piercing the roof for top lights—might surely be adopted in preference to sacrificing the gain of four new rooms. As it happens, all these wells are contiguous to galleries already requiring expansion; indeed, the Venetian Room at the present time is encumbered with screens. The objection of loss of light to the basement rooms is a practical one, but, as I understand that these rooms are chiefly used for package and storage, no great opposition need be anticipated. The matter, of course, involves the question of artificial light, but the difficulty is not an insuperable one. No gas or electric light is permitted within the precincts of the Gallery; but I do not see why the present system of lamps, now employed with extreme care in the board room and elsewhere, should not be judiciously extended when required in these crypt-like apartments.

It is possible that the 19th and 20th Victoria, cap. 29, may be hurled at the innovator; but I may say at once that the provisions of that Act have ere now been expressly used in order to justify the artificial lighting of National Gallery pictures. In 1859³⁰ the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce addressed an appeal to the Trustees—and therein were supported independently by many kindred societies—in favour of the evening opening of the Turner and Vernon Galleries, then on the point of being lent to South Kensington, further affirming the principle that all other public galleries should be so opened. At the latter end of the year a Minute was agreed to, and duly intimated, to the effect 'that such lighting or exhibition is, "by the authority of the Trustees and Director of the National Gallery," in accordance with the Act 19th and 20th Victoria, chapter 29;' while in the following year³¹ a letter of Sir Robert Lowe, written from the Science and Art Department to the Secretary of the Treasury, duly reports that arrangements have been made for lighting the Gallery. Under all

³⁰ *Correspondence, &c., relating to the Turner and Vernon Galleries, 1859.*

³¹ *Correspondence respecting the Removal of Pictures belonging to the National Gallery, 1860.*

circumstances, then, the slightly extended use of safety oil lamps might be authorised in the crypt of the Gallery, especially as there is now no demand from any person of sense that illumination of the galleries themselves, whether by gas or electric light, should be adopted. No doubt, of all methods of illumination on the lower floor portable electric lamps would be the safest.

For the moment it seems hopeless to expect any architectural improvement in the façade of the Gallery, the sight of which invariably brings a smile to the face of all who have any sense of humour, but which is a constant source of regret and of some shame to those who have at heart the dignity of the Gallery, external as well as internal. The faults have been recognised for many years, and Wilkins himself heard criticisms upon his building on its completion in 1838. The hope that it soon would be removed doubtless prevented any serious attempt at altering the façade. During the great inquiry which was held in 1853³² it was taken for granted that the present building was to be altogether demolished, and that a new site was to be found where London smoke was not so thick.³³ In the result, the Select Committee reported 'that the site of the National Gallery is not well suited for the construction of a new gallery,' and recommended the Kensington Gore situation, to which it was agreed removal should be made.

Three years later, however, the recommendation was reversed by the Royal Commission; but it was never the intention that the present building should be allowed to remain standing, except with such ameliorations as should, in the opinion of the Committee, render the structure adequate in size and arrangement, and architecturally creditable and pleasing, if not altogether splendid and imposing, in appearance. After another interval the matter was resumed in 1860,³⁴ and again in 1864.³⁵ Finally, three separate or sectional designs were deposited, the most comprehensive of which (comprising, indeed, the entire scheme) involved an estimated expenditure of 638,000*l.* spread over a total period of five years.³⁶

At this juncture Sir A. H. Layard intervened, and, with the assistance of Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave, produced a plan which contained two features of interest. In the first place, like Mr. Murray's design, it provided for the suppression of the 'pepper-

³² See *Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1853.

³³ See *National Gallery Site Commission*, 1857.

³⁴ See *Copy of Correspondence between the First Commissioner of Works and Captain Pome relating to his Plan for Alteration of the National Gallery*, 1860.

³⁵ See *Copy of Correspondence in 1864 between the First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works and the Trustees of the National Gallery respecting Plans for a New Building*, 1864.

³⁶ See *Copies of Correspondence between Her Majesty's Office of Works and the Architect of the New National Gallery respecting his Appointment; and of the Report of the Architect upon the Plan of the New Buildings*, 1870.

pots' and of the central dome, which, architecturally unnecessary, no longer serves its once useful purpose as a school for the Royal Academy students. In the second place, like Mr. Barry's design, it provided for two glazed *loggie* for sculpture, each measuring about 300 feet in length by 15 feet in width, and each flanking the main entrance along the front of the building.

This proposed accommodation for sculpture opens up a question which ought to be carefully considered, or, to be entirely accurate, reconsidered; but for which I have now no space left. Besides, it is already settled that our National Gallery is to consist solely of a collection of paintings and palettes and thirteen nondescript busts. Why?

It is of course impossible to expect that provision can be made for sculpture on the plot of ground which the National Gallery now possesses or of which it has the reversion; but when the Government takes over—as in the interests of safety and prudence it seems to have promised to do—the block on which the establishments of Messrs. Hampton and others now stand in perpetual menace to the security, even to the very existence, of our National Collection, a National Sculpture Gallery should complete for our enjoyment what the National Picture Gallery has begun. But even before that period of lucidity arrives, we may hope to see some such simple and inexpensive modification carried out in the dome and the 'pepperpots' as was proposed a few years ago by Mr. Aitchison, in order that the building as it now stands should look a little less ridiculous in its aspect and more consonant with the dignity of its mission. A reliquary should not suggest ribald comparisons between its own absurdity and the sanctity or the magnificence of the treasure it contains. We may never see the realisation of the hope³⁷ 'that the Cartoons by Raphael will ultimately be placed, by Her Majesty's permission, in the National Gallery, and that they will be exhibited by themselves in a hall worthy of such great works,' if only because 200 linear feet are required for their proper display. But we may surely require that the little which is still needful should be done to make the National Gallery worthier of the collection it enshrines, of the purpose it has to serve, and of the people of whose taste and refinement that institution is the permanent and glorious proof.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

³⁷ See the Report of the Trustees and the Director in *Correspondence relating to the New National Gallery*, 1869.

IN THE BYE-WAYS OF RURAL IRELAND

It is sometimes said that the Irish character has been profoundly altered during the past half century. In the Dublin Press may occasionally be read appeals in support of this movement or that movement—the Irish Literary Theatre, it may be, or the Gaelic League—as a means of resisting what is called the ‘denationalisation’ or the ‘Anglicisation’ of the Irish race, or, in other words, the widespread assimilation of English habits and English ideas by the people of Ireland. These generalisations appear to me to be founded on superficial observation. Some idea of the nature of the evidence on which they are often based is afforded by a letter which appeared in a Dublin newspaper a short time ago. The writer bewailed that the country was becoming completely Cockneyfied because he had heard ‘Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay’ (a tune which in its inevitable course round the British Empire took a couple of years to reach the remote parts of Ireland) whistled by a small boy in a village. What nonsense! For my part, after some years’ experience of other peoples, every return visit I pay to Ireland more and more convinces me that the Irish are still intensely Irish. I know from personal observation that even during the past twenty-five years the outward aspect of many things in Ireland has undoubtedly altered—in some respects for the better, in other relations for the worse—yet, despite these changes, which the spread of education, the almost universal reading of newspapers and periodicals, the penny post, the cheapness and facility of travelling, inevitably bring in their train; and despite, also, the increase in the influence of English opinions and English habits in Ireland, the Irish peasant of to-day is in nature and temperament, in thoughts, feelings, and aspirations—in every racial characteristic in fact—fashioned in the same mould as his grandfather.

First among the changes noticeable on the surface of things in Ireland is the gradual disappearance of the old mud-wall cabin. The dwellings of the people are divided in the Irish Census returns into four classes. The fourth class comprises mud cabins, or cabins built of perishable material, having only one room and one window.

In 1841, the year in which dwellings were first included in the Census returns, there were as many as 491,278 of these cabins in Ireland. In 1891—the last return available—the number had fallen to 20,617. Unhappily, these figures are not to be accepted solely as an indication of a vast and gratifying improvement in the dwellings of the Irish peasantry during the past half century. There is a dismal side as well as a bright side to these statistics. The population during the same period has also enormously decreased. In 1841 it was 8,196,597; last year it was 4,585,000. There were close on twice as many people in Ireland in 1840 as there are to-day; and of the 4,000,000 which the country has lost during the intervening sixty years, the vast bulk was composed of the humble dwellers of these mud-wall cabins. Famine, eviction, and emigration—these, I regret to say, are the forces to which the marvellous reduction of the hovels from 491,278 to 20,617 in sixty years are mainly due. This is made clear by the fact that from 1841 to 1861—twenty years during which the clearances of the cottier population from most estates went steadily on, and the broad streams of emigrants poured continuously to the seaports of the country—over 400,000 mud-wall cabins had disappeared. But undoubtedly the decrease in the number of fourth-class houses in Ireland is, I am glad to say, also due, to a considerable extent, to the happy circumstance that better house accommodation for the humbler classes of the peasantry has been provided in recent years by the landlords and the large farmers, and especially by the Boards of Guardians under the Agricultural Labourers (Ireland) Act of 1883.

Still, the mud-wall cabin is yet a rather familiar feature of the Irish landscape. It may be seen during a short train journey, a car drive, or even a walk in some districts of the South and West of Ireland; and a curious human habitation it is, as a rule. But it has too often suggested feeble and ill-feeling jokes about Irish dirt and Irish squalor by coldly critical visitors to Ireland for me—familiar as I am with the kindly natures, the loving qualities, the splendid domestic virtues of the occupants—to enter one of these lowly dwellings in any spirit but the spirit of sympathy and affection. Those who know the wayward history of the Irish peasantry—unhappy victims of perverse historical and economic causes—will not find anything in that humble dwelling to sneer at or deride. We shall see there something to arouse pity, something to kindly reprove, something to smile at, much to admire and respect, and little that is censurable for which a good excuse cannot be advanced. Its walls are built of the mud scraped from the roadway, a small glazed aperture close to the low door acts as a window, and the roof is rudely thatched with straw, rushes, or reeds. There is a story of an English visitor to Ireland who, having been caught in a heavy shower, sought shelter in one of these wayside cabins. He found

the rain streaming through the thin roof of thatch, and a peasant huddled up in the only dry corner near the fireplace. 'My good man,' said the traveller, 'why is it you do not repair the roof?' 'Yerra, is it in this peltin' rain you'd be wantin' me to do it?' replied the peasant. 'Oh, I don't mean that you should do it now,' said the traveller. 'But why not do it in the fine weather?' 'In the foine weather is it?' exclaimed the peasant in astonishment. 'Shure where would be the use of it thin?' A laughable story, perhaps, but I would not care to vouch for its accuracy. There are, I admit, some leaking roofs in the cabins of Ireland; but that they are not repaired is due to poverty rather than to the laziness of the Irish peasant, or to his occasional inability to see the incongruity of a situation.

In the island of Achill, off the Mayo coast, which I have often visited, the materials used in the construction of the cabins are flat slaty stones called 'cobbles,' found on the beaches, with edges rounded and polished by the action of the waves; mortar made of mud and sand, and the roof is covered by a thin thatching of the straws of the rye, a rough kind of grain which is commonly grown on the island. Some of the best cabins have also external and internal coats of this mixture of mud and sand laid on the walls, and the floor consists of the same composition. The shifts to which the natives of Achill are driven to obtain manure for the small patches of cultivable land which they have rescued from the surrounding wastes of sterile mountain and barren moor, are of an extraordinary character. One of these expedients profoundly affects their domestic comfort.

The manure used is of two kinds -- soot and seaweed. To obtain the seaweed the islanders have deposited, a long way out to sea from the beaches, large stones brought from the mountain tops, many miles inland. The seaweed grows in time on these stones and is collected yearly by the islanders. But the two devices for procuring soot are still more curious. One is the erection on the tilled fields of little huts called 'scraw-hogues'—formed of 'scraws,' or sods of heather from the mountains—in which a turf or peat fire is kept burning for six weeks or two months, at the end of which period the 'scraws' are, from the continual impregnation with smoke, transformed into soot. But the most striking of all proofs of the dire necessity for manure and the difficulty of its obtainment in Achill, is afforded by the custom of the peasantry in actually blocking the chimneys of their cabins (when the hoveis have chimneys, which is not always the case) with 'scraws' loading a sort of shelf constructed over the hob, and filling every available nook and corner of the cabin with these sods of heather, and keeping a big fire—turf being in abundance on the island—continually burning on the hearth. Almost every cabin I entered, and I have been in dozens, was, as a

consequence of this custom, filled with a black cloud of smoke which prevented me discerning the surroundings, and dimmed even the blazing fire on the hearth. The bleared red eyes, the singed eyelids, the affected lungs of the aged men and women who necessarily spend most of their time indoors, are some of the results of living in this perpetual atmosphere of smoke and soot. But it must be endured if the potatoes are to be produced, and starvation—a more horrible fate—is to be averted.

On entering one of these cabins for the first time, I said in a tone of surprise to my companion, the parish priest of the island: 'Is there no chimney?' 'Chimbley is it?' exclaimed a voice from out the dim profound of the thick black cloud of blinding and suffocating smoke. 'Shure the roof is full of chimbleys.' It was the voice of the man of the house. Even in the midst of privation and distress the Irish peasant cannot help letting a gleam of humour play across the gloom. I looked up, and sure enough the bright blue sky was discernible through some holes in the thatch.

A wisp of burning straw, held in the hand of one of the inmates, enabled me to dimly see the contents of the hovel. I observed there was one room only, measuring about twelve feet by six, a corner of which was cut off by boards for the accommodation of a donkey and a pig and a roost for poultry. Its articles of furniture were a rude deal table, two stools, a couple of delf mugs on a shelf, a 'kish' or basket, a pot suspended from an iron crane over the fire, and on the floor in a corner a sorry substitute for a bed. The cabin was occupied by a family of six, husband, wife, and three children, and a grandmother; and the holding attached to it consisted of three acres, half of which was in tillage, the crops being rye and potatoes. The rent paid by the tenant was 2*l.* a year. This is a fair specimen of the cabins, holdings, and rent of the islanders of Achill. Some of the hovels are a little better and some a little worse. The most comfortable cabin I saw in the principal villages of the island—Keem and Dooega—had a bedroom off the kitchen or living room. The kitchen had a glazed window and an unchoked chimney, through which the smoke fairly made its way. The interior was, to my unaccustomed eyes, but dimly lighted by the window and doorway, and, on a candle being lighted for my benefit, I saw that the furniture consisted of the indispensable iron pot, which hung over the fire at the time boiling potatoes for the family dinner; a small deal 'dresser,' containing about half a dozen mugs, some plates and saucers, a rough table and a few chairs. The only pictures to be seen on the walls of the cabins of Achill are highly coloured oleographs of the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick—the two most popular saints in the Irish hagiology—and a book or a newspaper is of course very rarely found in these primitive parts of Ireland, where Irish is still almost universally spoken.

Mud-wall cabins of the type common in Achill may also be frequently seen in other parts of Mayo, in Galway, in Donegal—in fact in those remote and sterile portions of the country known as ‘the congested districts;’ but they are fast disappearing from Leinster, Munster, and the north-eastern portion of Ulster. The cabins in these provinces come, as a rule, within the category of third-class houses in the Census returns—that is, habitations with from two to four rooms and windows. In 1841 there were 533,297 of these houses in Ireland; in 1891 the number was 312,587, showing a falling off of 220,710; but remembering that the population during practically the same period has—as I have already pointed out—decreased by one half, these figures also show that a decided improvement has taken place in the habitations of the peasantry since the famine. The Agricultural Labourers (Ireland) Act of 1883, under which Boards of Guardians are empowered to borrow money from the State on the security of the rates for the erection of labourers’ cottages, with half-acre or acre gardens attached, has done much to remove the old mud-wall cabins from Munster and Leinster—the two provinces in which the benefits of the Act have been availed of most. About 16,000 of these cottages and allotments have been provided at an expenditure of 1,900,000*l*.

A few years ago, as I was walking in the county of Kilkenny, I got the opportunity, for which I had been on the look out, of a long and free chat with an agricultural labourer, with a view of obtaining some idea of the thoughts, feelings, and impressions of his class as to their lot in life. I came across a labourer’s cottage erected by the Board of Guardians of the district under the Labourers Act, and its occupier, a man apparently between sixty and seventy years, sitting outside on a stone bench sucking at a short black pipe with the bowl right under his nose, evidently taking rest and recreation after the week’s work in the harvest field.

Pat is still, as he always has been, an inveterate smoker; but I have not noticed of recent years the pipe so often in the mouth of Bridget. When I was a boy, smoking was very common among the women in my part of the country. Many and many a time have I seen the *vanithees*, or ‘women of the house,’ driving their asses and carts into Limerick on market days, their *dudheens* between their teeth; but now ‘herself’—as the husband calls her—rarely indulges in a *shock* of the pipe.

The sight of the old labourer resting outside his cottage door that summer evening also brought to my mind the revolution which has taken place in the character and style of the Irish peasant’s dress. There was no distinctive national trait in the attire of this Irish agricultural labourer to distinguish him from an English town worker. The good old national costume of frieze swallow-tail coat, knee breeches of corduroy, long knitted hose, shoes and buckles and tall

hat, has almost entirely disappeared. It is to be seen only in the remote parts of Ireland, and very rarely even there. The dress of the women has also changed for the worse, from the picturesque point of view. The long, ample, dark-blue cloak with its graceful hood, and the large white muslin cap with its crimped frilled border, fastened on the head by a broad red or blue ribbon—the garb of the old women in my young days—have been discarded. Touched by the latter-day passion for cheapness, which naturally appeals to people of small and precarious incomes, both men and women of the Irish rural labouring classes have taken to wearing shoddy or second-hand English clothes, sold by itinerant dealers at the local fairs and markets; and, as a result, the pleasant, soothing whirl of the once common spinning wheel, or hand loom, on which industrious housewives spun the wool into yarn, and tweeds and woollens for the stockings, coats, and petticoats of the family—dyeing the material with colours obtained from bog plants—is, alas! silent in the cabins of Ireland.

After saluting the labourer with the conventional ‘Good afternoon,’ which was responded to, on his part, by the kindly greeting, ‘God save you, sir,’ I straight away interviewed Tom Delany, for that was the old man’s name.

‘The country must have changed considerably in your time,’ I remarked.

‘Ah, then, it has, sir, a grate dale entirely,’ the old man replied, with a sort of sigh. ‘Every wan seems to be goin’ away to foreign parts—crowds of fine, sthrappin’ young boys and girls are lavin’ every month; only the ould wans like meself are left behind, and the country is becomin’ most lohesome like.’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘the emigration must at least have greatly improved the chances of employment for those who remain.’

‘I don’t know about that,’ he said. ‘I find things that way much the same. ’Twas niver aisy to get work—constant work, I mane. If the min to do the work has decreased, so has the work too. The farmers don’t be wantin’ so many min now, for it’s nearly all dairyin’ an’ stock-feedin’ wid thim: no oats or whate, and little hay and little tillage. Look round and you’ll see.’

I looked around, and as far as the eye could see there was nothing but grass lands with cattle grazing, save a few meadow fields, the hay of which was in process of being cut and saved, and, close to two farmhouses within the prospect, some few acres of tillage growing potatoes, cabbage, and turnips. Though Ireland is an agricultural country, pure and simple, the number of agricultural labourers there is comparatively small, owing to the scarcity of employment consequent on the vast extent to which, in the past thirty years, the growing of crops has been given up by the farmers and the land devoted to the raising of cattle, and also to the practice common

amongst all the small farmers of having the necessary field labour performed by the members of their own families.

'Yes,' continued Tom Delany, in reply to further questions, 'the wages are better now than they used to be. I'm gettin' 15s. a week now, and before it was only 10s. I do be employed regularly for seven months. What do I do during the winther? The best I can, faith. I do get an odd job at 1s. 6d. a day repairing roads or stone breaking, and I have my own half-acre at the back of the cottage there, which keeps me in pyaties and a little cabbage.'

'Have you got a pig?' I asked.

'Bedad, I have, and a fine wan, too,' said Tom in delight, as if very proud of his possession. 'Come and see her.'

He brought me through a little gateway in the low wall which bordered his half-acre allotment (a term, by the way, of which he did not know the meaning when I mentioned it) into a well-kept little garden growing cabbages and potatoes. In a piggery in the garden I saw the pig—'a fine fat wan, indade'—grunting contentedly as she lay in her litter of straw.

'Will you kill her and eat her yourself?' I asked.

'Oh, faith, no,' he said laughingly. 'She'll go to the market at Killmacthomas this day week, plase God, and I hope to get five or six pound for her, which will pay me rint and help to bring me over the winter.'

Of course, if I were an English tourist, I would have expected to find the pig taking his ease in the cosiest corner by the kitchen fire, 'enjoyin', as a peasant once said, 'all the inconveniences that an animal can aspire to.' The pig is known as 'the gintleman that pays the rint'—it was, by the way, William Carleton who first gave expression to the saying in one of his stories—and while the statement is not true as regards Irish agriculturists generally, for it is horned cattle, sheep, and horses that pay most of the rents in Ireland, the pig has always played a very important part in the social economy of the small farmer and the agricultural labourer. Even their proverbs make that clear. 'You're on the pig's back' means prosperity. 'The pig is on your back' indicates misfortune.

Then let us not blame the peasantry if, wanting piggeries, they allowed the pig to share the comforts, or perhaps I should say the discomforts, of their cabins. Often, too, the pig was only a little thing. The animal was once metaphorically flung in the face of a peasant who pleaded his poverty in court as the reason why he had not paid the debt for which he was processed. 'By the vartue of me oath,' said he indignantly, 'the pig is that thin, yer honner, that I had to tie a knot to her tail to prevent the crature from escapin' through the chinks in the wall of me cabin.'

Tom Delany also invited me into his cottage. Built of

stone and slated, it looked substantial and comfortable externally. The kitchen and living room, in which I found myself on entering the door, was about 12 feet by 13 feet, with a concrete floor and open to the roof—that is, not ceiled—and off this apartment were two bedrooms, over which was a loft which might also be used for sleeping accommodation, though, as there was no ceiling, it would probably be very cold in winter. I ascertained that there were about a dozen of these cottages erected in the union by the Board of Guardians and that the rent was 1s. 3d. per week. The cottages are certainly great improvements on the old mud cabins; and, with the half acre or acre of garden, are an immense boon to the agricultural labourers. Those who possess them are, indeed, ‘on the pig’s back.’ My old friend was a widower with a son and daughter, aged respectively twenty-two and nineteen years. The son, who was also an agricultural labourer, was away in a contiguous village. The daughter, as we entered the cottage, told her father that his ‘tay’ was ready, and she gave him, out of a tin teapot which had been lying on the hob, a cup of that beverage. Tom, with characteristic Irish hospitality, invited me to join him in the repast, much to my satisfaction, for I was glad of the opportunity of testing by personal experience the strong tea, the frequent consumption of which, according to recent reports of the inspectors of lunatic asylums, is largely accountable for the alarming increase of lunacy and idiocy among the poorer classes in Ireland. In 1871 there were 16,505 lunatics and idiots in Ireland; in 1891 the number had increased to 21,118.

It was a strong, thick, black fluid, as if the tea had been stewing in the pot for a considerable time, and it had a bitter, unpalatable taste. After drinking half the cup I felt a sensation of dizziness in my head, and thought it best to indulge in no more of the beverage. Tom, however, seemed to highly relish it.

‘If I do but get the cup o’ tay,’ said he, ‘I’m content. It rises the heart in me when I’m poorly.’

‘Do you drink much of it?’ I asked.

‘I do be at it mornin’, noon, and night, to tell you the truth,’ he said. ‘Oh, it’s mighty refreshin’!’ he exclaimed, as he smacked his lips after drinking the second cup.

The daughter told me that the tea was sold at 2s. a pound—the cheapest figure at which she could obtain it—in the village, and that she usually purchased a quarter of a pound at a time. It seemed to me to be good tea, infinitely better than the commodity commonly bought by the labouring classes in London at 1s. the pound. Indeed, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer stated during the debate on the Budget last year that the best tea went to Ireland; and I believe it is largely bought by the peasantry. But the art of

brewing it is unfortunately unknown in the rural districts of Ireland. The ordinary custom is to put a large quantity of tea in the teapot, pour in the water—whether boiling or not is of no consequence—then boil the tea in the pot, or leave the decoction stewing for hours by the fire. Tea and tobacco were, Tom Delany told me, the luxuries of his existence. Potatoes formed the chief article of his food, for they were eaten at dinner and supper with an occasional dried herring as a savoury; and, on days few and far between, boiled bacon and cabbage—the former American cured, very fat and very hard, a specimen of which I saw hanging up in the kitchen.

A standard of living, far higher than that of fifty years ago, now prevails in the cabins of Ireland. The peasantry have not to rely so often as formerly upon their vivid imagination or their memory for a meal. There was once a meal called 'potatoes and point.' The potatoes before being eaten at breakfast, dinner, and supper, were pointed at a herring hanging up, or placed in the centre of the table, to serve as an imaginary relish to the simple fare, but too precious to be consumed except on some festive day, such as Sunday. That quaint gastronomical pretence or subterfuge is said to have been common at one time in the cabins of Ireland. I doubt if it is practised in these days. Of course the Irish peasantry meet with ups and downs, experience fat years and lean years, like other people. One of them, with a turn for rhetoric, said of his class, 'Sometimes we drink from the cup of fulness, and sometimes we ate off the empty plate.' I know from personal knowledge that in portions of Clare, where milk is scarce, the people concoct a substitute composed of water whitened with flour, which they call 'bull's milk.' As a rule, however, the food of the peasantry is now more substantial and more varied than it was in times past, though in some respects it may not be, perhaps, so wholesome. The potato is still what it has been for a century and a half—the peasants' staple article of food, but there are more appetising adjuncts to it than formerly, such as butter, eggs, and American bacon. Tea, as I have said, is drunk universally in every cabin, no matter how humble, and in most cases is partaken of three or four times a day. Baker's bread has been largely substituted for the home-made 'griddle cake,' except in districts remote from bakeries. Indian meal porridge, or 'stirabout' (as the people usually call it) is now only eaten in the poorest cabins. It was, indeed, never popular with the peasantry. They resort to it only under the compulsion of poverty, as it is cheap. It bears the stigma of pauperism. It was first introduced into Ireland, during the famine of 1847, by the Government, as an inexpensive and wholesome food for the starving people, and it has been widely distributed as a form of relief during the many periods of distress through which Ireland has passed since

then. The 'yellow male,' as it is called, therefore came to be associated in the minds of the people with times of poverty and misfortune; and I know that even the poorest families feel a sort of shame in eating it, as if it meant unutterable social degradation. This feeling is, of course, to be deeply deplored. Stewed tea and inferior baker's bread—the latter-day luxuries of the cabins of Ireland—are not so strengthening and sustaining as the old homely stirabout and milk; and must in time have a sadly deteriorating effect on the physical and mental capacities of the people.

'What are your hours of work?' I asked, while Tom Delany was 'risin' the heart in him' with copious draughts of 'tay.'

'In the summer I work from six in the mornin' to six in the evenin', with an hour off for breakfast an' for dinner; and at other times it is from daylight to dark. Oh, yis, I git on very well with Mr. Clarke, the farmer that employs me. No, I'm not in any Union or combination; never knew of wan about here, though I heard tell of a Labour Lague, or the "Knights of the Plough," in Kildare; but I don't think it amounts to much.'

'Not much amusement, I suppose, in the village,' I said.

'Between you and me I think all the keol [fun] is gone out of the country,' he replied. 'I remember when we used to have a dance at the cross-roads below every Sunday evenin', and all the boys and girls of the whole countryside would be there with the ould piper and the ould fiddler. But thim days is gone entirely. I do believe the boys and girls now do have a dance off and on in the ould barn beyant; but the life that was is not in thim. Concerts? Singin', you mane? There does be nothin' of that kind at the village; no, nor play-actin' ayther. You must go to Kilkenny town for that; but wance in two or three years a circus comes along this way. Yes, you're right enough, sir; if there isn't the fun we used to have of ould, things we want to ate and to cover us are chaper.'

The impression which I think moved me most, in the years of my connection with the Irish Press, when I travelled about Ireland a great deal, was the monotony and dreariness of village life. What an amount of work in the way of improving the social surroundings of the villagers and imparting some colour and variety to their lives awaits the Parish Councils of the future—that is if Ireland ever has such local authorities, and if, as is doubtful, they will undertake this beneficent work! As it is, I did not notice in any of the hundred villages I have visited the influence of even my Lady Bountiful or the Squire, such as is visible in humble life in rural England. Nothing is seen in Ireland but dismal evidence of the neglect by the gentry of the axiom that property has its duties as well as its rights. I saw no village greens for outdoor sports and pastimes,

and no village halls for concerts, readings, and limelight entertainments during the long winter evenings. But it is not alone amusement that is lacking in the villages of Ireland. There is, in the vast majority of villages, a complete absence also of endowed village charities for the distribution of blankets, clothing, or food to the needy, and of village benefit clubs for the aid of members in times of sickness and death. I know well that excuses can be offered for this seeming neglect by the landed gentry of an obvious duty. The strained relations which, owing to unhappy but relentless historical and economic causes, existed for generations between the landlords and the agricultural classes, were not calculated to encourage the gentry to embark on projects of social improvement. Then there is also the tendency of the peasantry, with their ingrained conservative instincts, to cling to old familiar habits and customs, and to receive with distrust and antipathy schemes for their improvement, which involve a change in their immediate surroundings.

But however the blame is to be apportioned, my friend, Tom Delany, knew no more of village charities or village clubs than he did of penny readings or magic lantern entertainments, and he was not a member of any insurance society. 'No; I get no pay on days that I am sick any more than I do on wet days.' 'What do I do when I'm ill? I go to the dispensary doctor at the village for a bottle, if it's only a slight illness; but if it's a bad wan—the fever now—I go into the poorhouse. My life is not insured. Faith, I'm sure to be buried in any case; and I don't mind if I'm not put in "the yallow hole" [the pauper burial-ground] over at the workhouse. If all goes to all, I'll get a coffin from the poorhouse for nothin', and the neighbours will carry me on their shoulders to Knocklerien graveyard, where all my people are buried. The neighbours are very good—God bless them!—and if they have anything at all, they never allow a poor, unfortunate crathur to want a bit or a sup or a dacent buryin'.'

I looked around the kitchen to see if I could discover what books and newspapers formed the literary recreation of Tom and his family. It was evident that the *Weekly Freeman* was subscribed to, for a portion of the walls was covered with the political cartoons of that journal. I also saw some copies of the *Shamrock*, a little story-paper published weekly in Dublin, and also—for the daughter, probably—some numbers of a London penny weekly journal. There were a few books, stories evidently, much torn and dilapidated, and I noticed the *Dublin Songster*, a collection of music-hall and patriotic songs and ballads, with a mixture of ditties popular some years ago.

And now comes the interesting question—'What does the Irish peasant read?' The Irish peasant by common consent possesses

mental qualities of a high order. He is intelligent, quick-witted, and shrewd in his observations on men and things. These faculties are innate in him. He certainly does not owe them to reading. Sociability is a strong—or should I say a weak?—point in his character; and he loves to pick up his information, and sharpen his natural wits, in social intercourse. Nothing delights him more than a chat on current affairs at home and abroad with his fellows, in the smith's forge, or by the hearth of his cabin on a winter's evening, or reclining on a sunny bank on a Sunday after Mass, or at any time in the village public house over a pipe and a pint of porter. He will also listen with absorbed interest to the reading of a newspaper or the telling of old folk stories and legends—a popular pastime with the peasants—in these hours of ease. But it may be said as a general truth that he reads few books. The books I have seen in the houses of the agricultural labourers and small farmers in the south of Ireland were usually national works, issued at low prices, such as, *The Irish Penny Readings*, containing admirable selections of prose and poetry by Irish writers; the lectures and sermons of Father Burke, the famous pulpit orator; and *The Story of Ireland*, by A. M. Sullivan, the *Lives of the Saints*, and other religious works; and a few of Lever's novels, such as *Charles O'Malley* and *Tom Burke of Ours* in a cheap form, may also be encountered. Books like these are eagerly read by the peasantry and they circulate from house to house in a parish until they fall to pieces from constant perusal. Song books, however, are most common. I have frequently seen *The Brian Boru Song Book*, and *The Harp of Tara Song Book*, each published at 3d. and containing very good selections from Moore's melodies and the national ballads and songs of the Young Ireland and Fenian movements.

But unquestionably the most popular form of Irish literature—by which I mean reading matter produced in Ireland—not only among the agricultural labourers, but among the farmers and the citizens in the towns, is the Dublin weekly newspaper. *The Weekly Freeman*, *The Weekly Independent*, *The Weekly Nation* (Nationalist organs); and *The Weekly Irish Times* (neutral, so far as politics are concerned), which supply literary matter, as well as the news of the week, circulate widely throughout the country. It is, however, from London rather than from Dublin that the people of Ireland now obtain the bulk of their reading matter. I have been amazed during recent visits to Ireland at the display of London penny weekly publications, such as *Tit Bits*, *Answers*, *Home Chat*, *Pearson's Weekly*, *Woman's Life*, in the newsagents' shops, in even the remote towns of Ireland, while Dublin publications of a somewhat similar kind, but supplying Irish verses, stories, and historical sketches, such as *The Shamrock*, *The Emerald*, and *Irish Bits* were difficult to

obtain. I have seen the counters of newsagents in such towns as Waterford, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, Galway—each feeding large agricultural districts—piled as thickly with as varied a collection of these London weekly journals as the counters of newsagents in Lambeth and Islington or any other populous district of the Metropolis in which these publications are produced. I was so impressed by this phenomenon that I endeavoured, when in Dublin a short time ago, to obtain some accurate information in regard to its extent from Messrs. Eason, the principal Irish distributing firm. I was told that within the past ten years the circulation of these journals in Ireland has almost quadrupled, although the population has diminished within the same period by an eighth. Week after week enormous bundles of these journals are sent to all the chief towns and villages throughout the country; and I venture to say there is not a cabin in any part of Ireland—save perhaps the extreme west—in which there are boys and girls able to read—and, thanks to the National schools, illiteracy may be said to be unknown among the rising generation—in which copies of these journals will not be found.

We have here some indication of the immense influence for good or evil which the National system of education has exercised on the destiny of the country. I have often heard that system condemned, but I have never failed to stand up as well as I was able in its defence. It may not be the ideal system of training the youth of the country—for one thing, the history of the country has hitherto been stupidly debarred in its curriculum, but when I point out that, whereas in 1841 fifty-three out of every hundred of the adult population could neither read nor write, only 18 per cent. of the population to-day is in that unhappy state of ignorance, I think I have said enough to show that the system, notwithstanding the enormous obstacles which the religious, political, and social quarrels of the country inevitably raised to prevent its full development, has been a great boon to the poorer classes of Ireland.

Of course the enormous increase of late years in the readers of this cheap London periodical literature is not peculiar to Ireland alone. It is common to England, Scotland, and Wales as well, and is due, not so much to the difficulty of obtaining books—for the reading of these journals prevails just as widely in districts with lending libraries or parish libraries, as to the inability of the half educated or imperfectly trained mind to stand the strain, or to keep up the interest, which the reading of a book—especially an informing book—involves, and to its finding its mental recreation in literary bits and scraps. It is sometimes said that the reading of these journals is neither informing to the mind nor elevating to the character. I hold a different opinion. The one regrettable result

which, as it appears to me, the circulation of these periodicals has on the young people of the rural districts of Ireland is to further impress them, by descriptions of scenes of urban life, with the monotony and loneliness of the country as compared with the companionship and varied pleasures of the towns; and thus accelerate that steady diminution of our rural communities which economic causes have for years produced.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOOLIGANISM AND JUVENILE CRIME

THE ONLY CURE

THE Home Office Inspector of Industrial and Truant Schools in one of his recent Blue Books says :

A much quoted article by the Rev. Andrew Drew, Chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee of the London School Board, contains much that is true. His contention is that truancy is to be credited with nearly the whole of our juvenile criminality. This is, perhaps too broadly stated, but there is no question that the prompt and efficient dealing with truancy in its early stages ought to be one of the most effective measures against juvenile crime.

Also a letter lately appeared in the *Times* on juvenile crime and its treatment, signed by the Secretary of the Howard Society, also quoting the same words of mine. The writer of that letter says that, if I am right, he should like to know whose fault it is that juvenile criminality has not only not been diminished, but has largely increased, and has now developed into what is known as Hooliganism. In the first place I am ready to accept the slight limitation which the Home Office Inspector puts upon my former words, but I then ask, What *is* the most prompt and efficient method of dealing with truancy in its early stages? And I answer my own question by saying that clearly there is but one way, viz. to remove the budding truant at once to a special and efficient school for dealing with such cases, and to make that school of such a character as most effectually to deter any boy, who has once been there, from ever returning to it; in other words, making every boy determine to attend his own day school regularly rather than risk being sent back to a truant school. In the next place, as I have been for six out of the last eight years Chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee, and have had to deal with these very interesting young people, I think I can very fairly answer the question of the Secretary of the Howard Society as to whose fault it is, and apportion the blame in the right quarters.

Of course, it goes without saying that every one concerned asserts it is certainly not his fault but the fault of some one else; and, as a matter of fact, it is not solely the fault of any one person or set of persons; but it is the fault of three different sets of authorities,

viz. the magistrates, the London School Board, and the Home Office, in not working loyally together under one agreed upon system, each playing into the others' hands, to put down what has now become a grave danger to society. And here I speak from past experience, for often has it happened that my Committee were checked and thwarted in what they knew to be the right thing, either by the objection of the Board itself, by the refusal of the Home Office to sanction our proposals, or by the objection of some magistrates to carry out what we wished to have done.

I see by the papers that the London School Board has lately been discussing the subject of the bad attendance of school children, and apparently they lay the whole blame upon those naughty, wicked magistrates, and do not think the Board itself is at all to blame; but we shall see about this presently. No doubt many of the London stipendiaries are to blame, but in common fairness I am bound to say it is not altogether their own faults, and especially as regards the number of School Board cases they are able to take in any one week. Upon this part of the case I would like to repeat what I said in 1893 as showing very plainly that what the school authorities have persistently asked for has never been granted. I said:

The existing staff of magistrates cannot, I believe, devote anything like sufficient time to deal with the many School Board cases waiting to be brought before them. But in this case it will be evident that the claim so often put forward by the London School Board to the Home Office for special magistrates to deal with school attendance cases, and at other places than Police Courts, should at last be recognised; and I commend this point most earnestly to the favourable consideration of the Home Secretary. At present hundreds of street arabs are throughout the metropolis successfully defying our utmost endeavours to get them into school and out of the streets, and that entirely for want of time on the part of the magistrates to deal with our cases.

Mr. Asquith, the then Home Secretary, did not pay any attention to this request, nor has anything whatever since been done. It remains to be seen whether Sir M. W. Ridley will now recognise the fact that he is able, by the addition of a few special magistrates as asked for, to strike at the very roots of truancy, juvenile crime, and Hooliganism. While speaking of Mr. Asquith it is only fair to say that two very important points I dealt with in my former article, viz. the necessity of raising the age of control by managers of Industrial Schools up to 18, and the abolition of the imprisonment of children as a necessity before being sent to reformatories, were both very zealously taken up by him and duly carried into law.

Where the magistrates, or rather some of them, are to blame is that, although the School Board, as the educational authority, has the right to decide whether any given child shall be proceeded against under the Bye Laws, or under one of the sections of the

Education Acts, magistrates very often take upon themselves to refuse to deal with a case as put before them by the Board, and vary the method of proceeding, and that, too often, in cases where it makes all the difference in the world whether a careless parent is fined under the Bye Laws, as he should be, or dealt with in a less efficacious manner by the magistrate, who all the time says, 'He is not put there to make the law, but only to administer it.' That is quite true, but all the same he defeats the law in scores of cases where he refuses simply to put the law in force in the form in which it is brought before him.

And here again, as being a very old complaint against magistrates, I will once more quote my previous words, viz. :

Without doubt the unwillingness of some magistrates to convict and fine parents under the Bye Laws is the immediate cause of many children becoming truants in the first place and criminals afterwards, and there are hundreds of cases where a timely fine imposed upon a parent would have saved children from ever becoming criminals at all.

Is it asking too much that in future all the police magistrates should confine themselves to dealing, as the law has provided, with School Board cases just exactly as the School authorities put those cases before them? If this is done, there will immediately be a marked improvement in school attendance, and I think a proportionate decrease in the number of truants, for the mere irregular child, very often absent from school by the parent's fault, and not his own, is by no means to be confounded with the regular professional truant, although he forms the material out of which the habitual truant is afterwards manufactured. It follows therefore that, if only the magistrates will work on the same lines as the School Attendance Committee and its officers, many irregular children will be got into school and the supply for the manufacture of truants and juvenile criminals will be materially reduced. But after all is said and done there must always remain a certain percentage of boys, and it is a large one, who simply *will not* go to school and who hate and abhor the ordinary school book work. I have made it my duty to ask such boys why it is that they object so much to attend their ordinary day school. In a very large number of cases the reply has been that 'the masters knock them about so much and they are afraid to go.' These boys did not refer to the proper punishment received either from the head master or an assistant and duly entered in the punishment book, but to illicit forms of punishment, such as cuffing with the hand, knocking heads together, or striking their heads with a book or a slate. Of course, many of these boys do not speak the truth; but, on the other hand, when so many boys agree, without any communication with each other, and from many different schools, in assigning this as a reason for their truancy it cannot be altogether put on one side.

This I do know, that the large majority of the assistant masters who use no other form of punishment except that sanctioned by the Board, and who take a personal interest in their boys and are beloved by them, have no truants at all in their classes. There are even whole schools where there are no truants at all. But, on the other hand, there are schools where all the truants may be located in one, or perhaps two, classes. I fear that at least in some of those classes the assistants in charge of them are to blame in the matter. The School Board itself is also to blame, for while, nominally, all illicit forms of punishment are forbidden, yet it is perfectly well known to old and experienced members that a great deal of that kind of thing does go on; and in all the years I was on the Board I do not remember a single case of any master being actually dismissed for this. I remember many being reprimanded and cautioned, and that is all. Clearly the Board should lay down a hard and fast rule, and then peremptorily dismiss any masters who break it, and then we should hear no more of boys being afraid to go to school for fear of being knocked about. Some head masters too should exercise greater supervision over those assistants whose classes supply the bulk of the truants from their school. They should in these cases suspect that there may be something wrong about those teachers themselves and set to work to discover what that something is. If it is found to be knocking the boys about, then that assistant should at once be reported to the Board, and yet I am afraid that not all the head masters do this. There are some truants who, being dull and backward boys, object to going to school because they find themselves in a class with little boys three or four years younger than themselves, and therefore won't go. Where this backwardness is constitutional all such cases should be dealt with in a special manner, but here we touch on one of the greatest difficulties of modern education. I have known just such cases as these, where no amount of pressure could ever get a boy beyond what an ordinary third standard boy would know, who, while not fit for further educational treatment, was most anxious to be allowed to go to work and yet was not allowed to do so until he reached fourteen years of age. This is a mistake, for such a boy absents himself from school often without the knowledge of the parents, loafs about the street, and soon gets into bad company and becomes a criminal. Moreover, such a boy cannot take the law into his own hands and get employment as he wanted to do, because, immediately he does this, the attendance officer serves a notice on the employer threatening a summons for employing a child under the age of school exemption. Here again all such boys should be specially dealt with and not be forced into the educational Procrustean bed! There is not elasticity enough in our educational system, and a great deal too much use is made of the bed of Procrustes. Another class, however, of those truants who

drift on into juvenile criminality, and become the Hooligans of the future, are such as have bad homes' and vicious parents. In most cases it is an ill-tempered stepmother or a drunken stepfather who renders the boy's home unbearable, where little or no provision is made for his meals between school time, and where there is utter callousness as to whether the boy attends school or not, and no interest taken in him even if he desires to be a good boy at home and at school.

On the contrary, he is received at home with blows and with curses, and he goes out into the streets to try and pick up a crust of bread to eat, where he is found and run in by the attendance officer as a truant. I have had to deal with hundreds and hundreds of such boys who have been charged with truancy and sent to truant schools as the only possible thing to be done. The operation, however, in such cases is precisely that of pouring water on a duck's back on a hot day. The duck likes it very much and is only sorry when no more water is poured upon it. I have questioned many boys of this class, while in the truant schools, and asked them whether they liked being there, and the answer given was, 'Yes, sir!' Asked why they liked it, they replied: 'You don't get knocked about here like you do at home and you get plenty to eat.' It must be perfectly plain that it is utterly wrong to treat such boys as truants and to send them to truant schools, which should be of a deterrent character and calculated to prevent boys from ever voluntarily going there again, whereas these boys deliberately set to work to play truant again in order, as quickly as possible, to get back to the truant school, which to them is a perfect heaven on earth.

Short, however, of sending a boy of this kind to a truant school, who has himself done nothing wrong except stop away from his day school, the law provides nothing else for him. Unless he wanders from home, associates himself with thieves, begs or does something else which brings him within the provisions of the Industrial Schools Act, he cannot be taken away from his bad home and provided for elsewhere. It is true that many of these bad and vicious parents (or step parents) deliberately charge these boys under the 16th Section of the Industrial Schools Act with being 'beyond their control'; and when these cases are brought before the Industrial Schools Rota Committee the Chairman often marks their papers with the name of an industrial school, and the magistrate, knowing also that this is the one chance in life for the poor boy, more to be pitied than blamed, signs the order for his committal to the school named. I have often and often done this, knowing all the time that the parents were laughing in their sleeves at the 'silly old blokes what took their children off their hands for nuffin,' for they take care never to pay anything they may be ordered by the magistrate to pay for the

future maintenance of their children. Here an alteration of the law is needed in the direction of bringing such sinners against boys under the provisions of the 14th section of the Industrial Schools Act, or, better still, under a new section and providing compulsory power for making parents really pay a considerable portion of the cost of their children's maintenance in an industrial school, with a prison as the only alternative. In this case many of these vicious parents would amend their ways, and properly look after their children's education rather than face the provisions of such an amended Act. Some people may say, But why the necessity for amending the law when, as just mentioned, the boys can be smuggled into industrial schools under the 16th section of the Act? The answer is, that for the boys' own sakes in their future this is needed, because, when they come to leave the industrial schools, many employers of labour will not take them if they were originally sent to those schools under the ordinary sections, 14th, 15th, and 16th, of the Act.

A boy sent to such schools under the proposed new section of the Act, and who had done nothing wrong himself, would readily obtain work anywhere, and even be admitted into the Royal Navy, after proper training in a training ship, when he reached the age of fifteen years and three months.

I have never known the London magistrates fail to support us in truant cases proper, except in the early days of those schools, when they did not fully understand their nature and objected to 'consign boys to prison till they were fourteen for mere truancy'; but they very soon saw that they had been mistaken in this. The School Board for London is also itself greatly to blame for the present existence of the Hooligan 'gangs, for, had the proper steps been taken years ago, which to the utmost of my ability I urged upon the Board, but in vain, all these youths might have been got at and reclaimed. That however was rendered impossible by the neglect of the Board to provide additional accommodation in the shape of another truant school. So great was the need, that often from week to week I would find 100 boys whose licenses had been revoked for repeated truancy, and who nevertheless could not be sent back at once or for some weeks to the truant school because they were all full. The result was a lamentable one, because each boy soon found out that we were not able to carry out our system, or, as he would say, our threat to send him back again, and of course even the best system can only be efficacious where it is rigidly adhered to.

Some three or four years ago I induced the Board to purchase some property at Barnes for another truant school, but from that day to this nothing has been done to make use of it; and I am now told that the Board propose not to build the new truant school at all, *on the ground of its expense*, and to sell the property again. Well, this is really enough to make even the traditional cat laugh. The

present Board, as every ratepayer knows, have been launching out in the most extravagant and unnecessary manner, have been placing numbers of day schools all over the Metropolis where they are not needed at a cost for *each such school* of as much as would provide the truant school *which is terribly wanted*; and then this same Board declines to carry out the provision of the truant school, to which the previous Board agreed, on the ground of the expense. Why, the cost of the additional truant school is a mere nothing as compared with the salvation of hundreds and hundreds of poor boys from a criminal life! I am quite prepared to expect that the Board will deny some of my facts. I therefore add that the total cost of the Barnes property, with four and a half acres of land and a large house, was 10,500*l.*; while the architect, Mr. Bailey, told us that a further sum of 10,000*l.* would be needed to adapt the place to our requirements for 100 boys, which was the proposal of the late Board.¹ Will any member suggest that any one of those numerous day schools they have been placing all over the School Board area has cost as little as 20,500*l.*? No one can do this, and therefore it is nothing less than a criminal act on the part of the Board to sell the Barnes property when, as I know so well, we had the greatest possible difficulty in finding any property at all suitable for the purpose. I call this a criminal act, because it deliberately takes away the possibility of dealing promptly with these truants of whom I have before spoken as still running the streets unchecked, and so encouraging the future further manufacture of juvenile criminals and Hooligans. I shall hope that the Home Office will flatly refuse to allow the sale of the Barnes property, and urge the Board to get on at once with the truant school.

I am quite aware that the present Home Office authorities, and especially the permanent officials, are of opinion that the truant school system has failed in checking truancy. My opinion is that, although the truant schools were at first very successful, they have broken down, *as deterrents*, simply because they have never from the first been properly conducted as such. About three years ago I induced the Board to ask the Home Office to sanction a new departure, and a new system for those schools. I had urged that what these truant boys most disliked was having to attend the day schools twice a day for mere book work, and therefore that to make a truant school have any effect upon them they should find that in those schools they would still have both morning and afternoon school work together with the strict discipline of such schools and their removal from their own homes; and I predicted that, under those circumstances, truants would say, 'Well, if I have got to attend ordinary school work twice a day whether I like it or not, I would rather do this at home and be

¹ Mr. Bailey also informed me that even without the cost of land he could not build a new school for 100 truants under 26,000*l.*

able to run out to play after school hours.' This suggestion was sent on to the Home Office, but, alas! it was only granted for one year as an experiment, and then only in the case of boys taken back for the fourth time; in other words, the system was not allowed to be tried, except in the case of boys who had been running the streets for years and had already become juvenile criminals and beyond the reach of a mere truant school, and was not allowed to be tried in the case of those boys not yet absolutely hardened, who would assuredly have been cured by it.

It is no use blinking the matter—the truant schools are made far too comfortable and far too jolly to be of any real use, and many boys, as they have told me, prefer to be there rather than at their ordinary day schools. Who wonders at this when a truant school is now framed on the exact model of one of our very best industrial schools, suitable indeed and necessary for such establishments, but not for the cure of truants. What the truant hates is, as has been already stated, having to do school work morning and afternoon, and yet in this the truant school plays into his hands, for there he only has to do school work for half the day, and for the other half he goes into the carpenter's, the shoemaker's, or the tailor's shops, where he enjoys himself thoroughly. I consider therefore that all industrial work of the above kind is not only out of place in a truant school, but is positively mischievous there as directly tending to defeat the object of such a school, by making many boys prefer it to an ordinary day school. Besides, instead of there being a dread in the minds of boys of being sent away to a truant school (as there should be, and would be if they were properly managed) there is now no such feeling at all. Many kind-hearted people will say, But surely it is better to have the boys safely in these schools, even if they do like being there, rather than have them running the streets and drifting into crime. My answer is, This is not the object of a truant school, and this does *not* get the very boys out of the streets who are the ones drifting into crime. It is those boys who again and again have their licenses revoked, in other words the most dangerous boys of all, who cannot be even got promptly into these delightful places *for want of room anywhere*; and the consequence is, that these are still the boys running the streets to become the Hooligans of the future. It must be evident to all who know anything about the subject, that not only must truant schools be actually deterrent agencies, but, even if not deterrent, they must also be sufficiently numerous to clear the streets of every single boy, and leave a few places for the future growth of the school population.

Let me suppose that the additional truant school, which beyond all question is needed by the London School Board to accomplish this, should actually cost as much as a single day school, will any sensible person blame the School Board for providing this school?

Many will and do blame the present Board for its general extravagance and the reckless way in which Board schools are built all over the place, and I am one of them; but no one will grudge the building of the Barnes Truant School for 100 boys, if it does cost 20,500*l.*, or a still further sum, should the accommodation be thought now too small.

I had looked forward, through this very school, to have been able to open it on the double session principle, viz. that there should be no industrial work as such, but that every boy should be taught both morning and afternoon, just as he would be in the ordinary Board school, and I am quite sure it would be advisable even to add half an hour to the school time, taking that off play-time, to make it more irksome, so as to make boys really dread being sent there. I am also sure that, if I had the power and a free hand, I could in less than six months clear the streets of London of every single boy, and, what is more, keep them clear for all time, and thereby starve out the supply of Hooligans. I also think—indeed in my own mind I am quite sure—that under this suggested system the time of detention could safely be reduced, so that no boy would need, at his first visit, to be detained in the truant school for more than a month, instead of, as at present, for eight or ten weeks, as he would be perfectly sick of being there and only too anxious to get away, while of course the usefulness of each such school would be exactly doubled, for it could deal in one year with exactly double the number of cases that can be accommodated according to existing rules.

Far be it from me to suggest anything like cruelty or even harshness of discipline even to our erring juveniles; but I do most earnestly protest against the grandmotherly legislation with regard to them which now prevails, and which only defeats the real object of those schools. I am perfectly sure that if ever these much petted young gentlemen are to be prevented from becoming actual criminals they must be dealt with now, while they are juveniles, with a much stronger hand and a more severe *régime* than prevails anywhere at present. In my opinion, every single child must be got out of the streets *at all hazards and at any cost* as the very first step. It is simply childish for the School Board to object to the cost of providing another truant school, for everyone knows that preventive work of every sort is of necessity always more costly than mere routine school work, and yet a prominent member of the present Board the other day threw it in my teeth that children in industrial and truant schools cost so much per head more than the children in the Board schools. Why, of course they do; but that is begging the whole question, which is not whether preventive schools can be run or built as cheaply per head as Board schools—which is impossible—but whether the higher cost per head is justified by the

reclamation of neglected children or the reformation of bad ones. On this point I do not think there is a ratepayer in London, even of the most rabid moderate persuasion, who would grudge the cost of going in search of the lost sheep until he is found; in other words, in providing schools for the prevention of juvenile crime, having first diligently hunted up through the streets and alleys of this great metropolis the wandering and erring children therein, knowing beforehand that this must be a costly matter; and few will object to it on that account, especially as the only alternative is to allow all neglected children to run the streets, to their certain and speedy ruin.

It was only a few days ago I was talking with one of the school attendance officers in my own locality, and I asked him if there was still the same difficulty in getting bad truant cases dealt with promptly, and he replied, 'Yes, the same old difficulty,' and he gave me an instance of a boy in whose case it took him from the 26th of August to the 10th of November to get an order for a truant school. And where, said I, was the boy all this time? and he answered, 'Why, running the streets of course.' It will now be seen that for the continued existence of juvenile crime in the metropolis, and the recent addition of Hooliganism, I lay the blame all round, and have shown that the magistrates, the London School Board, and the Home Office are all to blame for the present state of things. Personally I do not desire to blame any one, but only to urge the adoption of a reasonable and a sensible system for checking juvenile crime. I have in these pages put forward several plans and suggestions whereby in my opinion the desired result may be attained, and these opinions of mine have been formed by six years' of hard work and close attention to the special subject here dealt with, and, as Chairman also of the Rota Committee, by having had to deal with hundreds of cases every week of my life during that period—longer by far than has fallen to the lot of any previous Chairman of the Committee since the London School Board has existed.

I ask therefore that one of two things shall be done: either that my suggestions shall at least be carried out and given a fair chance, or that some person better qualified to speak than I am shall publicly put forward better ideas than mine for staving off the misery which threatens us in the growth of juvenile criminality and the appearance of Hooliganism. Up to this point I have only dealt with the means of preventing Hooliganism from coming to a head on the principle that 'prevention is better than cure.' Beyond this point the subject enters on a different phase, and the general reader will say, But what is to be done with the existing gangs of young ruffians of from seventeen to twenty years of age—the present Hooligans? Manifestly we should all wish to save them from prison life, if possible, and yet, unless something else can be suggested, that is

what they must all come to. I think there is only one way out of the difficulty, and we must look for help to the War Office and the Admiralty. A few smart recruiting officers, told off specially to interview these young gentlemen, would soon persuade many of them, especially the most pugnacious of them, to accept the present of a shilling, with the promise of speedily being able to carry out their principles, in gangs yet larger and more powerful than their own, against the enemies of their country. And the promise of good pay, food, clothing, and lodging would very often settle the question.

It would be easy to get for a recruiting officer the names and addresses in any given neighbourhood of the different members of the local Hooligan gang, so that they could be separately interviewed, and if simultaneously all over London they were thus visited, a very large number of them would be permanently disposed of. Again, if when a Hooligan appeared before a magistrate he were given the option of going to prison, or being discharged subject to his enlisting, many would choose to do so rather than take the risk of a heavy punishment, and the discipline of the army would very soon make Mr. Hooligan a tolerably decent member of society. I do not think it would be a difficult thing to induce the War Office authorities to fall in with this idea, since it would result in much benefit to the people of London, as well as the reclamation of Messrs. Hooligan and Co. Some of the younger members of the gangs, where they have not yet been convicted in any Police Court, might also be allowed at once to volunteer for service in the Navy; and that also is a splendid school of discipline for headstrong lads. Here too a special effort might be made, by permission of the Naval Authorities, to reach these lads with an offer of admission to the Navy. There would remain a few neglected lads, not perhaps physically fit for either Navy or Army, and the residue would be a certain number of hardened young ruffians utterly beyond the reach of human kindness.

For the former I think that a sufficient number of wealthy philanthropists could be found to provide them with occupation away from their own bad homes; while for the latter I should prescribe severe sentences in the Police Courts, and, where violence has been used, I should suggest the free use of a certain little instrument, much dreaded by brutal cowards, which some years ago succeeded in stopping garrotting in next to no time.

ANDREW A. W. DREW.

TOWN CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY

THE Board of Education has recently issued a Circular which enables managers and teachers in the Rural Elementary schools to take their scholars for school walks in the country, and there to teach them something of natural history, surrounded by the sights and sounds which should excite observation and awaken intellectual curiosity. But this is not all. The Department has also arranged, in the Code of this session, changes in view of which it may be of some value to tell of a small experiment made last summer to stimulate an interest in Nature in the minds of a few of the 32,000 children who were sent by the Children's Country Holiday Fund into the country for a fortnight's holiday. The methods adopted, were simple. A letter was written, printed, and sent to every London teacher whose scholars were going into the country, to many school managers, and to the clergy and others who were likely to come in contact with the children. In this letter we told our aim, asked for the aid of the teacher's sympathy, and were careful to explain that

Our hope is not so much that the children should learn certain facts about Nature so that they can pass an examination, but that they should learn to observe; for we believe that in so doing they may find pleasure and profit, and that by degrees observation will develop both reverence and care.

We also wrote a letter to be given to those children who might wish to join in the plan after hearing about it from their teachers, and to this letter we added an imaginary examination paper which served to show the kind of questions which we were planning to ask, questions which did not require study or imply knowledge, but mainly demanded observation and intelligence. But sending papers and printed letters did not exhaust our efforts to make our little plan known. Mrs. Franklin of the 'Parents' National Educational Union,' to whose inspiration the plan owes its birth, and two other ladies were so good as to visit certain schools, and (having secured the sympathy of the teachers) to explain to the children in simple talks some of the beauties they were to seek, or something of the pleasures such seeking would bring.

On the 27th of July some 16,000 happy children trooped into the country; two weeks afterwards another 16,000 took their places.

All were back on the 26th of August, and by the 10th of September our questions were in their hands—ten easy questions for Standards III. and IV., and ten questions on the same lines but demanding closer observation for Standards V. and VI.

Children from 470 London schools were sent into the country. Fifty-two schools applied for our questions, taking 1,161 copies; but only twenty-seven schools sent in replies, as only 330 children had tried to answer in writing. But still, inadequate as was the response to the amount of effort which had been put forth, neither Mr. R. E. S. Hart, the Assistant-Secretary of the Children's Country Holiday Fund (who had done most of the work), nor I felt discouraged. We had made a beginning, and now that the same aim is adopted by the Government for the country children, and that greater publicity will show up the object and simplicity of the plan, it is hoped that an increasing number of children will this summer begin to observe, and will find a truer joy in seeing and a wider range of subjects to see.

To the children in all the standards we gave questions about trees and flowers, asking the younger ones,

'What is your favourite tree—an oak or an elm, a beech or a birch, a lime or a sycamore?' and 'Say why you like best the one you choose.'

To this from several children we got the stereotyped but out-of-date reply that they liked the oak best, because 'the ships are made from it what defends England.' The prettiest flowers a child in the third standard saw were 'nosegays' and 'tegtos and garpees' in a garden; but a boy in the fourth standard had observed 'Vemane, piney, purtunee, genastee, and a stursion' growing. This botanical collection was, however, improved on by a girl in the sixth standard, whose favourite flowers were 'Policeman's hats' and 'Break your mother's heart,' two specimens which, alas! savour more of town and alley memories than country pleasures. Another child in the same standard had enjoyed 'Minarets, Holy-oaks, and Chame oisters'—where, it is not said, but perhaps in Canon Lester's garden, which was declared by a juvenile critic to be the prettiest 'cottage garden' he 'had ever seen.'

The questions about animals excited much genuine interest, but showed that the faculty of observation had still to be cultivated. Of the children in Standards III. and IV. we asked:

(7) When sheep get up from lying down, do they rise with their front or their hind legs first?

(8) Do you think that the big pigs grunt as an expression of pain, or pleasure, or both? Do the little pigs show any sign of affection to each other?

(9) Give the names by which we call the following animals when they are babies: horse, goat, cow, fox, dog, cat, sheep, frog, rabbit, deer.

Thirty-two children out of the 127 who sent in papers were right as to the way sheep rise. Twenty only realised the difference between a pig's grunts and squeals, one girl generalising her

observation in the sentence that 'The grunt is the nature of the pig,' and another outstepping her by the statement that 'the pig grunts when he is mad.' The large majority of our young nature-observers were convinced that little pigs were devoted to each other, eighteen only being doubtful on the point. But the ignorance shown of the names of the creatures was often surprising. I will give only a few instances :

A baby horse is a ponny.

A baby fox is an ox—a thorn.

A baby deer is a reindeer—a oxen.

A baby frog is a tertpol—a fresher—a toad.

A baby sheep is a bar lamb.

A baby rabbit is a mammal.

Of the children in the fifth and sixth standards we asked :

(6) Did you see any rabbits? Do they run? If not, will you describe their movements? Have you ever noticed a rabbit 'wobbling its nose'? Why do you think he does it? What do rabbits drink? What animals are the enemies of rabbits?

(7) Do sparrows and rooks walk alike? Tell me something about the movements of various birds which you have noticed. What gestures have chickens when they drink? Does any other bird drink in the same way? How many times do crows fold their wings after alighting?

It would take too long to detail the answers so as to be fair to the writers, but the idea of the rabbit 'wobbling its nose' appealed to the children, and many and various were the causes assigned for it.

'To make holes in the ground,' wrote one child.

'To account for the formation of its head,' was the philosophy of another.

'It does it when it does what a cow does digests it food,' is a profound but an unsatisfactory explanation.

'Its washing its face' shows more credulity than observation; while another discarded reasons, and declared in a large round text-hand, regardless of grammar: 'I have seen a number of rabbits wobblings *its* nose!'

Seven only answered the question rightly; but one child, although no inquiry was put concerning dogs, volunteered the information that 'French puddles are kept for fancy, Irish terriers as ratters, but the boerhounds are kept for hunting the *Boers*,' our sad trouble in South Africa being then on the horizon and in the minds and mouths of many people.

Some of the people to whom I submitted our questions for helpful criticism objected to the last paragraph of this question :

(9) When did you see the moon during your holiday? Was it a new moon, a full moon, or a waning moon? What makes the moon give light?

The children, they argued, are taught this in the schools. It does not encourage observation or nature-study, and you will merely get

a repetition of text-book sentences; but I felt it might help the children to connect their country pleasures with what they were taught in school, and so the six words were left in. 'What makes the moon give light?'

Here are some of the replies:

'Electricity causes the moon to shine.'

'The moon revolving round the sun, which gives light by unknown planets.'

'It is the darkness which shows it up.'

'The moon is the shadow of the earth on the clouds.'

'The eclipse of the sun.'

'The clouds.'

Is it possible? and this from fifth and sixth standard children!

The pity of such answers is not the ignorance but the knowledge they show. The children have in one way been taught too much; their minds have been filled with scraps, while their understandings have not been strengthened.

The last question for all standards was set to test the individual tastes of the children:

(10) Will you write and tell us about the thing which you liked best during your holiday? It may be a walk, or a drive, or a sunset, or an animal, or a party, or a game, or a person. Whatever you liked very much we should like to hear about. What books have you read during your country visit?

And certainly it did not fail. Among things enjoyed most were:

'The country boys taught me to swim.'

'The head lady who was Mrs. MacRosee what paid for me at the sports.'

'The drive a gentleman gave us in his carriage.'

'The food I had.'

'A game called "Sister come to Quakers meeting."'

'A laddie where I stayed. She was a kind and gentle laddie.'

'The party which Mrs. Cartwright gave us.'

'Paddling at a place called flood gates.'

'Watching a woman milking a cow. She held the can between her knees and pulled the milk out of the cow. I should like,' adds this observer, 'to be a farmer.'

'I also liked the way in *which* I was treated and also liked the respectability of Mrs. Byfield my charge,' writes one young prig; but many, both boys and girls, wrote the same sentiment in simpler language—a delightful tribute to our working-class homes.

Other children, again, evidently enjoyed rare experiences. 'I enjoyed most a Drive to market in a cart with four pigs in it. . . . There I saw men pulling the pigs about by their tails.' Inappropriate handles, one would think. Another child showed more sympathetic feeling for the beasts, for her greatest pleasure had been

'a drive in a brake when I sat in front and was glad I was not a horse.'

Two expressed real appreciation of beauty and a perception of the spirit of the country. 'The thing I liked best,' wrote a fourth standard child, 'was a lot of cornfields with their stalks waving in the wind;' and the other said, 'We were half a mile from home it was so quiet and lonely except for the birds music, and that walk I enjoyed most.'

But very few children replied as to whether they had read any books. One, however, gave a list which should awaken us all to serious thought:

'The books I read in my two weeks,' writes a boy of twelve, 'was *Chips*, *Comic Cuts*, *The World's Comic*, *Funny Cuts*, *The Funny Wonder*, *Comic Home Journal*.' Those of us who know the vulgarity and irreverence which make up half the fun of such serials must regret the absence of the guiding word in the choice of literature which was given to another lad, who thus had read *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Treasure Island*.

One child could not have been exactly a desirable guest, not, that is to say, if she frequently indulged in what she liked best, which was 'to lay in bed and sing songs all the night!' And there is a record of a fourth standard child which on the other side is as valuable as Lord Salisbury's recent statement that the public-house had no attractions and no temptations for children under sixteen, for she has written that 'what I liked best all the time was that I met a brewer'—a kind man seemingly, who gave her a ride.

But if I tell more of this sort of answers I shall give a wrong impression of the value of the work done by the children, or convey an untrue idea of the success of the plan. On the whole the papers were encouraging. They were exceedingly varied—some deserving the adjective 'excellent,' some unquestionably bad, their value depending on the trouble taken by the teachers, on the interest shown by the school managers, to some extent on the locality and on the care of the ladies who by the organisation of the Country Holiday Fund overlook the children during their visits in the villagers' cottages, acting as outside hostesses. It is always difficult to generalise with accuracy, but almost without exception more originality was shown among children in the younger standards and from Voluntary schools. In the upper standards and from the Board schools there was less variety, the replies being more stereotyped, the children from the same school often bearing the impress of the training received rather than the development of their own individuality in tastes and interests.

Of the drawings asked from children of Standards V. and VI. several were admirable, giving evidence of both delicate discernment and certainty of stroke. But when animals were attempted they

showed more likeness to the cheap toys 'made in Germany,' which are the heritage of the poor, than to the creatures of freer movements on the common or in the farmyard. Some six or eight of the collections of grasses were good, evincing care and choice; but others again merely exhibited the desire to get a lot, quite regardless of their varieties or their interest. One child had observed closely and described graphically the flower of the lime; another likened the birch tree to a 'graceful lady'; two distinguished between the way white, red, and black currants grew on their respective stems. Several children wrote comprehensive lists of the flowers which flourished in cornfields; and five had noticed how 'out of wheat, barley, and rye, the latter grew the tallest, for 'good rye grows high.' A boy from a very poor neighbourhood in East London wrote a really telling description of a team of horses reaping, and many a little one expressed its pleasure or interest in childlike but fitting language. Some ten or twelve described carefully watched sunsets in quaint words and with poetical feeling. Fifteen children had noticed how many times a crow folded its wings after alighting on the ground; and a considerable number (especially boys) had watched intelligently the walks and other movements of various birds, and could accurately report on the gestures of chickens when drinking. One child wrote an excellent original story about a grateful cat, and several others offered shreds of narratives which give promise in the future of a more intelligent consideration of the habits and ways of the creatures.

When the papers were all in, they were adjudged and marked—150 was the maximum number of marks. One child in Standard VII. got 114 and another 107. Ten children obtained over 75, and one hundred over 50. We then assembled all three hundred and thirty together at Toynbee Hall to a monster tea-party. The thirty prize-winners received books about nature and framed pictures of flowers. To each of the hundred whose achievements allowed them to be marked at 50 was given a hyacinth bulb in a glass, and to each of the two hundred who had tried but not succeeded was presented a consolation gift of an illustrated magazine. Thus all were gladdened, and the experiment was concluded amid smiles.

The result is, I believe, such as to encourage its extension for town children when they are in the country, and on the same lines as are suggested for rural children in the circular of the Board of Education already referred to, which says:

One of the main objects of the teacher should be to develop in every boy and girl that habit of inquiry and research so natural to children; they should be encouraged to ask their own questions about the simple phenomena of Nature which they see around them, and themselves to search for flowers, plants, insects, and other objects to illustrate the lessons which they have learnt with their teacher.

The teacher should as occasion offers take the children out of doors for school walks at the various seasons of the year, and give simple lessons on the spot about

animals in the fields and farmyards, about ploughing and sowing, about fruit trees and forest trees, about birds, insects and flowers, and other objects of interest. The lessons thus learnt out of doors can be afterwards carried forward in the school-room by Reading, Composition, Pictures, and Drawing.

In this way, and in various other ways that teachers will discover for themselves, children who are brought up in village schools will learn to understand what they see about them, and to take an intelligent interest in the various processes of Nature. This sort of teaching will, it is hoped, directly tend to foster in the children a genuine love for the country and for country pursuits.

It is not only to provide the child with greater pleasure in the country and its life that the Board of Education have adopted this plan, for the circular goes on to say that

It is confidently expected that the child's intelligence will be so quickened by the kind of training that is here suggested that he will be able to master, with far greater ease than before, the ordinary subjects of the school curriculum.

Neither is the ultimate utilitarian view left out of sight, for

The Board consider it highly desirable that the natural activities of children should be turned to useful account—that their eyes, for example, should be trained to recognise plants and insects that are useful or injurious (as the case may be) to the agriculturist, that their hands should be trained to some of the practical dexterities of rural life and not merely to the use of pen and pencil, and that they should be taught, when circumstances permit, how to handle the simpler tools that are used in the garden or on the farm, before their school life is over.

It is such teaching, if intelligently given, that will do much to solve the problem of the dearth of agricultural labour, and be an influence in stopping the inrush of the rural population to towns.

But my subject is the joy of town children when on their country holidays, and it is good to know that the habit of taking country holidays—real holidays and not day treats—is greatly increasing. Thousands of children are sent by Holidays Committees from all the great cities to stay for a fortnight or three weeks with cottage hosts. More go by their own arrangements, often to the same persons whose friendship they had made in previous visits.

It is not enough, however, to provide change: the power to use change must at the same time be educated. Children need to be taught to enjoy as much as they need to be taught to work. Critics who complain of our plan, and say when they themselves take holiday they 'do nothing,' forget with what an equipment they start—how much their eyes see and their ears hear when they are doing their 'nothing!'

The children of the poor, familiar only with the sights and sounds of the streets, and with the home talk about the cares of daily life, trained in school on paying subjects, find 'doing nothing' very tiring, and mischief often follows weariness. They cannot with advantage lie under a hedge and dream; they are unacquainted with country games or the knowledge which provides recreation. If, however,

teachers, managers, and country ladies will take trouble to interest the children in what may be seen in a country lane, or to follow the fortunes of the inhabitants of a pear-tree, or to admire the beauty of the sky, or to observe the habits of a creature without commercial value, the children would not only have more lively minds, but they would more really enjoy themselves and their holidays.

Nature is the kind teacher of children, the teacher most likely to draw out from them their undiscovered powers, to stimulate their fancy and satisfy their restless longings. But Nature must be introduced by those who already are her friends and who can exhibit her cunning beauty to the unobservant. •

The experiment in which I have had the pleasure of taking part has shown in a small and imperfect way how such an introduction can be effected, and how the suggestion that there is joy in looking can be applied.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS

WHY THEY DO NOT PAY

IN the year ending the 31st of March 1899, the British Post Office dispatched 87 million telegrams, for which it received 3,260,000*l.*, and the net result to the nation was a loss of 221,000*l.*

This is not an exceptional phenomenon, due to passing causes. With a partial improvement from 1888 to 1891, it has been the rule since 1884 for the Telegraph Department to return, at the end of the year, a huge deficit (amounting in one year to 307,000*l.*). At first sight it would appear impossible for the most reckless administrator to plunge so deeply. It was not always thus. In the year 1870 the Post Office forwarded 9,850,000 telegrams, at a net profit of 262,000*l.* In the year ending the 31st of March 1899 it forwarded, as we have seen, 87 million at a net loss of 221,000*l.* An unsophisticated man of business finds it difficult to understand how ready-money operations which are highly remunerative on a small scale should prove disastrous on a large scale. His one absorbing aim is to extend his sales; and if he could make them nine times as large, he would look for a corresponding increase in his profits. If he heard of a trader becoming embarrassed in such circumstances he would say, shortly: 'There is something wrong. Depend upon it, he keeps a racing stable, or plays, or speculates, or something.'

NO BASE SHOPKEEPING WAYS HERE

It is easy to discover what is wrong in the administration of the Telegraph Service. It is that 'business principles'—in other words, ordinary methods of commerce, the lessons of experience and common sense—are persistently ignored and transgressed in the management of what is after all, in Sir William Harcourt's words, 'a commercial undertaking.' On learning this, our friend the man of business is no longer puzzled. There was an emperor, insufficiently schooled, who declared himself 'above grammar.' But no commercial man, even if he wear a laced coat and be styled Minister, can safely disregard the elementary axioms of trade and the first three rules of arithmetic. Public men have long thought it a scandal that the

revenue should lose, or appear to lose, by the telegraphs, the gross returns from which grow steadily year by year, until they are now five times as great as when the wires were enriching private companies. It is time that public indignation should be expressed on the subject of the unparalleled muddling, extravagance, and obstinacy that have made of a great State agency, on which all affairs of urgency and importance depend, practically a bankrupt concern. Unless I am greatly mistaken, a bare statement of the facts will suffice to justify even harsher strictures than are here expressed.

BEFORE WHEATSTONE: NIGHT

It requires a vigorous imagination to realise the conditions of intercourse in this country before the introduction of telegraphs, rather more than half a century ago.

No matter how great the emergency, public or private, the speed of communication could not be greater than that of a galloping horse; at the utmost it was that of the famous racer Eclipse, a mile in a minute, instead of, as at present, a thousand miles in a second. All human affairs were hampered, clogged, and impeded. The merchant could not extend his operations without imminent risk of loss; caution degenerated into suspicion; deliberate, hesitating methods interfered with progress in science, art, and manufacture; the born leaders of men, the great statesmen, capitalists, and agitators, felt bitterly the impossibility of 'being in two places at once.' Going back a little farther, we read that when England and the United States were at variance in 1812 over the unfortunate Orders in Council, the Liverpool Ministry came into office with the most conciliatory sentiments. The Orders were repealed, says Green,¹ 'on the 23rd of June, only twelve days after the Ministry had been formed; . . . but when the news of the repeal reached America it came six weeks *too late*. On the 18th of June an Act of Congress had declared America at war with Great Britain.' A dozen throbs of the wire that was one day to connect East with West would have prevented that bitter conflict, the burning of Washington, the sanguinary struggles in Canada, and all the fratricidal slaughter on the high seas. And so, down to the Victorian era, in private concerns important messages were constantly 'too late,' misunderstandings were rife, and only 'face to face' bargaining was free from peril.

DAWN

How delighted were our fathers when, in 1843, an electric telegraph was opened from Paddington to Slough, by which communications were flashed (through the Wheatstone-Cooke needle

¹ *Short History*, p. 830.

instrument) at the rate of fifty words for a shilling! The postal authorities were just then so busily engaged in trying to defeat the grand experiment of Inland Penny Postage, that they remained completely blind to the yet grander scheme which had been given to the world. But shrewd men of business instantly appreciated the value of the new discovery, and financial spiders were soon spinning an unsightly web of wire over the face of the country. England for the first time woke into full intellectual life when thus provided with a nervous system; the marble of ignorance and insensibility glowed and blushed with the wild rush of sensation, thought, and sympathy, like the fabled statue of Pygmalion. How much wealth and happiness are due to the tiny index that points at will to right or left can never be known; one might as well try to calculate what agriculture owes to the Thames or the Severn. But all are grateful for the benefits that all have received from it.

THIMBLERIGGING FINANCE

It was not till a generation had passed away that the Post Office was forced to recognise the importance of practically instantaneous communication, irrespective of distance. To the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce belongs the honour of securing comparatively cheap telegraphy for us.

That pertinacious body obtained the support of all other local 'commercial Parliaments' to an application for a Committee of Inquiry, which was eventually appointed, the result being the Telegraph Acts of 1869 and 1870. An exclusive right of transmission was vested in the Postmaster-General, and a sum of 10,000,000*l* and upwards was raised to enable him to buy up the rights of the companies. That gigantic outlay, however, instead of being treated as State expenditure upon a matter of public utility, and sunk in the National Debt, was ear-marked as a first charge on income, and hung like a millstone round the Postmaster-General's neck. Of course, a service in which revenue and expenditure nearly balance can be made to show a 'loss' by charging heavy sums for interest on capital. Year after year we go through the farce of supplying from general revenue two or three hundred thousand pounds as 'deficit' on the telegraph service. Last year the amount was 298,888*l*. As Sir Henry Fowler said the other day, the service does not yield one shilling towards interest on the capital expended. But why is the interest charged against it? Down to 1882 our financial rulers refrained (governed themselves by a sense of humour) from including this interest in the Postmaster-General's accounts, but since then we have witnessed the annual absurdity of the presentation of a claim which was known to be a vain one. Our ancient monarchs were not more obstinate when they styled themselves Kings of France,

which ungrateful country yielded them not a shilling of revenue, or one spot on which to plant the banner of St. George. Whatever may be the view of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the unofficial mind will always regard the expenditure of the ten millions as an act of high State policy, and not merely as the acquisition of a 'commercial undertaking.' It would be as reasonable to charge interest on the 20,000,000*l.* paid in 1807 for slave emancipation against the revenues of the West Indies. The plain man hates juggling with figures, and the raising of laid financial ghosts. He looks on the 10,000,000*l.* as virtually part of the National Debt, and as having been in part paid off from the sinking fund, and cannot be made to understand why he must send fewer telegrams and enjoy fewer telegraphic facilities in order that the interest shall be charged upon the telegraph service, instead of on general revenue.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

The real reason is the rooted disinclination of the higher postal officials to further a vast and popular extension of the telegraph service. If that service returned a large profit, we should ask for cheaper telegrams (at least twenty words for sixpence) and a multiplication of stations.² It is even probable that, if telegrams were (as, by means of the cylinder and other inventions, they might be) transmitted in the original handwriting, at a penny per message of twenty words, there would be, with the increase in their number, a considerable development of telegraphic revenue. To the reader the prospect of exchanging actual tangible letters by the penny post with Manchester, Glasgow, or Belfast in a couple of hours may be full of enchantment; to the official intelligence it means 'red ruin, and the breaking up of laws.' It has been the same with every improvement suggested in the system of State-managed communications—the one difficulty has been official obstruction. The Secretary would foretell a falling off in the handsome revenue now derived from inland penny postage. But as it is much cheaper to maintain a wire than to pay for mail-trains, it is clear that the Department must try again.

We are not, however, discussing the future of electrical communication, but a particular obstacle to its extension. The plan of charging interest on capital against telegraph revenue is invaluable to our official obstructionists. A hundred times at least I have heard the 'deficit' quoted as a reason for refusing reforms, and for the maintenance of abuses. Take the extortionate extra fees for 'portage' in suburban and rural districts. The Postmaster-General's latest report bewails the loss of 74,000*l.* per annum on

² In New Zealand telegraph messages of twelve words (with name and address averaging eight words free) are charged 6*d.*, yet the telegraphs, I am informed, pay well.

this account; whereas he clearly ought to regard it as 'conscience money' remitted to those innocent persons who have not the advantage of residing within three miles of a telegraph office. He doubtless blames me; I would respectfully congratulate him.

THE GRIP OF THE COMPANIES

But this fatal incubus (amounting last year, I repeat, to 298,888*l.*) is not the only one. There is the monstrous concession of free 'service' telegrams to the railway companies on whose roads run thousands of miles of wire.

The term 'service' is an elastic one, and practically the companies use the wire gratis, for every purpose, instead of the post, which is slower and involves the payment of postage. It may be taken that the Telegraph Department loses an enormous sum every year by this improvident bargain. They were keen men of business who represented these companies in the negotiations of 1870, when the wires were taken over, and their policy was the oriental one of asking a huge excess of price so that abatements would still leave a handsome margin of advantage. Thus, the North-Eastern Railway Company claimed as compensation 540,000*l.*, besides thumping interest; and ultimately accepted 168,000*l.* It is high time that these 'service' telegrams should be abolished, reasonable terms of compensation being granted. Sir Edward Sassoon, Chairman of the Imperial Telegraphs Committee, has publicly stated that the Telegraph Department loses 50,000*l.* a year on foreign cable messages, which sum it neglects to charge the Cable Companies with. This definite statement by a recognised authority is a further strong reason for the appointment of a committee.

PAY AS YOU GO

We have still another formidable stumbling-block in the way of reform—I mean the system of charging capital expenditure on sites and buildings against current revenue. Last year 70,000*l.* was swallowed up for this purpose. Such a system is opposed to the first principles of business. What would be thought of a board of directors of a new bank which, having built a palace in Lombard Street, should tell the shareholders that the purchase of site and the building expenses had left no dividend for that year, and had even prevented the natural extension of their business in various directions? On this subject I have received a characteristically pungent letter from one of the first of living British financiers, Sir William Harcourt, criticising the abuse referred to in terms that would make the Secretary's ears tingle.

What should be done is to spread such expenditure over a term of years, treating it as capital invested. In course of time expensive

buildings will have been provided wherever required all over the country, and the taxpayer of that happy time will enjoy the use of them at our expense. The justice, the common-sense of capitalising such expenditure are too obvious to need enforcing. But here again the heavy drain on current revenue encourages wrong-headed officials to deny the public many urgently wanted improvements, and only a vote of the House of Commons can put an end to the scandal.

At the present moment there are about 11,000 telegraph offices in the United Kingdom, the average rent for which, if they were let on lease to-morrow, might be 50*l.* each. Capitalising this at 5 per cent., we have 11,000 buildings with their sites, worth 1,000*l.* each, in all 11,000,000*l.*, or a million more than the purchase loan on which interest is still perversely charged; or an expenditure of 550,000*l.* a year in rent, to be set off. Where is this in the accounts laid before the House? I might enlarge on the amazing recklessness shown in adding 100,000*l.*, 200,000*l.*, or 300,000*l.* a year to the expenditure for wages in what is stated to be a losing concern. But this is a question which can only be satisfactorily dealt with by a Parliamentary Committee. I may say, however, that it would be more equitable to assign the additional payments in proportion to the work performed, and not to the scale of salary already enjoyed.

AN OBJECT LESSON

It remains for me to convince the reader that no reform can be expected from the officials. I have addressed (one after another) every highly placed postal administrator during the last fifteen years on this subject, and have been uniformly repulsed and flouted. The following account of one of these applications and the result may be taken as typical of the rest.

On the 16th of May 1893 I wrote to Mr. Arnold Morley, then Postmaster General, calling attention to the existence of a common feeling of surprise among telegraph experts and commercial men at the announcement that 'sixpenny telegrams did not pay.' We could not, I said, do without cheap telegrams; but we were not really enjoying a cheap service if we had to meet huge losses out of income tax. The reduction to sixpence was practically a delusion. I concluded by asking the Right Hon. Gentleman to assent to the following motion, of which I had given notice:

'That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the growth, present amount, and prospective condition of the State expenditure upon telegraphs, the charges levied, and the best methods of making the income cover the expenditure; and that the said Committee consist of the Postmaster General, the Right Hon. J. G. Shaw-Lefevre, the Right Hon. A. B. Forwood, Sir Julian Goldsmid,

the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, Sir John Pender,³ Sir James Whitehead, Mr. Thomas Sexton, Mr. H. J. W. Lawson, Mr. J. H. Dalziel, Mr. T. E. Ellis, and the Mover.'

I append Mr. Arnold Morley's reply, which of course embodies the sentiment of his Department on my suggestion. The letter is a finished specimen of the haughty sophistry with which venerable abuses are vindicated and maintained at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

19th May 1893.

Dear Mr. Heaton,—I have received your letter of the 16th inst., but I cannot admit that you make out a case for a committee such as you suggest.

The diminution in the net revenue of the telegraph service need not, I think, be a matter for surprise when it is borne in mind that the competition of the Telephone Companies is depriving us, to a considerable extent, of the most remunerative part of our business, viz. the local traffic; and that we are being called upon more and more to spend money on works, like special sea-coast extensions and Government Telegraphs, which cannot produce any revenue.

You are aware that the question of the telephone competition came before Parliament, and that the late Government decided on a policy of purchasing from the Telephone Companies the wires connecting one town with another. Perhaps when this policy has been carried into effect there will be some improvement in the telegraph revenue. There is another thing that perhaps you will bear in mind—viz. that the wages of telegraphists are increasing in consequence of the higher scales of pay recently granted, while the average receipt per telegram is decreasing as the public learn to write their messages with greater brevity.

As to the results of private enterprise, I do not think that, if we had still been in the hands of private companies, we should have had sixpenny telegrams or more than 8,500 telegraph offices.

Yours very truly,
ARNOLD MORLEY.

J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P.

The permanent official, writing through his exalted amanuensis, shakes his head, and opines that I have not 'made out a case for a committee.' If he and his brethren had played ducks and drakes with our entire revenue, cut down the navy, reduced the army to a couple of regiments of Guards, and trebled the National Debt, we should still be told that there was 'no case for inquiry.' I might have rejoined that he had made out a case for me. A more scandalous and deplorable failure of a great department has never, I believe, been recorded in our history; and that the disaster may lose no circumstance of aggravation we have the Minister responsible admitting its existence, and confessing his utter helplessness, in the face of adverse fate, to provide a remedy. *Kismet.*

A TEST OFFER

Interpreting the letter above given as a final decision to do nothing, three of those most keenly interested in the question—

³ At almost the last conversation Sir John Pender had with me he expressed surprise that 6d. telegrams in England did not pay. It was at his suggestion I proposed the appointment of a Committee.—H. H.

namely, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir John Pender, and the writer—proposed that the management of the telegraphs should be handed over to a syndicate of experienced business men (under Government supervision), who would undertake to place the service on a sound and remunerative basis.

The question was duly put, as before, to the exalted medium, and again the spirit of reaction replied with a *negative* knock of the most decided character. The proposal was rejected with scorn; while at the same time the telephones were left in the hands of a private association which never pretended to consult the public interest in its operations.

A PLAIN MAN'S OBSERVATIONS ON ALL THIS

To resume. The inestimable boon of cheap telegraphy, so essential to the progress—nay, to the very existence—of trading and social relations has led in official hands to an acknowledged fiasco. The Department on the one hand boasts of the institution of sixpenny telegrams; on the other, it levies additional taxation to pay for them. We are told that the deficit will continue to increase; that no amendment of this state of things can be looked for; and, lastly, that we have nothing to complain of, and that on no account will independent investigation be admitted. That was the official declaration in 1893; that is their declaration to-day.

With respect to the management of telegraph business by the private companies, years ago, the companies did, as a matter of fact, establish sixpenny telegrams. And as to the 8,500 telegraph offices (now 11,000), these were provided for Post Office business originally. I firmly believe that the energetic and experienced men of business who directed the companies would have scorned to levy 'portage' charges at this stage of railway and other communications—charges amounting to three or four shillings per telegram on messages delivered beyond the centres of population. They would long ago have mapped out the United Kingdom into districts with military precision; each served by a sufficient staff of frequent messengers, with no charge, or at most a nominal one, for portage. Such men would hardly have stooped, moreover, to demand from two or three struggling farmers or a poor clergyman a guarantee against loss before the telegraph wire was allowed to be laid in the victim's district. A State monopoly is not conferred in order to oppress individuals, or to fine and punish men who reside in rural parishes and the suburbs of towns. It is urged that the deficits are due primarily to two causes: first, the competition of the telephone companies, and, secondly, additional expenditure on non-remunerative lines and on wages of employés. Let us deal with these in their order. As to the first, I should be inclined to doubt whether the

competition complained of had produced any great loss of revenue. The number of telegrams handed in grows larger year by year, and the telephone, which is only used by subscribers, would seem to be rather a handmaid than a rival of the telegraph. The telephone, in plain words, supplements the wire. A subscriber now employs the telephone for numerous trifling communications, which he would not dream of paying sixpence each for at a telegraph office if the telephone were abolished to-morrow. I am open to correction on this point: but I cannot shut my eyes to the ascertained growth of traffic. There must, moreover, be some reason for the mixing into one total of the separate receipts from telegraphs and telephones in the Postmaster-General's Reports (see p. 72 of the last). The Department is known to receive 10 per cent. royalty, or over 110,000*l.* a year, from the National Telephone Company. But this is nowhere accounted for!

I cannot find, secondly, that the expenditure incurred for 'special sea-coast extension, and Government telegraphs' is large enough to account in any appreciable degree for the lamentable failure of the postal telegraphs.

What I do find is that a large amount of public money is annually presented to railway shareholders in the shape of the free transmission of 'service' messages; that the cost of permanent improvements, such as buildings and plant, is defrayed from current revenue; that the interest on the original purchase money of the lines is still a charge on the returns of the service; and, finally, that practically without warning an enormous expenditure has been incurred for salaries. And I repeat that there is urgent need for the appointment of a committee to deal with these and other similar matters.

Such a committee would probably recommend that all expenditure for sites and buildings, &c., should be capitalised and paid for gradually out of revenue, instead of being thrown on the estimates of a single year. In like manner I would point out that when a large addition is to be made to wages it should be distributed more justly (and not wildly and extravagantly), so as to produce the greatest possible benefit and to arouse the smallest degree of dissatisfaction or jealousy. When, in 1885, the officials were asked to grant Imperial Penny Postage, they declined to treat the idea seriously. Now the august mother remembers with pride that she gave cheap postage, unsolicited and without price or conditions, to those millions beyond the sea who have recently rushed to uphold her flag in South Africa. Some of the men who in years gone by first raised the cry for cheap telegraphy have passed away; but their energy has devolved upon their comrades, and doughty recruits are joining every day. Whether the gentlemen behind the Postmaster General like it or not, we intend to

secure cheap telegraphy for the United Kingdom, and cheap cabling for the Empire ; and if they will not help us, we must act without, or if need be against them. The most valuable asset of humanity is time ; and we cannot sit by and see the time (not to speak of the money and happiness) of three great nations squandered by half a dozen officials who are heavily paid to economise it. If these gentlemen are not alive to the supreme importance of substituting as far as possible instantaneous electrical communication for the long, laborious, and antiquated methods of written intercourse, all thinking men are. If they cannot make cheap telegrams pay, half a dozen members taken at random from the London Chamber of Commerce, or any great commercial body, will readily take up the task and perform it successfully. The plea that sixpenny telegrams do not pay is a false and unworthy quibble, and official lips already stammer in pronouncing it. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*

J. HENNIKER HEATON.

IDENTIFICATION OFFICES IN INDIA ' AND EGYPT

THERE are many Identification Offices, supported by Governments and known by various titles, in different parts of the world. Their number increases, and so does that of the purposes to which they are applied; a knowledge of them is, however, confined to few persons. This is especially unfortunate, because a fair amount of popular interest would ensure their adequate support, and would check the common tendency in all Government institutions to slackness of management, which is particularly fatal to the efficiency of Identification Offices.

Those of which I am about to speak are the central establishments in India and in Egypt. The Indian system was described at the meeting of the British Association last September by Mr. E. R. Henry, late Chief of Police in Bengal, who reorganised it under its present form. The Egyptian system was explained by its originator, Colonel Harvey Pasha, Commandant of Police, in a book, or rather a pamphlet, published in Alexandria on the 31st of December 1897. I have had the advantage of frequent communication with both these gentlemen, and I have also had the pleasure of witnessing the highly successful working of the Egyptian system at the central office in Cairo, but I have not visited India.

The need for rapid means of identification is greatly felt in these two countries. The natives are too illiterate for the common use of signatures. Alphabetical registers are of little service, owing to the paucity of different names, and, in Egypt, owing to the various ways in which a man may fairly describe himself. Thus an Egyptian has his own special name, say Hassan; he may or may not use his father's name, say Mohamed; and he usually bears a distinctive nickname, say El Gazzar (the butcher). His full title is therefore Hassan Mohamed El Gazzar, but he may legitimately call himself at one time Hassan Mohamed, and at another time Hassan El Gazzar. The difficulty of identification is increased by the roaming habits of the natives, many of whom travel great distances for pilgrimages, petty commerce, or change of employment, so that witnesses may

not easily be found to identify them. Again, while the natives of India and of Egypt have beautiful traits of character and some virtues in an exceptional degree, their warmest admirers would not rank veracity among them. It is not insinuated that false testimony is unknown in English courts of justice, or in England generally; indeed I find, on a rough attempt at a vocabulary (made for quite another purpose), that more than fifty English words exist which express different shades and varieties of fraud;¹ but if a map of the world were tinted with gradations of colour to show the percentage of false testimony in courts of law, whether in different nations or communities, England would be tinted rather lightly and both Bengal and Egypt very darkly. So, whether it be from the impossibility of identifying the mass of natives by their signatures, or from the difficulty of distinguishing them by name, or from their roving habits, or from the extraordinary prevalence of personation and false testimony among them, the need for an Identification Office has been strongly felt both in India and in Egypt.

Simple Identification.—Beginning with the simplest requirement, of being assured that a particular person is really the man he professes to be, it has become recognised in India that the impression in ink (printer's ink is the best) of one or more fingers is an admirable criterion of identity, being cheap, easy, and most trustworthy. Impressions are used for the following purposes: (1) All pensioners, whether civil or military, are now required in India to make a print with their fingers, lest others should personate them after their decease, and continue to draw allowances that should have lapsed. Frauds of this kind have been apparently checked to a great extent in this simple way. (2) The courts of law have often to deal with cases in which a transfer, sometimes of property, sometimes of rights, is repudiated, which purports to have been duly made in the presence of witnesses. Both parties freely suborn false testimony, and most conflicting evidence is adduced. It is now required in all registration offices in Bengal that every man who registers a document shall make his thumb-print upon it. If the man afterwards repudiates the document, he is obliged to make a thumb-print in open court, for comparison; so the doubt is settled at once. Many cases of fraud have been detected in this manner during the last few years, and the deterrent effect of the new system has already become so marked that the total volume of work with which the

¹ It may be worth while to give these words. The list is imperfect, but will do. Cant, cheat, chicanery, circumventing, counterfeit, chouse, connivance, cozen, crafty, cunning, deceit, defraud, delude, dishonest, dissemble, dissimulate, dodge, duplicity, fallacious, feign, flattery, fraud, furtive, hoax, humbug, hypocrisy, insinuation, intrigue, jesuitical, jobbery, knavery, lying, mendacious, peculating, perfidious, perjury, personation, rascality, roguery, scheming, scoundrel, sharper, shuffler, slanderer, slimmess (a new word due to the Boers), slyness, sneaking, spying, stratagem, subterfuge, traducing, treachery, trickery, wiles.

courts have to deal will probably become lessened to a sensible extent. (3) Large advances are made by the Opium Department to cultivators, the forthcoming crops being pledged in security. The department, of course, does not deal directly with the numerous cultivators, but with middlemen; thus there are at least two stages in which fraud may occur. Sometimes the middleman puts forward a false document which purports to be the receipt of the cultivator, sometimes the cultivator repudiates the receipt that he really gave. The finger-print of the cultivator on the document is now required to authenticate his receipt; this puts an end to all uncertainty, and both middlemen and cultivators appreciate the efficacy of the new system. (4) Employers when advancing money to labourers, or making contracts with them, or paying their salaries, are now beginning to protect themselves by requiring the finger-print of the labourer upon the agreement or receipt. (5) In the large establishment of the Survey of India, it was found very desirable to prevent the re-employment in distant districts of men who had been dismissed for misconduct. Consequently a photo-zincograph of the thumb-print of every such man is sent to all the working parties to prevent his being re-engaged under a false name. (6) A similar practice is employed by the Director-General of the post offices of India, and is made applicable to all gazetted officers, who now number many thousands. (7) In the Medical Department of India, both the local officer and the Medical Board register the thumb-impression of the person examined, before giving him his certificate. This provision might be extended with advantage, for there is good reason to believe that personation is not infrequent in local examinations in India (and sometimes nearer home), an ignorant candidate bribing a clever scamp to pass the examination in his name. (8) Certificates bearing the thumb-impression of the person certified are used in the administration of the rules for preventing the spread of plague, and for regulating the pilgrimage of Mussulmans to Mecca. All the foregoing are, according to Mr. Henry's statement, actually in use at the present time; there are other purposes to which finger-prints might be, and probably will be, applied with advantage. For instance, insurance offices might register the finger-prints of those whose lives they insure, and recognise the testimony of prints taken before witnesses from the hand of the sick man (or even from the corpse) as proof that he was the man in question. Also, finger-prints might properly be used in authenticating wills, the testator having first registered them. The Indian Legislature has passed a special Act amending the Law of Evidence, by declaring relevant the testimony of those who have become proficient in deciphering finger-prints.

It must be a great satisfaction to Sir William Herschel to follow the modern development of finger-printing in India, for it was he who first officially introduced it in the district of which he was the

Collector, some forty years ago. Though the practice fell into disuse after his retirement, his labour was by no means thrown away; prints had been preserved by him when I began my own inquiries, which had been made more than thirty years previously by persons who were still alive. Fresh prints were obtained from these persons through the active kindness of Sir William Herschel, who ungrudgingly helped me in a multitude of other ways, and thus I became possessed of material which enabled me to discuss and to establish the permanence not only of the general patterns on the bulbs of the fingers, but also of the lineations of which they are composed, in all their minute details, as described in my book *Finger-prints* (1892), and previously on many occasions.²

The difference between the prints made by any single finger of two different persons may be great or small. It is usually great enough to convince even the most inexperienced person that the two prints could not have been made by the same finger; but this is by no means always the case, and the scrutiny of an expert would then be needed to distinguish between them. An unpractised eye is confused by the number and minuteness of the lineations, it is apt to mistake non-essentials for essentials, dwelling on such trifles as blots or the blanks left by creases in the skin, or the contours of the particular impression. Moreover his eye wanders in vain search for sure points of reference. The best course to be adopted in a court of law, when the identity of the finger that made the two prints is strenuously disputed, has apparently yet to be discussed and determined. Judging from numerous plans of comparison that I adopted at various times for my own purposes, the simplest I can suggest is this. First take photographic enlargements of the impressions on a two- or three-fold scale, in order to overcome the difficulty due to minuteness and to supply authentic copies that may be marked at will, the precious originals remaining intact. Next prick the photographic prints with a *fine* needle, at the points that have to be compared, making notes about them on the back of the paper, used as a transparency. A further enlargement on paper, made in the camera from the negative already obtained, may be found convenient.

When the prints of all ten digits are available for comparison (as they are in the cases which we shall soon consider) identification is rapidly performed. There exists such an overwhelming plenitude of material in the ten fingers that it becomes absurd to scrutinise each of the thirty or more points of reference that are to be found in every one of them. It is far simpler to pick out not less than half a dozen conspicuous *groups* of peculiarities—I mean such as would certainly not be found in the same district (so to speak) of

² See *Nature*, the 28th of June 1888; also the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1891.

the finger once in fifty times. If they all agree, the probability of identity is of a far higher order than that which even the most cautious minds are content to accept as practical certainty; it exceeds a hundred thousand millions to one.

It seems to me a pity to print from the thumb alone, or from a single finger, the first three fingers of a hand being simultaneously pressed upon paper as easily as one, though of course they take more space. It is not only that defects of impression become of less importance, and that identification is generally easier, but also because the prints of three fingers may be classified and usefully indexed in the way about to be explained. Otherwise it is to be feared that when the prints of many persons are on a black list, it would be too tedious to search the list each time before engaging a fresh applicant.

Classification for Search.—Vast collections of measurements, finger-prints, and descriptive notes of those criminals who are in prison or who have worked out their sentences and are at large, are stored in the central offices of their respective countries; a man is suspected, is he or is he not one of the latter class? No huge collection can be effectively searched unless it is so well classified that the search may be limited to a very small portion of it, say to the contents of one or a very few pigeonholes out of a multitude of them. Linnæus classified flowers at a time when no better way was known of doing so, primarily according to the number of their stamens and secondarily according to that of their pistils, that a traveller who saw a flower unknown to him might refer it to a group of manageable size and hunt out its facsimile from among them with comparative ease. M. Alphonse Bertillon has the great credit of having done the like by his anthropometric system. Five appropriate dimensions were selected for measurement in each criminal, and he designated each dimension as *large*, *medium*, or *small*, as the case might be, and thus obtained 243 different classes—namely, three multiplied into itself five times over. The tendency of the several dimensions in the same persons to be simultaneously large or small has since been met by causing the limits of the medium groups of the last four dimensions to be governed by the size of the first; the contents of the 243 pigeonholes then become pretty equally numerous, and the labour of an ordinary search is reduced 243 fold. But when any measurement lies dangerously near the limits of the medium class, two references have to be made; however, no serious trouble occurs in practice from this cause. As for finger-prints, they were first classified by myself, by, of course, a special method. All the ten digits being impressed, the general character of the pattern of each digit is indicated by one or other of the four symbols, \wedge \vee $/$ \circ , the first representing an ‘arch,’ the

second and third representing 'loops' according to their slope, and the fourth a 'whorl.'

During the earlier part of my inquiries I employed a notation of letters, but suggested these symbols in preference, in my last book.³

The committee appointed by the Home Office to inquire into the two means of identification, that of measurements and that of finger-prints, and to report on their applicability to the detection of old offenders in England, strongly urged their use in combination, in which view I fully concurred. Severally, they are subject to so much correlation that little is gained by using the measurements of many dimensions or the prints of many fingers, instead of a few of each. On the other hand, the patterns of finger-prints and the dimensions of the same person are apparently quite independent; consequently their power in combination is enormous. But it is not always possible to use measurements with advantage; notably in the case of minors, whose dimensions change rapidly. In India it has at length been found wisest to discard measurements altogether, for they proved to be untrustworthy owing to the difficulty of effectual supervision over the widely scattered places at which they had to be made. The strictest supervision of the measurers is needed for the effective carrying out of the anthropometric system, a false measure being worse than useless; it misleads, and shelters a criminal instead of helping to detect him. The Indian committee reported in 1897

that the method of identification by means of finger-prints, as worked in the system of recording impressions and of classification devised by Mr. Henry, may be safely adopted as being superior to the anthropometric method (1) in simplicity of working; (2) in the cost of apparatus; (3) in the fact that all skilled work is transferred to a central or classification office; (4) in the rapidity with which the process can be worked; and (5) in the certainty of the results.

The consequence was that the Governor-General in Council, by a resolution of the 12th of June 1897, directed that the system of identification of criminals by finger-impressions was to be adopted generally in British India. The magnitude of the change is great, between 150,000 and 200,000 anthropometric cards having already been collected and classified. The Home Office committee in England, referred to above, evidently rated the differentiating power of the finger-print method too low; they thought it would safely deal with collections of cases not exceeding 1,000 in number. I think they were justified in their views by the evidence I was then able to give them; but after their Report⁴ was made, I still continued working at the subject, and tests were made several times daily by myself or by my assistant upon my collection of 2,632 cards. I subclassified the commoner patterns by noting the number

³ *Finger-print Directories*, 1895, p. 112.

⁴ C. 7263, February 1894.

of lineations between the 'core' and the 'V,' or point of divergence of the ridges, in at least one finger; then no difficulty was found in hunting out the earlier impressions after seeing those made by the same person at a subsequent time. My *Finger-print Directories* gives a full account of these experiments and of my final suggestions. Mr. Henry reckons lineations on more than one finger, with the simplification of merely noting whether their number exceeds or falls short of the average, and is thus able, as he states, to cope successfully with his far larger collection than mine. His success in this respect seems to me so surprising that I should greatly like to witness his methods tested on a really large collection, say of 100,000, in which there would probably be found no less than 6,000 cases of *all-loops* of the ulnar kind, to be distinguished mainly by the method of lineations. It would be too technical if I were now to attempt to describe Mr. Henry's many ingenious methods; suffice it to say he considers his system to be quite efficient. Moreover he estimates that about one in five of all the cases of previous convictions proved in Bengal would have remained undiscovered without the aid of the Identification Office.

I will now speak of the office in Cairo, which seemed to me a model of method and efficacy. It is particularly interesting from its having been created and organised by the Commandant of Police, Colonel Harvey Pasha, within his own department, without any higher official recognition. The Police Department is applied to for information on the antecedents of accused persons, about whom no trustworthy information can otherwise be obtained. The old system of search was even less methodical than that employed until lately in England (which is saying a great deal), so in 1897 he introduced on his own account the combined system of measurements and finger-prints, neither of them being pushed to an extreme.

The number of schedules in Egypt is as yet small: in 1899 they amounted to 20,836—namely, 18,582 records of male adults, 661 of women, and 1,593 of minors. Each schedule is of the size of an open sheet of ordinary notepaper, made of thin but very strong material, and is folded in three. It bears the measurements, finger-prints, and a brief account of the principal bodily marks of the criminal to whom it refers, together with his name (as given) and his convictions. The schedules are sorted into 243 drawers on the Bertillon system, and the contents of each drawer are subclassified on the finger-print system. The classification and search department is worked by four very intelligent and alert officials. I made a few test trials, each time picking out a duplicate schedule from a large heap, handing it to the official in charge, and noting the number of seconds that elapsed before he discovered the original. The quickest search occupied only eleven seconds; all were rapidly made,

none required a minute. One case was that of a minor, classified by finger-prints alone; that search occupied twenty-five seconds.

The Identification Office at Cairo has already produced excellent effects. False names have ceased to be a protection. Habitual criminals can no longer avail themselves of the lenient sentences passed on first offenders. Innocent men have been saved from being mistaken for guilty ones. Released criminals, still legally under police supervision but who have escaped from it, are certain to be recognised whenever they become suspected and the Office is consulted. Lastly, the administration of prisons in Egypt being still subject to Government irregularities, it has happened that a prisoner sentenced to a long term has actually been set free instead of another man who bore the same name and was sentenced to a short term, and the latter has regained his rights solely owing to the intervention of the Identification Office. Thus two men were in the Hod el Marsood prison, both bearing the same name, Hassan Mohamed, but otherwise unrelated. The one had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for theft, the other to one month for some minor offence. At the expiration of the month (the 28th of November 1898) the wrong Hassan Mohamed was liberated and the one who should have been let out was kept in. Many examples of the kind could be cited. Among these is a case in which a certain prisoner, Boghos Sanossian, who had a short sentence, consented, presumably for a consideration, to be substituted for another prisoner, Karnick Mardinian, who had a long one. The substitution was not discovered until Boghos was re-measured and finger-printed just before his liberation, when it was remarked that his measures and finger-prints were not the same as those already recorded of him; the Identification Office was applied to, where a search quickly showed them to be those of Karnick. So Karnick was sought and caught and the substitution proved.

Another use to which the Office is put is to find whether candidates for responsible employments have ever been convicted of serious crime. A small but coveted kind of post is that of the night watchmen, who are engaged by the week. Every Monday some two hundred applicants present themselves, out of whom twenty have to be selected. The most promising are picked out provisionally; they are then measured and finger-printed. Search is made, and if no record is found against them, they are appointed. But as opportunities for substitution occur between the provisional and the final selection, during the interval when the provisionally selected candidate is passing from room to room through crowded passages, each has the office stamp impressed at once in red ink on the palm of his hand. Without that mark no candidate may be measured or receive his certificate. A different method is used in the recruiting service, where the would-be recruit has sometimes to travel far to

the place of measurement; therefore it is necessary to provide a more durable mark than the red stamp on the palm. So each of these men is treated like a package, about to be sent duty-free through alien territory; that is, he is *plombé*. A string is passed round his neck, its ends are threaded through holes in a small lump of lead, then a pair of powerful nutcrackers with the office seal inside their jaws, impresses the lead and squeezes it so tightly on the strings that the authenticated necklace is irremovable except by cutting it.

The practice of sending provisionally selected candidates to the Identification Office, for assurance that they had never been convicted of crime, came first into use when servants were being engaged for the army of occupation. There had been much thieving, and it became necessary to weed out the bad characters. Subsequently, a desire arose among honest persons to obtain cards of identity. These contain the man's name (as he gives it), a register number, a few measurements, a brief personal description, and his photograph. He can thus prove to the satisfaction of a new employer that he is the veritable Hassan Mohamed, Register No. so-and-so, to whose merits his former employers have testified. The card, photograph and all, costs the man about two shillings.

Space does not permit me to go more fully into this large and interesting subject. It will be a real gain if these remarks should succeed in impressing the public with the present and future importance of Identification Offices, especially in those parts of the British Empire where for any reason the means of identification are often called for and are not unfrequently absent. I think that such an institution might soon prove particularly useful at the Cape.

FRANCIS GALTON.

MR. WILFRID WARD'S APOLOGETICS

WHENEVER any matter affecting the Catholic Church is under discussion it is expected almost as a matter of course that Mr. Wilfrid Ward will express his views upon it. Nor is this expectation at all surprising, since Mr. Ward is one of the very few English Catholics whose views carry any weight outside the Catholic body. But it must be admitted that Mr. Ward is somewhat elusive: it is very difficult to know precisely where he stands, and one sometimes suspects that he himself is not quite sure on that point. When I read his article in this Review for May, I could not help recalling a criticism made by Cardinal Manning in 1890 on the present Pope's decree on the Plan of Campaign. 'The decree of Leo the Thirteenth,' Cardinal Manning said, 'was absolutely true, just and useful: but in the abstract . . . The decree contemplates facts which do not exist.' This judgment, I venture to think, may in some measure be applied to Mr. Ward's article. Like so much of what is said or written by Catholic apologists, it is 'in the abstract.' It seems to be concerned mainly with an ideal Church. We are told very much of what may be or what might be, but from the candid recognition of facts as they are Mr. Ward seems to shrink. The article reads like the article of one who is trying to argue himself into thinking that things after all are not what in his heart of hearts he is fain to confess them to be.

A serious objection to Mr. Ward's method of apologetic is that it is out of date. Twenty years ago the general public knew little about the internal affairs of the Catholic Church in England; nowadays the case is quite otherwise. The specious dressing up of facts which has so long been the method of Catholic apologists is no longer effective, nay, it is positively injurious; for the educated public, knowing at least in the rough what the facts are, concludes that the Catholic apologist must have a very bad case. One has only to recall the books that have been published in recent years—Simpson's *Life of Edmund Campion*, Father Lockhart's *Life of Rosmini*, Mr. Law's *Jesuits and Seculars in the Reign of Elizabeth*, Father Taunton's *Black Monks of St. Benedict*, the *Life of Cardinal Manning*, the *Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillips de Lisle*, and

Mr. Ward's own two books about his father and *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, discreetly as the latter are written. Does Mr. Ward really suppose that all these books have made no difference? Every one knows how Cardinal Manning, when placed in a responsible position and brought face to face with the realities of the situation, gradually came to recognise how defective had been his earlier theoretical apprehension of the government of the Church. We have all read his mature judgment, pronounced after many years of intimate experience, that the procedure of the Holy Office is essentially unjust; we know how his views changed about the Temporal Power as a matter of practical working, how keenly he deplored the Vatican policy towards Italy; we have read his judgment on the state of Italy—'this is the work of Catholics, Ultra-Catholics'—and that still more striking judgment, more than once repeated, that the purging of the Curial system could only come 'so as by fire.' The views of Cardinal Manning about the Society of Jesus are public property, although the reasons he gave for them were suppressed, and his *Nine Hindrances to the Spread of Catholicism in England* have been given to the world. In the *Life of Cardinal Manning*, and more particularly in his correspondence with Mgr. Talbot, Rome has been laid bare to the world as the centre of peculiarly petty intrigue, and that, in particular, in the immediate *entourage* of the Pope. Cardinal Newman has told us of the malaria that gathers round the Rock of Peter, the incapacity of the Roman authorities in dealing with England, and the crowd of sycophants to be found round about the Vatican. The existence and intrigues of the modern Ultramontane party are no secret; they can be studied by any one in some of the books I have mentioned, and nowhere better than in the letters and other writings of its own adherents—'that blustering band of Catholic bullies' was Montalembert's description of it. There can hardly be any one that takes the least interest in religious matters who does not know that an organised attempt was made by that party to thrust Newman, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and others out of the Catholic Church. A 'motley phalanx' that party was and is, as Mr. Ward justly says, but no party was ever better organised or wire-pulled.

Such facts as these Mr. Ward apparently hopes to efface from the public memory by platitudes about saintly Popes, a moral Curia, and Jesuits leading heroic lives. The Cardinal's hat bestowed on Newman is an unanswerable fact, he says. Undoubtedly it is, but the precise bearing of the remark is obscure. It is also an unanswerable fact that the bestowal was a complete reversal of the policy of Pius the Ninth. 'The cloud is lifted from me for ever,' said Newman when he heard the news. What cloud was it, does Mr. Ward suppose? Mr. Ward is actually able to quote three Jesuit writers that are not wholly reactionary (for M. Maurice Blondel, whom Mr. Ward implies to be a Jesuit, is a layman), and

he adds triumphantly: 'What more can be said?' To be quite frank, I should say very little, if any more. But not even three swallows make a summer. As for the Bollandists, Mr. Ward must be aware that they occupy a peculiar and privileged position, which marks them off from the rest of the Society of Jesus, and the exceptional character of their methods is a clear witness to the existence of the opposite. They are, indeed, a striking example of what the Society might be, but is not. Nobody, that I know of, denies the existence of Jesuits leading heroic lives, any more than that of other persons also leading heroic lives, but it is not these Jesuits who direct the policy of the Society or determine its action as a factor in the history of Western Europe. Blessed Edmund Campion was a fine example of the best type of Jesuit, but he had no voice in the Jesuit policy. The wily Persons managed the policy in Rome; Campion went to the scaffold for it in England. And these have been pretty much the relations of the two types of Jesuit ever since. On the whole, I do not think that Mr. Ward has succeeded in removing the impression caused by the facts laid bare in such books as I have referred to.

Nor is his chance of success in that respect at all increased by the picture that he himself draws of Catholics at large. To him the bulk of his fellow-Catholics, the mass of the faithful, are 'a mob,' and a mob apparently of a singularly unattractive kind. On the one hand is the 'tag-rag and bobtail of disaffected agitators'; on the other, a 'motley phalanx' of fanatics, obscurantists, martinets, petty tyrants, devotees of sheer absolutism, and other unpleasing persons, with just a 'few wise men' surveying the 'mob' with calm disgust from the giddy heights of their superior wisdom. One has read something like this before in the jeremiads of superior persons against democracy. The strange thing is that it did not occur to Mr. Ward that he is painting the whole body of Catholics far more black than it has been painted by any of the writers whom he denounces. Mr. Ward has been a Catholic all his life; I am a comparatively recent convert. It may possibly be lack of experience that leads me to think that the state of things is not so desperate as he seems to imagine. But, taking his description as true, it becomes necessary to ask who is responsible for this depressing state of affairs. And on that point Mr. Ward leaves us strangely in the dark. He seems to shrink from facing the question, and falls back once more on platitudes. It 'would' be disastrous if those in authority made a mistake; Catholic thought 'may' no longer hold its own with the thought of the day; authority 'may' be out of touch with what is stirring in the minds of men; the few wise men 'may' simply be dismissed as innovators by incompetent judges applying perfunctory tests; this or that policy 'may' or may not succeed. All this is indubitably true—but in the abstract. What we should all like to know is whether in

Mr. Ward's opinion any of these hypothetical conditions do in fact exist—what, in fact, he considers the attitude of the authorities to be. He does, indeed, tell us that it has yet to be proved that 'the ruling powers have identified themselves with an extreme party,' and that 'the early policy of Leo the Thirteenth was quite in the opposite direction.' But what of the later policy? If this is indeed, as Mr. Ward alleges, a time of mutiny, what is the cause of the mutiny? Is it not due to a marked change of policy during the last few years? Mr. Ward speaks of the repression that follows agitation; but in this case the agitation is the result of the repression. What signs were there of mutiny before the appearance of the 'conservatism . . . that seemed here and there repressive of some of the best intellectual life of the Church'? 'Seemed here and there repressive;' delightful euphemism! If Mr. Ward had met with the treatment which has been meted out to the Abbé Loisy, for instance, I fancy he would not have much doubt about the reality of the repression. Not for any extreme or rash opinions, but merely for the statement of the results of scientific inquiry, one of the greatest scholars in the Church, and one of the greatest authorities on Biblical criticism in the world, was deprived of his professorship, condemned permanently to 'silent work,' and subjected to a persecution that has irretrievably undermined his health. And this although voluntarily submitted to the teaching of the Holy See. Yet still with *liblique* continues to be published. Are we to conclude that the *wh* are ready enough to crush a secular priest standing *amont* shrink at present from attacking a religious Order which, altho of less powerful than it once was, is still possessed of considerable *iners* nce? In Germany Dr. Schell, whose influence for good on German young men has been so remarkable, has paid the penalty of his exposure of the Diana Vaughan myth, and his opposition to the Jesuits, by having the whole of his works put on the Index at one blow, although his own Bishop defended him. The sweeping character of the condemnation is in itself a proof of its vindictive injustice. In America Dr. Zahm has been compelled to withdraw a book which merely sought to show with great caution and moderation that evolution is not incompatible with the Catholic Faith; and the memory of Father Hecker has been reviled and discredited. M. Maignen's attack on the founder of the Paulists, as everyone knows, received an *imprimatur* from the Vatican itself after the Archbishop of Paris had refused one. In Italy, Padre Semeria has been removed from his post as a teacher and banished from Rome, and Tosti died in disgrace. There is, in fact, no important country in Europe where the intellectual life of Catholics is not paralysed. What else could be expected, seeing that the chief influence at the Vatican for several years before his recent death was the late Cardinal Mazzella, S.J., and the Prefect of the Index is Cardinal Steinhüber, of the same Society?

If proof is needed that the ruling powers are at present identified with an extreme party, it is to be found in the fact that the men silenced and condemned all belong to one school. The hand of authority has fallen always on men who are in touch with modern ideas—‘that is to say, the effectual conditions of modern life,’ as Montalembert remarked—while in the other direction liberty is allowed to degenerate into licence. The Index seems to concern itself far more with Biblical criticism and scientific hypotheses than with theology. Superstition, in late years at least, has been allowed to flourish almost unchecked, and hardly any extravagance in devotion or even in theological expression is interfered with. The cultus of Saint Anthony of Padua, for instance, has reached a pitch that is scarcely distinguishable from Paganism. Such publications as the *Propagateur de St. Joseph*, in which priests and nuns relate how St. Joseph has at their request removed persons distasteful to them for the sum of five francs, are issued under episcopal patronage; and even an English Catholic paper recently published an advertisement in which a girl offered St. Anthony two shillings to make her hair grow two inches by a certain day, on which she was to attend a ball. St. Anthony seems to be looked upon as a sort of supernatural Whiteley, and his cultus degenerates, as might naturally be expected, into a commercial business, and not always an honest one at that. It is not surprising that a Catholic paper has recently suggested that the rules of the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard might usefully be adopted by those who run it. I am glad to say that in England the Capuchin Order is doing its best to get rid of the scandals and abuses associated with the cultus of St. Anthony; but on the Continent they flourish unchecked. The appalling condition to which religion has been reduced in France has been shown by recent articles in *The Contemporary Review* by M. Saint-Génix, which have remained unanswered except by an evasive article in an obscure Catholic periodical. Where are our official apologists, and why do they not come forward to answer articles like these? The answer, I fear, is simple. The statements made by M. Saint-Génix are, in the main, indisputable. When we see the authorities of the Church allowing these things to continue without interference, or even rebuke, what conclusion can we possibly draw but that these abuses have their sanction and approval? Indeed, we know that, when the Bishop of Nancy attempted to remedy an abuse of another kind in connection with an Order of nuns in his diocese, a Roman Congregation supported the nuns against him and prevented the abuse from being remedied. As for many of the so-called devotional books that are published in such large numbers, my experience as editor of a Catholic paper leads me to believe that there is nothing of that class to which some Catholic bishops will not give an *imprimatur*. Such books as I refer to

make up for what they lack in sense and grammar by an extravagance of language which is always reckless, and sometimes little less than blasphemous. It is strange that those who are so ready to raise the cry of scandal whenever attention is called to the existence of abuses among Catholics never seem to think of the scandal that is caused by books of this kind to thousands of devout Catholics, and to thousands more of honest souls who are to some extent drawn towards the Church, but are repelled from her by such travesties of her doctrine.

There are, however, not wanting hints in Mr. Ward's article that he cannot get rid, in spite of every effort, of the conviction that the advocates of repression have for a time succeeded in controlling the machinery of the Church. His appeal to authority to know its own friends is quite pathetic, and when he tells us that 'authority is, in the long run, too much alive to its own interests to reject' the help of 'the representative philosophic few,' he reveals his belief that at present authority is rejecting that help. Mr. Ward's position is very familiar to those who, like myself, have been members of the Church of England. There have always been superior persons of moderate Anglican views who deplored the excesses of the 'extremists,' and urged moderate High Churchmen to separate themselves from these disaffected agitators, that authority might know its own friends. Hitherto the bulk of moderate High Churchmen have declined the offer, probably because they shrewdly suspect that short work would be made of themselves when once the advanced outposts were captured. I shall be surprised if Mr. Ward's appeal meets with a more favourable response. Indeed, he is evidently doubtful on that point himself. 'It would,' he says, 'be idle to deny that the cry that has been raised that the Roman authorities have embarked on a repressive policy has already tended to reinforce the ranks of the disaffected from those who may be ill-judging but have no inclination to be disloyal.' It is not a mere cry, but a patent fact, that has had the effect that Mr. Ward deplures. And those whom he calls the disaffected have not the least inclination to be disloyal. There may indeed be different ideas of what constitutes disloyalty. But if criticism of authorities is necessarily disloyal the charge of disloyalty can be brought against some of the greatest men and the greatest saints in the history of the Church. If there were any 'Liberal Catholics' who used such language about the Roman authorities as was used by St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, St. Anselm and St. Bernard, Mr. Ward would have better reason to talk of rudeness. To my mind, I must confess, flattery of the powers that be, and the sort of Byzantine subserviency that was demanded by a Nero, are not only not true loyalty but are as insulting to the rulers as they are degrading to the subjects. I have seen no criticisms of the Roman Curia in recent articles by Catholics stronger

than are to be found in the memoranda carefully prepared by Manning for publication, and in the letters of Newman and Montalembert. Were these men disloyal? Mr. Ward has travestied the demands of those whom he calls 'Liberal Catholics'; it is one thing to protest against the forcing of Scholasticism down the throats of all Catholics, and to ask for the toleration of other methods; it is quite another to demand the abolition of the Scholastic system. Such an abolition would be as tyrannical as the opposite policy—which we have the authority of the late Dr. W. G. Ward for saying is 'more intolerable than any Eastern tyranny'—and it is quite unnecessary; for when the artificial supports are removed Scholasticism will die a natural death. And who, I should like to know, demand 'entire liberty to accept all demands advanced in the name of the Higher Criticism' or 'practical autonomy for National Churches;' or 'the renunciation of Papal independence'? This caricature 'defaces and discredits'—to use Mr. Ward's own words—'a view held by a large body of loyally disposed Catholics.' Here and there some eccentric individual may hold one or other of the views that Mr. Ward mentions, but such individuals do not form a school, or even a group. For my part I am quite satisfied with the view which, according to Mr. Ward, is 'held by many,' of whom I imagine he himself is one. I doubt if the authorities will be equally satisfied. When they read that in Mr. Ward's opinion they suffer from a tendency towards a conservatism that refuses to consider facts, they will sympathise with Balac, King of Moab. And, I imagine, the Catholic clergy will not be particularly pleased at being told that they are likely to become more and more unfitted to deal with the present age unless they modify their present methods of training. The members of the Congregation of the Index will not, I fancy, much like to hear that many of their rules are obsolete, seeing that they carefully revised them all about three or four years ago. It is hardly complimentary to the Inquisition to say that its methods are four centuries out of date, and the theologians will resent the suggestion that the pursuit of the Higher Criticism—and I suppose of other scientific studies—should be unimpeded by theological presumptions. Far be it from me to dispute any of Mr. Ward's statements; on the contrary I gladly welcome the seal of approval which he implicitly sets on the main contentions of the article which the editor of this Review did me the honour to publish in April. But if this is what Mr. Ward calls a moderate view, what is the meaning of all this fuss about extremists? Jesuits and Ultramontanes, according to Mr. Ward, hold this view. Yes, perhaps an individual Jesuit here and there; but practical people know that in dealing with the Society of Jesus individuals do not count. And if this view is held by Ultramontanes I must lay claim to that title, although the term so used ceases to have any meaning. What purpose Mr. Ward hopes to

serve by calling Newman an Ultramontane I cannot conceive. In the sense in which this term was used in the forties no doubt he was one, as was also Montalembert, but certainly not in the sense in which the term has been used during the last thirty years. Mr. Ward will remember the famous letter in which Montalembert explained how, having been an Ultramontane in the forties, he could not be one in the seventies without changing his convictions. The early Ultramontanes represented the new life in the Church, the reaction from moribund Gallicanism and Josephinism, but they divided into two opposing parties. The term 'Ultramontane' came to mean a supporter of sheer absolutism, a believer in theocracy; the typical Ultramontane was Louis Veuillot. The principles of modern Ultramontanism are derived from De Maistre. Mr. Ward's 'moderate Ultramontane' seems to me to be indistinguishable from what other people call 'Liberal Catholic,' as opposed, not to 'orthodox,' but to 'illiberal' Catholic. And the 'Liberal Catholic' of Mr. Ward's article, the irreconcilable iconoclast whose violent demands have led to the present repressive *régime*, is a creature of his own imagination.

The explanation of what one may call Mr. Ward's official tone of mind is to be found, I think, in his identification of the Church with her officials. He thinks it is hard to distinguish a 'system' made up of the Roman Curia, the Jesuits, the Ultramontane party, the Scholastic system, the Temporal Power, and the Roman Congregations from the existing Catholic Church. Yet there was a time in the history of the Church when none of the constituents of this system existed; and if the whole 'system' were swept away to-morrow the Catholic Church would remain intact. I do not suggest that it is desirable that the whole system should be swept away, and to say that the whole ecclesiastical system is corrupt would be a grave exaggeration. But there have been times in the history of the Church when the ecclesiastical system has been corrupt through and through, and if Mr. Ward's view is valid, one of the most common of Protestant objections is valid, and Martin Luther is justified. It was because the Fathers and the Saints were able to distinguish between the Church and the ecclesiastical system of the day that they used such strong language about officialism. It is precisely because, like Mr. Ward, Protestants cannot make this distinction that they stay outside the Church. One can readily understand that if Mr. Ward believes the Catholic Church to consist of Jesuits, Roman Congregations, and other officials, he is bound to defend them at all costs, whatever they may do, and it must be almost impossible for him to admit the facts of the situation. But it is a little hard that he should wish to rule out of the Catholic Church those who do not make the same mistake. For my part, I became a Catholic because I was conscientiously compelled to, not to oblige any individuals, nor from any admiration of the Jesuits or

the Roman Curia, nor even because I wanted to become a Catholic. The case is the same with most converts of my acquaintance, and I think they will not leave the Church to please any one, even if the 'system' should become much worse than it is at present.

One fact, I think, must have been noticed by every reader of Mr. Ward's article: namely, that he makes no attempt to probe the causes of the unsatisfactory conditions the existence of which he apparently admits. I tried to do that in a humble way in this Review for April, and it seems to me that a necessary preliminary of any reform is the discovery of the causes of the conditions that need reforming. Inasmuch as Mr. Ward makes no attempt to discover them he is surely more impracticable than those whom he criticises. The propounding of a practical programme of reform is not our business at all: that is the work of the authorities; and Mr. Ward has certainly not propounded one. His plan of liberty for experts, however perfect in theory, would hardly prove workable in practice. The authorities, I fancy, would be apt to refuse the title of expert to any one with new ideas; and without freedom of discussion it is difficult to see how any experts could ever be produced. It would no doubt be very much better if nobody ever spoke about a subject with which he was not well acquainted, but the attempt to enforce such an ideal would result in intolerable tyranny. It would, indeed, in the long run be worse than general repression, for it would give the semblance of liberty without the reality, and it could not but defeat its own end. Experts, unlike poets, are made and not born, and every expert begins by being a tyro; if the tyro is suppressed until he becomes an expert he will never become one. You cannot grow a forest tree under a flower pot. It would be more to the point to ensure that those who have the duty of deciding upon important questions are fully acquainted with the conditions of the question they have to decide, as has not always been the case. The same result might be produced if ecclesiastical authorities confined themselves to the sphere in which they are experts, and did not take on themselves the task of settling questions that do not really come within their sphere at all, about which the Church has no commission to teach. It is not merely in philosophical and scientific matters that repression is exercised. The attempt is being made to prevent the discussion of all sorts of questions of practical importance, as to which it is essential that there should be a healthy public opinion, and which do not demand for their discussion the training of an expert. These questions concern the whole body of Catholics; questions of philosophy, for instance, only concern the few. Cardinal Vaughan, in a recent pastoral, marked off the whole field of ecclesiastical policy as 'holy ground' on which no laymen must venture to tread; ecclesiastics, it is claimed, are to be exempt from all criticism, whatever they may say or do in their official

capacity. Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., has declared in an article in the *Tablet* that the discipline of the Church must be that of 'an army in the field;' and within the last few weeks the Vatican journals in Rome have claimed not merely the obedience, but also the 'interior assent,' of Catholics to the commands of the Pope on purely political matters. To such demands as these resistance is a religious duty that we owe to the Church and to ecclesiastical authority itself in the interest of its rightful claims. All over Europe we see the attempt being made to use the machinery of the Church for political ends and the cause of religion being sacrificed to the secular ambitions of ecclesiastics. Mr. Ward has said enough in his article to show any one that can read between the lines that he is more concerned about the present attitude of ecclesiastical authority than he cares to admit. It is to be regretted that his anxiety to maintain an 'equilibrium' should have led him to deal with abstract theories rather than with things as they are. Still more is it to be regretted that he should have felt called upon to usurp the functions of the episcopate and to brand with disloyalty if not to excommunicate those who put in plain English what he wraps up in a cloud of periphrasis and euphemism. That in the long run the 'plea for reality and life'—and, I would add, for truth and candour—will gain the day, I am as confident as Mr. Ward is. But an essential condition to any improvement in the near future is union among those who put forward that plea, notwithstanding minor differences. Mr. Ward's article unhappily tends in the opposite direction; it cannot but be disappointing to those who recognise what service Mr. Ward's great abilities might render to the Church at the present juncture if only he would discard the rôle of official apologist and consent to deal with facts from the point of view of a mere layman.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

THE PREROGATIVE OF DISSOLUTION

THE Parliament now sitting was summoned by writ to meet on the 12th of August 1895. By the Septennial Act it will cease to exist on the 12th of August 1902, more than two years from the date of this number of this Review. What period of time may elapse after that point before a General Election becomes imperatively necessary is a question of no practical importance. The modern practice of the British Constitution refuses to contemplate the possibility of a Parliament being permitted to die a natural or rather a legal death. There is no valid reason for this repugnance but one—that the period fixed by the Septennial Act is, on the whole, too long. It was fixed with a view to pressing and passing emergencies. What shorter period should be substituted is a question open to any amount of discussion. Some day the matter will be taken in hand and settled, and the consequences may be more important than the terms of the settlement. If a period of three, four, or even five years is adopted as the statutory term of Parliament, the power now vested in the Crown of dissolving Parliament at any time can hardly be allowed to remain on its present footing. The too long period of seven years is tempered by the constitutional practice of dissolving after six regular sessions, and by the compulsory dissolutions following political difficulties. If a short Parliament is established by statute, it will probably or possibly have fixity of tenure for the statutory period, like the Congress of the United States. The constitutional results of such a change must necessarily be far-reaching, for the prerogative of dissolution, as Mr. Bagehot showed long ago, plays a supremely important part in the mechanics of the Constitution.

The power of dissolving Parliament before the expiration of its statutory term is vested in the Sovereign for the time being, and is one of the Sovereign's prerogative rights. This formidable phrase has come to indicate nothing more than a right or power to be exercised by the Executive Government, but in the recent controversy about the Australian Commonwealth Bill it was solemnly invoked against the proposal of Australia to limit the practice of carrying appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is, we were told, the prerogative right of the Crown to grant leave of appeal to itself in Council just as it is the inalienable birthright of the

subject to carry his grievances 'to the foot of the Throne.' Happily this argument has failed, and the power of the Australian Commonwealth to limit the appeals to the Privy Council is to be established on a basis even wider than that originally proposed. And although modern writers still affect to discuss the conditions limiting the Sovereign's prerogative of dissolution, the truth remains, as stated by Mr. Bagehot, that the power belongs to the Chief of the Executive and not to the Sovereign. The same thing may be said of nearly all the so-called prerogatives. Except a limited and exceptional power of selecting a new Prime Minister, it is difficult to conceive of any prerogative rights which could be exercised without Ministerial responsibility.

Mr. Bagehot's theory, if it may be so styled, can be stated briefly thus. The House of Commons 'chooses' or 'selects' the Prime Minister and the Executive Government. But the House of Commons, being nothing else than a great public meeting, has the defects of its constitution. It is liable to capricious moods, to selfishness, and to partisanship. Those inherent vices would, if uncontrolled, lead to undue interferences with executive authority, and consequently to short-lived and unstable Administrations. But they are controlled by the power of dissolution vested in the Prime Minister, who, while the creature of the House of Commons, is at the same time its governor. The power of dissolution is thus the great 'regulator' of the Constitution as the power of unlimited creation of peers is its 'safety-valve.' Both powers belong to the Chief of the Executive, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Bagehot treated both as equally matter of course. The statesmen of a later day have not been quite so sure about the 'safety-valve.'

Such a theory is far removed from the technical forms of legal and constitutional treatises. A later writer describes the prerogative in widely different terms:—

'The prerogative of dissolution is one which the Crown may exercise *with or without the advice of its Ministers.*'

'The constitutional time for its exercise is when the King has reason to think that his Parliament does not represent the opinion of the country.'

These conclusions are, however, only the generalisations of a lawyer founding himself on a series of recorded incidents extending over a long period of time. In our constitutional practice, while precedent counts for much, its value diminishes as its age increases, and an incident of the reign of William the Third throws little light upon the modern relations of the Sovereign to his prerogative.

With one exception, Mr. Bagehot's theory accurately describes the practical effect of our constitutional arrangements. He seems to me to emphasise too much the power of the House of Commons to choose, or as he sometimes puts it, to elect the Prime Minister or

the Government. 'The main function of the House of Commons,' he says, 'is one which we know quite well, though our common constitutional speech does not recognise it. The House of Commons is an electoral chamber; it is the assembly which chooses our President.' Again, 'the *elective* is now the most important function of the House of Commons.' Possibly the creative or initiative part of the House of Commons in this respect was more apparent to observers like Mr. Bagehot thirty or forty years ago than it is now. His language seems to have a strained effect. One can hardly realise that the present or the late Prime Minister was elected or chosen by the House of Commons of the day. Still less can it be said that the Ministry as a whole, or even the Cabinet, is the result of anything like a personal choice by the House of Commons. The real truth is that members of Parliament are themselves chosen, not to elect, but to support a Government formed from the party to which they belong. The electors in the constituencies are mainly influenced by party rather than personal considerations. They expect their members to be generally loyal to the indeterminate group who are or who may become the leaders of the party. But the elected members have no instructions beyond this point; and if they had, there would be, under the present system, no opportunity for carrying them into effect. When the occasion arises for the formation of a Ministry, the Sovereign 'sends for' the leader or one of the leaders of the dominant party in the House of Commons. Sometimes there is no choice, the leader being clearly marked out and known to all men. Sometimes two or more statesmen may have equal or nearly equal claims, and in exercising the right of selection here the Sovereign may be said to retain something like a personal prerogative. In such a case, where any one of the group could *ex hypothesi* form a Ministry acceptable to his party as a whole, the Sovereign may be said in some degree to select the party leader. But the Prime Minister, once brought into existence, names the rest of the Administration. He will be guided by all sorts of considerations: he may conceivably yield in some instances to personal preferences or objections on the part of the Sovereign, or in his own breast. But neither the House of Commons nor the party dominant therein chooses or selects the colleagues of the Prime Minister. I doubt if any Administration as a whole, even at the beginning of its existence, satisfies the majority of the House of Commons; certainly none continues to satisfy till the end. And so you may have an Administration kept in existence by a majority which had no hand in nominating it, and possibly objects altogether to its personal composition.

The *elective* function thus attributed to the House of Commons is not much more of a reality than the elective powers in terms conferred upon the so-called Electoral College of the United States. The framers of the American Constitution undoubtedly intended that the

choice of a President should be made, not by the people, but by delegates elected by the people for that purpose. Everybody knows that the vote for delegates is a vote for A or B as President, and that the named delegate has no choice but to vote for the person whose candidature he represents. He is a mere channel of conveyance for the choice of the electors. And in like manner the elected member of the House of Commons has, in recent times at all events, no choice as to the party, and sometimes none as to the Prime Minister, to whose orders, in the beginning of a Parliament if not to the end, he must conform. The Electoral College of the United States, however, expires in the formal act of naming the President. Our Electoral College which does not directly nominate the Chief of the Executive, survives his appointment, and remains to the end of its career the seat of all effective sovereignty. Its allegiance to the Administration in normal times grows weaker with every session that passes over its head. The reason is that the whip-hand of a discretionary dissolution becomes less effective the nearer the prospect of a statutory or normal dissolution. After four or five years there is in every majority a large number of members who for various reasons do not wish to stand again, or who think they would not be returned again. Over all these the power of the prerogative of dissolution grows weaker day by day. This, no doubt, has helped to bring about the practice of dissolving Parliament before the end of its time, a practice now so well established that a breach of it might be termed unconstitutional.

I have followed Mr. Bagehot in assuming the power of dissolution to be now vested in the Prime Minister. Of course cases may be imagined in which a Premier demanding a dissolution would be acting unreasonably, and in such cases some fragment of personal prerogative may be supposed to remain in the hands of the Sovereign. Practical politicians will tell us that in such and such circumstances a Minister is *entitled* to a dissolution, as, for example, when he succeeds a Minister who resigns after defeat in the House of Commons, dominated by his own party, or when he is defeated, as Mr. Gladstone was in 1886, in a House elected after a dissolution under the auspices of his opponents. I have never known any statesman to lay down a rule determining the circumstances under which a Premier would *not* be entitled to a dissolution. There is a sort of notion that a Prime Minister is not entitled to *two* dissolutions; that, having been defeated in a Parliament elected after a dissolution granted to himself, he should resign and leave it to his successor to dissolve if necessary. But in describing the British Constitution there is perhaps greater liability to error in formulating than in indicating general rules. It will be sufficient to assume that in general the Sovereign can neither refuse nor enforce a dissolution against the wishes of the Minister.

But the Minister himself, it may be said, is not free to use the power even when the Sovereign would have no constitutional right to refuse it. When would a Minister do wrong in dissolving? The question approaches so closely to the party interests of the moment that it is difficult to be unbiassed or to be accepted as unbiassed in its discussion. As in the case of the Sovereign, the difficulty is to determine the exceptional case where the Minister would not be justified in using his power. Let us admit that a Minister is entitled to dissolve when defeated in a Parliament not elected under his own auspices, or when Parliament is approaching the end of its statutory period. Is he justified in dissolving in any other case? The question is hardly one of constitutional right or wrong. Does it depend upon and can it be solved by reference to established constitutional practice? What that practice has been in the modern period may be seen by a glance at the Tabular View of the Administrations of Great Britain to be found in Mr. Todd's *Parliamentary Government*, and setting forth the dates of successive dissolutions, and the Premiers under whom and the causes for which they have taken place. The general result is that Parliaments have been dissolved either after an adverse vote in the Commons, or about the end of a period of six years.

The question may be left as one not of constitutional but of political propriety, and with the observation attributed to Mr. Disraeli when reproached for not dissolving in 1878: 'A Minister with a large majority in the House of Commons has no business to dissolve merely with the object of gaining an advantage at the polls due to transitory circumstances.'¹

One consideration to which prominence has recently been given appears to me to be altogether irrelevant. It has been argued that those who object to the Septennial Act and advocate a shorter period—three, four, or five years—have no right to object to a dissolution, whatever be the circumstances of the time, provided the shorter period has in fact elapsed since the last election. If the dissolution were avowedly ordered as a mode of partially repealing the statute, this argument would hold good. But when it avowedly has no such character, when it possibly has for its object among other things the perpetuation of the Septennial Act, an opponent of that Act is as free as another to point out the objections, if any there be, on other grounds to the proposed dissolution.

There is, however, one limitation on the Minister's right to dissolve for which high authority may be advanced. A dissolution ought not to be a *penal* dissolution. The power ought not to be used for the purpose of coercing the existing House of Commons. In 1858 Mr. Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, told his constituents at Slough that 'if a majority of the House had voted a censure on the Government they would have to defend their vote

¹ *Observer*, the 27th of May, 1900.

on the hustings.' Lord John Russell challenged this speech in the House of Commons as a violation of the constitutional maxims laid down by other statesmen while possessing the confidence of the Crown. Not even a defeat, he said, would justify a dissolution 'unless when there was a great question depending upon which no satisfactory conclusion could be obtained in this House.' After referring to the precedents set by Sir R. Peel and by himself, he proceeds :

There seems to be an opinion acquiring weight that upon any occasion when the Minister has not a majority he may have recourse to that which Burke called a penal dissolution ; that is to say, he may not only put members to the great trouble and expense of an election, but may expose them to the dangers of a misrepresentation to which they may be subject in the performance of their duties. Now, that ought not to be the relation between the Crown and the members of the House of Commons.

Nothing, in his opinion, could be more likely than the threat of dissolution with a view to coercing the actions of members to damage the Constitution of the country and to bring on the question of 'shortening the duration of Parliament so as to limit the prerogative of the Crown.' And at a later date, 16th of July, 1869, Mr. Disraeli, then in Opposition, enforced the same doctrine in language of much greater vehemence. A member of the Government, he said, had advised the House not to accept any of the Lords' amendments to the Irish Church Bill, and another 'absolutely got up to-night and threatened the House with dissolution—which was a most unconstitutional proceeding—as the penalty of those amendments being adhered to.' Lord John Russell and Sir R. Peel are perhaps weightier authorities on constitutional practice than Mr. Disraeli, but the concurrence of all three in the same doctrine is very remarkable. And what is the doctrine? That to tell the House beforehand that it will be dissolved in the event of its *rejecting* the proposals of the Government is an unconstitutional proceeding. The Ministers who were accused of using the menace denied the menace but did not dispute the doctrine. Even when the Government of the day was holding office by sufferance, having a majority of the House of Commons in general opposition, a threat to dissolve in the event of defeat was declared to be unconstitutional. Recently we have been openly told, not only by party newspapers and party politicians but by Ministers, that the present Government, with a majority of 130 behind it, will dissolve the House of Commons, not if certain proposals are defeated, but if they are even opposed. I do not wish to dwell too much on the immediately contemporaneous bearings of the question, but I may permit myself again to quote Lord John Russell. 'If we are to have repeated threats of dissolution in order to compel members of the House, contrary to their own opinions, to vote according to the behests of a Minister, I can only say this House will stand ill with the Crown and will stand ill with the country.' We seem to be far

removed in spirit from the times when Sir Robert Peel could say that he declined to advise Her Majesty to dissolve, because 'it was his opinion that that was a most delicate and sacred prerogative of the Crown, and ought not to be exercised for the purpose of any individual who might be at the head of affairs or for the purpose of any party.' The circumstances of the moment incline us all to give due weight to colonial opinion on Imperial and constitutional questions. The learned Canadian who has written the best book in existence on Parliamentary Government declares, as the result of his impartial studies, that 'it is highly irregular and unconstitutional to refer to a dissolution of Parliament as a probable contingency with a view to influence the conduct of members upon a particular occasion. For the Houses of Parliament should always be in a position to exercise an unbiassed judgment upon any question brought before them, fearing neither the Crown on the one hand nor the people on the other.' In fact, Mr. Todd treats Ministerial threats of dissolution even in prospect of defeat, as being on the same level of constitutional impropriety as the letters addressed by private persons to individual members, threatening loss of support as the consequence of their Parliamentary action. Against the latter form of intimidation the House of Commons can and does protect its members. Nor is it wholly without defence against the other. The exercise of the power of dissolution, like the exercise of other prerogative rights, involves the responsibility of Ministers. Nobody would desire to see the House of Commons engaged in a controversy about prerogative, and for that reason it is incumbent on Ministers for the time being to deal tenderly with such delicate subjects. The prerogative of dissolution is not the only matter of high constitutional import which has of late been mishandled—to the detriment of the nation and the Empire.

Let us now turn to the effect of this potent instrument of government. Mr. Bagehot has not at all exaggerated its importance. We may accept (without repeating) what he says about its usefulness in checking the essential vices of the Sovereign chamber—its capriciousness, its selfishness, its partisanship. One is only tempted to ask whether the more democratic chambers of recent days do not display these defects in a less marked degree than the early Victorian Legislatures so carefully studied by Mr. Bagehot. If that be so, it may only be the result of the operation of the system steadily applied during so many years.

So far as General Elections are concerned, the prerogative of dissolution saves us from some serious inconveniences. The severity of the Septennial Act is mitigated by the practice of dissolving before the end of the statutory term. And the very uncertainty of the conditions under which it may be used has its advantages. One advantage undoubtedly is that it tends to shorten the period of

electoral struggle. When the date of the General Election is unalterably fixed, as in the United States, the whole intervening period is more or less an election. When, as sometimes happens in this country,² the date is known some months beforehand, the struggle lasts all the longer. All parties, and probably all persons, are agreed that the sudden dissolutions of our normal practice are on the whole the most convenient. Moreover, the elasticity of the system under which the prerogative operates permits an immediate appeal to the people on a specific question, which may under certain circumstances be useful.

The most important effects of the prerogative are, however, to be seen within the House of Commons itself, and they have not all been detected by Mr. Bagehot's lively analysis, which was, of course, confined to the era of what may be called middle-class Parliaments. In the more democratic Parliaments of the present time two great tendencies are observable. One is the increasing power of the Executive, and the other is the growing weakness of the House as a body and of its individual members. Mr. Bagehot's picture of the House of Commons as an elective Chamber, whose main function is to choose the President of a virtual republic, and whose characteristic levity and variableness is held in check by the power of the President so chosen to put an end to its life, must seem strange to those familiar only with the Commons of the present day. What we see is a Chamber which is not conscious at all of the privilege of choosing the President, but only of the power of overthrowing him and his Ministry, subject to manifest pains and penalties. It sees the exercise of this power to be hampered by so many formidable possibilities that it can only be resorted to in the last extremity. The normal condition of the House of Commons is that of enforced submission to a group of Administrators whom no majority of the House ever selected. The chances of the political game—accident or favour, the necessity or desirability of conciliating special interests or localities—these things, and not the choice of the House of Commons, may have planted individual Ministers in their respective places. When we take account, besides, of the ordinary jealousies and disappointments of Parliamentary life, we may easily realise how far an omnipotent Executive may be from representing the deliberate choice of the House of Commons.

And the Executive has become practically omnipotent while it lasts. It has virtually absorbed the whole power of what Mr. Bagehot calls the Sovereign Chamber. It determines the subjects for legislation and dictates the character of legislation. By successive encroachments it has taken into its own keeping the 'time of the House.' In an ordinary session under the existing practice, the power of initiating legislation has almost entirely passed away from the private member.

² *E.g.* in 1885.

The little that remains is rendered almost nugatory by the limitations of time and by the power of the Executive, if it thinks fit, to use the party majority against private members' Bills. It appears to me that it has become increasingly the habit of Administrations to assume control of private members' legislation. Every conceivable Bill will be found to relate to the sphere of government apportioned to some great department, and when the Bill comes before the House—if it ever does—the representatives of the department are there to sanction or to prevent its passing. New members are, I believe, impressed after a time by two things in the House of Commons—the absurdity of its procedure and the powerlessness of the members to do anything of their own choosing. They are generally wrong as to the first; they are right as to the second. The famous resolution of former days about the power of the Crown might in part be adopted now. It has increased, and it is increasing. Whether it ought to be diminished is another question.

Nor is it in matters of legislation only that the Executive, so long as it exists, dominates its master. For many generations the public have been accustomed to think of the Parliament only as a law-making body. It is conceived to be the duty of Governments and Parliaments to make new laws. A bulky statute-book is treated as sure proof of a fruitful session. The pledges demanded from candidates are mostly promises to bring in Bills. The electors little know how futile that process is, or how vast and important is the field of administration which they on the whole neglect. Yet it is in matters of administration that the House of Commons is really the 'Sovereign Chamber.' Its legislative power it shares with the House of Lords. Its administrative authority it shares with no one. And yet its impotence as against the Government is as marked in the administrative as in the legislative domain. On more than one occasion during the present Parliament, and even during the present session, the prevailing opinion of the House has been against the Government on matters of administrative policy, and yet apparently the Government has never been for a moment in danger. After the debate on the Spion Kop despatches a member, denying a report that he had abstained from voting, wrote: 'If every one who thought as I did had abstained, the Government would have been turned out. If the vote had been by ballot, and had not involved the existence of the Government, there would not have been a dozen members in "No" lobby in addition to the occupants of the Front Bench.'

It has been said, by Mr. Arthur Balfour among others, to be a present danger that real differences of party principle are tending to disappear. If that be true, it is true also that there is no corresponding diminution in the stringency of party discipline within the House of Commons. So far as my own personal observation goes, the control of the 'Whips' has increased in intensity and effective-

ness. Nothing in Mr. Bagehot's admirable book—up to date as it was at the time of its appearance—seems so antiquated now as his sketch of the departmental chief who, anticipating an attack on his department, loiters up to the Secretary of the Treasury and says quietly: 'They have got a motion against me on Tuesday, you know. I hope you will have your men here.' Whereupon the Secretary 'glides about and speaks a word here and a word there, in consequence of which, when the anti-official motion is made, a considerable array of steady grave faces sits behind the Treasury Bench.' The ceaseless vigilance of the Government Whips to which we are accustomed had apparently not been established in those days. No need now for the Minister in charge to give a hint to the Whips. At all times, when Government business is afoot, and that is now nearly always, the men are there.

Impartial observers from the outside, struck by the inability of the House to control the action of its own nominees (to adopt Mr. Bagehot's theory), are apt to regard it as a sign of decadence. In a sense different from that intended by Mr. Bagehot they regard the House as being now mainly an *informing* body. By its unlimited and unassailable power of putting questions to the Administration, it brings to light and under public notice multitudes of facts which if the departments were left to themselves would never be published at all. The newspapers report the hour devoted to questions more fully than any other period of the sitting, and so help to strengthen the impression that interrogation is now the main function of Parliament.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that the power of the House of Commons has waned. It is fully as much the 'Sovereign Chamber' as it was in the days of the pre-Reform Parliaments. What undoubtedly has happened is that the power of its dependent executive has enormously increased. The Front Bench, although not really chosen even by the dominant majority, has gathered all the powers of the House into its own hands. And the main, though not the only, instrument whereby this result has been achieved is the 'regulator'—the prerogative of dissolution.

If the movement for shorter Parliaments ever succeeds, it will doubtless, as Lord John Russell evidently foresaw, necessitate some change in the prerogative. Too many elections would be felt to be as inconvenient as too long Parliaments, and perhaps more so. If Parliament were once set free from the power of dissolution, a vast change would come over its methods. If the fixed period of its existence were as long as its present statutory term, the change would probably be greater than it might be in a system of four or three-year Parliaments. It is to me impossible to conceive a House elected for seven years certain submitting, as the House does now, to the hegemony of the group who happen to form the first Adminis-

tration of its majority. The Administration now stand or fall together, and their solidarity continues unimpaired until the end of the chapter. In every majority in every Parliament there are crowds of men who, sometimes not without reason, consider themselves as well entitled to administer as the men actually in office. Nothing pleases the Back Benches in an ordinary House so much as a castigation of the Front Benches. To suspect the agreement of the Front Benches when they do agree, as boding ill to the rights of private members, has become a tradition in Parliamentary life. There is no doubt a good deal of make-believe about all this; but it is not all make-believe. In the course of a Parliament the men in office have been tried, and their weak points have been found out. Men not in office have come to the front. If the majority were free to reconstruct its own Administration it would sooner or later yield to the temptation. And, the larger the majority, the greater would be the freedom and the temptation. It is never safe to prophesy the effect of constitutional alterations, but I should expect that the first and most momentous result of the abolition of this prerogative would be the weakening of the Parliamentary control now held by the Executive.

Would it involve also a weakening of what are called party ties? Mr. Bagehot lays great stress on the conservation of party through the operation of the prerogative. In my view the conservation of the Ministry for the time being is a more conspicuous if not a more important point. But it is impossible to ignore the bearing of the suggested change on party relations. There would be a great temptation on the part of discontented members of the majority to seek the aid of the Opposition in bringing about a reconstruction of the Administration, and little reluctance on the other side to give such aid. From this point to a reconstruction which should ignore ordinary party lines altogether would not be a very long step. The House of Commons even now has a strong sense of its corporate capacity, and, assuming nothing to be changed in our present system except the prerogative, it seems natural to expect that sooner or later the House as a whole would or might set up an Administration of its own, and that under certain circumstances such an Administration might be of a non-party character.

Whether such results as these would be wholly evil is a question on which opinion would probably be much divided. There is a general desire in this country for what are called strong Governments, and Governments, it might be said, could not be strong or stable if they were at the mercy of the uncontrolled caprice of the House of Commons. But, on the other hand, the power of reconstruction on a large scale would often have its compensating advantages. In almost any session of the present Parliament the majority, if it had a free hand, would probably have desired and effected readjust-

ments in the Ministry which might have been for the benefit of the public service.

As to the obliteration of party ties, I do not believe that would be permanent. I have never quite grasped the conception that party is a device invented for the purpose of facilitating Parliamentary government. Parties will exist so long as there are great questions dividing the minds, the tempers, the interests of free men. But there are times and seasons when such questions sink into abeyance. And we cannot always count on having the nation divided into only two opposing sections—which is the true ideal of party government. And, further, there may be times when some unforeseen circumstances arise to swamp party differences altogether. In such a period would it be an unmixed evil if the House of Commons for the time being had the power to shake itself free from the fetters of any existing Administration and take the control of the Empire more directly into its own hands? We know, generally, what is meant by a Ministry of Affairs. Such a Ministry, constituted of the best men of all political parties and for the express purposes of handling a specific crisis, would at such times command public confidence more completely than any party combination. I do not believe it would be beyond the capacity and the patriotism of any House to select and support just such an Administration. And can it be denied that the period through which we are still passing has been marked by all the characteristics that should make such an expedient possible and desirable?

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

WANTED A LEADER

THE interest excited by Lord Rosebery's brief note of congratulation to the editor of a West Country paper on the completion of its fortieth year is one of the most suggestive incidents of the past month. It was, to all appearance, little more than a small pebble thrown into the political stream, but it was curious to note how much it disturbed the water. Not the least significant feature in the incident was the discovery that the single omission of the date had given a character to the message which was wholly unintended. The mistake had only served to accentuate the significance which attaches to any utterance coming from its distinguished writer. The air had been full of rumours as to a manifesto which he was to issue, and his friendly message to the editor of one of those country papers which have won for themselves a high place in the records of the Liberal party by their proved fidelity to its principles and traditions was eagerly scanned and hotly discussed as though it contained an exposition of the new programme by which the country was to be rallied to the Liberal flag. Even looked at in that light it was not so trivial or unmeaning as some unfriendly critics would have had us believe. It showed, at all events, that the stories as to Lord Rosebery's intention to abandon the party to which he has rendered a service which has received but scant acknowledgment were as baseless as they were malicious. If such a purpose had ever been in his mind he certainly must have been singularly ill-advised in the keen criticisms which he has directed against the policy of the Ministry among whose followers he was about to enlist. It is true that the Prime Minister has of late shown a singular tendency to condone the independence of some of his supporters, and even to reward it by high office; but it was hardly to be expected that the same indulgence would be extended to one who has so long been his most formidable opponent. At all events, the letter was a sufficient indication that Lord Rosebery was true to his old allegiance, and that even if he is not prepared to join in screaming about time-honoured shibboleths which may mean everything or nothing according as they are understood, he is as anxious for that true national progress for which Liberalism is concerned as the most advanced Radical of the day.

Whether Lord Rosebery himself could fairly be described as a Radical is another question, and one which I have no intention of discussing. The name itself shares the misfortune common to all our party symbols at present, that it is used in so vague a manner that it conveys no definite idea. Lord Rosebery, even in this very message, gives an emphatic and very necessary warning against the whole system of political labelling and seeks to treat politics altogether in a more scientific manner. The sentences bearing on this point are the most noteworthy in his letter. The Liberal party has suffered seriously from the phrasemongers who have, in truth, brought us to such a condition that it is not always easy to determine where the dividing line between friend and foe is to be drawn. 'Peace, retrenchment, and reform' are sounding words, and around them cluster many inspiring associations, but they are very unsatisfactory as the sole articles of a political creed. There may have been a time when they were sufficient even for that purpose, but we are living under conditions which demand a much more careful definition of policy. This is really the point emphasised in the brief but suggestive communication addressed to the Plymouth editor; and if the Liberal party is to regain the influence which it ought to exert in the councils of the nation it is one which it must not disregard.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in a recent letter to the *Westminster Gazette*, drew attention to some object-lessons in relation to our military policy which have been supplied by the war. The most important of them is equally applicable to political life and is especially needed by Liberals. He reminds us how the valour and constancy of our soldiers have extricated the army from situations which seemed all but hopeless, and so saved the country from the disaster and humiliation to the verge of which it had been brought by the 'intellectual laziness' of some in high command. He says, 'On the debit side it has to be said that it was by an endless process of action and reaction the extraordinary quality of British valour depletes her Majesty's forces beyond all reason, and at the same time ministers to the intellectual laziness in high commands, which is so prodigal of the same unhappy consequence.' The lesson has been more than once repeated by the subsequent events of the war. It is universally confessed that the extraordinary success which has crowned the operations of Lord Roberts is due mainly to the patient and untiring exercise of his brain power. He has left nothing to accident, and accident, so far as we are aware, has done little or nothing to help him. His triumph is the triumph of science which has known how to use the valuable material at its command.

The story is a parable from which the Liberal party has much to learn. It would be as unwise as it would be unjust and ungenerous to bring railing accusation against its chiefs. They have had a

very difficult position to hold, but it can hardly be denied that its difficulties have been enormously increased by internal dissensions. Depleted as the Opposition is in numbers, there have been points at which it might have exercised considerable—sometimes it might even have been a decisive—influence if its leaders had been of one mind. The withholding of the notorious cablegrams and the unsatisfactory apologies for the publication of the Spion Kop despatches are examples. Neither the one nor the other would have been attempted in defiance of an Opposition united and firm in purpose. As it is, Mr. Chamberlain simply defies his opponents and covers the weakness of his case by rhetoric which commands the plaudits of his followers, but which even they regard as smart and clever rather than convincing, and which has done nothing towards solving the doubts of independent men.

It was hoped that the unanimous selection of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as leader in the Commons would have done something to promote united and energetic action. It has had a certain beneficial effect, but it would be the extravagance of optimism to assert that it has accomplished all that was to be desired or even hoped for. That the new leader is a more sturdy and formidable opponent than the champions of the Government are ready to admit is evident from the persistency and bitterness with which the *Times* assails him. He has deserved well of the party if only because he has never despaired of it even in its darkest hours. That gratitude should be all the more hearty because his action is so evidently disinterested. He has to bear all the blame of unsuccessful movements, and it is doubtful whether the credit of victory would be as readily given to him. It is of the failures, however, almost exclusively, that he has had experience, and though they may have been inevitable, there are many who will fix on him the responsibility. I was talking recently with a friend who is one of his most loyal supporters, and who, nevertheless, felt that he sometimes shrank from challenging a division even when a defeat would have been preferable to silent acquiescence in the will of the Ministry. But on asking another equally experienced member of the House his view on this point, his reply was that all these indications of weakness were due to the leader's knowledge of the divisions in his own ranks and even on the Front Bench. Under such conditions leadership becomes simply impossible.

The question which suggests itself is whether the present unhappy situation is due to that 'intellectual laziness' which Mr. Greenwood regards as the fault of our military chiefs at the beginning of the war. Certain it is that the rank and file of the Opposition include a large number who are pre-eminent in the distinctively British quality of pluck. They do not know when they are beaten, and seem never to doubt that they have the sympathy of the people, if only there could be an opportunity for getting at their real opinion. This has been very

conspicuous in the extreme opponents of the war. The meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, which was more select than numerous, was assured by Mr. Madison that all the internal troubles of Liberalism were due to the Rosebery clique! Such a blindness to facts is not very intelligible, but at least it reveals a strength of resolution which may be of the highest value in political conflict. In a leader, of course, a more just estimate of the situation is essential; but it is a great gain to be able to reckon on the presence of this sturdy feeling in the ranks. It is to be found largely among the Liberals of the country, and it is the duty of those who aspire to be their leaders to find out how this high quality can be most effectually utilised for the common good.

Liberal principles may be strong in the country, and yet the Liberal party be weak. This sounds somewhat of a paradox, and yet I venture to think it comes near the truth as to the present situation. A question was recently put by a Liberal Unionist peer to an ardent supporter of Liberal principles as to the present position of the party. The answer was prompt and uncompromising. 'There is no Liberal party' was the reply. Of course it was not meant to be taken in its literal significance, but it represented only too correctly the actual position. Liberals certainly form a strong element, it may be a majority, in the constituencies. They need only to have the old flag boldly unfurled in order to show their strength. But for all that the party is in a very parlous state, and the only way of reviving its strength and efficiency is by returning to first principles—in other words by what Lord Rosebery might call a more scientific view of our entire position. Unhappily, as his Lordship said at Bath, that is not our English way. As in other departments, so in that of politics, we live from hand to mouth, and hardly pause to test the policy of the hour by the principles we profess. We are dominated by traditions and habits, influenced by party cries and symbols which are retained long after they have lost their real meaning, too apt to ignore the conditions of the hour with which we have to deal.

The question of the war in South Africa is that which at present dominates every other, and unless the Liberal party can arrive at a general agreement in relation to it, it will not only fail to influence the impending settlement, but it is pretty sure to damage its own position in the country for many years to come. That the country is enthusiastic, almost passionate in its support of the war, and in its emphatic demands (surely reasonable enough under the circumstances) that whatever be the terms on which peace is concluded, the Boers shall not be left free to repeat the action which has led to the present costly struggle cannot be doubted by any candid observer. The feeling has been made all the more intense because of the intimate connection which has been established between the army in

the field and large classes in this country who in other wars have had little or no direct relation to the actual combatants. Nothing has surprised me more, with somewhat extended opportunities of observation, than the number of families in the middle classes who are represented at the front. This is due largely to the employment of the Volunteers, and the effect on public opinion has been both wider and deeper than is generally appreciated. I was recently spending a day or two in the home of a Yorkshire magistrate. At breakfast there came in a letter from a son who was a Volunteer at the front. The eagerness with which it was read and discussed was, I am free to confess, a revelation to myself. My host has been an ardent and active Liberal for many years, and took a broad and enlightened view of the entire situation. But he had very little patience with any who would commit his party to a defence of the Boer cause. To suppose therefore that the popular support of the war is a mere Jingo passion, confined chiefly to the loafers and loungers at music-halls, is entirely to mistake the situation. There is no doubt a strong element of rowdiness in our public manifestations, and there have been many incidents, especially those connected with the suppression of public meetings and injuries done to advocates of unpopular views, which cannot be too strongly reprobated. But there is a humane and even religious sentiment in support of the war which cannot be ignored, and which certainly will have to be reckoned with. The churches and their ministers have been a favourite target for the attacks of some of the prominent opponents of the war. The criticism with the taunts by which it is generally accompanied is really worn threadbare. We have had it so often that it has lost its point. The ministers of the Gospel, after all, may be supposed to understand the law of their Master as well as their critics. The Nonconformist Churches are a very potent factor in the Liberal party, and if among them there is such a force of opinion in favour of the war as is suggested by the attacks of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. John Morley, the fact is one which cannot be left out of account.

In short, it can hardly be doubted that Liberal Imperialism is an extremely powerful—it would not be too much to say the dominant—element in the party at the present time, and assuredly it is the only form of Liberalism which is at all likely to command the suffrages of the electors. This consideration will not of course have any weight with conscientious men who feel that the principles on which the policy is based are fundamentally wrong. But the consequences of their taking this intransigent attitude are so serious that they may reasonably pause before committing themselves to a course so extreme. The triumphs of the party of progress in the past have not been won by men who have shown themselves impracticable, and those who are to lead us to victories in the future must, like their predecessors, show that they have understanding of the signs of the times. This

does not imply that they must be mere time-serving opportunists who have no principle except that of the jumping cat, but it does mean that they should understand how the principle they hold most dear may sometimes be best served by a wise strategy which trusts to flanking movements rather than to frontal attacks.

There may of course be some who hold principles which will render it impossible for them to co-operate with the action of any party. A gentleman, *e.g.*, who squirms at the very mention of the word Empire will naturally find it extremely difficult to co-operate with a party which is not prepared to denounce the very existence of Empire and to take steps to free the earth from such an oppression. But, however sublime this sentiment may be, it cannot be regarded as a part of practical politics. The same observations may apply to believers in the doctrine of non-resistance. With them argument would simply be thrown away. They hold intelligently and firmly by a certain great principle, and by their rigid adherence to it they doom themselves to political impotence. So far the Liberal party loses by the withdrawal of those who otherwise would find in it their natural and appropriate place. But these constitute a comparatively small section. The real difficulty lies with men who, while they shrink from the position of these extremists, nevertheless abhor everything that tends towards militarism, and whose feeling of aversion has certainly not been diminished by the incidents of the last twelve months. It would be as impolitic as it would be unfair to underrate the influence which men of this stamp are certain to exert. They may seem at times to be too idealistic. They often press their views with inconvenient vehemence. They are occasionally prone to speak of themselves as though they were the Liberal party. But for all this they are sturdy champions of progress. It is to them that an appeal may be most hopefully made.

They are disposed to regard the very name Liberal Imperialism as a contradiction in terms. Imperialism, they contend, cannot be Liberal. Liberalism cannot be Imperial. But why? Everything must depend on the sense in which the word Imperialism is used. With the Imperialism of the music-halls or of the Yellow Press Liberalism cannot possibly have any real sympathy. It hates alike its orgies of delirious joy and its brutalities of repressive violence. It regards much of its patriotism as mere bluster, and some of its manifestations as discreditable to the nation. Its paltry vindictiveness as well as its insolent contempt of opposing powers appear to it alike unworthy of a great nation. In short, its Jingo ideas of national greatness are offensive alike to the principles and instincts of true Liberalism. But there is an Imperialism which is not represented either in such a song as the *Absent-minded Beggar* or in the print with which one of our morning papers has dishonoured all

English chivalry by representing the British lion trampling upon its prostrate foe. It does not believe that a nation's greatness depends on the extent of its dominions, and it certainly is no part of its aim to increase the vast territory whose responsibilities already weigh so heavily on the weary Titan. But it does seek to develop a spirit of sane though ardent patriotism. It feels the grandeur of the position to which our race has been called, and it desires that it should fulfil the trust which has thus been laid upon it. The guiding principle of its policy is to bind together the different sections of the Empire as the best guarantee for the preservation of the peace of the world.

Lord Rosebery is recognised as the most brilliant exponent of such an Imperialism. He has described it as 'sane and unaggressive.' Lady Carlisle has said that he must be held to these adjectives. Such a suggestion was quite unnecessary. His Lordship has never shown the slightest tendency towards a policy of a different kind. He has conducted our foreign administration, and his policy was of this absolutely sane and unaggressive character. He never failed to make England respected, and during his term of office we knew nothing of the exciting episodes and the threatening crises which have been so marked a feature during the life of this present administration. We have been told on excellent authority that it was his retirement in obedience to a miserable party vote that prevented the establishment of that understanding with Russia which would have saved us from many a subsequent agitation and difficulty. He is intensely—some may think too intensely—alive to the absolute necessity of guarding with the most jealous care the liberties and rights of this nation. But this does not make him bellicose or aggressive. He is extremely sensitive to the dangers which threaten us from the jealousy or rivalry of foreign Powers, and is consequently anxious that our own policy should be shaped with a wise and thoughtful forecast. While thus seeking to guard against possible dangers from without, he is equally concerned for that moral, intellectual, and social elevation of the people which he regards as the true strength of the nation. This is surely an Imperialism which is consistent with the most rigid adherence to Liberal ideas. The dominance of these ideas in our action towards the colonies now for many years past is the true secret of that extraordinary manifestation of loyalty to the old flag, and above all to the old Sovereign, which history will record as the most remarkable event of the closing years of the nineteenth century.

It is a curious fact that some of the Liberal critics of Lord Rosebery are more severe on his opposition to intervention on behalf of the Armenians than to any other part of his policy. But that refusal was part of his pacific policy. He was not lacking in sympathy with Armenia, but his intimate knowledge of the spirit abroad in the Chancelleries of Europe led him to shrink from the

risk of provoking a general European war in which rival ambitions would have played such a prominent part, and the case of the Armenians have been very speedily forgotten. It is hardly for the friends of peace to reproach him for saving the world from what must have been one of the most terrible wars ever waged. His Lordship's advice was in perfect keeping with the whole spirit and tendency of his policy. In the South African controversy he said nothing either in apology for the raid or in admiration of Mr. Chamberlain's earlier diplomacy. It is only since the commencement of the war that he has taken that distinctly patriotic attitude which has won for him the confidence and admiration of large numbers of his fellow-countrymen, independent altogether of their party relations.

He has himself told us that we are at the parting of the ways, and that is true alike of parties and their leaders. It is, I venture to think, particularly true of himself. He simply cannot remain in his present detached position and yet discharge that duty to his country which he regards as so imperative. No one who knows even a little of the inner life of politics can reasonably blame him for abandoning a leadership in which his action was so hampered, or deny him the credit of abstaining from any action since his retirement that was likely to damage the influence of his successors. On the contrary, he has materially helped them by a criticism of the Government of the most trenchant and effective character. But his position is anomalous and cannot be continued without serious risk to his own influence. He is marked out for a leader, and it is an open secret that there are men in the Unionist party who would feel distinctly relieved if he was at the head of affairs. It is that which may possibly have suggested the idea that his rôle should be that of the chief of a great National party. He has a considerable personal following, and, if he were dominated by selfish ambition, might be tempted to adopt this independent course, and to shake himself from all party trammels. It is sincerely to be hoped for his own sake, for that of the party with which he has been so honourably associated, and above all for the sake of the nation, that he will eschew a course so dangerous.

Some of the bitter critics who are so eager to misconstrue all his words and actions suggest that he is really a Conservative, or at least a Whig of the Palmerston school. They forget his record. It was not a follower of Palmerston who took the democratic attitude (for such it really was) or did the truly democratic service Lord Rosebery rendered in the organisation of the London County Council. Nor did the voice which pronounced that discriminating but appreciative eulogy on Cromwell at the Queen's Hall give an uncertain sound or speak as a doubting, half-apologising Whig. That oration alone is a sufficient proof that the root of the matter is in him, and that his proper place is with the party which is bent on the freedom and

elevation of humanity. Beyond most men, however, he is bound to look at his own position from the scientific standpoint. He has read history with exceptional intelligence and care, and his speeches on the Pitts and on Oliver Cromwell are sufficient to show that he has profited largely by the study. But, surely, if it teaches him anything, it must be the vanity of supposing that the English people, except under the pressure of some manifest and overwhelming national peril, are not likely to bury in oblivion all the memories of their past, and, forgetting their old principles, traditions, and watchwords, to forget that they have been Liberals or Tories, and to become Nationalists for the future. There is no present crisis which is sufficient to produce such a result. What might happen if Liberals were to cultivate what is called a pro-Boer, but what in reality is much more of anti-British, sentiment, it is not easy to predict. But there is no danger of such a contingency. Even those who sometimes indulge in wild talk, which their enemies interpret as anti-patriotic, do not quite mean it. They are irritated by some Jingo utterances, they carry in their minds a bitter memory of the Jameson raid, and are keenly sensitive to the disgrace it has inflicted on the country; they hate Cecil Rhodes and all his works, and are disposed to include Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner in the same anathema. But they have as little sympathy with the enemies of their country and are as little prepared to acquiesce in its humiliation as the most daring Imperialist of them all. At the worst they are only a small company, though they are apt to mistake their little company for the Liberal party. That party as a whole will, I believe, rally to the standard of so trusted a leader as Lord Rosebery. It would be a very different thing if they were invited to cut the last strands of the tie which bound them to the Liberal party and follow him into the unknown association of a new Nationalism.

Unfortunately it might seem as though in such case Mr. John Morley would not be found in his old place, and his absence would be a subject of profound regret to many who do not sympathise with his opinions. No difference in opinion should be allowed to lower our estimate of the value of such an element as he has contributed to political life. But the position which he of all people maintained in his recent address to the 'Palmerston Club' is an impossible one. In his opposition to militarism he commands the sympathy of true Liberals, but they hesitate when he presses this to an extreme which would really mean the neglect of the necessary measures of self-defence. His advice is such as the nation could not follow, except at the cost of its own independence. The danger of the present hour is no doubt the tendency, which Mr. Morley so justly condemns, to militarism; but there could be no greater mistake than to meet it by a policy which would not only outrage some of the strongest instincts of our race, but also lead it to neglect some of its most manifest

duties. There is another and nobler mode of resistance, and it is that which is indicated by the term Imperialism, which Mr. Morley has sought to depreciate by identifying it with the insolence and bluster, the land-grabbing and the vindictive passion which are as offensive to Lord Rosebery as to himself.

There is a remarkably suggestive passage in a letter of Miss Mary Kingsley's, which appeared in the *Spectator* a few months ago, which contains a truth most needed at the present hour: 'I sincerely hope, among the many good things this South African affair will surely give us, one will be the recognition that emotionalism is sitting at our council board in a place that should be occupied by knowledge. I beg you will not misunderstand me, and think that by emotionalism I mean either true religion or true human sympathy.' The caution is one that is needed, and not the less so because this emotionalism is called forth on behalf of what is in truth a doctrinaire policy. It is remarkable how slight is the difference which seems to separate the different sections of the Liberal party at present. Questions bearing on the diplomacy which preceded the war are at present at all events out of date, and as regards the settlement we appear to be substantially agreed. Are not some of the denunciations of Great Britain, and on the other hand the lamentation over the destruction of Republics, the language of emotionalism rather than of knowledge? And are they not likely to hinder rather than help the objects they are intended to promote? At all events they only weaken the hands of those who are desirous that the settlement should be one which shall be as much to the honour of English statesmanship as her success in the war has been to the gallantry of her soldiers and the wonderful skill of her great commander.

It may be presumptuous in a mere outsider to have written thus as to a question so delicate as that I have been handling. But I may at least urge this excuse: that I have only given form to what I hear continually expressed. It would have been worse than presumption if I had said anything to disparage our present leader. But we have been frequently told that while we have a leader in the Lords and another in the Commons, neither claims to lead the party. I decline to believe that, if Lord Rosebery consented to take his old position, there would be any difficulty in adjusting the relations of these old colleagues. One thing seems to me certain, the unity of the Liberal party is demanded, not only by its own necessity, but by its duty to the country. Domestic questions have been thrown into the shade by the absorbing interest of the war; but as it approaches its close and the public mind is relieved from the tension of the last year, a revival of interest in social, political, and ecclesiastical reforms will certainly come.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Monday, the 28th of May.—This fateful month, which wise men long ago predicted would be that in which the issue of the war would be determined, seems not unlikely to witness something more than the mere beginning of the end. To-night the newspapers are full of the report that General French is already in Johannesburg, and though the report is unconfirmed and seems too good to be true, there are not a few who believe it. What is certain is that the British army has crossed the Vaal without opposition and is now on the high road to Pretoria. In the Free State the remaining commandoes in the south-east are being hustled from one place to another at the will of the English general; in the west, Sir Archibald Hunter and General Baden-Powell are steadily advancing to strengthen the left wing of Lord Roberts's force, and in Natal General Buller is waiting for the signal to attack the Boer force at Laing's Nek. All is going so favourably that it scarcely seems possible that there should be any further check to our arms. The discouragement of President Kruger is unmistakable, and not even the lying reports from Pretoria seem to weaken the popular belief in this country that within a fortnight we shall see the capital of the Transvaal in our hands.

To-day Parliament adjourns for an unusually long Whitsuntide recess. The question of the dissolution still troubles many minds, and gossip is busy on the subject. The *Times* of this morning publishes a number of letters from Unionist members, advocating an immediate or Khaki dissolution. But sober-minded people still refuse to believe in the possibility of such a step. That it would be the most undisguised electioneering trick, and that neither precedent nor the rules of good-faith could justify it, most persons admit. That Lord Salisbury will sanction a resort to such a procedure is not believed by his personal friends. But the public is full of the idea that the moment Lord Roberts triumphs at Pretoria, the Government will make haste to appeal to the country. If it were to do so, it would place Conservative confidence in the claims of the Conservative cause in a very singular light—a fact which does not seem to have occurred to the ardent Ministerialists who are clamouring for an immediate dissolution on the 'now or never' principle.

Wednesday, the 30th of May.—Late last night the news reached London that Lord Roberts was virtually in command of Johannesburg, and that he had arrived in time to prevent the threatened destruction of the mines. It was pardonable on the part of the public to exaggerate the intelligence, and to treat it as an announcement of the actual entry of our troops into the 'gold-reef city.' That event Lord Roberts himself has fixed for to-day, and, as everybody knows, he is a man of his word. Admiration for the swiftness with which he has conducted his operations is universal. There are still, of course, prophets of evil who cling to the belief that even the occupation of Pretoria will not put an end to the war, but the general public is of a more sanguine temperament, and it must be confessed that all the evidence which reaches us from Boer sources points to the existence of a state of general demoralisation, if not of positive despair, on the part of the enemy.

So we seem at last to have come within sight of the final chapter in a tragical story. Those of us who never doubted the ultimate issue of the conflict between the South African Republics and the British Empire—and I think the number includes the great majority of the inhabitants of these islands—are thankful to find that the conquest of the Transvaal has not been so costly an operation as it seemed at one time likely to be. As to the future, the first significant step has already been taken, in the annexation of the Orange Free State; whilst Lord Salisbury, in his speech last night, made it clear that Ministers do not mean to leave 'a shred of independence to the two Republics.' It is by no means certain that Ministers, if left to themselves, might not have adopted a less heroic course, but the man in the street has practically taken the settlement into his own hands, and the fate of the Republics has been sealed beyond redemption.

It is amusing to note to-day that the evening newspaper bills, so long the fiery heralds of war, are now occupied, not with Johannesburg, but with Epsom; the British public very soon forgets, and there are signs which indicate that the interest of the masses is already being transferred from the operations in South Africa to more homely matters. But those who look beyond the questions of the hour see good reason for the belief that even the conclusion of peace will not put an end to all the difficulties of the international situation. The resignation of General de Galliffet is an ominous incident in the history of France, whilst the situation in China is as dangerous and perplexing as it well can be. For the present, however, the man in the street is completely happy.

Thursday, the 31st of May.—The great news of this morning has fairly taken the public by surprise. Whilst we were awaiting the announcement of the entry of Lord Roberts and his army into Johannesburg there came the astounding and unexpected intelli-

gence that Mr. Kruger had fled from Pretoria, and that the capital of the Transvaal, having been placed temporarily under the care of a provisional committee, was ready to surrender to the advancing English force. The news as yet is unconfirmed, but there can be no reason to question its accuracy. Lord Rosslyn could not have telegraphed false news to the *Daily Mail*, nor would the Boer authorities have permitted such news to pass unless it was absolutely true. The withdrawal of the burghers from the forts round Pretoria and the practical release of our soldiers from their prolonged captivity, the suppression of the Boer official organ, the *Diggers' News*, and the steps taken to maintain order in the capital pending the actual arrival of the British troops, are all facts that tell the same tale. The Boer resistance has collapsed at its central point, and, whatever may be in store in the immediate future, the serious part of the war is now at an end. Lord Roberts's despatch to-night shows that Johannesburg was not entered until to-day, and his previous messages warned us that some sharp fighting had taken place before the occupation was actually effected. But this evening everybody believes that both the chief cities of the Transvaal—the commercial and political capitals of the Republic—are now in our possession. The news has been taken with a calmness that contrasts rather curiously with the feverish excitement over the relief of Mafeking. Perhaps the public has not yet had time to realise all that is implied in the apparent collapse of the Boer resistance. Or it may be that it was the dramatic—one might almost say the melodramatic—incidents of the defence of Mafeking that stirred the country so deeply when the news of its relief became known. Be the cause what it may, London is quite calm to-night, and the tidings of the 'crowning mercy' of Pretoria have been received almost in silence. It is strange that the last day of May should have witnessed this great event. Last January, when things looked blackest for our forces in South Africa, the 31st of May was the day I heard named as that which must witness the final collapse of the Boer resistance. Never was the 'high chess game' of war played with greater skill or more brilliant success than in the operations which have now culminated in a most welcome triumph.

Saturday, the 2nd of June.—The country has had to pass through an anxious forty-eight hours since the announcement of the imminent occupation of Pretoria by the English troops. We are still without positive news of this event. We are even without any direct tidings from Lord Roberts, beyond the brief message of Thursday, announcing that he had entered Johannesburg. But there is every confidence in the statements published on Thursday morning, and the suspension of all telegraphic communications with Pretoria seems to confirm the news from the Transvaal capital. The

country now awaits with absolute calmness the confirmation of the news that Pretoria is ours, and that the organised resistance of the Boers is at an end.

In the meantime Lord Rosebery's letter to the editor of the *Western Daily Mail* appears this morning, and is attracting the attention of the press. During the past week rumour has been very busy with the ex-Premier's name, and he has been credited with all kinds of intentions—from the formation of a coalition with Mr. Chamberlain to the issuing of a manifesto calling upon his supporters to rally round him. Nobody who has any knowledge of the inside of politics can have credited the absurd rumour of a Rosebery-Chamberlain coalition. It must have sprung, I fancy, from some of those Conservatives who do not fully appreciate the virtues and talents of the Colonial Secretary, and who think that, after all, the Tory party would be in a happier state if he were not one of its leaders. Nor can any one who knows Lord Rosebery's personal attitude have believed that he was likely to appeal to his friends for their support with anything in the shape of a manifesto. His letter of this morning simply makes his position on the burning question of the day a little clearer than it was before. He will be no party to the neglect of our duties to the Empire, and will have nothing to do with the Little England school; but at the same time he sees—what too many forget—that among the lessons taught by the war is the absolute necessity of adapting our resources to the strain which the duties of Empire impose upon them. 'Imperialism,' in Lord Rosebery's view, is not a mere music-hall phrase to be used whenever a political party wishes to catch the support of the mob. It is a very grave reality, and it involves its supporters in heavy responsibilities. How best to discharge those responsibilities, and how to put the Empire as a whole upon a business footing, seem to be the questions that have engaged Lord Rosebery's most serious attention ever since the war began. In his letter printed this morning he makes this fact more clearly apparent than before to the general public. It will be interesting to see how his sober reference to the burdens of the Empire, as distinguished from its glories, will be taken by the electors.

Monday, the 4th of June.—Another Bank Holiday, with its usual accompaniments of crowded trams, deserted clubs, and, happily, on this occasion, glorious weather. That which strikes one most in the appearance of London to-day is the absolute calm in which the public seems to be awaiting further news from South Africa. We know now that the British Flag floats over Johannesburg, and that the Rand is ours. But we have had no further tidings from Pretoria, and from some other quarters in the field of war we have intelligence of rather considerable losses to our forces. And yet everybody is confident of success, and not a murmur is heard over the delay in bringing us the final news. Lord Roberts seems to hold the

British public, as he holds the Boer troops, in the hollow of his hand. The account of the meeting of the 'People's Congress' in Cape Colony on Friday has been received here with mixed feelings. It seems as though the Afrikanders were anxious to justify everything that has been said by the most vehement opponents of the Bond during the course of the war. Speeches and resolutions like those of last week can only harden the hearts of the English party at the Cape, and make a policy of conciliation more difficult than ever.

Wednesday, the 6th of June.—Most welcome to everybody was the announcement from Lord Roberts of his occupation of Pretoria. The news was signalled to the public by the hoisting of the Union Jack on the new flagstaff at the War Office shortly after half-past twelve yesterday, and in an astonishingly brief space of time it seemed to be known everywhere. Though it was not received, in London, at all events, with the almost delirious explosion of delight which followed the tidings of the relief of Mafeking, it caused a deep and universal sense of joy and relief. Once more the flags fluttered in all the streets, and at night there was a partial repetition of the carnival of last month. Indeed, Pall Mall, where the clubs were a blaze of light, was made the scene of a small demonstration of an unusual kind—large numbers of young men and women, apparently from the East End, dancing wildly in the roadway. It was the English version of the Carmagnole. One of the most remarkable scenes was that witnessed at Dover, when the French boat with the morning mail from Paris arrived, soon after the news of the British victory had been received. The porters on the quay shouted the tidings to the crowd of Whitsuntide passengers on board. Cheers were raised on both sides, and then, before the boat was made fast to the pier, 'God save the Queen' was sung with immense vigour. One who was present tells me that during this spontaneous demonstration the French crew of the steamer maintained an expression of unmoved sullenness.

This seems to be typical of the reception given to the news by Europe at large. The French papers in particular are sardonic in their congratulations, all except those who seem to have lost their heads in a fury of vindictive hate. In this country we have received the glad tidings with thankfulness rather than exultation. The occupation of Pretoria unquestionably means the early termination of the war, and that, in its turn, implies the relaxation of an awful strain upon thousands of hearts—a strain that is not the less severe because it has been bravely borne. The feeling with regard to the masterly strategy of Lord Roberts is very strong, and it would delight everybody if the Queen were to seize the present moment in order to make some signal acknowledgment of the debt the country owes him.

Of course the occupation of Pretoria raises once more the discussion of the probability of a 'khaki' dissolution. There is nothing, however, to be added to what has already been said on this topic. Sir William Walrond's speech, indeed, strengthens the conviction that the Cabinet as a whole does not favour an immediate dissolution. Some curious rumours and speculations are afloat respecting the state of things in the inner circles of the Government. The old story of differences between Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues is revived, and it is noted that the preposterous idea of an alliance between him and Lord Rosebery has been eagerly supported by some of the journalistic friends of the Colonial Secretary, as though the intention were to make use of it as an argument for influencing those members of the Cabinet who do not at present agree with Mr. Chamberlain. There is talk, too, of the reconstruction of the Government. Whatever the result of the next General Election may be, this Ministry will certainly not meet the new Parliament in its present shape, and there is much speculation as to the men who will vanish from it, either because they are not wanted or because they themselves desire to go.

Friday, the 8th of June.—There is real disappointment to-day over the news from South Africa. Although the serious work of the campaign is at an end, it is evident that there is plenty of fighting force left in the hands of the enemy, and yesterday brought us a new list of casualties that has saddened many homes. The crack corps of the Imperial Yeomanry has suffered heavily, and we do not know the worst as yet. Moreover, the silence of Lord Roberts with regard to our captured soldiers, though it may easily be accounted for, causes some disquietude, if not actual anxiety; while Mr. Kruger's confidences to the correspondent of the *Daily Express*—which seems to be rapidly becoming the mouthpiece of monarchs and rulers of all degrees—do not favour the immediate restoration of peace in South Africa. Yet although this mood of disappointment seems generally prevalent to-day, clear-sighted men do not allow themselves to lose sight of the cardinal fact that the war resources of the Boers are rapidly being exhausted, and that it is now in our power to cut them off from any fresh supplies. They may talk big, but the final judgment of the wisest is that the end of the struggle is not merely inevitable but imminent. As for what will follow the war, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech last night, to which scant justice is done by the Ministerial press, helps to clear the situation. It has become the fashion to talk of the Liberal leader as a man who is incapable of making up his mind. He has made it up clearly and decisively upon one point, if we may judge by yesterday's speech. The two Republics 'must, as a matter of course, in some form or under some conditions, become States of the British Empire.' Thus the Opposition is pledged by the voice of its authorised leader in the House of Commons to annexation. Long ago I forecast this

decision ; now that it has been arrived at the question of the future of South Africa surely becomes one that may be discussed even by Mr. Chamberlain and the *Times* without party passion. The conditions which are to attend the annexation are a fair subject for careful and deliberate discussion in Parliament and the country.

But the black shadow of the trouble in China is looming so largely upon the horizon that it even lessens the interest in the absorbing South African question. There are not many politicians in London at present, but those who are here take a gloomy view of the situation, and their fears are shared to the full by the financial world. It is too soon to discuss the crisis, but one may at least note the fact that it is already elbowing the African problem out of the field. This afternoon I met one of the most important of the permanent officials in Pall Mall—a man who, as President McMahon said of his secretary M. d'Harcourt, 'knows everything,' even the intricacies of this Chinese business—and he was more silent and depressed than during the blackest days of last January. It is possible that our war in South Africa may be nothing more than the opening act in a bigger drama than the world has yet begun to contemplate as possible.

Sunday, the 10th of June.—The silence of the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa was unpleasantly explained yesterday afternoon by the publication of the telegram announcing that the telegraph wire between Bloemfontein and Johannesburg had been cut. To-day comes the further news that a considerable portion of the railway between Kroonstad and the Vaal has been destroyed, so that it is evident that the Boers are engaged in interfering with our communications. Nobody seems to be alarmed by this manifestation of energy, though a natural anxiety to learn the fate of the prisoners and of the missing prevails widely. From Natal comes the news of Buller's strategic success, and the further tidings of his occupation of Laing's Nek is eagerly awaited.

Mr. Morley's speech to the members of the Palmerston Club at Oxford last night makes one or two things apparent to the man in the street that have long been patent to those behind the scenes. One of these things is that if Mr. Morley had to choose between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain he would greatly prefer the Colonial Secretary to the ex-Premier. The other is that there is no hope of a reconciliation between the Little Englanders and those Liberals who recognise their duties to the Empire as a whole. Mr. Morley bluntly tells the country that Lord Rosebery and the other eminent Liberals who advocate an Imperial policy are nothing more than poor imitators of the genuine Imperialist of Birmingham, and he declares his own determination to turn Socialist rather than ally himself with them. To those who have known what has been passing in the inner circles of Liberalism during the past three years there will be nothing surprising in this defiant and revolutionary

utterance; but it will be interesting to observe the way in which it is taken by those who have hitherto believed in Mr. Morley as the type of the philosophic politician, whose adamant attachment to the cause with which he has hitherto identified himself made it impossible that he should ever yield to personal chagrin, or should ever identify himself with a movement—Socialism, to wit—to which he has hitherto professed the strongest repugnance. It remains to be seen how the Socialists will welcome their new and unexpected ally.

Tuesday, the 12th of June.—Perhaps the most significant item in this morning's papers is that which tells how a field-day was carried out at Aldershot yesterday, when some 25,000 troops were under arms for many hours. The day was the hottest of the year so far, and one of the hottest June days upon record. In London life was almost insupportable, even under the pleasantest conditions possible. What it must have been at Aldershot for soldiers in full war-paint, and exposed to all the fatigues of a field-day, Heaven only knows. Yet nobody seems to have thought of postponing the operations. They were duly carried out according to the programme, with the result that three men were killed outright, and many more placed *hors de combat*. This is really scandalous, but it is not more scandalous than it is instructive. The want of common intelligence shown by many of our military authorities, and so painfully illustrated in this Aldershot *fiasco*, has cost us hundreds of lives in South Africa. The time for a root-and-branch reform of our army system has manifestly arrived, and it will be at our peril if we allow it to pass unimproved.

The news from the seat of war is disquieting enough to emphasise this need of reform in our military system. The interruption of communications between Lord Roberts and his base may not in itself be a matter of grave importance, but the Boers have secured a substantial triumph in the capture of the fourth Derbyshire battalion, after an engagement in which we lost heavily. It is disheartening to think that even now, when they are broken up and dispirited by our repeated successes, the enemy have still the power of inflicting upon us damaging blows of this kind. Such blows may not interfere with the course of the war, but they undoubtedly hurt our *amour-propre*, and accentuate the ill-natured criticism of our neighbours on the Continent.

The Cabinet crisis at Capetown throws a good deal of light upon the 'true inwardness' of Afrikaner politics. Mr. Schreiner, who has had to play a very difficult and ungrateful part throughout the war, and who has not hitherto succeeded in satisfying anybody, seems at last to have broken with the more fiery spirits of the Bond, and to have taken a firm stand on the side of the Loyalists. It is to be hoped that his action will meet with the recognition it deserves from the press of this country. No man has been more roundly

abused by the intemperate Jingo than Mr. Schreiner. It will be a great mistake now to do anything that might weaken his attachment to the Queen and to her cause in South Africa.

Chinese affairs grow worse and worse, and exercise a very depressing influence upon the political world. The amount of loose gunpowder that is scattered about in the neighbourhood of Pekin is so great that prudent men must tremble over the course which events are taking. For the present we are assured that the concert of the Powers is complete, and that no nation will act alone; but with outrages like the destruction of the English Minister's summer residence occurring from day to day, no one can tell what may happen. Our rivals openly rejoice over the fact that our preoccupations in South Africa prevent this country from taking the lead in the crisis in the Far East. Happily the Pekin incident has been deferred so long that the South African war is not likely to be affected by it. The case would have been very different if the Boxers had moved six months ago.

Thursday, the 14th of June.—The despatch from Lord Roberts published last night, and the supplementary despatches published to-day both from the Field Marshal and Sir Redvers Buller, show that the situation has suddenly undergone a great alteration for the better at the seat of war. Lord Roberts himself has dispersed the enemy under General Botha in the neighbourhood of Pretoria; Lord Methuen, with the assistance of Lord Kitchener—of whom so little has been heard of late—has inflicted a heavy defeat upon Commandant de Wet and once more cleared the line of communications between the Free State and Pretoria, while, best of all, General Buller has secured Laing's Nek, driven the Boers out of Natal, and advanced so far as to effect a diversion in favour of Lord Roberts. One would have imagined that these important successes would have re-established the public confidence in the course of the war. But this is hardly the case, and men are talking gloomily of the possibility of the struggle being maintained at all events to the end of the year. To the eyes of one uninstructed layman it does not seem that there is much reason for this pessimism; but one must record its existence. At Capetown Mr. Schreiner seems to have persisted in his resignation, and Sir Gordon Sprigg has been sent for by Sir Alfred Milner. Both military and political events are marching to the final issue.

Members of Parliament have come back to town in scanty numbers and apparently with but a languid interest in the course of events. The Chinese question is that which seems to claim their chief notice, and Mr. Brodrick's statement in the House of Commons to-night was listened to with breathless attention. The *Westminster Gazette* seeks to point the moral of the war by dwelling upon the fact that we are powerless to act in China, as we should have done if our whole military strength had not been occupied in South Africa. Perhaps there is a

little over-colouring in the picture drawn by the *Westminster*; but in the main it is a true one. We must be content to play a secondary part in China, and in other quarters of the world also, while we are grappling with our great task in Africa. Mr. Morley need not fear that we are all about to be infected simultaneously by the fever of militarism. There are too many drawbacks even to unmixed military successes to make this possible, and in South Africa our successes have scarcely been unmixed.

This evening comes the sad but by no means unexpected news of Mrs. Gladstone's death. Another link with the great past is thus snapped. Of Mrs. Gladstone all who knew her illustrious husband, whether they were friends or opponents in the world of politics, entertain the kindest memories. She was the most devoted and unselfish of wives, and it was to her consecration of herself to the task of smoothing her husband's path that he was largely indebted for the power of accomplishing his work. She lived with him and for him, and it has seemed wonderful to many that she should have survived him so long. But she was borne up by the very strength of her affection for the man with whose name and fortunes she was so closely associated, and by the fulness of her faith that her separation from him was but for a season. It is pathetic to know that in the last months of her life she was much under the impression that he was at hand, waiting for her, and that it was her duty to go to him. Now they are once more together.

Saturday, the 16th of June.—Members of Parliament are a nervous race of mortals. Once more the lobby is ringing with the story of an imminent dissolution, and in spite of the overwhelming evidence against the possibility of a General Election next month, there are still many who believe in it. One might have supposed that the condition of affairs in South Africa would of itself have satisfied the most nervous that there can be no dissolution just now. We have not yet seen the end of the war—though to-day's news brings us closer to it—and even if the war were over the political crisis at the Cape must make the position an anxious one for some time to come. It appears from to-day's telegrams that the Cape Progressives are not in an accommodating temper, and that the greater interests involved in the settlement of the terms of peace may be sacrificed to the personal rivalries of individual politicians. This would be lamentable indeed. It would besides furnish a pretty commentary upon the loyalty of the Loyalists at Cape Town, and would give the opponents of the war a weapon that they would not be slow to use.

But if there were no question at issue in South Africa to stand in the way of an immediate dissolution, the Chinese difficulty effectually prevents such a step. This morning's news shows that the situation is becoming hourly graver. We are face to face with what seems to be a desperate resolve on the part of the Chinese Government to try conclusions with the rest of the world. So long as the Great Powers act

together the situation, though delicate and difficult, may be regarded with confidence. Mrs. Partington was not more powerless against the Atlantic than China against the outer world. But the misfortune is that no one can say when some difficulty may not crop up between the Powers, and when it arises the situation must be immeasurably aggravated. The people who think that in existing circumstances Lord Salisbury can be contemplating a sudden dissolution of Parliament pay a very poor compliment not merely to his patriotism but to his intelligence.

Monday, the 18th of June.—China, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all other questions for the moment, and to-day the public can think of nothing but the storm that is clearly brewing at Peking. All manner of alarming stories are current in the papers, but those who know China best, and who are acquainted with the way in which Shanghai, for example, manufactures *canards* by the gross, are inclined to look with some scepticism on the gravest of the stories that are told to-day. Yet in any case the business is sufficiently serious, and still the gravest of all problems is whether the Great Powers will be able to act together when the pressing difficulty of the safety of the Ministers at Peking has been settled. Upon that point the comments of the Russian papers—and of some French journals also—are by no means encouraging.

General Buller's indignant statement with regard to the wanton destruction of property in Natal by the Boers, and the filthy outrages committed at Dundee, will not be pleasant reading for the friends of President Kruger. Whatever virtues the Boer may have as a lover of liberty, he is clearly not a commendable character in many important respects. Sir George White has drawn attention to another of his failings in his speech at Coleraine. He is an 'audacious liar,' and many of his lies are being spread abroad just now. As the irresistible tide of British victory swells higher and higher, it is probable that the crop of untruths by means of which the Boers seek to cover their disastrous plight will become still more plentiful. It is a misfortune for an honest and independent politician like Mr. Courtney that the clients whose cause he has espoused with so much ardour should be in many respects so objectionable. If the case were different, it is very probable that the 'pro-Boer' in politics would not excite so much animosity as he seems to do, and that we should not have to contemplate the possibility of Mr. Courtney's exclusion from the next House of Commons.

Wednesday, the 20th of June.—Everybody is talking of China to-day, and of the position, not only of the beleaguered Legations but of the relieving force. The capture and occupation of the Taku forts prove that the co-operation of the Powers is for the present a reality, and so far we may breathe freely. But literally nothing is known as to the position either at Peking or Tientsin; for the rumours published on the subject are not confirmed, and whether they are

good or evil may be dismissed as entirely untrustworthy. It is a strange and perplexing situation, and naturally causes much uneasiness. That we should have been able, despite our preoccupations in South Africa, to despatch a considerable body of troops to join in the military operations in China, may come as a surprise to the more ignorant of our critics abroad, but will hardly surprise any of the Continental Governments. Yet it cannot be doubted that it is not without a certain measure of risk that we weaken our forces in India while the war in South Africa is still being dragged on.

The situation in the Far East is having its effect upon home politics. It has certainly tended still further to weaken the interest in the ordinary proceedings of Parliament, and has made it less than ever likely that Mr. Chamberlain, who delivered himself yesterday of a vigorous electioneering manifesto in the congenial society of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, will be able to carry his project of a khaki dissolution. The mood of the public at present is one of profound distaste for mere party polemics. A slight revival of interest in speeches has been caused by Lord Salisbury's outspoken words with regard to the missionaries in China, but one has only to recall the way in which much less emphatic warnings have been received in bygone times in order to form an estimate of the political lassitude that seems to pervade all classes and parties at the present moment. The truth is that both parties have made up their minds, somewhat rashly I think, that the next General Election will have no surprise in store for us. Things are to remain as they have been, and the new Parliament is to perpetuate for a few years longer the rule of the Tories. This is apparently the settled conviction of the majority of the electors. I do not know whether the prospect is more distasteful to ardent Radicals eager to try their hands at the management of the nation's affairs, or to old Conservatives weary of a task which has pressed so heavily upon them during the last five years. Certainly if some members of the present Government had their will, the new Parliament would bring into existence a new Ministry. Indeed, rumour has it that, whatever may be the result of the General Election, not a few of the members of the present Government will insist upon retiring from office. I need not mention the names of the Ministers to whom a special degree of weariness of their task is ascribed; but I may say that, if these Ministers do persist in their alleged determination to retire, the change in the Government will be a revolutionary one.

The success of Sir Gordon Sprigg in forming an administration at the Cape, in which Mr. Rose-Innes and other moderate politicians have places, and the arrogant and unreasonable action taken by the Bond Congress seem to have had a reassuring effect upon public opinion at home. If the Afrikaner party is determined to maintain an attitude so extreme that even Mr. Schreiner will not countenance it, and if a ministry which combines loyalty

to the Crown with a determination to deal fairly with both the white races of South Africa comes into power, there ought to be no danger of any serious differences in this country with regard to the policy to be pursued at the close of the war. The arrival of Lord Roberts's belated telegram relating to the release of 3,000 of our captured soldiers at Pretoria has brought relief to many minds. But the deportation of 900 of the captives to an unhealthy spot near the temporary quarters of President Kruger, and the fact that they are deprived of the reasonable comforts which prisoners of war have a right to expect at the hands of a civilised enemy, have created a strong feeling of bitterness among all classes at home, and may interfere with the negotiations for peace which, according to current rumour, are now being carried on between Lord Roberts and the representatives of the Transvaal.

Friday, the 22nd of June.—The sudden death of Count Mouravieff at the very moment when the Chinese problem to which he had devoted so much of his time during his brief career as Foreign Minister of Russia has reached a critical stage, is a startling and dramatic incident. It cannot be said that Count Mouravieff was a friend of this country, especially with regard to Chinese affairs. But, on the other hand, the stories of his bitter animosity towards England are undoubtedly exaggerated. He was a clever and somewhat unscrupulous diplomatist of a type with which Russia has made us familiar. He had an unfortunate habit of using words in their non-natural sense, and in consequence was once bluntly accused of lying by another distinguished member of the diplomatic body. There is no reason to suppose, however, that he had any far-reaching schemes for injuring Great Britain, except in so far as it might be necessary to injure this country for the advancement of the interests of Russia. His death at this critical moment, when Europe and Japan find themselves suddenly engaged in a struggle against all the reactionary influences in China, is undoubtedly a public misfortune. One can only hope that the Czar will be his own Foreign Minister while the crisis lasts. The absence of news from Peking and Tientsin to-day is extremely disquieting, and justifies the gloomy view which is taken, alike in financial and political circles, of the situation. On the other hand the vigorous steps to which this country is resorting in order to bear its fair share in the solution of the problem are having a reassuring effect upon public opinion. They must convince even the journalists of Paris that Great Britain has not yet to be dismissed from the ranks of the Great Powers.

The unfortunate illness of the Khedive on board the Royal Yacht caused something like a dramatic surprise yesterday. No intimation that his Highness was unwell had been sent to London, and at the hour fixed for his arrival at Charing Cross the Duke of Cambridge was in attendance to receive him, the state carriages from Buckingham Palace were in waiting, the escort of Life Guards was

marshalled, and the streets had been cleared by the police in anticipation of the passing of the *cortège*. From every point of view the Khedive's illness is to be deplored. It has thrown into confusion all the arrangements made by the Court for his proper entertainment, and it has prevented—it is to be hoped only for a short time—the manifestation of the interest of the British people in the young ruler whose connection with this country is now of so intimate a character.

Sunday, the 24th of June.—No relief so far as the Chinese situation is concerned! The telegrams published to-day are, indeed, distinctly ominous, and the gravest fears for the safety of the Legations and Ministers at Peking prevail. From South Africa too, although the news is in the main favourable, we have at least one unpleasant item—the capture of a mail-train with the whole of the correspondence intended for the Army. From Ashanti the news shows that we are still far from having accomplished the task of relieving our beleaguered representative. Truly we 'dwell in the midst of alarms,' and yet amid it all there are no outward and visible signs of anxiety. London was talking yesterday of the opening of the magnificent Wallace Gallery—the most splendid of all the private benefactions this country has ever received—and of the Post Office break-down, rather than of China or South Africa. The illness of the Khedive, which is really serious, furnished another topic of conversation. But as for the massacres in China or the gradual collapse of the Boer resistance, politicians seemed to ignore them as matters of no moment.

So far as Parliament is concerned, the languid feeling of which I have already spoken is its main characteristic. Mr. Chamberlain's final settlement of the Australian Federation question is not regarded as one of the triumphs of the Colonial Office or the new diplomacy, but it is better than some of the tentative attempts at a settlement which preceded it, and the public acquiesces with something like apathy in the arrangement. Here and there speculation still exists as to the future of the Session and the duration of Parliament, but nothing new is to be reported on these subjects, or upon the attempts that are being made to reorganise the Liberal party and prepare it for the coming appeal to the country. In short, the month comes to a close leaving our public life in a state of listless unrest that contrasts curiously with the gravity of the 'unsettled questions' that still surround us and threaten our repose. Even the newspapers seem to share in the prevailing dulness and languor.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CCLXXXII—AUGUST 1900.

[The response to the preliminary notice published in the July number of the Nineteenth Century, which is here repeated, has been, and continues to be, so satisfactory as to warrant the confident belief that the proposed Association may very shortly be established. It is intended that a public meeting shall be called as soon as the holiday season is over, probably in the month of October, at which definite proposals may be submitted for adoption. Due notice of the time and place of such meeting will of course be given, and meanwhile a further instalment of signatures is here added to the first list, which is republished for convenience of reference.]

EDITOR *Nineteenth Century*.]

THE LESSONS OF THE WAR

A PROPOSED ASSOCIATION

It is proposed to set on foot an Association having for its object to fix public attention steadily upon some of the most important lessons taught by the South African War.

Foremost among such lessons are:—(1) the necessity for examining the condition of the defences of the Empire and their administration by the public offices charged therewith, and (2) the need for conducting the business of the country, as administered by all the various Departments of State, upon ordinary business principles and methods.

The undersigned agree to join such an Association—which would be in effect a Committee of Vigilance for considering and promoting administrative reform—provided that a sufficient response be made to this preliminary notice. The names of others willing to join it may be sent to the *Editor of the Nineteenth Century*, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C., during the month of August.

THE EARL OF ROSEBURY.

THE EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE.

THE EARL OF ROSSE.

THE EARL OF CLANWILLIAM.

VISCOUNT PEEL.
 THE BISHOP OF LONDON.
 CARDINAL VAUGHAN.
 BISHOP BRINDLE, D.S.O.
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 SIR JOHN WOLFE BARRY, K.C.B.
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[Membership of the Association will entail no pecuniary liability, and is to convey no significance whatever as to party politics.—*Ed. Nineteenth Century*.]

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ORDINARY BUSINESS PRINCIPLES'

IN compliance with a request for more information as to the scope and meaning of the phrase '*ordinary business principles*' used in this Review in connection with the subject of Administrative Reform, the following 'interpretation clause' has been drafted and submitted by the Editor to the criticism of the high authorities upon business matters whose remarks are subjoined.

The words '*ordinary business principles*' should, in this connection, comprise and indicate at least three main and cardinal points of conduct without due observance of which any business is likely to go astray: (1) Personal responsibility, (2) Payment by results, (3) Promotion by merit.

(1) By *personal responsibility* is meant a system and a method by which the business conduct and action of every individual employee can be clearly and directly traced to that individual by the employer, who is thus put into a position to reward or blame, promote or dismiss individual men from the lowest to the highest.

(2) *Payment by results* means that the whole outcome and condition of a business must be taken into account in settling or resettling from time to time the terms of all contracts, which should seldom be made for long periods but should be subject to revision if necessary as a consequence of frequent balances.

(3) *Promotion by merit* explains itself and is the only sufficient guarantee for efficiency and against lethargy and sloth. Such anti-businesslike practices as promotion by mere seniority are of course condemned by this principle, which ensures a constant flow of energy and competitive force.

I

From Sir James Blyth, Bart.

There must be few business men in the Kingdom who would not readily approve of the definition of the term '*ordinary business*

principles' contained in your editorial letter, even though varying in their ideas regarding their practical application.

While recognising the difference between private businesses and the administration of the affairs of this great realm, I am hopeful that some experiences of the former may help in suggesting a method whereby personal responsibility, payment by results, and promotion by merit can best be applied when we are called upon to 'put our house in order,' owing to the great awakening caused by the campaign in South Africa.

How to introduce the best business habits into the Government of the country appears to me one of the most urgent as well as the most difficult problems of to-day.

If it were possible to make the welfare of the nation--by which I mean efficiency in the highest sense in transacting its business—a question, so to say, of self-interest such as would obtain by paying officials of every grade in our public departments according to the benefit accruing from their labours, as is the case in private commercial concerns, the numberless suggestions and inventions which would be constantly put forward for the good of the public would be beyond comprehension, besides the priceless advantage of alertness for every emergency.

We have all heard much of the War Office having been asleep when hostilities broke out, yet assuming for the moment this were true, was not its comatose condition to an extent comprehensible? With no great campaign since the Crimea, and with no personal advantage in view, what incentive was there to brain-exertion or to some of the Staff to put themselves perchance in opposition to others by advocating greater efficiency and greater preparedness in army organisation?

If they had the consciousness that the adoption of their suggestions would mean a share of the benefit they were bringing about in the hope of an increased income to themselves, there would be less anxiety about giving offence or arousing antagonism. It is indeed under such conditions of payment by results that the constructive or inventive faculty comes completely into play.

Many would properly scorn the idea that they were not doing their best regardless of personal profit, nevertheless, while satisfied that the highest motives animate their services to the State, I am equally convinced that were an augmented income in prospect, their best would become a better best still, and they would be giving to the State ten times as much as they would receive.

The great disadvantage, if not evil, of the many establishments nowadays taken out of private hands and converted into limited liability companies is that the business capabilities which created them are not as continuously in requisition as heretofore.

Capital is the great, if not the sole, end kept in view, to build up which, the profits are now mainly devoted, while the management is often entrusted to officials with fixed income, whose remuneration forms but a trifling proportion of the profits of the concern, yet who take the place of the brains which were the all in all during its earlier years of expansion or development.

In many of our large commercial undertakings converted into public companies there are almost any number of literary or scientific or legal men, but too few real men of business who will devote that constancy of attention and labour, that persistent plodding, which are so difficult to obtain from any but the real men of business. Others in general only look for a preferential interest on their investment, but are incapable of those large and brilliant ideas which, combined with persistent grappling with details, are, after all, the essence of successful organisation in the field, factory, or warehouse.

I have always felt that, instead of a fixed honorarium to directors and managers, it would be wiser to make their remuneration proportionate to dividend—say, for example, that 5,000*l.* should be put aside for the directorate, providing the dividend on ordinary shares was five per cent., 6,000*l.* if six per cent., and so on by a sliding-scale process. Had such a system been general during the last decade, it could not have had other than a beneficial influence on the dividends of our great railway and other public companies.

To paraphrase the saying of Tacitus, men do not *lend* but *give* themselves to business or affairs of the State when payment by results is the rule. How many ‘considering caps’ would be promptly put on by the heads, and subordinates too, of all departments! How many fruitful ideas now dormant or undefined would develop into innumerable well-considered plans for the common advantage!

I have in mind a highly successful business of which I have known something from the day of its inception, over forty years ago, in which during its earlier and more progressive stages there was not one employee whose salary amounted to a direct payment of 200*l.* per annum, yet the income of many of those interested in the general result rose in a remarkably short space of time to six, eight, ten, twelve, or fifteen hundred a year, owing to the enterprise awakened by their participation in the profits which brought all that was good out of every individual.

The utmost efficiency of administration and work, at all events in any commercial or industrial undertaking, would, in my view, be secured by a fixed payment in no case greater than 200*l.* per annum; all income over and above this sum being based upon a system of profit-sharing according to the character of the duties to be performed.

In these remarks I have in view those only who may be termed the brain-workers of the concern. Perhaps at some other time I may be permitted to discuss principles and methods that seem to me more applicable to those of the staff who may be designated the manual or mechanical workers—the wage-earners.

The question of continuity and permanence of effort in any direction, public or private, is one of far-reaching importance. Where men put capital only into business their labours are small or at best only of a spasmodic character, or indifferently performed, perchance not more than will be involved in making a suggestion which they think no more about until next dividend day comes round.

Regarding the importance of continuity of labour I may mention an incident that came under my observation at the end of the fifties.

A newly established concern had done a most excellent year's trading as regards the volume of business, but when books were balanced and stock taken at the end of the year, beyond a small interest on the capital employed no profit could be discovered. Accountants and financial friends were called in, but two or three weeks of search proved fruitless, for still there appeared to be no reward for the labour of principals. It was therefore determined to take stock and balance again at the end of the next quarter, without waiting for the close of another year, when only the legitimate profit of three months' successful trading was found. The same process was gone through and with a like result three months later, by which time it was clear that the profits had in the first instance been lost sight of in the laudable desire to extend the business; and from that period the quarterly balancings were found to be so easy that they have been continued without intermission for forty years, and to the failure to discover profit that year is attributable in no small degree the phenomenal success which has ever since attended that concern.

By continued labour in the business to which I allude, and the practice which makes perfect, the system of stocktaking and balancing has developed into an art, and so simplified has this become by experience that twenty-four hours are never known to elapse after the quarter has concluded without the books being balanced and stocktaking completed.

The chief advantage of this system is the exact knowledge it gives the staff of every detail in connection with the establishment and the numberless suggestions that are obtained not only for the simplification of books and stock and balancing, but also the development of the business; for the object is of course not merely to acquire a knowledge of the profits made, but to determine how further expansion may best be achieved. In fact, a fresh crop of ideas is

obtainable four times instead of once a year, as the thought of balancing for the quarter is never absent from the minds of the staff, who daily work to that end.

Many businesses will of course find it impossible to take stock or balance more than once a year, but in order to look facts fairly and squarely in the face, I should lay it down as an axiom that a week should never be allowed to elapse after the close of the balancing and stocktaking period without having a complete return of the position, so that the utmost advantage can be speedily taken of the daylight thus let in upon the exact condition of affairs.

There is no reason why books and stocks should not be so kept that a couple of days or so would suffice to arrive at the result; for if, as frequently happens, two or three months elapse before a complete statement of the case is presented, the opportune moment has gone for redressing errors and gauging aright the wisest course of action.

I have known instances in some commercial houses where it was declared to be impossible to get out their balance under a month, but where, impressed with these arguments, they have by great effort reduced the time to three weeks, then to a fortnight, subsequently to a week and even less, while at the same time gradually lessening the labours of their 'Intelligence Department,' and by the early disclosures of results conferring immense benefits upon their concerns.

It is not a little curious that while the arts and sciences are taught with the utmost comprehensiveness in all our great public schools, instruction in 'business' forms no part of their curricula. Hence, whatever business faculty may be possessed by the youth of the country must perforce remain undeveloped, if not unawakened, until mayhap years afterwards they are launched upon a commercial career. Is it in contradistinction to instruction in the various branches of learning or knowledge that, alone of all other subjects, the methods, principles and transaction of business require the impetus or incentive of self-interest to enable them to be acquired with any degree of aptitude by the pupils?

I am afraid it is far beyond my power, perchance beyond my province, to suggest how our Government departments may be put upon the best business footing. I have but endeavoured to outline some of the principles inseparable from the successful administration of affairs of commerce in the hope that the adoption of some such principles may be regarded as applicable to the successful administration of the affairs of the Empire.

II

From Sir Wemyss Reid

My business experience enables me absolutely to attest the value of the three principles named by you in your editorial letter addressed to me, as essential to the management of affairs on 'sound business principles.'

In the business establishments of which I have had either a practical or a theoretical knowledge, the one thing that seemed to be essential to the successful working of the complicated organisation has been the hand of the master. It is the constant and intelligent pressure which this hand applies to the great machine, and the consciousness on the part of the servants of all degrees that this pressure is behind them and may at any moment be increased in force, that make the machine work smoothly and steadily. There is no establishment, great or small, in which a more or less benevolent despotism is not recognised as being the best of all possible forms of government.

But in great business establishments, and in limited companies, as well as in Government offices, the theory of the benevolent despotism cannot, as a rule, be carried into effect. No one man can control all the departments of a great industrial or commercial undertaking of these days, though the late Sir Richard Moon during his chairmanship of the London and North-Western Railway came very near to doing so. Nor can a board of directors, however efficient, supply the place of a personal head of a business, who not only possesses unlimited authority, but is working for the benefit not of a body of shareholders, but of himself.

In the case of limited companies, which are closely analogous in character to the public service of the nation, another system than that of the benevolent despot has necessarily to be employed. This is the system of departmental organisation, with the strict enforcement of personal responsibility upon the managers of each department.

A board of directors, through its agent the general manager or managing director, having appointed to each separate department a manager who is believed to be competent, makes that manager wholly responsible for the working of his department and for the results obtained from it. Within its limits he is supreme, subject only to an appeal in certain cases from his decisions to the general manager. These cases have exclusive reference to the treatment of the subordinates of the department. Otherwise the manager has full control, and along with that full control he is required to accept full responsibility. If anything goes wrong in the management of the department, if its financial results are disappointing, or the

work turned out unsatisfactory, the manager must bear the consequences.

Those consequences naturally differ in proportion to the gravity of the faults that have been committed or the failures that have taken place; but in the long run no general manager will hesitate to remove a departmental manager and appoint another in his place if repeated or serious blunders prove that he is unequal to the task laid upon him. In the appointment of a successor to a manager who is thus displaced promotion in all well-managed establishments is not by seniority but by merit.

The result of this system is of course to establish on the part of the managers of departments a strong feeling of personal responsibility. They know that they cannot escape from the consequences of any failure by pleading either the incompetence of their staff or any misunderstanding of the instructions they have received. It is the business of a manager of a department to see that his staff is an efficient one, and it is equally his business, if he receives orders that he cannot execute under the conditions specified, to report that fact at once to his superior, the general manager. Unless he has done this, he, and he alone, must be held responsible for any failure in his department.

It is obvious, I think, that some system of this kind is essential to the success of any great business. How to apply such a system to the complicated work of national administration is a problem of no common difficulty; but merely to state the problem and to direct attention to its essential features is to take the first step, and that not a short one, towards its solution. Perhaps I ought to say here that it is essential that in all business establishments men holding positions of responsibility should be paid the full market value of their services. The worst servant, as every employer of labour knows, is the servant who is underpaid. What is true of business establishments in every other department of labour cannot be untrue of those establishments which conduct the business of the State. Payment by results is just as essential to good management in Government departments as in private life. Until the chiefs of the great departments into which each separate branch of the work of the Government is divided are made to feel the same sense of personal responsibility that is always felt by the managers of any business undertaking, and until this sense of responsibility has been stimulated by a knowledge of the fact that their own remuneration and position must ultimately depend upon the results of their management of the department entrusted to them, we cannot hope to see the work of the Empire put upon that 'business footing' of which Lord Rosebery has spoken. It is unnecessary to elaborate this point here, or even to discuss the means by which the desired change can be carried into effect. Certain changes in our present system of promotion in the

Civil Service and in the conditions on which posts of authority and responsibility are held are obviously demanded; but I leave others with a greater knowledge of the Government service to deal with them. My purpose has simply been to point out the methods which are regarded as essential to the successful management of any great business. They may be summed up in less than a dozen words: personal responsibility, payment by results, and promotion by merit.

III

From Sir Andrew Fairbairn

There can be no doubt that the personal responsibility of each individual in business is a matter of the greatest importance. It is, therefore, necessary for the heads to select subordinates in whom they can have implicit confidence. Such being the case, the less these subordinate managers are interfered with by the principals the better chance there is that they will feel the full weight of the responsibility placed on them, and therefore be careful to do nothing which may be subject-matter for blame. If, however, the head or heads interfere too much with the routine business the subordinates naturally lose all sense of responsibility, cease to think for themselves, and simply wait for the orders of their superiors. The result is disastrous, as no person can take a large view of his business if he attempts to enter into details with which those under him are more familiar than himself. I am, therefore, clearly of opinion that personal responsibility ought to be insisted on in every single department, whether it be that of a manager or of a simple workman.

As to payment by results, the principle is sound, but it is questionable whether it can be often enforced. Piecework is one form of payment by results, and yet it is strenuously opposed by the trade unions, and can only be resorted to where skilled labour, repetition, and industry are required. The ordinary labourer prefers a fixed weekly wage, and in most cases it would be difficult to pay him by results.

Finally, promotion by merit is a principle which should be carried out in every business. It is in the interest of employers of labour to select the best man for any work in hand. It is also advisable that promotion should, whenever possible, be made from the acting staff, as it encourages the younger ones to exertion if they know there is a chance of their being advanced to a higher position in their own firm, provided they are fully qualified to deserve promotion.

IV

From Sir John Wolfe Barry

I quite agree with your editorial interpretation of the scope and meaning of the words 'ordinary business principles,' but in the second heading I should prefer to use the word 'undertakings' in lieu of or in addition to the word 'contracts,' which latter has rather special significance and one not very strictly applicable to a Government establishment considered as one of supply. I hold that any one at the head of a great business house should consider what branches of business can or cannot be properly or profitably undertaken by the organisation for which he is responsible in view of all the circumstances of the organisation as existing or as capable of modification. May I suggest another vital characteristic of 'ordinary business principles'? I refer to the necessity of keeping *au courant* with what is being done or contemplated by others in similar lines of business, and of being well in touch with all probable new developments, whether of applied science or of labour-saving expedients, not merely in this country but among our world-wide competitors.

V

From Mr. Alfred Harmsworth

While I entirely agree with your three main and cardinal points, I believe that the condition of some of our Government departments is merely typical of the growing disinclination of the English mind to move with the times. We are suffering from a national self-sufficiency that is new and dangerous, especially dangerous in view of the growth of the United States and united Germany. Our people, who were the pioneers of steam on land and water, and of the telegraph wire overhead and under sea, who pushed these inventions all over the world against the prejudices of the world, are now the last among civilised folk to adopt new inventions, and we thereby lose all the new trades that arise out of these inventions. We do not feel their loss seriously as yet, because our machine shops are only just beginning to realise American and German competition in the trade that we made forty and fifty years ago; but if our competitors cut us out in the businesses we have, we shall doubly miss the absence of the new trades of the world which we have not. I have in a comparatively short lifetime seen the Americans capture the greater part of the manufacture of printing machinery, with which England once supplied the world without America. I know that certain stock optimist replies are forthcoming, when from time to time our commercial calamities are made public, but no amount of words and explanations,

based on theoretical political economy, alter the fact that as the result of national self-sufficiency we are marching backwards in other things than the reform of our Governmental machine.

VI

From Major McCrea

I quite agree with the three main and cardinal points as ordinary business principles which you submit to me for my opinion, but should like to add to No. 1 the words *and not employing one more employee than is absolutely necessary for the business*, to No. 2 the words *and those employees who work best should be best rewarded*, and to No. 3 after the words 'mere seniority' the further words *or by mere classification*.

VII

From Mr. Henry Birchenough

As one of the main objects of the Association is the promotion of administrative reform, I presume the real question is not the very subtle and complicated inquiry, What are the principles which guide men in the daily conduct of business? but the much simpler question, What are the general practical principles which underlie the organisation of the administrative staffs of the most successful private undertakings?

You have yourself supplied an answer. You state very concisely that there are three cardinal principles the neglect of which will lead any business to an administrative breakdown. Those principles are :—

- (1) Personal responsibility.
- (2) Payment by results.
- (3) Promotion by merit.

Subject to certain explanations I am entirely in agreement with you as to the fundamental importance of these three points. My own varied business experience has taught me the value of each one of them, if an administrative staff is to be kept in a state of living activity and vigour, and is not to stagnate and become wholly inefficient.

And first with regard to personal responsibility. This is absolutely vital. We have seen in so many private undertakings and in the transaction of so much public business the complete breakdown of the administrative system from the impossibility of fixing responsibility for certain actions upon any individual. The question, 'Whom can we hang?' is a commonplace in the discussion of public administration, and equally a commonplace is the stereotyped reply, 'No one, for no one is individually and personally responsible—it is the system that is at fault.' What is wanted for both public and

private affairs is, as you point out, a system 'by which the business conduct and action of every individual employee can be clearly and directly traced to that employee,' and his personal responsibility be brought home to him.

This does not mean that each individual of a large staff is directly responsible to his employer for the work he undertakes. Such a principle would reduce an administrative staff to a congeries of independent individuals without any subordination or discipline. Of course, what happens in practice is that heads of departments are personally responsible to the employer—be that employer an individual, a board, a corporation, or the State—and that within each department and beneath its responsible head is a chain of sub-responsibilities, which leads by a series of unbroken links from the highest to the lowest member of the staff. The test of successful organisation is that there should be no break in the chain, that the head of each link should be able to trace clearly the action and responsibility of every individual below him.

The second principle—payment by results—seems to me to require rather more explanation before it can be accepted as a principle capable of universal application. In the strictly literal sense payment by results seems to be only applicable to undertakings which exist for the purpose of earning a profit. Obviously in all industrial concerns the money payment of the staff and the financial obligations undertaken towards the staff must ultimately depend upon the success or failure of the working from year to year. Every member of the staff knows that his personal position will necessarily be affected directly or indirectly by the profit and loss account, and if he reflects at all he will do his utmost to make the account satisfactory. Take the case of any large 'general house' in the City. A buyer is given charge of a department and is credited with a certain amount of capital with which to work it. If at the end of a year he can show a profit—with an easily realisable and undepreciated stock—he is confirmed in his post and some acknowledgment is probably made of his share in the success of the year. If, on the other hand, he shows an unsatisfactory balance-sheet he may be given one chance of retrieving his position, but a second failure will certainly be followed by the transfer of his services to some other sphere. And it is just this *removability* of heads of departments that is the saving force of private undertakings. It prevents stagnation and ensures a constant flow of vitality and commercial energy. Payment by results, if it is to have free play, presupposes removability.

The exactly opposite principle is fixity of tenure with periodic increments of salary. I believe this system is now almost universally condemned by business men except in certain exceptional cases. It is felt that one rarely gets the best work out of a man if his position is secured by a long engagement. Business firms which formerly

concluded engagements with their men have ceased to do so. In one very large undertaking with which I am personally connected, and in which an exceedingly large staff is employed, no time engagements whatever are made with members of the staff. Every man knows that the permanence of his position, his financial reward, his claim to the favourable consideration of the board for gratuity or pension depend entirely upon his zeal and industry from year to year. What is the consequence? On the one hand, the board, unhampered by any long engagements or time contracts, 'sits loose' and can adapt the organisation of its staff to the changing needs of the times; and, on the other hand, the staff has every incentive to unremitting exertion. I do not wish to say that every man gives his best work at the crack of the whip and the dig of the spur. That would be untrue. But administrators have to deal with the average man, whose energy is apt to flag under a sense of security, and not with exceptional natures which will 'spend and be spent' with or without hope of reward.

The question is, Is it possible to apply this sound commercial principle in the organisation of the public services, which do not exist for profit earning and which have, therefore, no occasion to produce an annual statement of profit and loss? If such application is possible—and I believe with considerable limitations it is—it will probably be found to lie in the radical modification of the present system of practically life-long engagements, with the object of giving to the staffs of public departments some of the flexibility and adaptability to new needs and demands which are found so advantageous in private undertakings. I see no reason why the practice of short engagements, periodically reviewed, should not be gradually and cautiously introduced. It is certain that some means will have to be found to add to the present integrity, loyalty, capacity, and devotion of the public services the stimulus to initiative, to higher responsibility, and to more active exertion, which they do not at present possess.

With regard to the third principle, 'promotion by merit,' it does not seem to be necessary to add a single line. Surely nowadays in offering any word of recommendation one would be preaching to the converted. Promotion by merit is the counsel of perfection of every administrator, public or private, just as promotion by seniority is either a confession of impotence of judgment or a counsel of despair.

OUR INFANTRY

THE war in South Africa has shown that the strength of the Infantry is not sufficient to meet the requirements for service abroad in time of war. If any serious call had arisen during the war we had no more Regular Infantry to meet it.

The increase sanctioned this year is not enough, and it is doubtful if recruits will be forthcoming to meet the increase.

It is well, therefore, to consider whether the Militia cannot be so constituted as to provide an effective reserve for service abroad in time of war.

At present the Militia is used to supply drafts to the Line battalions by means of what is strangely called the 'Militia Reserve,' consisting of a certain proportion of the men in the Militia who are allowed to engage for service with the Line in time of war.

This arrangement seriously cripples Militia battalions, not only by reducing their strength at the very time they are wanted, but by depriving them of their best men.

It is submitted for consideration—

I. That the present Militia Reserve should be abolished.

Objection.—This Reserve is indispensable in order to keep up the strength of the battalions of the Line.

Reply.—(a) The Militia Reserve was constituted before the introduction of the short-service system. I have seen no figures to show whether the Army Reserve produced by short service has been sufficient to keep up the strength of the battalions serving in South Africa; but if not, three years' service with the colours might be extended, and so the numbers of the Army Reserve be increased.

(b) If the new plan of forming reserve companies of Volunteers for service abroad answers, they will supply the place of the Militia Reserve.

II. All future engagements for the Militia should be for service at home in time of peace and abroad in time of war.

Objection 1.—This would entirely alter the constitution of the Militia from a force for home defence to an auxiliary force to support the Line in time of war.

Reply.—Admitted; but this is precisely what is now wanted—for

the Volunteers have taken the place of the Militia for home defence; and, as a matter of fact, the Militia is gradually assuming the new position. It was used for service abroad in the Crimean War, and much more extensively in the present war. But its use is saddled by the objectionable condition of volunteering—objectionable, because there is no certainty of battalions being available when required, and because of the moral pressure which I fear has sometimes been used to induce battalions to volunteer.

Objection 2.—The change in the terms of engagement would seriously interfere with recruiting for the Militia.

Reply.—I believe this is not the opinion of Militia officers. There has been no difficulty in getting volunteers for the quota of Militia Reserve men allowed to each Militia battalion, and the way in which whole battalions have volunteered for service in South Africa seems to show that there is no disinclination on the part of Militia men generally to serve abroad in time of war. The present time appears to be an excellent one for introducing the change, for there could hardly be any difficulty in obtaining the consent of all the men in the Militia battalions now serving abroad to this change in the terms of their engagement.

The change I advocate could be introduced at once, without any Act of Parliament, by a declaration from the War Office that the 'Militia Reserve' will not in future be drafted to the Line battalions, and by allowing any Militia man who wishes it to join the Militia Reserve.¹ In most Militia battalions I believe a great many would join, and so gradually whole battalions would be available for service abroad in time of war, leaving the change of the terms of engagement to be made afterwards.

III. A real Militia Reserve should be constituted, composed of men who have completed their Militia engagements, so as to form depôts to keep up the strength of Militia battalions on foreign service. • I understand that this is being done.

There are, of course, many points of detail to be worked out, and there may be objections which I have not considered; but the proposals I have set out form the main features of the scheme which I have for a long time thought to be the only one which can provide a really valuable addition to our force of Infantry for service abroad in time of war without having recourse to some form of conscription.

NORTHBROOK.

¹ This was recommended by Lord Wantage's Committee in 1892.

HOW TO BREED HORSES FOR WAR

SIR WALTER GILBEY has published a timely little book on the subject of small horses and their use in war. His idea, of course, is not a new one when he tells us that small horses of 14 hands 2 inches are in modern war the best, for it has for some years begun to have currency abroad, and it hardly needed the recent experience in South Africa to prove to the intelligent English mind that the day of heavy cavalry mounted on 16-hands chargers was almost as much over as that of the knights of Agincourt. I have myself more than once discoursed upon this very theme, and insisted on the necessity of producing a war-horse capable of more durable service on worse rations than any now bred in England, advocating, too, precisely Sir Walter's plan of breeding from Arab sires. Nevertheless the pronouncement of so high an authority on horse matters as is Sir Walter Gilbey is an event of importance, for there is nobody the English public listens to more willingly, nor by whom it is more ready to be convinced.

The argument for small horses in war is one capable of almost mathematical demonstration. In every campaign horses have necessarily to put up with short rations, often with semi-starvation, and the horse that can do with the least and worst food lasts the longest; and the longest lasting wins. If, then, a small horse can maintain himself where a big one starves, doing equal or nearly equal work, the small horse is demonstrably the better. Apart from artillery and transport, where heavy draught power will always be needed, a pony of 14.2, if properly bred—it has been proved in South Africa—will do all the work of a horse of 16 hands, and on equal rations (where these are scanty) will last twice as long. The small horse, too, is easier managed, he is less troublesome to mount under fire and to dismount from on the march. This last is no small advantage when men are weary. The Bedouins on their raids are constantly up and down, on and off their mares, running beside them half the night, and so easing and saving them. The small horse, too, is a smaller target to the enemy, is easier hidden in the folds of the ground, and is easier stowed on ship-board. He needs a less stout rope to tether him, a scantier shelter to screen him in rough weather. It is not necessary to have been to the

wars to know this. Sir Walter Gilbey will find himself in agreement with every traveller who has made a serious horse journey in wild lands and remembers the shifts he has been put to to keep his mount alive.

A stronger argument still against big horses is that their great size represents a departure from the law of natural horse life. In England for the last hundred years and more we have bred for size, and under conditions wholly artificial. What we have aimed at has been a horse capable of short spells of work on high diet and under special training. There is hardly a horse in England who is called on to do more than his twenty miles of daily work, certainly none that his owner would expect to do it without corn. Now, for short work, and fully fed, a big horse will generally be better than a small one. He will do it faster and under heavier weights. It has therefore become a maxim with us, 'A good big horse is better than a good little one.' But short work under high feeding is not the condition of serious warfare, and after the first week the big English horse finds himself out of it. It is not so much that he is unaccustomed to rough diet, insufficient water, and cold-lying in the wind and rain, as that he has not for many generations been bred to any hardship. His inherited constitution has become soft, his digestive power weakened, his vital energy too little for his frame. His muscular strength is of no avail to him there. His bulk is only so much more weight to feed and carry. He fails where a smaller stouter, soberer beast lives on.

What, then, practically must we do to get the hardier horse we want in war—we who have made up our minds to warfare probably for the next fifty years, who are yearly sending armies which must be mounted to every corner of the globe, who have need more than has any foreign Government of ubiquitous horse supplies constantly ready for campaigning? Mr. Wyndham, in his able defence in Parliament lately of the present hand-to-mouth policy of buying horses as need required everywhere in the open market, declined to commit the War Office to any scheme of State-directed breeding in England. He did so on two grounds—first, because the British Isles were a costly place to breed in; secondly, because they were too far from the climatic centres of the Empire. Our wars, he explained, lay generally far away in tropic or sub-tropic lands, where the English-bred horse needed acclimatisation before he could be put to his full use. His first cost in England would be great, and it would be doubled by the cost of shipping him to the seats of war. There was a great deal of truth in this argument, and it remained unanswered. It might too, I think, have been made more cogent still if Mr. Wyndham had added that English prejudice and English interests would probably prove fatal to any scheme of breeding conducted on a large scale by the Government at home, under the eye of the home public. English ideas of horse-breeding are regulated by three conditions. A horse,

to be a good horse, must be bred to distinguish himself either on the racecourse or in the show ring, or in the hunting field, and a breed which should be fit for none of these could not hope for popularity. There would always be a tendency to produce, even in a Government stud, animals which would take the public fancy and which would so be commercially profitable. For use at home nobody in England wants a war-horse—that is to say, a horse that without show can do simple hard work day after day unstabled, ungroomed and underfed. We all love to feed and house and dress our horses well, and the police would interfere if we made beasts do on our high roads a tithe of what they are called upon to endure in war. Even if there were no outcry for humanity's sake it is certain that the whole sentiment of respectable England, which is ruled in such matters by the prejudices of coachmen, harness-makers, and jockeys, would denounce the production at public cost of a breed whose sole merit should be its adaptability to a life of hardship. Conceive, too, what would be the feeling of our sporting world if the Government refused in an English military stud to admit the English thoroughbred stallion, the English hunting mare, and the English show hackney! Ministries have before now lost office for smaller offences. Mr. Wyndham was therefore, I think, well advised to commit his department to no such experiment.

At the same time I find it difficult to believe that, if we are in truth and earnestness bent on a world policy and a war policy, the hand-to-mouth plan is best. If I had any influence with the Government—which I have not—I would suggest that, though military horse-breeding cannot be indulged in at home, it may be attempted with advantage elsewhere within the limits of the British Empire. Look at the map of the world. It is everywhere studded with English possessions comprising the best breeding grounds to be found on the earth's surface. What reason is there of an economic or a political kind why Government studs should not be organised in some of these? Canada, West Australia, Basutoland, where could we find better? In all land of suitable quality is plentiful and cheap, and in all the settlers are used to horse-rearing and are without the secular prejudices which are our bane at home. Space and a free hand could be had in any of them, and the new breed would have a local value, inasmuch as Colonial needs are very much the same as military needs. Where, too, would be the difficulty in India? Horse-breeding was carried on successfully for centuries in Northern India, and has only been ruined within the last fifty years by our English folly of trying to increase the size of the native breeds. Once this will-o'-the-wisp of a 15.2 cavalry horse abandoned, there is no reason military studs in India should fail. The Indian Government, I have some reason to believe, is becoming aware of the truth, and is only waiting for a clear idea, and perhaps a strong directing mind, to act in the right direction.

No very great initial expenditure of public money would be required for breeding in the way I should like to recommend. The studs should be located not on rich grass lands, but on rough, natural pastures, for horses to be hardy must be accustomed to poor living, and their digestions to a variety of rubbish, with corn only as a supplement. In most countries of the temperate zones such pastures are not difficult to find, and even sometimes in the tropics; but it is a good general rule that only such regions should be chosen for horse-breeding on any large scale in which at some season of the year it is cold enough to make horses out of doors put on a strong winter coat. A dry climate with a hot summer sun and a sharp short winter is the ideal one for breeding. In such there would be need of very little shelter for the stock, and that of the roughest kind. There is no greater mistake, even in England, than to house your breeding stock in winter in costly weather-tight brick buildings.

As to the foundation stock, I would have the mares chosen, as Sir Walter Gilbey recommends, of a hardy outdoor breed. I rather doubt, however, whether our English forest ponies are the best suited to the purpose. Whatever their original blood may have been, it has been too long bastardised with every kind of cross breeding in the last hundred years to be quite reliable. Our forest ponies have lost their uniformity of shape and size, and it would be difficult to get together any large number that have not been crossed and recrossed with inferior thoroughbreds or still more inferior half-breds. What is wanted is a stock that is homogeneous and has been for generations leading in all its ancestry an outdoor life. At any rate, for Government studs in the Colonies our forest ponies would be out of the question. Far better foundation mares than any English ones could be found in the Colonies themselves, care being taken to select, as far as possible, the old country stock of each, the longest established there and the least 'improved.' Personally I have a great belief in the South American breeds of Spanish origin, which seem to have been the chief foundation stock of Australia. They have been for centuries bred under hard conditions in a land of dearths and droughts, and, where uncrossed with the English thoroughbred, are of singularly robust constitution, while the great uniformity of their type assimilates them to a wild breed. I consider uniformity of type and size a matter of extreme importance in the choice of a breed. The reason of this is that the uniformity shows that the natural laws of breeding have not, in their instance, been violated. In nature all abnormal individuals are eliminated from a breed, those above the normal size as well as those below it, for the vital energy of the larger ones—that is to say, their digestive power—in times of stress proves insufficient for their frames, while the undersized ones have generally some congenital weakness; and thus the type is preserved unvaried. A domestic breed should have been treated in the same way and kept

uniform for generations if it is to have a guarantee for us of constitutional fitness. I would recommend, therefore, that in every instance where a stud is founded mares of a definite breed should be chosen, and as nearly as possible of the normal height and character of that breed.

The choice of stallions is a still more important matter. I am so great a believer in old native horse stocks, which in various countries have been long isolated under stringent natural conditions, that wherever possible I would continue these by breeding with the best native stallions. Thirty years ago and more I remember splendid studs on the Pampas and in the Banda Oriental which had been made out of pure native elements by the intelligent in-breeding of native *estancieros*, herds of many hundreds of mares all of a single type and size, and sometimes of a single colour—skewbalds were preferred—and all excellently fitted to breed horses for the rough work required of them. It would not have been easy by any cross-breeding to improve those herds. And I imagine the old Cape stock could also be perfected on similar lines without the introduction of strange blood. In India, however, and wherever the native breeds have become impoverished and weakened to a point where regeneration from the outside becomes a necessity, there is only one stallion worthy of the task—the Arab: and the Arab should be chosen. Sir Walter Gilbey talks of the ‘small thoroughbred or Arab.’ I venture to say ‘*only* the Arab.’ The small thoroughbred no less than the big thoroughbred belongs to a breed which has lost the robustness of constitution which is the first requisite in the new war-horse we want to produce. His produce is not likely to be hardy, or even to be small, for his small size is itself abnormal; and would hardly be transmitted to his stock. Besides, where are we to find him? He is almost as much of a rarity as a white blackbird, and if producible at all could only be so artificially.

The advantages of the Arab as sire for stock such as we propose to create, little horses of 14 hands to 14 hands 2 inches, are overwhelming: 14 hands to 14 hands 2 inches is precisely his normal height. He is a very prepotent sire, his blood being purer than any other. While having all the quality of the English thoroughbred, he is no artificial house-bred product. He has not lost his inherited constitution through too careful treatment. He is the offspring of a barren land, bred for generations to endurance of heat and cold, starvation, thirst, and nakedness on shelterless plains. His feet and legs have inherited hardness. He is less liable to disease than any other known breed, and more adaptable than any other to violent changes of climate. He is a hard horse, and his stock is hard. Also he has been bred for centuries precisely for such qualities as are now proved to be the necessity of warfare—to make long marches day after day upon little food and water, and yet to retain a turn of speed at the end of them for the hour of battle, sudden advance, or precipitate

retreat. He is docile and intelligent and easily trained to manoeuvre. Lastly—and this is a point of extreme importance—he has an inheritance of good temper such as no other horse possesses, and, treated with confidence, may be trusted beyond all others to accept his rider as a friend. I do not hesitate, then, to say that the Arab is the only horse worth considering as an improver of degenerate breeds for war.

Next as to in-breeding. Where the Arab horse is used at all in forming a military breed his blood should be used abundantly. In-breeding is a dangerous thing only where the stock has become unsound. In natural wild life every horse herd is closely in-bred, just as is a herd of deer. The wild mares are subject to the master stallion for five, six, or seven years, a period long enough to ensure his breeding to two, perhaps three generations of his own offspring. Nor do I believe that, were a tame herd to be found as perfectly sound as a wild one, any ill result would follow from pursuing the same system. Certainly my experience with Arabs is that they can hardly be too closely in-bred. Moreover there is a remarkable case in point in the history of the famous Orloff trotting breed of Southern Russia, where Count Orloff tried this very experiment 100 years ago, putting the whole of the mares of his stud for four generations to the same horse, with the result that a distinct breed was established in the Count's lifetime of the most vigorous kind, a breed which asserted itself as the best in Russia and flourishes still. I do not say that I recommend in-breeding quite to this point, but I think that something of the kind might at the outset help to renovate breeds under favourable conditions more speedily than another system could. The result would certainly be to get together a body of brood mares of a uniform type closely assimilated to the stallion's.

With regard to management, the system should be in any temperate climate wholly, or almost wholly, an open air one. The herd should have a wide range of poor land. I do not, however, advocate that they should be allowed to run merely wild, and I believe it would be best to keep them dependent on mankind in some measure for their food and drink. This for a double reason. First, though the young stock should learn to pick up their own living and content themselves with less than the best in the way of pasture, they should be accustomed also to eat corn, sparingly but daily. Also a very small ration will teach them to come each evening at their herdsman's call, and will make them easier to handle afterwards when taken up for breaking. In South America, where no corn is given young, it is often difficult to teach horses to eat it, and they are always shy to catch. As to water, our English plan of constant watering is by no means a good preparation for campaigning. The Arab plan of once a day at mid-afternoon teaches them to be frugal and is infinitely better.

Whether the stallion should be allowed to run with the mares or not is a question of local circumstances, which I will not attempt to decide. Until the homogeneous herd is formed it is obviously necessary to control the breeding, and besides I would neglect no opportunity of accustoming the mares to be caught and handled. The young stock should be familiarised on every opportunity. It is a false economy of labour to let horses run wild till they are four years old. On the contrary they should be taken up early, and mounted in the autumn of their third year, though not put to hard work till they are fully four. The conditions of perfect health and soundness do not require that they should be absolutely wild animals or afraid of man.

Such very briefly is my view of the general conditions under which Government studs might successfully be started in the Colonies and in India for the breeding of small horses for war. I say nothing here of the *personnel* of such establishments, except that it would require regulations of a somewhat stringent kind to enforce a continuity of stud policy, and prevent it from degenerating into a mere Government-aided plan of breeding racing and polo ponies—for the instincts of sport are strong in Englishmen.

With regard to the future of *private* breeding for military purposes in England I differ somewhat from Sir Walter Gilbey in what he recommends. As already said, I am not very confident about pony-breeding in these islands. I doubt if we have got the proper foundation stock of mares on which to build up a thoroughly sound and hardy breed of pony war-horses. Still less do I see how we are to improve our ponies—and they need improving—on the heaths and forests where they run half wild. The essence of improvement lies in forming new herds by selection and in-breeding; and how is this possible on lands which are neither public nor private property, where some hundreds of commoners share the right of horse pasturing, where no fencing off is possible, where opinions on breeding widely differ, and where it is the ancient custom that stallions should run loose the whole year round? It needs an individual mind with full power and some tenacity of purpose over a number of years to effect anything of value in breeding. Here none of these conditions can possibly be found. I am inclined, therefore, to think that if English ponies are to be improved to a war standard it must be done on private lands in our parks and enclosed wastes, and on our derelict farms, rather than in our forests. This means, of course, considerably more expense, for even derelict land has some grazing value, while the forests give free pasturage to all who have the common rights. I have often wondered that our rich noblemen and owners of large parks do not more often than they do try their hands at pony-breeding, if only as an amusement. I can imagine nothing more interesting or picturesque than half-wild pony herds would be in a great chase like

Savernake or Hatfield. They would be more amusement than the deer, and not more expense. The only necessity of their case is a wide range of unprofitable land surrounded by a fence, and a little hay put out, as now for the deer, when snow is on the ground. Better still, however, than a park is a derelict farm, as being broken up into a number of enclosures, and as having yards and buildings which may be put to use. I have here in Sussex, devoted solely to my Arab breeding, three such farms, with an aggregate of about six hundred acres of land gone waste. It is divided into about a hundred fields, whose hedges have grown up for ten years unpruned, and give excellent shelter. From one to another of these, in small separate herds, the brood mares and young stock are shifted and thus make their round of the land in the course of the year being left entirely out of doors eight months out of the twelve, while the hardiest do not come in at all. The herbage is most of it mere weeds, except in the few meadows, and they receive a supplement of corn once a day as the grass gets shorter in the autumn. Those that are housed from Christmas to Easter are so in old barns anything but weather-tight, and they are never groomed or clothed. The colts are taken up in their third spring and give hardly any trouble in breaking, having always been more or less constantly handled. In the autumn they are mounted, and if unsold are put into separate paddocks. The fillies are also mounted awhile, and then turned out once more into the fields till they are old enough to be bred from, or are sold. In this way there is a minimum of expense and trouble, and almost no disease. I cannot think but what half-bred pony-and-Arab stock would be equally hardy and as cheap, or cheaper, to rear. Dr. Watney, in Oxfordshire, has an establishment prospering under these conditions.

Nevertheless I am of opinion that the true branch of military horse-breeding to be carried on in England is less the rearing of ponies than of artillery and transport animals. These, I believe, would best be bred out of a foundation stock of pure cart mares—say, Suffolk or Percheron, which are both old and hardy breeds—mated with Arab sires. The Suffolk and Arab first cross is certainly a good one, and I am inclined to think that, if all thoroughbred or hackney or other blood were rigidly excluded, and only Suffolk and Arab blood used for a few generations, a most valuable new breed would be created, fit for the heavier work of war. I dare not, however, in this article pursue this special question further. The one thing I would here impress upon military breeders is, that, whatever foundation stock is chosen, it should be of one definite breed, or at most of two. There should be no *miscellaneous* breeding. Also if you want *quality* seek it through the Arab rather than the English thoroughbred cross, as infinitely hardier. On this point our highest scientific authority on horse-

breeding, Professor Ewart, of Edinburgh, so well known for his zebra experiments, may be quoted. In a letter recently received from him he says :

In the last five years I have crossed various kinds of ponies with Arabs and with thoroughbreds, with the result that, while the half-Arabs are nearly as hardy and easily kept as hill ponies, the half-thoroughbreds are only capable of surviving if nursed and fed in the most expensive way. Even a cross between a thoroughbred mare and a zebra was incapable of withstanding the changes of temperature of their upland district. I hope, therefore, the thoroughbred—a creature highly specialised for a particular kind of work and often useless for everything else—will not be utilised for crossing with our native ponies ; that, in fact, the Arab will have his chance, now that it is nearly recognised that bigness and speed are not everything. What we want is a horse that can adapt itself rapidly to changed conditions as well as withstand marked changes of food and temperature. Iceland ponies often do very badly when first brought to Scotland, and Faroe ones still worse. That English horses die off by the thousand in South Africa is not wonderful. The least fit as well as the strongest have for generations been preserved. Not so with the Arab. The weaklings have perished ; and, apart from the destruction of the unfit, the Arab, partly owing to its size, partly for other reasons, will always, unless spoiled when young by too much coddling, readily adapt itself to new surroundings. . . . Some day the people in authority will doubtless discover his real value.

A single word in conclusion. I have rigidly refrained in this article from touching any side of the question before me other than the purely practical. A moral side of it, however, without doubt exists, and those who have seen most of war will be the first to feel and recognise it. War is a cruel thing for all engaged in it, and for none more so than for the horses which are its living material. Also there is a double cruelty in sending these to its hardships when they are constitutionally unfitted for their work. The hardy pony used to outdoor life suffers in a campaign, but it is as nothing compared with the misery of the great stall-fed horse we impress to our wars out of the London streets. These have perished by the thousand of sheer starvation in South Africa under conditions where the horse I have endeavoured to portray would as certainly have lived on. To go on using our pampered overgrown slaves thus is a terrible inhumanity, and will be the more unpardonable when it comes to be recognised, as it certainly must soon be, that half the pain inflicted has been caused by our own lack of skill and scientific forethought.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

MISSIONARIES IN EGYPT

AN act of amazing imprudence was perpetrated in April last by certain English missionaries resident at Alexandria. Its consequences were so serious, and the repetition of such actions might prove so disastrous, that it may be worth while, especially at the present moment, when the attention of the world is fixed on the anti-missionary outbreak in China, to tell the story at length.

An institution with the name of the Egypt Mission Band was recently founded by certain Englishmen at Alexandria. It is an undenominational body, unconnected with any of the great missionary societies at home. Two of its number are members of the Church of England. Its secretary, Mr. Cleaver, had a controversial tract entitled 'Jesus or Mohammed' translated into Arabic, and having procured the addresses of the mudirs of provinces, of the principal sheikhs and omdehs, and of the ulema or doctors of the El Azhar University Mosque, forwarded to them copies of the tract enclosed in wrappers which bore an unfortunate resemblance to those in which Government circulars are sent. The delivery of these tracts produced a feeling of consternation among Mussulmans throughout the country. The native press took up the matter warmly. In reply to inquiries from recipients, Mr. Machell, adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, dispatched a circular to the mudirs of the provinces, utterly disavowing on the part of the Government all connection with the tract. To suppose that the Government had had anything to do with such a proceeding was, he said, ridiculous. The Egyptian Minister of the Interior wrote in a similar strain to the Sheikh el Islam, the head of the El Azhar. This action was well received by the native press, which unanimously expressed the gratitude of Mussulmans to Mr. Machell for relieving them from a horrible suspicion.

It is difficult to conceive a more indiscreet and useless act than this move on the part of the missionaries. It is true that the tract in itself was couched throughout in a tone of fair and moderate controversy. There was nothing in it which could render the authors liable to the penalties prescribed by the Orders in Council for publicly mocking or insulting any religion established in the Ottoman dominions. But Mohammedans are utterly unused to the prosecution of controversies as conducted in Europe. The manner in which

the tract was distributed caused a natural suspicion that the Government had connived at the act, and the missionaries do not seem to have taken any precautions to avoid giving this impression, satisfying themselves with obtaining legal advice to the effect that their action was not contrary to law. This is not the first indiscretion committed by certain missionaries in Egypt. Quite recently one attempted to sell tracts in the streets of Alexandria; another testified against the Mohammedan religion in a mosque at Tantah; a third opened a room in one of the principal streets of Cairo with the inscription over the doorway, 'Here is the entrance to Paradise'; a fourth preached the Gospel in the streets of the native quarter of the same city. All these acts caused much irritation among the natives, and in the latter case the missionary was stoned. In each case the authors were Englishmen whose residence in the country had been comparatively short. Other longer-established missions, such as the American mission, have by experience adopted more sympathetic methods, and though the latter's proselytising success has been small, they have done an immense amount of good work in many directions and are very generally esteemed. But even these wise missionaries have their prospects seriously endangered by the acts of indiscreet persons. It is melancholy to have to confess that it has nearly always been the English missionaries who have distinguished themselves in Egypt by their lack of political caution, contrasting on the one hand with the sound common-sense of the Americans, and on the other hand with the fine tact which the Jesuits have here, as elsewhere, always displayed. Such acts as that of Mr. Cleaver alienate not only the natives, but also the British community, which has never been over-anxious to welcome missionary co-operation, and warmly resents the embarrassments which indiscreet enthusiasts sometimes place in its way.

A correspondent of the *Times* recently advanced the chief considerations which can be urged in favour of missionaries being eventually allowed to enter the Sudan. It is to be feared that if they are determined to show themselves possessed of so little of the all-important quality of common-sense the case on their behalf will dwindle to zero, and far from being able to admit them to the Sudan, the Government will be confronted with a formidable popular demand for their expulsion from Egypt. The danger of a conflict on this subject being precipitated by the opposition between public opinion in England and native opinion in Egypt appears both so serious and so imminent that it may be well to attempt to analyse the situation more deeply.

A period of great missionary activity in England appears to coincide and to be not unconnected with a period of great anti-missionary activity in the Mohammedan world. The exhortations of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Bishop of London have

stimulated enthusiasm. There has been a tendency in certain circles to appropriate the British occupation of Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian reconquest of the Sudan as events directly designed by God to benefit missionary enterprise. An example of this occurs in a letter of Bishop Wilkinson appealing for a bishopric for Egypt as a stepping-stone to a bishopric for the Sudan and to a chain of bishoprics from the Cape to Cairo, published in the *Standard* of the 11th of December last. Bishop Wilkinson claims the British army as a great proselytising instrument. 'How can we expect God to bless the British arms in any part of the world unless we do that work for which He gives us the victory?' According to this writer God has 'given Egypt to England,' and given her for a higher purpose than 'the building of railways, the construction of telegraphs, canals, and systems of irrigation and barrage.' Finally, the bishop observes that England has reached Khartoum 'and the region beyond, and, God helping us, Who has given it into our hands, we mean to keep it against all comers, even to the Great Victoria and Albert Lakes, and beyond that, too, from Cairo to Capetown.' Here, then, we find asserted precisely what all British Governments have always officially denied, that the real object of the British occupation of Egypt and of the British advance up the Nile is the conversion of the natives to Christianity, and while the whole of Lord Cromer's work in Egypt is dismissed as an affair of railways, telegraphs, and canals, it is alleged that in order to establish a chain of bishoprics across the continent England has, or is about to have, a trans-African Empire which somehow (in spite of any existing treaties to the contrary) is to extend from Cairo to the Cape.

These being the views disseminated by a bishop about the British Mission in the Nile Valley, what information is offered to the public about the religion which happens already to exist in that region?

- Two sorts of utterances are obviously entitled to a hearing, the reports sent home by persons engaged in work on the spot, and the statements made in England by persons whose Oriental learning and experience fit them to guide public opinion concerning the East. It may be worth while to examine some of the latest specimens of each of these classes of statements.

The report of the Egypt Mission Band for 1899 is a remarkable document. It breathes a spirit as pure and as ardent as that of the Acts of the Apostles. The missionaries settled in the most populous quarter of Alexandria, close to a mosque. In their rooms they held open discussion day and night. Many Mohammedans came to listen to them as they testified to Christ. Some were impressed, some blasphemed the faith and insulted its servants. They lived in a perpetual state of controversy and tension. They had not the faintest idea of adopting any other method than that of conversion

by theological argument. They made very little progress, but they were full of hope, and at the end of the year of conflict they sent the story of it home to their friends. In this document the Mohammedans are represented as living in the most hopelessly benighted and degraded condition which it is possible to conceive. Its English readers will form the same sort of idea of the inhabitants of the cities of the Delta as they have already of the inhabitants of the Cities of the Plain.

Two members of the Church Missionary Society are now living at Omdurman for a few months before they proceed to Fashoda. The clerical member of the party, an excellent man in every way, had had no previous experience of the kind, having come straight from a Midland parish to 'commence missionary' in the Sudan. In the first sermon he preached in Omdurman, on Christmas Day, 1899, he selected the Incarnation as the point of Christianity to be held to most firmly and emphasised most strongly in the Sudan. His whole soul was concentrated on the desire to preach dogmatic Christianity to the natives. It is apparently his and his colleague's opinion that the difficulties of this task are less than they are generally supposed to be; in a letter dated the 2nd of February, 1900, published in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for April, they say: 'After six weeks' residence, there seems, as far as we can judge, to be very little fanatical Mohammedanism here except among the Egyptians who re-entered the country with us.' This statement, which is likely to induce its readers to believe that the bugbear of fanaticism in the Sudan has been exaggerated in the interests of the Government, is unfortunately misleading. A few days after this letter was sent off, great excitement was caused in Omdurman by the preaching of an entirely new religion by native fanatics. They announced a millennium, and professed to be guided in all their actions by inspiration. Quite independently of this movement, a native woman collected large crowds and prophesied the end of the world within two days. Both of these movements might have led to serious disturbances if they had not been immediately repressed by the Government. While these incidents occur in the Sudan, the great religious leader Senoussi controls the country to the west, and the Christian Menelik has been engaged in fighting a religious Mahdi in Somaliland, on the east. This is the part of the world where the public which supports the missionaries is asked to believe that very little fanaticism exists. 'Not a Boer within miles,' reports the British trooper, and is immediately shot down from behind a neighbouring rock. 'Not a fanatic within miles,' reports the British missionary, and a disturbance immediately breaks out at his very doors.

Turning to the utterances of those who influence the opinions of at least a large section of the public at home, we find that some

attention has been attracted even in Egypt by a sermon preached in St. Aldate's Church, Oxford, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Oxford Church Missionary Association, on the 11th of February last, by the Rev. D. S. Margoliouth, Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford. The title of this sermon was 'The Failure of Islam.' The weight of Professor Margoliouth's office and of his learned reputation must give considerable importance to any statements he may make concerning the East. In this sermon the Professor rejects the view held by Dean Stanley, that Islam might prove a half-way house to Christianity, and was intended by God to be recognised by Christians as such. The possibility of Mohammedanism being reformed from within is denied. Not one single element of good is recognised as inherent in the system founded by Mohammed and expounded in the Koran. It is implied that Mohammedans are worse off than pagans and heathens, since the light that is in them is darkness; and though they distinguish between good and evil, they call that which is evil good, and that which is good evil. Finally, the argument is pushed to its logical conclusion, and Islam is bluntly identified with the triumph of Satan.

Other clergymen of the Church of England claim, as they have an undoubted right to do, a share in the Imperialist movement of the day. With the Rev. C. F. de Salis, as reported at a Constitutional Club dinner in the *Westminster Gazette*, the formula for Imperialism is 'when we English people take our Bible and occupy land.' It is with this topic—the connection of Imperialism with missionary enterprise—that part of Lord Salisbury's important speech at the bicentenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel deals. The main object of that speech was apparently to exhort the missionaries to prudence. Its criticisms, in spite of their moderation of tone, must have given missionaries pain. But it also deals with the rights of missionaries to the fruits of conquest, and with their share in Imperialism; and it is in this light that it is perfectly legitimate for the missionaries to claim Lord Salisbury as their latest and most valuable recruit in the campaign for the conversion of the world.

What effect have these various utterances upon native opinion in Egypt? That is a point which is never raised at home in the unilateral controversy which is there carried on. Three things are certain: that Mussulmans are bitterly hostile to the presence of missionaries and only tolerate them owing to their comparative ineffectiveness; that they are pacified by the Government's dissociation of itself from all missionary enterprise; and that when they read in their newspapers accounts (often distorted) of what is said and done in England, they find it exceedingly difficult to believe that that dissociation is genuine and sincere. The large newspaper-reading class is of course ignorant of English history, and does not in the least understand the English Constitution; but it has a lively

curiosity for current events as reported in the newspapers, and the native who can read both his own and European prints soon collects a storehouse of facts which he classifies in the light of his prejudices and natural suspicions. To such a person the situation probably presents itself as follows: the archbishops and bishops who sit in the House of Lords, and therefore must have a considerable share in the government of the country, have exhorted the people of England to an enterprise having for its object the substitution of Christianity for all other religions all over the world. They are especially fired against Mohammedanism, an Oxford professor, one of those who last year entertained the Governor-General of the Sudan, having described it in a popular sermon as the triumph of Satan. As for Egypt, a bishop has told the people that God has given it to England for the express purpose of its conversion to Christianity. The missionaries in Egypt and the Sudan report that this is a very easy task. Prayers are offered up in all the churches for the conversion of Turks and other infidels. In these prayers the Prime Minister and other members of the Government join. The former, the head of the secular Government in England, has attended a missionary meeting, has moved the resolution of thankfulness for the result of missionary labours, describes the Mohammedan religion as 'mistaken' and as 'terribly mutilated,' admits that England's material conquests (including, of course, the conquest of the Sudan) are undoubtedly an invitation from Providence to take advantage of the means of spreading the Gospel, and looks forward through the co-operation of English secular civilisation to the ultimate victory of the missionary cause.

To such a person, and there are many of this sort, it is evident, in spite of all disclaimers to the contrary, that the Church, the Government, and the people have united in one great conspiracy against the Mohammedan faith.

Three main attitudes have been taken up by different sections of Mohammedans towards European influence. There has been active resistance; there has been flight and avoidance; there has been welcome and co-operation. The section adopting the last-named attitude, with which lies the hope of the future, is at present very small and very shy. But of all the Western ideas which are now flowing into Eastern countries, the idea of conversion to Christianity is the only one to which the Mohammedan reformers are opposed, and which drives them back to join forces with the retrograde majority of their fellow-countrymen. As against missions, therefore, there are only two sections to be considered: the section of active resistance and counter-propaganda, leading the vast majority of the people of a country like Egypt, and finding an outlet in Egypt's native press; and the section of flight and avoidance, comprising that large number of pious and fanatical Mussul-

mans who under the leadership of Senoussi have 'trekked' into the desert in order to get away from everything that menaces their faith, and whose one instinct, when the white man approaches their hiding-place, is to retreat to some still more inaccessible fastness, in pathetic recognition of their inability to come in contact with civilisation and live. To quote examples of the antipathy to missionaries, a Cairo newspaper recently urged the opening of a subscription to support a movement against the admission of missionaries to the Sudan. The same newspaper violently attacked the Sudan correspondent's letter in the *Times*, alluded to above. The correspondent, in quoting the missionaries' view of the situation, had said that they measured the capacity of the Arabs for receiving the true faith by their capacity for dying for the false one. The native paper said that the correspondent had 'shamelessly mocked and insulted the Mohammedan religion.' How infinitely more 'shameless and insulting' the above-quoted remarks of Lord Salisbury must appear to such a critic I need hardly point out. Another paper, with a much larger circulation, recently observed :

The Western strangers come among us disguised in the garb of friends: they offer us their poisoned sweets, while in their hearts they plot the annexation of our country, the enslavement of our persons, and the annihilation of our being. We, on the other hand, are utterly deceived by their fair seeming: we are tickled by a silken touch, and do not perceive that beneath it is an iron hand.

A young Egyptian in a lecture delivered some time ago informed his audience that the key to England's policy in the East was the fact that she coveted the possession of all the holy places of the Mohammedan world.

Such instances, although they do not in the least represent the opinions of well-informed and well-educated Egyptians, might be multiplied indefinitely from the common talk of some of the newspapers and would-be politicians. It only concerns us here to notice the opinion of those who can best judge by experience what Western peculiarities have the most irritating effect upon the Eastern mind: it is that whatever justification or excuse there may be for such curious assertions as those quoted above is to be found, not merely in the baser jingoism of the music-halls, but in utterances with high intentions, such as that of Bishop Wilkinson, and in well-meaning indiscretions such as the circulation of the Alexandria tract.

The above evidence is adduced to show that there is serious danger of a conflict between these two violently opposed parties unless there be some reconsideration of the methods to be employed in working for their respective aims. It would be presumptuous to offer counsels of moderation to the anti-missionary writers in Egypt. Their zeal is not entirely unmixed with political motives, and they do not use ordinary modes of argument or conform to the ordinary rules of controversy. It is of more use to point out to the large

party in England which endorses an uncompromising attitude of the Church towards Islam, and encourages the despatch of inexperienced young missionaries to places like Egypt and the Sudan, that by so doing they embarrass the British Administrators in a task which is by no means merely one of constructing railways, telegraphs, and canals. In order to prove this, it is necessary to show the alternative policy to that of conversion which has been pursued by Lord Cromer and the English in Egypt ever since the administration of that country was largely committed to their care. Speaking broadly, the characteristic of his administration has been the attempt to spread a knowledge of and respect for a few elementary ideas of truth, justice, and right through all classes of the population of Egypt. In particular, his policy towards Mohammedan institutions has been to encourage Mohammedans to reform them from within. In this he has shown a scrupulous, possibly an overscrupulous, respect for Mohammedan feelings and prejudices. On at least one occasion he has preferred to go to whatever may be the Mohammedan equivalent for Canossa rather than force a reform against the wishes of the leaders of Islam. To a certain extent it may fairly be objected that this policy encourages threatened secular abuses to take refuge under the banner of religion. Nevertheless, it has already produced better results than the directly antagonistic efforts of missionaries. It is Lord Cromer who has brought steady pressure to bear on the Wakfs, or boards of administration of religious property; on the Mehkemes, or religious courts; and on the El Azhar University Mosque. Enough has been done from within in the direction of the reform of these institutions to encourage the hope that much more may be achieved by continuing to work on the same lines. A Mussulman reformer imported from India proved a failure. But there exists a small knot of indigenous Liberals who, in spite of the unpopularity they incur with the majority of their countrymen, work in the spirit of the Khedive Ismail's famous dictum that 'Egypt is no longer Africa, but now forms part of Europe.' Kassem Bey, a councillor in the Native Court of Appeal, published last autumn an Arabic work, called *The Emancipation of Women*, in which he advocated the most enlightened views. He does not abate any of his claim to be a thoroughgoing Mussulman, and maintains that the present degraded state of women is not authorised by the Koran. The Sheikh Abdou, the Grand Mufti of Egypt, is a person remarkable for the liberality of his ideas. At a debating society of Mohammedan teachers in Government schools, who have been trained at the college of Isleworth, constant attention is given to the problem of reconciling the doctrines of the Koran with modern ideas. These signs are rather of promise for the future than of importance for the present. They may pave the way for a spontaneous recognition that the spirit of the Koran will have to be amended rather than its letter distorted

if Islam is ever to take part in the development of the modern world. Meanwhile there are other parties and classes, besides the thorough-going reformers, which encourage us by showing signs of lessening their antipathy to the British occupation. Lord Cromer, in his recently published report, calls attention to the markedly cordial co-operation of the Khedive and his Ministers with their British advisers. The enormous material benefit conferred by the occupation has not been lost upon the mass of the fellaheen, who, when the irrigation officers visit the villages in their tours, may be seen to revere the givers of water almost as a sort of superior being. The disaffected press and upper class have lost some of their political strength owing to the Panislamic movement, which has embroiled its adherents in a quarrel with the whole of Europe, and especially with France, on whose moral support they have always hitherto relied. A newspaper whose circulation has been prohibited in Algiers has replied by first mistranslating and then fiercely attacking a recent article of M. Hanotaux on 'L'Islam,' and as its circulation is larger than that of any other newspaper in Egypt, its power is sufficient to embitter Egyptian feeling against France. The proportion of pupils learning French in the Government schools has fallen to 22 per cent., against 78 per cent. who are learning English. The possibility of the Egyptian popular party at last coming into line with the British seems less remote than it has ever seemed before.

But though the omens are favourable, progress with such a policy cannot be other than slow. It will be a work of generations, even of centuries, to induce the Mohammedans completely to reform their institutions from within. But the end of it must obviously be a *rapprochement* which will at least render controversy possible, and a free exchange of ideas between the Eastern and the Western mind. At present the two points of view are so far apart that statements of European philosophy or religion presented to a professor of El Azhar would either be misunderstood by him, or be considered entirely meaningless. It is just this incommensurability which will gradually disappear. Even the missionaries, if they hold, as they do, that the ideas of truth, justice, and right are ultimately founded on the dogmas of the Christian faith, ought to admit that there can be no better preparation for the Gospel than the continuance for the present of the Cromerian régime. In a scheme of progressive revelation, the missionaries ought to hold that Lord Cromer is clearing the way for missionary work. If they claim for their doctrine that it be *πρότερον φύσει*, that it be also *ὑστερον γενέσει* should cause them no surprise.

There is one thing, however, that would be fatal to the success of Lord Cromer's policy, and that is that the natives should see any reason to believe that Lord Cromer himself consciously desires or wills their conversion to the Christian faith. With all the classes

I have named, with the Court of the Khedive, with the Panislamic party, and with the mass of the fellaheen, the suspicion that the British Government secretly favoured and desired their conversion to Christianity would be fatal to the entertainment on their part of any sort of goodwill towards the English in Egypt. Rather the saving feature in the situation is this—that Lord Cromer is now, after all these years, thoroughly well known by all classes of the population in Egypt, and that it has at last been grudgingly recognised that his dissociation of himself and his subordinates from missionary enterprise is absolute. Indiscretions like Mr. Cleaver's, and utterances like those I have quoted from the English press, do a good deal to disturb this hardly-won confidence, and to suggest that the policy of the British Agent is not supported by the British nation. In these circumstances, ought not the Church and the missionaries, from the bishops downwards, to exercise a somewhat greater degree of circumspection; to adopt, if possible, a more moderate tone towards Islam; to exact a more careful training of young missionaries, and to impress upon those who go out the political responsibilities which as British subjects they incur? In a word, ought not the Church to exert herself to put the missionary business on a 'business footing'? A British missionary, as Lord Salisbury has pointed out, remains a British subject, and retains, from the nature of his calling, even more than the usual power of the British subject to embarrass and yet to profit by his Government, and to pursue his special ends under cover of, and yet without regard to, the interests of his country. Missionaries in Egypt are by no means slow to claim the protection of their country. A little time ago, a missionary living at Heluan appealed for, and promptly obtained, protection and redress, his daughter having, as he stated, been the victim of a criminal outrage on the part of a native. Simultaneously the citizens of Heluan petitioned the governor of Cairo for protection against the missionary, whose school was, as they stated, a source of discord and vexation in their once peaceful city. The governor of Cairo was unable to afford them the relief for which they asked. In cases like this missionaries should not be slow to acknowledge the duty which they owe to the country which protects them. They owe two duties. Those who act like the missionaries at Alexandria have conspicuously neglected one.

The problem of the duties of missionaries as British subjects, and of their rights as British subjects to share in the fruits of Empire, is one which deserves to be commended to the serious consideration of the British people. Is the Government, are the missionaries alive to their responsibilities? The Government indeed, loth to provide once for all for the security of all classes of its subjects by sending the much-needed British garrison to Khartoum, has prohibited missionaries from attempting to proselytise the

Mohammedans of the Sudan. This can scarcely be viewed as more than a temporary makeshift solution of the problem, on the part of a Government which has, after all, to consider the interests of its Christian as well as of its Mohammedan subjects. The missionaries, on the other hand, can hardly be said to qualify for admission to the turbulent Sudan by committing indiscretions which exasperate the far less fanatical inhabitants of Lower Egypt. Consistency on the part of a Government which oscillates between the verbal encouragements of Lord Salisbury and the actual discouragements of Lords Cromer and Kitchener, and common-sense on the part of missionaries who embarrass the secular authorities, are alike needed if the existing situation is to be remedied. That it is worth remedying will surely be admitted by a public opinion which has the terrible example of China present before its eyes. Still more importance will be attached to it by those who are convinced, in spite of all that has occurred, that wise missionaries are valuable, even from a political point of view, in a country which has reached the stage of development which Egypt has to-day. The record of the American Mission is alone sufficient evidence of that. Wholly admirable as is the work done by British officers and civilians in Egypt and the Sudan, it is, of course, one-sided if regarded as representative of all that England has to give to an Eastern nation. Bishop Wilkinson must have meant to say that God had given England to Egypt, and there is more in that gift than the official, commercial, and touristic connection which at present exists. The right sort of missionary, who in addition to faith in holiness possesses common-sense and a sympathetic desire to understand the people with whom he deals, can be as useful to the State in Egypt as he has proved himself elsewhere in many parts of the world. It is true that the English missionary is placed at an initial disadvantage in competing with his rivals from Southern Europe. The sacrifices made by the Italian are of a kind which appeal more forcibly to the Eastern mind. He is extremely poor, he has renounced marriage, he is never transferred and never goes on leave; he lives, *planté là*, in the town or village of his choice, for the rest of his natural life. The habits of an English missionary are—superficially, at least—less distinguishable from those of ordinary men. For this he can only compensate by showing superior education and superior ability. He must understand what he is trying to do, and train himself to do it. He must neither use the Government to shield his independence nor his independence to defy the Government. He must recognise that he will make hardly any converts at all. He must live his dogmas for many years before he can hope to preach them with effect. Meanwhile it is as an educator, as a moral force, by his example indirectly influencing the lives of the people, that he can be of use. But to do this he must leave at home many of the qualities which still form

part of the equipment of too many of our English missionaries—rashness, over-confidence, ignorance, lack of tact, lack of patience, lack of sympathy and comprehension. These are the defects of a certain type of missionary, which are recognised by all Englishmen living abroad, but to which the great missionary societies do not seem to be sufficiently alive. It is for them to improve the training, the organisation, and the methods of their servants. If this cannot be done—if the old haphazard system be allowed to go on—missionaries will prove themselves in the future, as in the past, to be sometimes a source of weakness rather than of strength to the country to which they belong.

ARNOLD WARD.

THE NEW COMMONWEALTH

It is with some degree of pride, which is perhaps pardonable, that I recall what my uncle, Sir (then Mr.) Graham Berry, did when all the capitalist forces of Australia were arrayed against him. He was the first Australian statesman to convince the working man that Victoria existed for all the inhabitants and not exclusively for the squatters and civil servants. We, in these less strenuous times, must feel a profound respect for the earnest men who were so sincere in their convictions that they took it upon themselves to upset the whole colonial social fabric of the day. Sir Graham Berry in those days, nearly a generation ago, was almost looked upon in some quarters, to use a colonial phrase, as an 'outlaw.'

A generation later, Mr. Barton, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Kingston, Mr. Dickson, and Sir Philip Fysh came to England as the accredited guests of Great Britain in charge of the most original national compact that human ingenuity has ever constructed. The framers of this Constitution it may be noticed are nearly all men of the younger generation born in Australia. The old type of colonist is fast disappearing—'our sons inherit us.'

While Victoria was in the throes of these political discussions, my late chiefs were young men in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, &c., keen to their finger tips in the current problems of the day. All the papers of Australia from day to day were crowded with comment *pro* and *con* on the drastic measures which were then under consideration. The liberal education thus accorded to these Australians and the results of the liberal policy of those days without doubt have had their influence on the present Commonwealth Bill, a written document of enlightenment such as no country in the world can claim.

With this retrospect, it was with feelings of intense satisfaction that I found myself appointed Secretary to the Australian Federal Delegates in their mission to the Colonial Office. Associated as I have been with the London Office of the Colony of Victoria for many years past, it was a matter of great gratification to me to be associated with the Federal movement and to be brought into daily contact with nation builders like my late chiefs. For my own part

I can never forget my association with the Australian delegates. The intense earnestness of each one of them spread even to the Colonial Office, and in regard to Australian Federation matters that under usual conditions might have taken months of thought and deliberation, results were arrived at in minutes. While the great Constitution Act was a thing in itself which anyone might deem himself privileged to have a share in passing into enactment, at the same time it was impossible to get away from the personal magnetism of these distinguished Australians. It was impossible to be associated with these gentlemen from day to day without being inspired by some of that wonderful enthusiasm of which the public heard something through the columns of the daily press.

By the Bill which received Her Majesty's assent on the 9th of July last is established, with the dawn of the new century, a new nation. Although the date is not yet definitely fixed as to when the Act shall come into operation, there is a consensus of opinion that the 1st of January, 1901, will be the natal day of the Commonwealth.

In the creation of a new nation with a Constitution original in many marked respects, it is interesting to summarise the objects of the Commonwealth Act.

The chief objects of the Constitution are :—

- (a) To constitute a Federal Parliament.
- (b) To establish a Federal Government.
- (c) To define the powers of the Federal Parliament.
- (d) To preserve and declare the rights of the States.
- (e) To specially provide for Inter-State free trade.
- (f) To regulate the financial relations of the Commonwealth, and of the States.
- (g) To establish a judiciary, not for an individual State, but for the whole Commonwealth.
- (h) To prescribe the mode of admitting new States, and of effecting constitutional amendments.
- (i) To establish a complete system of naval and military defence of the Continent.

During the deliberations between the Colonial Office and the Delegates, and the passage of the Bill through Parliament, interest was chiefly centred in Clause 74. The original clause as included in the Bill brought over by the Delegates provided that no appeal should be permitted from the Federal High Court in any matter involving the interpretation of the Constitution unless the public interests of some other part of Her Majesty's dominions were involved. Without going into the legal arguments put forward by both the law officers of the Crown and the Delegates on this clause, it may be mentioned that, in addition to the instructions which the Delegates received before their departure from Australia (and confirmed by cablegram

after their arrival), that they should secure the passage of the Bill without amendment, they had to contend with the fact that this clause which the Imperial Government desired to amend was the result of a compromise between the various colonies after many debates and deliberations, and that any but verbal alterations of the clause might renew the strife in Australia. Fortunately, the earnest wish on both sides to settle this point to the satisfaction of all parties, and the very evident desire shown by Mr. Chamberlain to, as far as possible, meet the wishes of the Australian people, so long as in the opinion of the Imperial Government they did not act unfairly to any other part of the Empire, assisted in a result, satisfactory to all parties, being agreed on. The sense of the compromise is now that no appeal on any matter relating to the Constitution is allowed from the Federal High Court except when the High Court itself decides to refer the question in dispute to the Privy Council. The result being that instead of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council granting leave to appeal as in the case of Canada, the Federal High Court has the power to grant the necessary leave, thus curtailing the legal process, and consequently saving expense to litigants.

Although public attention has been drawn more particularly to the foregoing clause owing to the difficulty of arriving at any agreement in the matter, there are many other points in the Bill of probably more general interest.

Recent circumstances that have taken place in one of the Canadian provinces give justification for the provisions that the Australians have made under the Constitution Act for the appointment of State Governors to remain vested in the Crown. Among nations that pride themselves on possessing free institutions may be quoted the United States, Germany, Switzerland, and Canada. Where in any one of these is there such a wide suffrage as will be exercised under the new Australian Commonwealth? The qualification for a member of the Legislature is the qualification of an individual voter. The member of the Lower House is on equal terms with the member of the Senate as regards qualification. The only difference in the election of the members of the two Houses is that for the Senate the various States (with the exception of Queensland) vote as a whole, while for the Lower House each State is divided into districts which elect their representatives. Provision is made for differences of opinion between the Senate and the Lower House. Should such a thing happen and it be impossible for the two Houses to arrive at an agreement, they will meet as one joint assembly, and the majority vote is the voice of the people. Throughout all the deliberations that have taken place during the past four months, the dominant note has been that the voice of the people, when pronounced, must prevail. Take, for instance,

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the Constitution of Switzerland, which is regarded as a model Republic. This is the provision which is made by that country :

There are no provisions for the settlement of deadlocks between the two Houses, except in the case of a proposed Amendment of the Constitution. The referendum is not for settling differences between the two Houses in connection with general legislation, but is used to enable the people to veto, if they think fit, any measure passed by both Houses. Eight cantons or 30,000 voters may demand a referendum. The initiative is also in use, by which 50,000 voters can demand that Parliament legislate on a certain matter. Parliament does so as it sees fit, but the result of its labours has to be submitted to a referendum, by which it may be accepted or rejected.

In Canada there are no provisions for the settlement of deadlocks. If the Upper House rejects a measure passed by the Lower, its passage cannot be secured by fresh appointments to the Upper House, because the number of members in the latter is fixed by law. In the United States and Germany no provision whatever is made for the settlement of these disputes.

As against the foregoing take the following much more liberal provision :

If the Lower House, which contains representation in proportion to population, twice passes—with an interval of three months—a measure to which the Upper will not assent, the power of dissolving, not the Lower House only, but both Houses, can be exercised. Both Houses will be re-elected by the same individual electors. If the fear of dissolution and the re-election by the same voters fail to produce agreement, a joint sitting of both Houses will be held, and an absolute majority at that sitting will carry the measure, thus ending the deadlock, after a reasonable delay for reflection and an appeal to the people.

As regards defence, it is interesting to think what a wonderful change the new Commonwealth arrangements will bring about in the various colonies. From time to time, when rumours of war were current, the principal cities of Australia have been more or less subject to panic. At these times great expenditure has taken place in the matter of fortifying coast defences. Under the new system which will now prevail, the Federal Government becomes charged with the defence of every port along the vast coast line of Australia. Were a ship with hostile intentions to find its way through Torres Straits, instead of the authorities in Brisbane having to provide for its reception the Governor-General, who is also Commander-in-Chief, would make the necessary provision. If a few days later another cruiser were to bear up for the Leeuwin, the same body of men could be transported with speed and certainty over the Government Railways. By a provision of the Constitution Act the Central Government may, should occasion require, take over the control of the various State Railways. The mutual reliance that this new departure will give to the colonies is exactly the corollary that should follow up the abolition of the present cutthroat border duties.

The departments of customs and excise in each State shall be transferred to the Commonwealth on its establishment, but the duties in force at the present time in the various colonies will remain until

Parliament decide on uniform custom rates for the whole of Australia. On the imposition of these uniform rates the inter-state trade intercourse will be absolutely free, except in the case of Western Australia, which is allowed certain concessions, in recognition of her new industries, by the other Australian States. It is expected and believed that the abolition of the inter-state duties, which have harassed and impeded trade so much in the past, will have the effect of greatly developing the industrial and commercial interests. The revenue of the Commonwealth will be obtained from the duties on customs and excise. But by the clause commonly known as the Braddon clause, the Federal Parliament is compelled to return at least three-fourths of the net revenue from this source to the governments of the various States. It is considered that, as one-fourth of a moderate tariff will be sufficient for all Federal expenditure, the stipulation will not be hampering under present conditions. It might become so under the changed conditions of the future, but if found so the clause can be repealed eight years after the time fixed for the establishment of the Commonwealth, that is, ten years from now. The Commonwealth has power to grant assistance to any State, if circumstances call for it, on such terms as it may decide, and one of the many benefits which may accrue by the passing of this Act is the future consolidation of all the present Australian Government stocks.

Under Clause 3 the Queen may declare by proclamation that Western Australia may be considered an Original State if Her Majesty be satisfied that the people of that colony have agreed to join the Commonwealth. The proclamation therefore will be delayed until the result of the West Australian referendum is known. It is fully expected that the preponderance of votes in that colony will be in favour of the Bill, and, as a consequence, the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania will unite in 'one indissoluble Federal Commonwealth under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.'

New Zealand will therefore be the only outstanding colony in the southern seas, but as a distance of 1,200 miles separates that colony from the Australian continent it is not considered advisable by her people that she should at present join the Commonwealth. It is possible, however, that the questions of mutual defence and of closer trade relations with Australia may ultimately result in a change of opinion in that colony.

Lord Hopetoun, who carries with him to Australia Her Majesty's personal appreciation in the shape of the distinguished Order of the Knight of the Thistle, is charged with the inauguration of the responsible Government of the Commonwealth. The magnitude of this task may be measured by the fact that our island continent in the South Seas is equal to that of the United States without Alaska.

While our great sister nation in America is holding its Presidential election, upon which fabulous sums of money will be expended through the wide territories that extend from Maine to San Francisco, it is interesting to think that a gentleman holding Her Majesty's Commission goes quietly to Australia with the Queen's authority to put into operation a freer Government than that possessed by any Republic in the world.

By the provisions of the Constitution it will be necessary that the Governor-General should arrive in Australia some little while before the Act comes into operation. His first duty will be to form a Federal Executive Council, which will appoint not more than seven Ministers of State to administer the various public departments. His Excellency will then, after consultation with his Ministry, issue the necessary writs for the General Election, which will probably take place towards the end of February, and the first Federal Parliament may meet about the 1st of April next. In the later years of the closing century Lord Hopetoun has been one of the most popular representatives of Her Majesty in Australia. To the people of Australia he will return as a personal friend, welcomed by one and all. In forming his first Cabinet it will be for him in the consideration of the names submitted to him to be well advised that each one will receive popular endorsement at the polls. Under the new Commonwealth Bill there is no such thing possible as for a Cabinet Minister to hold office on the nomination of the Governor. Each responsible adviser of Lord Hopetoun will need to submit himself for the popular verdict of one or other of the constituencies. Bearing this in mind no one need be surprised that the Colonial Office has been chary in arriving at a decision as to the man sufficiently tactful to fill this eminently responsible position in a manner that will do no discredit to the Imperial Government.

No article on constitutional change in Australia would be complete without some reference to the sole survivor of the original framers of the Constitution granting, in 1855, self-governing rights to Victoria. Who is there left of public men then prominent in Australia or in Great Britain, who can look back to the time when, nearly fifty years ago, Victoria, in her childhood, was taking over the management of her own affairs? Is there more than one left? I think not. Sir Andrew Clarke—or, to give him his full title, Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., G.C.M.G., C.B., C.I.E.—himself the son of a Colonial Governor, who has held important offices in the colonies, in India, and in England, too numerous to mention here, stands out as a man with an experience of colonial affairs which gives great weight to every word he utters on such matters. I shall be forgiven then for repeating here a remark made publicly by him a short time back. He said, speaking of the Commonwealth Act, 'I believe that the

wonderful progress and prosperity which followed the Liberal grant of self-government to my old colony will repeat itself in the great Commonwealth now called into existence.' The words appear to me, having the advantage of personal acquaintance with Sir Andrew, more like the prayer for the welfare of his 'old colony' than an attempt to forecast the future. May that prayer come true is the earnest desire of all Australians. Sir Andrew also assisted in the final agreement with the Colonial Office on Clause 74 of the new Constitution, as, on Mr. Deakin returning to Victoria through ill health, the Government of that colony requested Sir Andrew to represent them. Sir Andrew therefore had the unique experience of assisting at the granting of the Constitution of 1855 and of the larger one of 1900.

One word more. Mr. Chamberlain, the initiator of the new colonial policy at the Colonial Office—the statesman who has done so much to promote a stronger Imperial feeling throughout the colonies—will always be recognised throughout the Empire as the Colonial Secretary who, by his tact and genius, successfully carried through the Imperial Parliament the Commonwealth Bill. The difficulties at one time at least required the full exercise of his well-known powers of diplomacy.

The remarks respecting the Colony of Victoria made by a previous Colonial Secretary nearly fifty years ago are peculiarly applicable to Australia at the present moment. The words referred to are :

'It remains for it to prove, as under the blessings of the same Providence it will prove, that the exercise of the fullest political rights will at once contribute to promote the continuance of that extraordinary internal progress, and the maintenance of that powerful feeling of British union and British consanguinity.'

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ALBERT GRAHAM BERRY.

*THE SLOW GROWTH OF
MORAL INFLUENCE IN POLITICS*

. . . Not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.—A. H. CLOUGH.

THE subject of this article is the slow growth of moral influence in political affairs, and the practical question that rises out of it and haunts the mind of every educated and thoughtful person—how best to expedite and invigorate this slow growth.

Bearing in mind that the teaching of the New Testament is professedly accepted by most of us as furnishing the imperative rules and standards of moral conduct, and that it has been so accepted in Europe for many centuries, and setting over against this fact the prevalent opinions, aims, and standards of action that meet us everywhere, in any country, alike in the language and temper of leading statesmen, in the tone of the press and of public opinion, in party politics, in national policy, and in international relationships, there can be no doubt as to the slowness of the growth.

As Christians we believe that the moral principles of the Sermon on the Mount are destined to become the dominating influence in public as in private affairs; but as observers of the prevalent phenomena of public life we have to acknowledge that amid many doubtful signs the one thing which stands out clearly in this evolutionary process is that a thousand years are but as one day, so slow is the rate of advancement.

It might even be maintained, with some show of reason, that *while in Christian countries and under Christian influences individual morality has risen as never before or elsewhere, public or political moral standards rose more rapidly in Israel under the Old Testament covenant, and this because of the untiring insistence and emphasis with which the great national prophets preached the duty

of national righteousness and kept the living God before the eyes and mind of the people as the Judge of all national and corporate life.

But, however this may be, there stands before us the plain fact, and it is a fact far too generally disregarded or ignored, that after eighteen centuries of Christian teaching and influence in Europe, a great deal of our public life, both at home and abroad, although in the hands of Christian statesmen, is to all practical intents and purposes still carried on as if the Sermon on the Mount had never been spoken and only the lower or selfish motives had a rightful claim to exercise dominion in practical affairs.

It is not that action and practice are constantly falling short of the acknowledged and accepted standard of ethical duty. This we should expect to occur in public as in private matters.

The point is that honest and good men do not seem to recognise those standards of ethical judgment which they accept without question in private life, as having the same claim on their allegiance in the arena of politics, or in the relationships of nations. 'Blindness in part is happened to Israel.'

We turn, for instance, to that sphere which furnishes the most glaring instances of this strange inconsistency, the sphere of international politics.

In these we see how, again and again, there is hardly more than a thinly veiled pretence of any appeal to the higher standards of ethical obligation, or to the spirit of Christianity.

The terms in which national or imperial aims and policy are defined and the spirit in which international affairs are conducted are such as to make it only too plain that the whole structure of foreign politics, and also a great part of internal politics, are built upon a foundation of selfishness, jealousy, rivalry, greed of power and wealth, and not upon any higher or Christian basis.

Thus twenty-six centuries after the prophet Isaiah, twenty-three centuries after Socrates, and nineteen centuries after the Manifestation of Christ, we see, so to speak, whole continents of life, opinion, and practice still under the dominion of that spirit of selfish greed which St. Paul denounced as *pleonexia*, and held up to view as lying very near to the root of all that is vicious in human life.

By way of illustration reference might be made to many contemporary events or to events within the memory of most of us; but it may suffice to note the impression made by the current phenomena of public affairs on some of the great writers and thinkers.

Mr. Herbert Spencer¹ has forcibly reminded us that men seem to give their allegiance, as it were, to two religions, the religion of amity and the religion of enmity, for use in different departments of life

¹ *Study of Sociology.*

and conduct. The real homage is paid in large measure, if not in the larger measure, to the code dictated by enmity.

From the books of the New Testament we take our religion of amity. Greek and Latin epics and histories serve as gospels for our religion of enmity.

In the education of our youth we devote a small portion of time to the one, and a large portion of time to the other.

A priori it might be thought impossible that men should continue through life holding two doctrines which are mutually destructive. But this ability to compromise between conflicting beliefs is very remarkable.

A boy, while growing up, acquires in common with all around him the habit of living by first one and then the other of his creeds, as the occasion may demand; and so great is the power of custom that he does this in ordinary cases without any distinct feeling of inconsistency, and by the time that he reaches maturity the habit has been established in his life. So educated, he will enlarge at one moment on the need of maintaining the national honour, and he thinks it derogatory or unpatriotic or mean to arbitrate about an aggression, trespass, or difference, instead of avenging it by war; at another moment he calls his household together and leads them in the beautiful prayer in which he asks God to forgive his trespasses as he forgives those that trespass against him. That spirit which he prays for as a virtue on Sunday, or in his home, he will repudiate as a vice or a weakness on Monday, in his club or in parliament, or on the Stock Exchange.

Such is the blunt conclusion of our greatest writer on sociology, and we should find it hard to confute his testimony.

Another distinguished writer² has said that the key to all rational estimate of European politics is to recognise that the dominant factor in them to-day is the passion of national self-assertion, the struggle for national primacy. For right or wrong the great nations are resolved to make themselves as big, as formidable, as extensive, as rich as science and energy can make them, or at least to tolerate no other nation bigger than themselves.

For this they are ready to sacrifice almost everything at home or abroad, their traditions, their safety, their credit, and almost their honour.

And we might add to this testimony that it is this same principle of selfish greed which is mainly responsible for that degrading and mischievous influence in English life commonly described as jingoism, that spurious or bastard patriotism which it should be the aim of every ethical teacher to eradicate and destroy, planting in its

² Mr. F. Harrison in *Cosmopolis*.

stead the true progressive Christian patriotism, whose aim is righteousness and goodwill.

Again, the most distinguished man of letters now engaged in English political life is reported to have said only the other day, when referring to the prevalent sentiment on our South African policy, that the language of England hardly affects to be moral language; it is the language of pride, of mastery, of force, of violence, of revenge. And as we read the sentiments that pervade a great portion of the newspaper press, and the language used by some leading and representative men, it is not possible for us to deny the essential truth of such criticism.

But the specially noticeable point about it in our consideration of the ethical question is that all this language seems to be used in good faith by men who, while thus recognising, accepting, and even helping to propagate pride and self-interest as the dominant motives in public life, are all the time professing obedience to the moral standards of the Gospel, and joining in the customary and special worship of the Christian Church, and this, to all appearance, without any distinct feeling of inconsistency.

Even an excellent Church dignitary has been known to hold that our recent experiences in South Africa furnish a warning lesson to remind us that we should carefully avoid all sentiment in politics; and yet the Book of Common Prayer and the Gospel of Christ are that good Churchman's daily companions in his private life, and he would probably have agreed with Mr. Froude when he said that every generous and living relation between man and man, or between men and their country, is sentiment and nothing else.

The subject being so fundamentally important, and the perversions and contradictions of conventional public sentiment being so instructive when analysed, it may not be a work of supererogation to cite one more witness.

Mr. Lecky, in his *Map of Life*, in order to bring out clearly the comparatively low standards of conduct which men are still content to follow in public affairs, has set graphically before us two recent illustrations, which deserve to be pondered very carefully and dispassionately.

Referring to what may fairly be described as the meanest incident in the modern political history of England, he reminds us how at the close of this nineteenth century of the Christian era a man holding the confidential position of Prime Minister of a colony, and being at the same time a Privy Councillor of the Queen, could engage in a conspiracy for the overthrow of a neighbouring and friendly state; and, moreover, how, to carry out this design, he deceived the High Commissioner, whose Prime Minister he was, and his colleagues in the ministry; how he collected for the conspiracy

an armed force under false pretences, and took part in smuggling arms to be used for purposes of rebellion, made use of newspapers under his influence or control, and spent large sums of money in fomenting rebellion, and finally was implicated in the concoction of a letter pretending to be an appeal on behalf of women and children whose lives were in danger, a letter to be dated and issued at the right moment.

Here we see a course of conduct which in private life would have been honestly and sincerely reprobated by the very man who did all these things, as by the general sense of the community; but inasmuch as it belongs to the field of politics, what happens?

The verdict of fashionable society condones it, and a great part of the nation follows suit, and even a leading minister of the Crown is found to declare in the House of Commons, apparently with the assent of his colleagues, and in all sincerity, that in all these transactions, although the man had made a gigantic mistake, he had done nothing affecting his personal honour.

In the face of such phenomena one is tempted to ask whether men's conceptions of personal honour are not in some danger of deteriorating, and whether, after all, we had not better hold on to Shakespeare as a safer guide and interpreter when he writes:

Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour.

Let us glance at the other illustration furnished by Mr. Lecky. Very few massacres in history, he says, have been more gigantic or more clearly traced to the action of a Government than those perpetrated by Turkish soldiers in our generation; and few signs of the low level of public feeling in Christendom are more impressive than the general indifference with which these massacres were contemplated in most countries, or the spectacle of the sovereign of one of the greatest and most civilised Christian nations hastening to Constantinople, so soon after those savage Armenian atrocities, to clasp the hand which was thus deeply imbued with Christian blood, and then proceeding to the Mount of Olives, where, amid scenes consecrated by the most sacred of all memories, he proclaimed himself the champion and the patron of the Christian faith.

Illustrations like these are surely a sufficient proof, if proof were needed, to show how slow men are to give an undivided allegiance to moral principles in all departments of life, and, moreover, how readily the conscience becomes a conventional and purblind conscience,³ domesticated and living at ease amid the most glaring inconsistencies.

³ Cf. Mozley's *University Sermon on the Pharisees*.

How, then, it is natural to ask, are we to account for the fact that the standards of individual ethics are thus applied so slowly, so fitfully, so partially, and so inconsistently, in the field of political or public life?

And the question is one to which it is not altogether easy to give a simple categorical answer, because the dislocation between private and public, or individual and corporate standards of judgment and conduct is felt to be the resultant of various causes.

In the first place it is relevant to notice that the Divine Founder of our religion and His apostles deliberately confined their teaching to personal morals.

Living⁴ as they did under a heathen Imperial government, which would have crushed them without mercy had they been suspected of any political or revolutionary aim, they left the political world severely alone, content to sow the seeds of new principles, and a new spirit in individual hearts.

And this attitude of the Saviour and His immediate followers towards all that concerned the corporate or political life of the community, while they rendered to Cæsar without question or criticism the things that were recognised as Cæsar's, has doubtless exercised a continuous influence on succeeding generations, tending to deter men from bringing the higher moral standards of the Gospel teaching directly and unreservedly to bear upon the conduct of public or State affairs, and so leaving a great portion of our public opinion and activities in these departments of life still outside the pale of Christian ethics.

Following upon this, and in some degree as a consequence of it, we may note the prevalent lack of any systematic training of the young in the right application of moral principles to the details of their public life.

We are indeed so far from adequately recognising the duty of giving such training that there still survives in ordinary society a very general prejudice to the effect that a religious teacher should confine himself to what are called religious matters, and abstain from all political teaching, as if political morality might safely be left to grow of itself.

Thus, throughout our whole educational system we find very little systematic training in the morals of citizenship.

In other subjects it is recognised that the young must be trained and disciplined for the work of their practical life by systematic daily lessons, repeated and learnt again and again—*decies repetita docent*; but we act as if our social and political morals were expected to grow without any such daily watering and tending; and the result is an attenuated or arrested moral growth such as may be constantly

⁴ Cf. Goldwin Smith on American Slavery.

observed in political action, temper and opinion ; and remembering how deep-rooted and tenacious of life are selfish motives and traditional, conventional, and old-world ideas, we must acknowledge that we have no right to expect a very different result until we take more pains to secure it.

But the most fundamental reason why a late or slow growth in corporate morality was to be expected is that all real moral progress is from the individual heart outwards, and consequently corporate advance has to wait upon individual advance.

Thus the tide of moral advancement first of all uplifts the individual, and then the family, and after that the tribal, the national and the international conscience.

National and international morality are thus seen to lie on the outermost fringe of moral influence, and they rise in consequence very slowly.

In this slow uprising, amid the struggle of contending forces, we find, as we have seen in the instances already quoted, compromise and lax judgments prevailing in public affairs with regard to matters in which no compromise and no such judgments would be tolerated in private personal relationships.

So it comes to pass that after all our centuries of moral and religious teaching, with all the treasures of ancient and modern thought in our hands, all the great examples before our eyes, and all the spiritual teaching of the ages in our ears, what may be called the moral conscience of nations is still in a very rudimentary condition.

States, as represented by the policy and action of rulers, diplomats and statesmen, and by ordinary public opinion, are still influenced and directed in the main by the instincts of self-preservation and self-interest, and all the kindred selfish motives ; though we recognise with thankfulness the constantly growing signs that the higher life steadily advances in spite of every drawback.

For while the tired waves, slowly breaking,
Seem scarce one painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creek and inlet making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

This brings us to the practical and final consideration, how we may best hope to facilitate or expedite this progress ; and our thoughts naturally turn in this connection, first of all to the influence of religious teaching, and next to systematic training of the young in the ethics of citizenship, and to the aid which may be given by ethical societies.

What religious teachers and leaders may perhaps be said specially to need in a time of settled and conventional religion is to realise

their prophetic office more clearly and more fully than is commonly done.

In the midst of a highly conventional society it is only too easy to forget that the true office of the religious preacher is to stand forth as the messenger and interpreter of Divine Law in its application to all contemporary activities and relationships, to be a preacher of both individual and national righteousness, like Amos, Micah, or Isaiah, impressing always the ancient text :—‘That which is altogether just shalt thou do, that thou mayest live,’ and to inspire and lead men to apply that rule to their daily public life, as suggested, for instance, in the fine words of Mr. Gladstone, when he said, ‘That which is morally wrong cannot be politically right.’

Moreover, the prophet is needed in every age, because, as a matter of fact, it is through inspiring and uplifting personalities of the prophetic type that every great forward movement in human history is set going and sustained. Again and again, as we read the record of human advancement, we are moved to say, ‘See how a great prophet has risen up among men, and God has visited His people,’ and therefore it is that teachers of religion are specially called upon to cultivate the prophetic office of the Church of God in regard to all the various departments of the common life.

This view, when simply stated in general terms, meets with general acceptance and is even commended and applauded; but when we endeavour to carry it into practice in public affairs it is apt to meet with a different reception.

The prophet, or preacher of righteousness, claiming to base his exhortations or protests on Divine Law, is not, as a rule, a popular character.

The opportunist, whether in Church or State, does not like his utterances. The man of prophetic conviction and courage is apt to be jeered at as a pedant or a prig, or an impractical philosopher, or a sentimental philanthropist; and yet the fact remains that the men of this type, and not the opportunists, are and have always been the true salt of their society, or rather let us say they are the Promethean torch-bearers, who bring fresh gifts of Divine fire into the life of men, generation by generation.

But, to pass on to the next point referred to above, we also need much more systematic teaching of ethics in their application to citizenship. It is a very long time since the Greek philosopher said *ἄνθρωπος φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῷον*—man is by nature a social creature—and yet our social and political ethics are still in practice quite rudimentary.

There is, it might be alleged, hardly a school in England, including even Eton itself, which has been for so many generations the great nursery of our public men, in which we could find any

adequate manual setting forth in detail the principles of social and political ethics in regular and general use, or any systematic course of instruction in such subjects given and enforced with the needful reiteration throughout the growing, impressible, character-forming years of early life.

A man of large and varied practical experience, and, it may be added, of rare prophetic insight and high enthusiasm, Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, feeling this need of greater attention to higher ethical training, has within the last year or two pressed on some of those charged with the education given in elementary schools (and the need is quite as great in higher schools) the duty of doing more than is systematically done to touch the imagination and the emotions of the young in regard to all the nobler elements of life and character.

He would have, for instance, in every elementary school what he calls a Boys' Guild of Honour, in which the chief elements of high character, such as courage, truth, self-command, purity, generosity, chivalry, public spirit, should be systematically set before the boys and impressed on them as elements of life in which they should rejoice and strive to excel.

'In addition to the religious teaching,' he says, 'I desire to see much more direct and emphatic moral teaching of the best kind in our schools. Such teaching should appeal to the imagination and the feelings, which are the great factors of conduct, and should deal with the actual relations of life at home, in work, in companionship, and in all civic relationships.'

Here we are reminded of the very suggestive and noble efforts of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; and all who are familiar with the routine of our school education in any grade of school will agree that such suggestions and efforts are, to say the least, very opportune.

In conclusion, it may be urged that we need in all the chief centres of our national life a great deal more of the influence of ethical societies.

The function of such a society is twofold. It acts as a school of study for the select few, who thus do something to keep alive and bright the sacred fire of ethical illumination and advancement. But the needs of the nation ask of us a great deal more than this.

If such societies are really to fulfil their mission, they must, like Socrates, carry their teaching into the market-place, so as to make it heard and make its power felt in all the practical activities of the national life.

In proportion to our need amid the blinding, traditional, materialistic and selfish influences that are continually acting on men, in a complex industrial and commercial civilisation, is the greatness of the benefit which such societies may bestow upon the

community ; and it may be taken as beyond question that one of our special needs is a far more systematic propaganda of social and political ethics, a propaganda led, informed, directed by a central ethical association, with its active local branches in all the great centres of provincial life ; and all of them making it their aim to inspire the teaching of the young, to supply suitable manuals of instruction, to leaven public opinion, especially the opinion of all bodies of teachers, and so to help us a little nearer to that better day when the highest ideals of ethical conduct shall have become the dominant forces in both private and public affairs.

J. HEREFORD.

THE IMPERIAL NOTE IN VICTORIAN POETRY

ALL who care for good literature have been reading lately Mr. Goldwin Smith's volumes on *The United Kingdom*. The book suggests many reflections and offers not a few points for criticism. Not that Mr. Goldwin Smith's pen has lost any of its cunning. We admire, as of old, the perfect lucidity of exposition, the critical acumen, the vigour and incisiveness of style. It is impossible to detect any sign 'of the hand of extreme old age' to which the author deprecatingly refers; but, none the less, there is throughout the book a curious sense of distance and aloofness, as of one who writes from the dim recesses of the distant past. There is no trace or semblance of senile decay, but still it is obviously the work of a writer who 'flourished' half a century ago, who represents a school which alike in literature and politics is well-nigh extinct.

The stream of imperial sentiment—it is a commonplace to say it—is now in full flood. It has left Mr. Goldwin Smith high and dry. It is indeed no part of our present purpose either to trace that stream to its fountain head or to endeavour to forecast its future course. But whether we are borne along by the stream or merely watch it from the bank, we cannot question the strength of the current. Mr. Goldwin Smith regards it with the undisguised contempt fashionable among his contemporaries. I shall have something to say of the school to which he and they belong later on. For the present I am concerned wholly with a simple and straightforward question. To what extent has the imperial note so curiously but characteristically ignored by Mr. Goldwin Smith been re-echoed in the poetry of our time, in the verse of the Victorian era?

In this respect the reign of Queen Victoria divides into two—I hope unequal—halves. The first thirty-five years of the reign—the years from 1837 to about 1872—are singularly bare and empty in this regard. There is an abundant crop of what we may call 'patriotic' poetry; poetry that reflects the Englishman's pride in his island home; in the deeds of his sons, especially his sons at sea, and

in the free political tradition of a self-governed people. Such is the note struck by Campbell, who, born in the third decade of the reign of George the Third, lived on well into that of Queen Victoria; in such ballads as *Ye Mariners of England*; in such verses as :

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

This is at any rate breezy enough. The same sort of note is struck in Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*, and a deeper, more truly political note in the far finer though somewhat aggressive poem :

Men of England! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood;
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on field and flood.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sidney's matchless shade is yours;
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!
 We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crowned and mitred tyranny;
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthright—so will we.

But the essentially characteristic note of the poets of that day is a desponding one. A fairly typical example, though outside the strict period, is to be found in Wordsworth's well-known invocation to Milton :

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.

Even when we get an echo of what we should now call the imperial note, the strain is really one of tempered pessimism, as in Wordsworth's fine poem :

It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British Freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed 'with pomp of waters unwithstood,'
 Roused though it be full often to a mood

Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish, and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever.

But it is unnecessary to labour a point which hardly admits of contradiction. One might go further and say, not only of the first half of the nineteenth century, but of the whole two centuries and a half intervening between the days of the Elizabethan and the later Victorian singers, that the imperial note is conspicuous only by its absence.

It is essential, however, to confine our criticism to the Victorian era. Of that period the point I have suggested in outline might be elaborated in detail without fear of any substantial contradiction. And it is perfectly intelligible. It would have been amazing had it been otherwise. Your great poet, it is true, should be seer and prophet as well as poet, but his prophetic gift is, as a rule, the gift of interpretation. He sees a little more clearly than his fellows, but not very far ahead. And I should be inclined to hazard the suggestion, that this is true of great poets in almost exact proportion to their greatness. There is in all literature no better example of this truth than that supplied by the greatest of the Elizabethans. It is, of course, emphatically true that Shakespeare wrote 'not for an age but for all time.' But it is none the less true that he was the product and resultant of his own immediate political and literary environment. The England of the fifteenth century, an England which was economically anæmic and socially distraught, an England which was conscious of humiliating defeat abroad and a prey to political anarchy and discontent at home—such an England could not have produced a Shakespeare. The same truth may be put more concretely. If Shakespeare had been born a contemporary of Caxton, his song would have been stifled, and the products of his genius would have withered like untimely fruit. Shakespeare, great as he was, unique and splendid as was his genius, was none the less emphatically the product of Elizabethan England—an England which had once more renewed its lusty youth, and had begun to manifest its new-born vigour in a thousand diverse directions, literary and political, social and ecclesiastical, maritime, commercial, and economical.

But to return to the early Victorian poets. For them to have re-echoed the imperial note would have involved a logical and verbal contradiction, since the imperial note had not been sounded in the national literature or life.

During the first half of the Queen's reign the Manchester School was in a political and economic sense absolutely dominant. The creed of that cult may be summed up in the Physiocratic formula, *Laissez faire, laissez aller*. The period of its supremacy was one of

so-called emancipation and abolition; its highest ambition was to free men from burdens too heavy to be borne; to strike off the fetters from industry and trade; to abolish restrictions of every sort, and to emancipate in every way the individual. Everything and everybody was to be 'free.' It was a necessary work; it had to be done; and though the pendulum, as is generally the case, swung too far, it had been worse for England and for the world had it never swung at all.

In this fever of renunciation and abdication, in this limitless enthusiasm for 'letting go,' it would have been marvellous had the colonies escaped. The imperial idea had no place whatever in the undiluted commercialism of that era. To the Manchester School 'our vast and scattered dominions,' as Mr. Balfour once admirably pointed out in this Review,¹

appeared to be an ill-constructed fabric built at the cost of much innocent blood and much ill-spent treasure, and which having been originally contrived in obedience to a mistaken theory of trade was not worth the trouble of keeping in repair now that that theory had been finally exploded. The same deficient sympathy and insight which prevented him [Cobden] seeing any cause for the Napoleonic wars but the selfish ambition of the ruling class, or any result of them but continental complications and a crushing debt, made him regard the motives which induced ordinary Englishmen obstinately to cling to the responsibilities of Empire as consisting of an uninstructed love of gain or of vulgar greed of territory.

And yet, while all this is profoundly true, we ought never to forget that Cobdenism had its idealistic side. That ideal was embodied in the hope that the breaking down of commercial barriers would prove to be the prelude to a universal peace. Those who

Dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,
Saw the havens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales.

Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man and the federation of the world.

The dream of the Manchester School—a dream not, as I must insist, without its splendid aspect—found its apotheosis in the Great International Exhibition of 1862. To the high priests of this cult the famous adjuration was addressed:

O ye the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing Commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man find his home in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,

- Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth,
And crowned with all her flowers.

But the dream faded. The time had not yet come for the 'furling of the battle flag' nor 'the federation of the world.' On the contrary, so far were the 'wise who reign' from loosing 'Commerce's latest chain,' that they reimposed it with ten-fold persistency and occupied themselves in building higher and higher the massive walls of protective tariffs. Meanwhile, as far as the imperial idea was concerned, the doctrinaire dogmatism of the Manchester School held undisputed sway for forty years. Of that school there is no better or more influential representative than Sir George Cornewall Lewis. Lewis was at once a statesman of high cabinet rank and a persuasive political philosopher. His *Treatise on the Government of Dependencies* was the eloquent expression of a theory and a policy which for nearly half a century was practically unquestioned. 'If a dominant country,' wrote Lewis in 1841, 'understood the true nature of the advantages arising from the supremacy and dependence of the related communities, it would voluntarily recognise the legal independence of such of its own Dependencies as were fit for independence, it would, by its political arrangements, study to prepare for independence those which were still unable to stand alone, and it would seek to promote colonisation for the purpose of extending its trade rather than its empire, and without intending to maintain the dependence of its colonies beyond the time when they needed its protection.' A few years later, in 1856, Mr. Arthur Mills published his *Colonial Constitutions*, a thoroughly representative and widely influential book. This is his view:

To ripen these communities to the earliest possible maturity, social, political, commercial, to qualify them by all the appliances within the reach of the parent state, for present self-government and eventual independence, is now the universally admitted aim of our colonial policy.

But it is unnecessary to go back to the forties, or even the fifties. So lately as the month of November 1872 the *Times*² solemnly advised the Canadian people to take up their freedom, as the days of their apprenticeship were over. In Lord Tennyson's diary under date November 8, 1872, there occurs this pregnant sentence: 'Lady Franklin has sent me the Canadian bit of the *Times*. Villainous.'

But Tennyson was not content with writing 'villainous' in his diary; the villainy was branded on his brain, and relief was only found in that splendid outburst of indignant eloquence which he suffixed as a dedicatory epilogue to the *Idylls of the King*.

² Quoted in an article on 'Tennyson the Poet of Empire,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1899.

And that true North, whereof we lately heard
 A strain to shame us 'keep you to yourselves :
 So loyal is too costly ! friends, your love
 Is but a burthen : loose the bond, and go.'
 Is this the tone of empire ? here the faith
 That made us rulers ? this, indeed, her voice
 And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
 Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven ?
 What shock hath fooled her since, that she should speak
 So feebly ? Wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour !
 The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
 Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas ?

Readers of the *Memoir* will recall an interesting letter from Lord Dufferin, at that time Governor-General of Canada, thanking Tennyson for the spirited denunciation 'with which you have branded those who are seeking to dissolve the Empire, and to alienate and disgust the inhabitants of this most powerful and prosperous colony.' And he goes on to speak 'of the fanatical tenacity with which Canadians cling to their birthright as Englishmen.' Tennyson's fine poem may be said to have sounded the first definite note of revolt against the dominant maxims of the Manchester School. He had, indeed, long been chafing against the fashionable doctrines of the day, and twenty years before this had uttered an indignant protest : first in his noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and again in his fiery lines on Prince Louis-Napoleon's *coup d'état* in France. But in his larger patriotism, his wider outlook, and his intense pride in his citizenship of the Greater Britain, Tennyson stood, among the poets at any rate, almost alone. The publication of the lines on Canada in 1872 marks, however, the beginning of the new epoch. From that moment, more especially in the last fifteen years, the change in public sentiment on this question has been extraordinarily rapid.

It is easier to acknowledge than to explain this change. The simple fact is, of course, that a great flood of sentiment like this does not rise without a hundred confluent and contributory streams. Of these I can only hope to follow up one or two.

Some part of the change must undoubtedly be ascribed to the conscious and persistent efforts of individuals like the late Mr. W. E. Forster, and the knot of enthusiasts who were associated with him in the establishment of the once derided Imperial Federation League. For my own part I should be inclined to lay immense stress, in this connection, upon the publication in 1883 of Professor Seeley's little volume on the *Expansion of England*. Seeley's insistence on the originality of his formula was felt by many to be a trifle irritating ; but I should seriously question whether any book on a political subject, published in England since the appearance of the *Wealth of Nations* in 1776, has had an influence so immediate, so

direct, and so profound, upon political thought, and indeed upon administrative action. Sir William Harcourt may declare with truth that 'we are all Imperialists now.' A living Oxford poet is no doubt accurate in the assertion that 'the Little Englander is dead and gone.' But when did the conversion of the one and the decease of the other actually take place? Certainly not before 1883. 'England,' said Seeley, 'seems to have conquered half the world in a fit of absence of mind.' Seeley himself did not a little to awake us from the trance, and to make us realise the goal towards which for more than three centuries we had half unconsciously been tending. He it was who made the average Englishman for the first time understand that he had reached the parting of the ways, and that he was called upon to make, once for all, a conscious and purposeful decision as to the path he would elect to follow.

Once more. It is not, I trust, indiscreet to suggest that our own self-consciousness was a good deal stirred by the obvious and flattering attempts at imitation made by our friends and neighbours over sea. When, for example, we witnessed the formation in Germany of a definite colonial party, and the inauguration of a colonial policy, even we Englishmen, obtuse and dull-witted as proverbially we are, began to suspect that in our colonies we might possess a political asset of tangible and substantial value. Nor can it be doubted that this self-consciousness was still further stimulated by the rising imperial temper in the colonies themselves. That temper was manifested in a hundred ways. We all remember how, when a war between England and Russia seemed imminent in 1878, Lord Beaconsfield brought a force of Indian troops to the Mediterranean. At the time, the act was denounced as unconstitutional, and derided as theatrical. Men may differ as to the wisdom of the policy those troops were intended to support, but can it be doubted that in itself the act was due to the inspiration of genius, erratic and unprincipled if we will? Vast potentialities were, as by a flash of light, instantaneously revealed. Nor was the hint lost, either upon our enemies or upon our friends.

Still more significant, because in a sense more spontaneous, was the despatch of the New South Wales contingent during the Egyptian war. Those stalwart imperial volunteers came across thousands of miles of sea to stand shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of the mother land on the burning desert of the Soudan. The coming of that contingent opened a new chapter in the military history of the Empire. From that day to this the Empire has no sooner been threatened with war than it has been made unmistakably and immediately patent to the world that war would have to be waged not with the island Britain only, 'this third-rate isle half-lost among her seas,' but with the Greater Britains in the far North and in the far South.

But other reasons, somewhat more subtle, for the revolution in sentiment may perhaps be discerned. Since 1885 we have entered upon a new political epoch. The Reform Act of that year closed a chapter in our history—the chapter that was concerned with organic Reform, which had opened with the Act of 1832. For just half a century the mind of the average Englishman, who very properly refuses to think of two things at once, had been fully occupied with the task of putting his own house in order. Nobody supposes that domestic reforms are at an end. But the *epoch*, the distinctive period of organic political reconstruction, is, if I mistake not, closed. Men's thoughts have turned to other things. Their activities have sought new channels. Not a few of the noblest activities have found vent in the colonial field, much of the finest thought has been concentrated upon the imperial idea.

But potent as all these reasons have unquestionably been, there remains another, more potent still—the magnetic influence of the character and personality of the present occupant of the English throne. It would have been difficult for the most fervid loyalist to have found any personal magnetism in the early sovereigns of the Hanoverian line. And if the great schism of 1783 had meant the close instead of the opening of a chapter, it is not impossible that the epilogue might have closed with the overthrow of the throne. No one can ignore the transformation which, in this respect, the Victorian era has brought about. It is the tritest of common-places to say that the Crown is stronger to-day than at any previous period of English history. And this is so, not only because Englishmen can look back upon sixty years of a blameless life; upon sixty years of rule, strictly and absolutely constitutional in our curious English sense; not only because the nation has learnt, though far from fully, what it may owe to one who stands serenely above all petty party interests, but still more because the Crown has entered upon a new phase of political importance, as the representative and embodiment of the imperial idea, and the surest guarantee for the fulfilment of imperial aspirations.

And finally. There has taken place in these last years a real shrinkage of the world. The great scientific discoveries have, in a real sense, annihilated time and space. People seem suddenly to have awoken to the fact that the planet on which they live is exceedingly small, and they seem literally afraid that if they fail to add some hundreds of thousands of square miles every year to their own particular territory, they may get pushed over the edge. And thus it comes that the view held universally fifty years ago, and generally accepted only twenty years ago, is now on every side indignantly and unequivocally repudiated. A moralist might be tempted to suggest that the pendulum as usual has over-swung, that men are in some danger of forgetting the truth that bigness is not

synonymous with greatness, still less with happiness, and that a nation's wealth consists not solely in the things that it possesses.

But I am concerned for the moment simply with a diagnosis of the facts. The facts are indisputable. The imperial idea has taken firm root, and the sentiment of the nation is accurately reflected by its poets. Thus the last ten years have yielded an abounding harvest of imperialistic verse. In this, as in much else, Tennyson undoubtedly led the way. His ballad of *The Revenge* marked the revival of the Elizabethan temper. Nor can any one doubt that from every point of view, alike in technical form and in substantial essence, it was one of the very finest things he ever did. Worthy, in my poor judgment, to be put alongside the best ballad work of Tennyson are the ballads of Mr. Henry Newbolt. The following stanzas of *Admirals All* are fit to be compared with some of the best in *The Revenge*:

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the kings of the sea!
Admirals all for England's sake,
Honour be yours, and fame,
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to rack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the Great Armada came,
But he said, 'They must wait their turn. good souls,'
And he stooped and finished the game.

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound.
'Mark you, I would not be elsewhere now,'
Said he, 'for a thousand pound.'
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
And he clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And 'I'm damned if I see it,' he said.

Admirals all they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Hardly less inspiring are the *Guides at Cabul*, *Drake's Drum*, *The Fighting Téméraire*, and *A Ballad of John Nicholson*; all contained in the same tiny volume; and finest of all, quite in a class apart, is an exquisitely touching little poem *Vitai Lampada*. It consists only of three stanzas: here are two of them:

There's a breathless hush in the close to-night,
 Ten to make and the match to win,
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of the ribbed coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
 Red with the wreck of the square that broke,
 The Gatling's jammed, and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and honour a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

But these ballads, always excepting the last, are at the best good fighting stuff. The lines are full of fire, life, and vigour, they make the veins tingle and the pulses throb, and the upshot is, that it is a magnificent thing to be an Englishman. Even Tennyson rarely got far beyond this half-defiant sentiment.

But of late the great imperial singers have sounded, as all men must acknowledge, a different, a deeper, a more reflective note—a note of almost awesome responsibility. It is not so much the glory and the glitter, the sparkle and the splendour, the pomp and pride of Empire, but rather the idea of the possibilities it opens for service to mankind.

Fair is our lot, and goodly is our heritage.
 Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth,
 For the Lord our God most high,
 He hath made the deep as dry,
 He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth.

Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from righteousness,
 Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garment's hem,
 Oh, be ye not dismayed, though we stumbled and we strayed,
 We were led by evil counsellors, the Lord shall deal with them.

It is easy for the superior person to sneer at Mr. Kipling as a literary Hooligan or a Jingo Methodist, but it is at least questionable whether any poet has ever succeeded in interpreting with greater precision, and in expressing with more majestic force, the prevailing but inarticulate sentiment of an entire nation. It is impossible to forget the effect produced when, on that bright June morning, three years ago, amid all the glint and the glamour of the Imperial

Jubilee, there fell upon the ears of the nation the solemn and sonorous swell of *The Recessional*.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

There is no poem in the language known to me which expresses in language so vigorous, so terse, and so strong, the feeling of serious-minded men as to the true bases of a vast imperial power. An interesting parallel might be drawn between Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* and the great scene in *Henry V.* depicting the English and French hosts on the eve of Agincourt. Mr. Kipling, like his great predecessor, has caught exactly and interpreted to the men of his day the sentiment of the Hebrew singer. 'Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the Name of the Lord our God.' This, as Mr. Henry Morley pointed out, is the keynote of the great scene in *Henry V.*, or rather is the text of the entire play. Not vainglorious boasting; not trust in chariots, in horses, and in arms; but rather the sense of stern duty, of consecrated service, of sober-minded fulfilment of a Divine mission. *Non nobis, Domine.*

Oh, God, Thy Arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy Arm alone
Ascribe we all. When without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?
Take it, God, for it is only Thine.

Mr. Kipling preaches from the same text; and not only, of course, in his *Recessional*. Even more clearly and definitely, perhaps, in the exhortation which he addressed primarily to our brothers beyond the Western sea, but in essence to all English-speaking men:

Take up the white man's burden,
Ye dare not stoop to less,
Nor call too loud on freedom
To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the white man's burden,
 Send forth the best ye breed,
 Go bind your sons to exile,
 To serve your captives' need,
 To wait in heavy harness
 On fluttered folk and wild,
 Your new-caught sullen peoples,
 Half devil and half child.

Take up the white man's burden,
 No iron rule of kings,
 But toil of serf and sweeper,
 The tale of common things.
 The ports ye shall not enter,
 The roads ye shall not tread,
 Go, make them with your living,
 Go, mark them with your dead.

But Tennyson, and Mr. Newbolt, and Mr. Kipling, do not exhaust the tale of imperial singers. The note that they have struck has been re-echoed far and wide. Lack of space alone compels me to omit all reference to the songs of Mr. Swinburne. Even so, I must find room for one more quotation. For I know no single poem which so delicately suggests the more finely tempered imperialism which seems to be the characteristic note of recent singers than a short sonnet of Robert Browning's. The words rose to his lips when he was sailing past the scenes of some of the great sea-fights of England.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and grey;
 'Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?'—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa

'Here and here did England help me. How can I help England?'

A complete anthology of English poetry would not yield a text more appropriate for the sermon which has been preached, for the most part silently, but none the less effectively, from a thousand pulpits during these last months. The foregoing words were written a year ago. Recent events have given a new emphasis to every point which I then desired to make. Under the stress of a great national crisis political ideas mature as if by magic. In 1869 the idea of German unification was the distant dream of a knot of enthusiasts in Prussia. The events of 1870 translated the dream into substantial fact. The last six months—it is a truism to say it—have done more to mature the imperial idea among the English-speaking folk than the preceding six or sixty years. It has been a true instinct which has led people to see in the South African crisis an affair of more

than local importance. It has been felt—and felt truly—that our whole imperial position was at stake, and that on the issue of a struggle which was ostensibly local depended the future not merely of South Africa, but of the British Empire. Hence the distilled and concentrated agony of those dark weeks at the close of the old year, at the opening of the new. Hence the national resolve, strong, solemn and for the most part silent to ‘see the thing through.’ Hence the dogged determination evinced by men and women of all classes, conditions, parties and creeds to play their several parts, to take up their different burdens in the crisis we have had to face. From that crisis we seem likely to emerge, strengthened, braced, and more than ever united. From the most distant points of the Empire, from the far North, from the far South, from the far East, from the far West, Britons have gone forth to fight side by side for the Sovereign-Empress, to maintain the honour of the common flag. Abroad and at home, heart has gone forth to heart, drawn by a common impulse, filled with a common anxiety, touched, in too many cases, by a common sorrow, inspired, in all, by a common hope.

Never, in the history of the British race, has the response to the call of Imperial Patriotism been more distinct, more spontaneous, or more full. Men have been constrained to service alike by the recollections and inspiration of the past, and by hopes for the future. ‘Here and here did England help me. How can I help England? say.’

The poets and the prophets have done their part; the loftiest ideals have been foreshadowed; the hearts of the people have been stirred to the depths. With unswerving tenacity, with dauntless courage, with conspicuous skill the soldiers have done their part. One thing remains: without it, all the toil and sacrifice will have been in vain. A great statesman—a Bismarck or a Cavour—is needed to reap the fruits of military successes; to focus the thoughts of many minds, and to translate the ideals of poetry into the prose of accomplished fact.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

NOTES ON PLAYERS AND OLD PLAYS

I SAY 'old' plays because it is revivals, or at most adaptations, that have, so far at least as literary matter is concerned, formed the chief interest of the theatrical season that has just passed. Of new work of any substantial importance, of any literary delicacy, there has been little enough. But personally I am not sorry for this circumstance—this accident, one is almost entitled to call it—for, with a clear conscience, it not only allows but encourages one to mainly concentrate oneself in a piece of brief occasional criticism like the present writing upon that which in stage criticism generally is not afforded quite its due share of thought and space. I mean the art of the actor rather than the art of the playwright. Great and varied intelligence is brought to bear—has, from Hazlitt's days to our own, almost always been brought to bear—upon the criticism of the achievements of the theatre; but while in days now past an essay was written quite as often on a performance as on a production, the piece is wont now to absorb the greater portion of the consideration and comment of the critic, and upon the labours of a literary craftsman of probably the second order—himself no 'stirrer of ideas,' but the echo generally of the ideas of poet and story-writer—there is bestowed an elaborate analysis denied to practitioners of that art which is of the stage alone, so that half a dozen eulogistic adjectives, upon which unnumbered changes cannot possibly be rung, have to do duty for the searching and detailed investigations, and close and subtle followings, which it is the right of any performance of Henry Irving's or Mrs. Kendal's to receive.

Well, this season has emphatically been the season of the player rather than of the playwright. The English playwrights to whom I am personally most addicted in thought return—as writers still most justly prominent in the last year of this century—are two of the eighteenth century. They are Goldsmith and Sheridan. And it has been the distinction of the Haymarket Theatre to afford worthy exhibition to the most famous play of the first, and to the two most famous plays of the second writer. Comparison between the gentle genius of Goldsmith and the ordered, brilliant art of Sheridan can never wholly lack interest; and that comparison the

Haymarket performances have anew almost forced upon us. It is a weakness of my own, very probably—exception can be taken to me on many a ground, I know full well, because I choose to cherish it—that I enjoy Sheridan more than I enjoy Goldsmith. May it not be said in condonation of the crime that Sheridan's, at least, is technical perfection? May it not also be allowed one to revel more heartily in comedy keen and polished than in the rougher achievements of spontaneous but farcical humour?

'Farcical humour!' a classic like Goldsmith farcical! Yes. The main idea of *She Stoops to Conquer* is assuredly farcical. The piece's second title in itself implies it—the 'Mistakes of a Night.' But, though the farcical nature of the incidents of *She Stoops to Conquer* cannot but be apparent, the individuality of its characters must be felt. The *School for Scandal* embodies—sets upon canvas, so to say—the half a dozen expressive types of social frailty and elegant intrigue. We knew them before. Nothing is invented; nothing discovered. But a rare and fascinating perfection is bestowed upon the familiar and the old; and in place of absolute novelty of conception there is the charm of the heightened touch. Certainly I prefer the dialogue of the *School for Scandal* to the dialogue of Goldsmith; every line of it tingle. Every word that could be spared has been removed valiantly; and the phrase to which an added polish could be given, has, we know full well, received it. The charm is complete, and the dialogue of the *School for Scandal*, ordered, tended, pruned into all-pervasive vigour, stands, and must stand to remote days, with the things that last. What are the 'things that last'? 'Gold, onyx, and enamel,' says Théophile Gautier, a master craftsman himself.

A thoughtful, delicate, and quaint observer like Mr. Cyril Maude can hardly have been misplaced in *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is the farce of a genius; and in *The Rivals* I can witness to the reality given by him to the comic terrors of Bob Acres. What would be his conception and his execution of the part of Sir Peter Teazle? was the question one put to oneself when this had been seen. Still with us—having charmed a generation—is that actor who is probably the best Sir Peter Teazle seen since the earliest days. The sweetness of William Farren, his suave old-world dignity, is not in the modern temperament of the latest Sir Peter. Was Mr. Maude disappointing? Generally speaking, far from it. Never in this part was he farcical; always was he restrained. He was ancient and crabbed. There is no fault that I know of to find with him, save indeed that he was a little too ancient and scarcely at any point lovable. His make-up was old, for it suggested a somewhat soured Randolph Caldecott of seventy years. The real Sir Peter was elderly, not ancient—old only in the opinion of his girlish wife. In his love scenes, though there can never be youthfulness, there may be vigour and unction. The man

is not going down hill. Now Mr. Maude was going down hill a little too much, bodily and mentally. There was senility in his affections. He kissed Lady Teazle's hands like one munches a sweetmeat. I like Mr. Maude; I relish much in his performance; yet I discover that much of what I have said of his Sir Peter appears to have been said in its dispraise.

The ability, the intelligence, the stage knowledge, of Miss Emery were obvious in her Lady Teazle. Nevertheless, if one takes into account looking and being, as well as merely doing, her Lydia Languish in *The Rivals* was an achievement on the whole to be preferred. The wilfulness of Lydia Languish is lighter, more inconsequent, than that of Lady Teazle; and the lighter, the more inconsequent may be Miss Emery's pretty humours, the better is it for the spectator of their presence. Somehow, it pleased Miss Emery, too, to make her Lydia Languish much younger than she made Sir Peter's spouse; or is it that her ingenuous youth belongs only to the gayer moments of the actress, and that when she expresses earnestness the volume and young matronly rotundity of her voice suggest some added years? Her Lady Teazle, then, was capable and clever, but it was her Lydia that was charming. Two performances in *The Rivals* stood beside those of Mr. Maude and Miss Emery. The one was Mr. Beveridge's Sir Lucius O'Trigger—a thing full of authority and bright conviction. The other was Mrs. Calvert's, who gave us a Mrs. Malaprop, broad, faultless, unforgettable. The gods have been lavish to Mrs. Calvert in endowing her with the material for comic facial play. Infinite and ever appropriate were her expressions, airs, and gestures. To see alone her Mrs. Malaprop I could gladly have betaken myself with promptitude a second time to the Haymarket.

In the *School for Scandal*, when you have done with Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, the all-important matter is, who is your Joseph Surface? I had hoped it would be Mr. Harrison. I know he would have given it the breadth and the seductiveness it needs. Mr. Valentine, an actor of experience, erred never on the side of making the hypocrisy of Joseph too evident, and that is the habitual mistake. I found his performance eminently deserving to be styled 'judicious'—an old-world actor's favourite measured term of eulogy for an impersonation over which he does not in his heart wax cordial—but excellent, complete, convincing I confess I did not find it at all. Mr. Paul Arthur's Charles Surface—not instantly 'fetching'—ended by satisfying you as gay, sincere, and natural. With Mr. Kemble as Sir Oliver one was absolutely happy. Miss Constance Collier, serene and splendid, was a new and justified interpreter of Lady Sneerwell, whose disappointments and whose malice are by most performers kept too constantly in the front. Where would have been the effect of Lady Sneerwell's ill-nature had that ill-nature been visible perpetually, or even often, or at all? But what an opportunity was lost

for Mrs. Candour when Miss Lottie Venne was invited to perform her! Breadth again—really I will not apologise for repeating the word so often, for in eighteenth century comedy it is of the very essence of the matter—breadth was terribly wanting. It was wanting in utterance; it was wanting in gesture. Gesture and utterance were insignificant. Am I undervaluing Miss Venne? Not at all. She can be highly entertaining, if there is someone to see that, like the players in *Hamlet*, she is but properly or ‘well bestowed.’ She was ill bestowed, very ill bestowed, as Mrs. Candour; for Miss Lottie Venne is piquante and modern, and Mrs. Candour has got to be big. May I add, it would not be fair to close one’s reference to the series of eighteenth-century revivals which Mr. Harrison and Mr. Maude have undertaken without some grateful acknowledgment of their general satisfactoriness—of the care, good taste, intelligence, exercised so well, and with so wise a generosity, in all material things? And as, from the point of view of Art, success has belonged to them, it is agreeable to hear that success has come to them, too, from the point of view of the box-office.

That terrible box-office! What a part it is obliged to play! Had it not been for the box-office, should we have ever heard of *Zaza*, replete with morbid presentation of the *canaille*—should we have heard of it, I mean, unless by chance the *canaille* had become acceptable through the genius of Réjane? Mrs. Leslie Carter is not Réjane by any means, and these things should be left in the French. It is not adoration of Art that has filled the Garrick Theatre; it is chiefly morbid curiosity to behold an exhibition of the ways of the *cocotte*. Mrs. Carter is clever, ‘busy,’ and, as it seems, hysterical. I speak not for others; but personally I hold that there is only one justification for dealing with themes like certain themes in *Zaza*—in the first act especially—and that justification is found when they are dealt with to perfection, with the delicacy that is vigour, with a deep accuracy instinctive or accomplished—and to get that I ask for Réjane, as I might have asked for Desclée. When it is really the art of the matter, and not the morbidness of curiosity, that is in question, is Mrs. Carter sufficient?

Madame Sarah Bernhardt not having been amongst us this season, we have been fain to find in Signora Duse an artistic sensation. André Chénier, were he living to-day, would never accuse English people—and least of all English playgoers—of being

du génie étranger, détracteurs ridicules.

To be foreign, whatever you be, is to be recommended; to be not only foreign but Italian or American is to be simply raved over—and the Duse has received an attention as serious and deep as that which was vouchsafed a generation since to Ristori. And the Duse has her great qualities, the greatest of them all, as I take

it, being the strange naturalness, the undeniable veracity, wit which she endows every trivial movement or word. This is an achievement in a high degree artistic: it deserves a consideration very different from that which is apt to be offered to what is a personal peculiarity rather than an artistic achievement at all—I mean her very obvious discarding of the resources of stage make-up, her harmless little fad of taking no pains to look youthful in a part of which youth nevertheless is an essential quality. You do not in truth get rid of conventionality by being at issue with conventions. In art of every kind conventions have ever been compatible with artistic truth; nay, they have often been distinctly an aid to it. The thought is only superficial that identifies conventionality with convention, as if, for instance, it were maintained (silly people, I believe, have actually maintained it) that *As You Like It* in the open air, with real trees on which Rosalind may carve Orlando's name, must be more convincing than *As You Like It* under the conditions of the theatre. Art is Art, not Nature, and if you give me a real tree it becomes your difficult duty to supply me with a real Rosalind.

So much then for the value of certain characteristics of Signora Duse's performances. There is little value or attractiveness—absolutely no artistic virtue—in the absence of 'make-up,' in the withholding from us of the cheek 'beautied with plastering art.' There is much value, on the other hand—quietly potent fascination—in the almost inexplicable endowing of each small word and look and level passage with a naturalness great and rare. Desclée was not wanting in that naturalness. Mrs. Kendal is not wanting in that naturalness, but its exhibition is not her strong point at all. Her strength is where the Duse's is not—it is in rising greatly with the greatness of the emotion, in waxing more and more visibly potent in expression and revealing in fact, as the demands upon her temperament and on her art increase; at the crucial moment never to be found wanting; always at that moment to satisfy; even to astonish and exalt—for the capacity to do all that one is thankful to be aware that as long as Mrs. Kendal is with us in Miss Blossom, Ellen Terry in Olivia, Henry Irving in Shylock, it is not beyond our English land that we have any need for looking.

On the whole, within the last twelve months or so, it is revivals and adaptations that have been the order of the day. But at the St. James's, in a piece that is original, even if it is drawing-room melodramatic—Mr. Frith's *Man of Forty*—Mr. Alexander has confirmed in his popularity the middle-aged lover, and Miss Fay Davis has been rightly an *ingénue*, and Miss Esmé Beringer has brought to the portrayal of what is neither *ingénue* nor character part, talent, and observation as well as charm. Fanciful and ingenious—with Mr. Hawtrey very good in it—has been at the Avenue the

Message from Mars; in *Madam Butterfly* Miss Millard has at least surpassed herself; and at the Criterion Mr. Carton's *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*—the experiment none other than that of the lady engaging herself as a cook—has shown, for all its farcicalness of motive, much of the smartness of comedy. Neat little scene follows neat little scene; sharp little *mot* steps quickly upon sharp little *mot*. Unity, continuity, may be wanting; but the house has been not illegitimately amused, and several actors—chief of them Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Boucicault, Miss Compton, and, in a small character part, a clever new-comer named Miss Polly Emery—have been allowed their opportunities, and have used them.

Not until Mr. Charles Wyndham was seen again in quite familiar parts—in *Garrick* and the admirable *Liars*—were the admirers of his cordial and convincing method (I am emphatically one of them) entirely happy. A *tour de force* was his *Cyrano*—a proof that without obvious inappropriateness or misfit he could wear the garments that the cleverest of literary tailors at the theatre had cut for the figure of Coquelin. We have found no fault with Mr. Wyndham's excursion, but have rejoiced to see him at his normal work again. At the Lyceum, even apart from the interesting, industrious, and intelligent programme and performances of Mr. Benson, it was not difficult to reconcile us to the absence of novelty when the extraordinary range of Irving's art and the completeness and charm of his execution were brought home to us anew this summer by the performance of *Olivia*, of *The Bells*, and of *Waterloo*. Nor can revivals at Her Majesty's be held to have lacked interest when they have not wanted beauty. Good taste has been dominant; and for the 'casts' they can scarcely be open to very serious reproach when, to instance but two or three names, they have been such as to permit to be brought together the romantic charm of Mr. Tree with the vigorous reality of Mr. Lewis Waller and the incisive precision of a young actor now no more with us—Mr. McLeay.

I am not fond of adaptations that tamper visibly with masterpieces; the *Tale of Two Cities* is a masterpiece into the adaptation of which at the Prince of Wales's, under Mr. Martin Harvey's régime, there was suffered to intrude—for what reason one can but vaguely guess—the new and quite conventional character of 'Mimi'—a long, elaborate, idle vulgarisation of Dickens's own exquisitely touched episode, in which a stranger girl—no lover of Sydney Carton, but just a human thing in dire need—comes and finds human help in Carton's presence at the moment when the tumbril hastens to the guillotine. Theatrical and not literary; melodramatic and not poetic; impertinent, in the true sense, where in dealing with the conception of a genius all should have been appropriate as well as reverential—impertinent, I consider, was that intrusion.

For the rest the book was adapted well, and the piece as a whole well played. The sunniness of Jarvis Lorry indeed was not caught by his interpreter; but the light, suave grace of Miss Eva Moore fitted Lucy Manette exactly, and Martin Harvey as Carton was admirable in depth of feeling, in readiness of resource, and in dexterity of appeal.

The silence or the almost silence of the stage writer who, whatever be his occasional mistakes, is the most humorous observer of character and on the whole the truest exponent of it—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—has allowed *The Gay Lord Quex* to seem the most important of original contributions made lately to the theatre. Mr. Jones has lately for our satisfaction given daughters, not pieces, to the stage, I may be permitted to chronicle. But now about *The Gay Lord Quex*—a piece of Mr. Pinero's most admirable stagecraft we will dare to call it—and with two or three vivid little impressions of character, but, as a whole, as a character study inferior to the avowedly farcical comedies with which the author made no Lord Quex indeed, but a whole public, 'gay' enough at the Court. The machinery of *The Gay Lord Quex* is put together artfully: the piece is conceived with skill and written with vigour, but I think there is only confusion in the minds of those who reckon it as great original literature. 'I think that they allow the boldness and the piquancy of deftly handled theme, the generally high level of the acting, and the glamour of one extraordinary performance to persuade them that there is greatness where really only cleverness resides. That is in the authorship. As for the acting, the Hares, both of them, father and son, are quaint, true, and accomplished, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh—but I need hardly finish, for in these very pages, two years since (when the world talked less about her) I recognised in Miss Irene Vanbrugh our modern Muse of Comedy. She takes—metaphorically speaking—she takes *The Gay Lord Quex* upon those light shoulders. Not a phrase is said by her without intelligence, not a word with an intonation or emphasis inappropriate—the good-hearted, quick-witted, and decisive matter-of-fact Cockney young woman of to-day lives before us in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's art: all her character lives before us; all her being. In its own line the Théâtre-Français and the Gymnase have seen no better art than this—no surer, no more delicate—and when I remember that the comedian who gives us Sophie Fulgarney gave us, too, Trelawney of the Wells—half Bohemian, but all artist—and, in *His Excellency the Governor*, Stella de Gex, all Bohemian, 'artiste,' not artist at all—I know who it is that during many future years the English playgoer is likeliest to have to look to as the real, remote inheritress of Anne Oldfield's justified charm.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE SMALL INDUSTRIES OF BRITAIN

IN an article on 'Industrial Villages,' which was published in this Review more than ten years ago, I endeavoured to attract attention to a neglected aspect of the economical life of this country—namely, to its numerous small industries, and the by no means insignificant position they occupy in the general activity of the British nation. Extensive researches into the petty trades having been made about that time on the Continent, while none were made in England, I appealed to British students of economical life, indicating to them that they would find in the exploration of the small industries of their own country a vast, untouched, and very promising field of research.

I cannot say that this appeal has had any effect; but some new light has lately been thrown on the whole subject by the statistical information appended to the last Reports of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops, and I hope that a brief discussion of these figures will contribute to dissipate a widely-spread misunderstanding concerning the small industries altogether. It is well-known that the economists of the so-called 'classical' school generally consider the small industries as a mere survival from the past which is doomed to disappear, the sooner the better; consequently, whatever attention is given to this subject is, in their opinion, a mere waste of time. When the large cotton and wool factories began to be built on a grand scale in the first half of this century—ruining, of course, the small factories and workshops in which hand-loom only were in use—the economists, impressed by this 'industrial revolution,' but not yet capable of seeing its more distant consequences, came to the conclusion that all small industries, being unable to compete with the large ones, were bound to disappear. A war which was in reality a war between the power-loom and the hand-loom was understood as a war between the great and the small industry. The subsequent extension of large factories in other branches of production led the economists to generalise their conclusion. They could not foresee forty years ago the influence which the renting of so much wheel-power in a 'tenement-factory,' or the invention of small gas and oil motors, and the

combinations of small employers would one day exercise in favour of the small enterprises; and gradually they grew accustomed to look upon the small industries as upon mere uninteresting strugglers against the tide of progress. The 'concentration of the industries' began to be represented as an 'economic law,' and when facts to the contrary were produced, they were dismissed as mere indications of 'an intermediate, temporary stage' which was sure to pass away. 'Of course, we never maintained that the small trades should disappear at once, like castles disappear in fairy tales. They will take some time to die out, but die out they must'—this is an instance of how a prominent economist analysed lately, in the French *Journal des Economistes*, a serious work on the petty trades in Germany.

The same attitude was also taken by the socialists of the Marxist creed. The French socialists who wrote before 1848 and immediately after used to lay great stress upon the 'industrial revolution' which was going on at that time. In the crushing down of the skilled artisans and the spreading of large factories, in which men, and especially women and children, were submitted to overwork under the most abominable conditions, they naturally saw a powerful argument in favour of socialism. 'The working-men, driven into these industrial infernos, will not stand it,' they wrote; 'the new system, when it spreads more widely, will accomplish its own ruin and necessarily provoke a social revolution.' The 'concentration of capital and industry' became thus a favourite theme with the Fourierists and the Saint-Simonists, who used to prove in this way the historical and the social necessity of socialism. Their German followers, Engels and Marx, continued to develop the same idea, exaggerating its importance and representing it as a 'universal law of historical development.' Finally, they declared that the small industries are a true obstacle to industrial, technical, and social progress, as well as to the increase of man's powers upon Nature—an obstacle which, to use Marx's words, 'must be annihilated, and is annihilated.' When this annihilation is accomplished, then the great capitalists will naturally devour each other, so as to leave but 'a few usurpers,' whom it will be easy to expropriate. Similar far-reaching generalisations, constructed upon a narrow basis, are not unfrequent in German science, and only illustrate a tendency of speculatively trained minds to formulate generalisations before the necessary facts have been accumulated and sifted through. Germany being however at this moment in the same stage of sudden growth of great industries, which England lived through some fifty years ago, this very simple formula of progress found a semblance of support, and it became an article of faith with a notable portion of German writers on economics.

Unfortunately, accurate figures which would show at a glance

the importance retained by the small industries in a country which stands on a high industrial level—namely, in the United Kingdom—did not exist till lately. Of course, it could be said that Russia has nearly 7,500,000 persons engaged in the domestic and petty trades, and that their aggregate annual production (over 180,000,000*l.*) equals the aggregate annual production of all the factories; but such facts were only considered as proofs of the backward state of Russian industry. Again, we knew that in Belgium, out of the 290,300 persons employed in her highly developed industry, nearly one-half were employed in factories which had less than fifty operatives each, and nearly one-third of these were employed in quite small establishments, showing an average of only *three* operatives each. Moreover, returning lately to this subject in a book,¹ I was able to show how several important small industries were created lately in France, or were revived by newly originated needs on the one side, and on the other side by cheap supplies of electro-motive power obtained from waterfalls or from central stations. But France and Belgium could also be dismissed as irrelevant. ‘They are passing through an intermediate stage,’ we were told; ‘but look at England; there you will find nothing of the sort, and this is what the industry of the continental nations will be in a few years.’ The best of this argument was that for Britain there were no statistics at all, either in favour of the above statement or against it, and the argumentation was therefore based upon vague impressions only. In fact, down to the year 1890 (Sir William Plowden’s Report) no attempt was ever made to issue returns of the non-textile factories in which more than three-fourths of all industrial workers of Britain are employed.²

The Annual Reports of the Chief Inspector of factories and workshops, which have been issued since 1897 in accordance with the Factory Act of 1895, came at last to fill up this gap. True that the information collected and tabulated by the factory inspectors is not meant to be a substitute for properly organised industrial statistics. The factory inspectors, having succeeded in obtaining from nearly all the employers who fall under their supervision accurate returns of the numbers of men, women, and children employed in each factory, and in the majority of workshops, publish every year extensive abstracts from these returns.³ But they do not tabulate the factories according to their sizes, because such a tabulation would evidently require a mass of work lying beyond the scope of activity of the inspectors; and full lists of all factories—such as are given in the blue-books

¹ *Fields, Factories, and Workshops*. London: Hutchinson. 1899.

² *Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops for the Year 1896*, p. 136. London, 1897.

³ Those workshops in which no women and children are employed are not included; only the bakehouses make an exception.

on mines—are not published. One is compelled therefore to be satisfied with averages only. We cannot say that there are so many factories employing more than 1,000 persons, so many employing from 500 to 1,000, and so on. We have only groups of factories for which we can calculate the average number of employees. Fortunately, each branch of industry is divided in the Reports into a great number of sub-branches,⁴ and in the Report for 1896 the partial items of factories and operatives are given for each sub-branch of industry, and each county of the United Kingdom separately. This enabled me to compute several hundreds of partial averages for the same number of groups, and although it was a rather tedious work, even with the aid of four and three decimals logarithmic tables, I do not regret having done that work. The averages I have obtained are most instructive in their multitudes.

The importance of the British small industries appears already from the following items, which include the vast majority of all the industrial working-men of the United Kingdom. The low averages in the last column speak for themselves.

1897	Number of factories, or depart- ments	Number of persons employed	Average number of operatives
Textile factories .	10,883	1,051,564	97
Non-textile factories	79,059	2,755,460	35
Workshops . .	88,814	676,446	8
Total : .	178,756	4,483,800	25

One remark only need be made with regard to this table. The figures concerning the factories, *i.e.* those works in which steam, gas, oil, or electric motors are used, may be taken as very accurate. But, for the reason already mentioned, the number of workshops (no motor of any kind) is much below the real number. The total population of the workshops in this country must apparently exceed 1,000,000, and the grand total of industrial operatives will thus be raised to something like 4,893,000 men, women, and children. And the conclusion is, that from one-fifth to one-fourth part (20 to 24 per cent.) of the industrial workers of Britain are employed in workshops having on the average less than eight operatives each.⁵

⁴ There are 35 subdivisions for the textile factories, 175 for the non-textile, and 160 for the workshops.

⁵ Workshops in which men only are employed—if not bakehouses—are not included in the Inspector's returns. The number of women employed in the workshops (356,098 in 1897) is therefore pretty accurate, but the returns of men are very incomplete. Noticing, however, that in the factories the men (2,654,716) stand to women (1,152,308) in the proportion of 265 to 115, and supposing that the same proportion holds good for the workshops, we should have 820,000 males employed in workshops as against the 320,678 males tabulated in the Workshops' Report. If so, the total would be 1,176,000 men and women employed in about 147,000 workshops.

On a closer examination of the numerous partial averages which I have computed for the *textile* factories, we are struck at once by the considerable number of small establishments which are found even in that, the most 'concentrated' portion of industry. Thus, in Lancashire, which supplies nearly one-half of the textile operatives of the United Kingdom, we find 3,132 factories, employing on the average 139 operatives each; and in the county of York (West Riding), which contains about one-third of all cotton-operatives, the number of cotton factories is 3,210, but their average size is only 73 operatives per factory. As for Nottinghamshire, which is a centre for factory-made lace and hosiery, its factories (386 in number) show a still lower average of employees, namely, 43 only. If we remember now that there is in these three counties a number of very large textile factories employing from 500 to 1,000 and even to 5,000 operatives, we see at once that by the side of these large concerns there must be a very considerable number of small ones, in order to bring the averages down to such low figures. As to the other less important counties in which textiles are fabricated, we find in forty-nine counties 2,000 factories which mostly employ less than 100 operatives each, and out of them a considerable number employ even less than 50—very often from 20 to 10 persons. It is thus evident that even in the textile trades the great industry is very far from having absorbed the small one.

This result could easily be foreseen. In every country there *must be*, besides the large concerns, a considerable number of small ones, the success of which is based upon the variety of their produce and their facility of adaptation to the ever-changing needs of fashion. For the spinning of yarn and the weaving of 'long-cloth' the large establishments undoubtedly offer certain advantages, partly technical but chiefly commercial. But, for instance, for the woollens, in which fashion changes all the time, for mixed stuffs, for printed stuffs, and even for silks, the small factory takes the upper hand on account of its greater powers of adaptation. The figures of the returns confirm this reasoning. They show that if the large factory dominates in cotton spinning and weaving, in worsted, jute, and flax goods, as well as in the spinning of silk, the other textile branches (wool, shoddy, hair, hemp, lace, hosiery, and silk weaving) show a decided preference for the middle and small concerns. Of course there are a number of larger factories in these branches as well. I know some of them personally. But the small and the middle-sized factories prevail, and, all taken, they give occupation to no less than 240,000 persons.⁶ Besides, it is known that at the time of the

⁶ The averages are: From 20 to 50 operatives for the 3,274 woollen factories, from 27 to 58 for shoddy, and from 37 to 76 for the other branches. They rise to 93 for hosiery, but the small industry is represented in this branch by a multitude of workshops which are not included in the list of factories.

birth of the great cotton industry, the manufacturers of machinery, after having supplied the cotton lords with spinning-jins and power-looms, began to offer their machines on easy terms to small associations of weavers. A considerable number of small cotton factories were started in this way, and they live still.

All these figures have been obtained, as already mentioned, as averages. However, even when the groups are small and numerous, averages, as a rule, conceal to some extent the extremes. A still nearer approach to the real distribution of factories according to their sizes was desirable, in order to eliminate all doubts. Consequently, I computed over 400 averages for the textile industries from the 1895 returns, and represented all of them in a large-scale diagram.⁷ Then I traced upon this diagram a curve, intended to represent the most probable distribution of factories in a continuous series, according to their sizes. A list of all factories employing no less than 1,000 persons (they are only 65), which the chief inspector, Mr. Arthur Whitelegge, had the kindness to compile for me from his original returns, was a great help for tracing this curve, as it gave me one quite certain and important point, and I seize this opportunity for expressing to Mr. Whitelegge my very best thanks, in which all interested in the subject are sure to join.

The curve which I obtained in this way is very interesting, but it would be out of place to reproduce it here. Sufficient to say that it falls very steeply down from 4,000 workers to 1,000, and then assumes the form of a parabola, the lower branch of which runs with a gentle slope downwards, showing the very great number of factories employing from 200 operatives downwards to 100, 50, and less than 50 per factory.* A short abstract of the figures obtained directly from the averages, and those taken from the curve, is given in the subjoined footnote.⁸

The graphic method which I have resorted to surely cannot claim to yield absolutely correct results, and therefore I will limit my remarks to the broad divisions only. Thus we may say that out of the 6,603 factories classified, only 65 employ 1,000 or more operatives (102,600, all together); this figure has been obtained by Mr. Whitelegge directly from his returns and is strictly correct. Next come 795 factories employing from 200 to 999 persons each ;

⁷ I gave preference to the returns for 1895 against those for 1897 on a suggestion from the Chief Inspector of Factories, Mr. Whitelegge. The tendency having lately been to give returns of operatives for each department of each factory separately, the earlier returns are better on this account, as the subdivision had not been carried then so far. For judging about the degree of concentration of an industry which is required by its technical aspects, the separate treatment of each department is even preferable. But, in order not to overstate the subdivision of the industry, I took the earlier returns. Besides, I left out of account all the small factories in which 'other processes' than spinning and weaving are carried on, taking, however, out of this division all factories in which more than 100 persons were employed.

* See next page.

about 331,500 operatives work in them. The middle-sized factories which employ from 100 to 200 workers constitute the great bulk. The curve gives for them the number of 2,955 factories and 443,120 operatives. And, finally, there are no less than 1,790 factories in which less than 100 persons are employed (145,800 operatives). Nay, even the quite small textile establishments which employ less than 50, or even 20 persons, number at least 1,400 and give occupation to more than 42,000 persons.⁹ These are the main results, and as I took care not to exaggerate the importance of the small industry, it may be added that when the actual figures become known they probably will show a still greater preponderance of the small textile factories.

If in the textile industry the concentration of labour has not gone so far as it was presumed to have gone, we are still more struck by the immense numbers of quite small factories which we find in the reports under the heading of *non-textile factories*. Some of them are auxiliaries to the great concerns; but the great bulk belong to the staple industries of this country, which, notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, have retained for the last half-century their petty trades' character. There is, of course, a number of very large establishments in the machinery, shipbuilding, waggon, and iron trades, as also in the foundries, the bleaching and the dyeing factories. Their names are familiar in England; but the exact number of those which employ not less than 1,000 persons is only 128, and they employ altogether 355,208 persons out of nearly

* The figures obtained, both from the averages and from the curve, are as follows:—

1896	The Averages			The Curve	
	Number of factories	Persons employed	Number of averages computed	Number of factories	Persons employed
Not less than 500 . . .	151†	170,982†	21	200	203,100
From 499 to 200 . . .	818	271,652	56	660	231,000
From 199 to 150 . . .	1,744	307,351	32	1,475	258,120
From 149 to 100 . . .	1,329	161,476	68	1,480	185,000
From 99 to 50 . . .	1,257	93,305	95	1,380	103,500
Less than 50 . . .	1,034	27,462	171	1,410	42,300
Total . . .	6,603	1,032,228	443	6,605	1,022,020

The average size of a textile factory being 156 operatives, the sum of the first three rows in the columns marked by a (†) must evidently be *above* the real figures, while for the last three rows the sum must be *below* the reality. This is what the curve represents. The tracing of such a curve leaves, of course, some latitude for personal judgment, but in this case it appeared that the latitude was pretty limited, since the sum total of operatives represented by the curve must be nearly equal to the sum total given by the returns. It may thus be taken that the last two columns give a fair representation of the real aspects of the case.

3,000,000.¹⁰ On the other side, another list, also kindly compiled for me by the chief inspector, shows no less than 34,042 non-textile factories (besides the workshops), *in which less than 10 persons are employed*. We have thus something like 270,000 persons and over 34,000 employers engaged in the quite small non-textile industries. The very great and the very small industry nearly balance each other, and surely neither Belgium nor France could make a more imposing show of petty trades.

These being the two extremes of the scale, we can now examine the different branches of the non-textile industries, beginning with those in which larger factories are more or less numerous. Following the classification adopted in the returns, we discover that the gasworks are, as a rule, middle-sized establishments, employing on the average 78 workers each; that the indiarubber works belong to the same category (average, 125 operatives); and that there must be a certain number of large glassworks, since the average is of 87 employees for the 456 glassworks of the United Kingdom.

The smelting of metals and the conversion of iron belong of course to the great industry, and the workers generally number from 100 to 400 per establishment. However, great foundries of iron are by no means the rule. On the contrary, by far the greatest number of the 5,318 foundries employ from 60 to 15, or even to 10 workers, while—one would have hardly foreseen it—there are 508 iron-foundries employing less than 10 workers each. The country is covered with such tiny foundries, which live their regular life by the side of those who boast of the hundreds of their 'hands.'

No one expects to find small industries in the shipbuilding trade, or in the fabrication of metallic tubes, which requires powerful machinery, and everyone knows that there are in this country some very large engineering-works. The eleven mechanic works of the Government alone occupy as many as 23,455 men. And yet the average for this large class, which comprises over 5,300 separate works, is only 69 men per factory; there are many counties indeed in which the average size of such works is represented by from ten to twenty employees.

Great factories appear again in the alkali trade and, quite unexpectedly, in the fabrication of matches. But in the soap and candle works—notwithstanding the existence of half-a-dozen firms only too well known for their obtrusive advertisements—the small works hold their own. In this branch as well as in the fabrication

¹⁰ They were distributed in 1895 as follows, according to Mr. Whitelegge's list:—Engineers, machine and boiler makers, smiths, 55 (114,478 working-men); ship and boat building, 31 (72,410); conversion of iron, 24 (36,241); coaches and waggons, 7 (12,776); bleaching and dyeing, 6 (8,057); founding of iron, 5 (5,787). Total, 128 (355,208 working-men).

of chemical manure, and, in fact, in all other chemical trades, we find nearly 2,000 factories belonging to the small industry and showing an average of only 29 persons per factory. We even discover 116 soap and candle works, and 135 artificial-manure factories, actually employing less than 10 men each.

Furniture, in wood and in iron, is fabricated in no less than 2,500 factories, amongst which there must a number of large ones; but the small and the very small ones dominate. At the present time the great furniture shops and stores have, as a rule, no factories attached to them; in most cases they are mere show-rooms for the exhibition of samples, while the furniture itself is made in thousands of small factories and still smaller workshops. Consequently, the average factory in this industry employs from 20 to 50 persons only, while the number of *factories* employing less than 10 men each attains the respectable figure of 968. Besides, under the heading of *workshops* belonging to the same branch and to upholstery, we find 4,108 such establishments employing a contingent of 42,106 persons. If the 'man workshops' were added, these numbers would certainly be still higher.

The fabrication of foodstuffs comprises again all possible gradations. We have in it the large bread, biscuit, sugar, chocolate, jam, and preserves' factories, the names of which are well-known both in this country and abroad; but we have also the multitude of small, very small, and tiny factories. The latter are so numerous that nearly two-thirds of all those who find employment in these trades belong to them. In fact, we find 6,500 separate factories in this branch, and on the average they employ only 18 persons each. We may omit, of course, the corn, flour, and grist mills, which evidently do not require a numerous staff of workers; but still one is surprised to discover that this important branch remains to so great an extent in its old stage of windmills and small steam-mills, of which nearly 6,000 stand on the inspectors' lists. But our astonishment grows still more when we learn that breweries and distilleries remain also in the stage of small industries, and that there are in this country as many as 2,076 breweries, distilleries, &c., which employ an average of only 24 men each. Out of this number nearly 1,000 (989) are 'brewers, maltsters, distillers, and beer-bottlers,' who employ even less than 10 men each. As to the aerated waters, this is almost entirely a small industry of recent growth, which gives occupation to 37,000 persons scattered in 3,365 factories, of which nearly 2,000 belong to the smallest class.

With calico printing we evidently return once more to the domain of large factories. There are 104 of them, which mostly have from 170 to 700 employees; and we discover also in the

same class 14 great factories for 'turkey-red dyeing.' Bleaching and dyeing, as also calendering and finishing, have also a number of large factories to represent them. But the great bulk of the last two industries belongs to the lower middle-sized class (from 50 to 100 working-men). All sorts of printing on other stuffs but calico belong to the category of small establishments, while in the two wide classes of 'bleaching and dyeing,' and 'calendering, finishing, hooking, lapping or making-up, and packing yarn and cloth,' we find about 2,500 mostly small establishments giving occupation to nearly 100,000 persons. More than 500 of these 'factories' employ less than 10 persons each. Here we have, then, an excellent illustration of the small industries which are a necessary supplement to the large textile factories.

In the fabrication of ready-made clothing, linen, shoes and boots, hats, and gloves, such immense quantities of produce are now turned out every day with the aid of modern machinery that these establishments must necessarily be middle-sized ones, and their averages of employees vary between 80 and 150. Many of them occupy, however, great numbers of so-called 'out-workers,' who are grouped, as we shall see presently, in thousands of small workshops. And finally we have nearly 12,000 persons fabricating gunpowder and explosives in a limited number of large factories.

These are all the non-textile industries in which large and middle-sized establishments are to be found in notable numbers. In all other branches they are the exception. The factories become mostly of a diminutive size and are not classified as workshops only because some sort of mechanical motive-power is resorted to. The employers count by the ten thousand, and in many branches they work themselves by the side of their four or five, or maybe a dozen aids. The general aspect of these industries, as well as of their technical processes, are exactly the same as they are in the petty trades' regions of France or Germany, with the difference only that in these two countries the petty trades are often carried on in industrial villages, where they are combined with some agriculture or gardening—some such villages in the Jura and on the Rhône being real gardens—while in Great Britain they are mostly confined to some 'Black Country,' or to the still more black suburbs of the great cities.

The most striking feature of the non-textile petty trades is that they comprise such a staple industry of the country as the so-called hardware trade—namely, the utilisation of metals for all sorts of purposes, and the fabrication of cutlery, tools of all descriptions, agricultural machinery, and so on in an infinite variety—an industry, in short, which occupies more than one million of British workers, and is not the last to contribute to the high reputation of British

goods abroad. In this vast domain the petty trades are entirely at home. • The making of saws, files, chisels, hatchets, vices, so-called compound American tools, gardening tools, forks, knives, and so on, which are fabricated by the million to be used at home and to be exported all over the wide world, is in the very same state of petty trades in which it was fifty years ago, and in the same state in which it is now at Vorsma and Pavlovo in Russia, or in the region of Nogent, in Haute Marne in France. The 'tenement-factory' is habitual. A small foundry stands in the middle of a yard the four sides of which are occupied by hundreds of small workshops, supplied with motive-power from a central steam-engine, and these workshops are rented and sub-rented by the small masters. In Sheffield there are now about 170 such tenement-factories. 'In some'—we read in the Report for 1896 (p. 41)—'there are as many as 70 to 80 separate rooms or grinding hulls; in others many less. There are, approximately, 2,900 occupiers who are first tenants, many of these sub-letting part of the rooms.' In such tenement-factories you see rows of small rooms, two yards square, in each of which one man, standing between his fire and his anvil, makes knife-blades; farther on you find rows of workshops of the capacity of a good-sized parlour, in each of which a master works with his few aids, making all possible, continually varying, sorts of tools; and on the ground floor you discover equally small damp rooms, in which saws and files are fabricated, or slightly larger rooms in which the tools are polished and ground. About 15,000 men are employed in these tenement-factories, making those tools and knives which make Sheffield one of the most widely known towns in the world.

The very same character of petty trades is retained by scores of other hardware industries; such as the fabrication of locks and latches in and around Willenhall, in South Staffordshire (500 small factories and about 4,000 workers), of bits and stirrups, of gardening tools, of hygienic appliances for the house, and of an infinite variety of smaller things in brass, tin-plated and galvanised iron, and in other metals and alloys. All these are petty trades *par excellence*. The number of workers per factory is generally below 20 and mostly below 10, and even in those branches which can boast of a certain number of larger factories, the quite small ones are so numerous as to reduce the averages to such low figures as these:—28 men per factory in the galvanising, enamelling, and finishing of metals, 32 in agricultural machinery works, 43 in the pins and needles factories, 25 in the 'various-tools' works; even for the boiler-making works the average is only of 48 men per factory. In these various branches we find 104,000 persons distributed in more than 3,000 small factories, to which 7,500 workshops, with 60,000 persons employed

in them, must be added (much more if the man-workshops be included). Next we have another 46,000 persons employed in cycle-making, in 1,780 factories and workshops; a multitude of electric works of all possible sizes, down to those which employ less than 10 persons each; the wire-drawing, nails, and screw works, and a formidable number of small forges in which the infinite variety of things which are used in ship and boat building, in the building trades, and in fact in all branches of activity of man—including even heavy chains for the ships and anchors—are forged either by hand or with the aid of some simple machines or machine-tools. In short, one-third of all the workers employed in the non-textile industries—and this third means 830,260 persons—find occupation in the wide class of ‘machines, appliances, conveyances, and tools,’ which comprises 14,899 factories, and for which the average number of working-men, notwithstanding the inclusion of the immense Armstrong, Whitworth, and Government works, is only 56 workers per factory.

As to the trades of smaller importance, not already mentioned, they all show a formidable development of the small factories, and almost entirely belong to the small industry. Thus 54,000 persons are employed in the small and tiny factories—to say nothing of workshops—in which jewellery, silver-plated and electro-plated goods, watches, photographic requisites, toys, and so on are fabricated. Then come the mass of factories for all sorts of woodwork, of small tanneries, of works in which ivory and bone are shaped into thousands of forms—nay even bricks, tiles, earthenware, and china works—representing an aggregate of 260,000 working-men and 11,200 employers, who belong in the immense majority of cases to the small industry. When a few large establishments are set apart, the average size of a factory is from 15 to 40 operatives; while the list of Mr. Whitelegge which gives the factories employing less than 10 persons contains thousands of such small establishments.¹¹

All that concerns printing, lithography, bookbinding, and stationery is grouped, on the one side into a number of large works, and on the other side into thousands and thousands of tiny ones. Sufficient to say that the odd 120,000 workers belonging to this class are distributed in more than 6,000 factories, and that there are in this country 4,219 printing establishments reckoned as factories, but employing less than 10 persons each. And finally we find another vast domain of small industries (4,300 employers and

¹¹ We find, for instance, in this list, 3,085 saw-mills and carpenters' establishments, 399 brick and tile works, 363 china and earthenware works, 241 tanners', fellmongers', and curriers' factories, 231 factories of miscellaneous articles for buildings, 205 print, colour, and varnish works, 489 flax scutch mills, 143 tobacco, snuff, and cigar works, 86 glass-cutting, embossing, and staining works, 66 lime and cement works, 42 games and toys' works, and so on.

130,000 workers) in the fabrication of brushes, ropes, sails, baskets, and thousands of fancy articles in leather, paper, wood, and metals. And when we add all these items we soon find more than 1,200,000 persons belonging mainly to the small industries and petty trades.

All the industrial establishments hitherto mentioned are, however, factories, which means that some sort of mechanical motor—steam, gas, oil, or electric—is used in them. Nevertheless, formidable numbers of them are very small, as we have just seen. But the subdivision goes still farther in the *workshops*, in which about one million persons are employed, the average being only eight persons per workshop. It is evident that this class includes a very great number of bakers, tailors, shoemakers, small village carpenters, wheelwrights, smiths and so on, who may be considered as personal attendants to the community. But it includes also those immense numbers of workshops which fabricate for the great commercial market, and it appears that the workshops of this last category give employment to at least two-thirds of the total workshops' population. Thus we find 1,200 workshops in which hosiery, lace, and even some weaving are made without the aid of steam, gas, or other motors. More than 20,000 persons are returned as employed in making carts and coaches, and 60,000 in various hardware works—all these figures being, as already said, much below the reality. As to the class of clothing of various sorts—that is, millinery, tailoring, shirt-making, boots and shoes, gloves, artificial flowers, and so on, which gives occupation to 351,600 women and men, and in which 48,425 workshops are registered, the great bulk of these workers is distributed in workshops which employ from 5 to 50 persons and the specialty of which is to supply the great millinery and tailor shops. It is very often the case that in the latter the measure only is taken, while the work is done in a 'sweating' workshop in the suburbs, or even far away in the country. As to the great millinery shops, most of them are mere exhibition-rooms, while the workshops connected with them may be in Surrey, Scotland, or even in Saxony. The small workshop, employing 5 to 50 seamstresses or tailors, is the real type of this formidable branch of industry. The fabrication of furniture, upholstering, the making of mattresses, the fabrication of slippers, cheap jewellery, and a mass of other articles, are in the very same case. The small workshop is the real representative of all these industries, and the large stores and brilliantly illuminated shops are their sale-rooms.

Much more ought to be said about these industries, and one feels almost a remorse after having dismissed one million of these workers in a few sentences; but my review of the small industries is already too long and I hasten to come to the conclusions, some of which are very instructive. Quite a world, unsuspected by the economists, is revealed

by the figures patiently accumulated in the factory inspectors' reports. Not mere ghosts, not mere survivals from the past, not hopeless stragglers against the tide rise from behind these dry figures, but hundreds of trades, full of life, full of vital powers of adaptation, born from the necessities of the present moment, spreading, enlarging, and differentiating in all directions, pass before our eyes as we study these figures. Here and there a factory that was started twenty or thirty years ago with less than a dozen seamstresses, but has fallen under the management of an imaginative employer who knew how to follow fashion, and has grown to be by this time a solid factory in which 200 women are employed in millinery, working on machines set into motion by electricity. But hundreds of small factories, also started lately on a small scale, with the modern gas or electrical motor, continue to spring up by its side finding out some new specialities. Everyone now wears collars and cuffs—the smoked blouse is antiquated—and scores of small collar and cuff factories, we are told by one of the inspectors, make their appearance. Decorated tin-boxes have lately become a fancy in the household, as well as a necessity for the biscuit factories and the grocery stores, and while one great ironwork may have displaced several small ones, scores of new factories of tin-plated goods and fancy tin-boxes have made their appearance instead—such is the case in Wales—while thousands of small cycle-factories and workshops spread over the country, the masters purchasing all the parts at Birmingham, making the cycles themselves, and improving them by hundreds of small inventions submitted to the test of experience. The petty trades are not killed, and *cannot be killed*; like Proteus, they ever change their aspects.

From these dry figures we learn also that only one small part of the British industrial workers—not more than one-eighth, if we take the total at 4,800,000 persons—finds employment in those large factories which employ more than 500 operatives. From three-eighths to one-half of them toil in middle-sized factories employing from 100 to 200, and occasionally to 500 operatives; and very nearly one-half—that is, more at any rate than 2,000,000 persons, find their living in the scores of thousands of small factories and workshops. The thousands of small things which we require in our daily life are made chiefly in those busy agglomerations of the small industries; and, judging from what we know of other countries, we may surmise that the aggregate value of all that is produced in the small industries in Britain must not be very much below the aggregate value of what is produced in the large factories. As to the 'few usurpers' of whom Marx wrote, we find in their place something like 200,000 employers.

And yet, owing to preconceived ideas, these small industries

important though they are, have been very much neglected. They have been driven from the country to the bleak houses and the slums of the large towns. Learned people simply refused to learn anything about them; they were treated as poor relatives whom the successful stockbroker advises to die out. In the technical education schemes they were hardly taken into account; and this is, by the way, the real cause why we have heard so much lately about goods 'made in Germany.' Small household articles, fancy goods, stationery, articles of dress and the like, are fabricated in these isles in exactly the same way, in the same small factories and workshops, and the workers are paid the same vile prices, as in Germany, or at Paris and Vienna. But the small English producers have been little benefited by the recent artistic revival, and therefore they continue to cling to obsolete and sometimes tasteless patterns, while at Vienna, at Paris, in Bohemia, and in the Black Forest, industrial training has been directed for the special benefit of these small industries, stimulating in them the invention of new and varied patterns, new machine tools, and new technical processes. It is sufficient to look at the German toy trade, the Bohemian cut-glass goods, or the French fancy articles, to see that such is the case. At the same time a wide organisation has been started in Germany for bringing the small producers together, and this organisation has gone so far that now there is not a town in the United Kingdom where we should not meet with the German commercial traveller carrying about his samples of the household 'nothings,' or of 'presents from Brighton' and all other watering-places. He represents directly the associated small producers—not the middlemen—and through him they trade directly with the small English shop.

In their infinite, ever-changing, and ever-increasing variety, the British small industries are a *necessary* supplement to the great staple industries; and no one, however slightly acquainted with these petty trades, will doubt for one moment about their being a vast field, in which the technical genius of a nation is bred and stimulated. Let anyone analyse that wonderful machine the modern bicycle and its accessories, and, comparing it with the old machine, think of the scores of partial improvements which have been introduced by scores of small inventors—and he will realise the history of every piece of machinery as also the influence which small inventions exercise upon the great technical processes. The bicycle becomes already a motor-car, just as the electric toy becomes the electric railway.

As to the current idea about the necessary disappearance of the small industries, we see that it falls through as soon as we go to the facts of real life. Only a superficial 'bookish' acquaintance with industry could permit the economists to assert that 'law' for

half a century without ever attempting to prove it. The more one examines into the present state of the small industries in this country, the more one is inclined to think, on the contrary, that they have been steadily developing and conquering new fields for the last fifty years, and that those practical engineers are right who have maintained, as Professor W. Unwin did, that they must win still more in importance, when a supply of electro-motive force will be obtained at a low price in every human agglomeration, large or small.

P. KROPOTKIN.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE BOER WAR

RARELY, if ever, have the people of a neutral State been under such weight of obligation to give their sympathy and moral support to a belligerent nation as the people of the United States have been, during the South African War, to extend to England such good offices as may not be obnoxious to a state of neutrality.

If gratitude for favours had and received when sorely needed, and bestowed, not grudgingly, but freely, voluntarily and magnanimously, can create obligation, then surely England has heaped Ossa on Pelion of such obligation upon us. The late war between the United States and Spain was determined and virtually declared by the people of the United States before formal declaration was made by the President. It was in no sense a war against Spain by the Government, but by the people of this country. Appreciating the dangers of foreign complications and the terrors of indefinitely prolonged warfare, as the people did not, the Government hesitated and temporised amid the ever-increasing atrocities inflicted by Spain upon her dependencies, and deliberately resisted an open rupture with that country until driven thereto by the people, whose blind vengeance was not subdued or intimidated by the perils of foreign embroilments which they did not forecast. The policy of President Cleveland towards the Madrid Government, like that of President McKinley, took colour and form in the desire to avert war with Spain—not because he or his successor had the slightest doubt as to the outcome of a war between the United States and Spain, if left to themselves, but because of the dangers of foreign interference and possibly prolonged and disastrous wars with other nations, which were as immanent to his mind as to that of his successor. But the people, whose vision and thought did not extend beyond Spain and her barbarous cruelties upon those whom she should have cherished and protected, increased in wrath until the explosion of the 'Maine' set their vengeance aflame, and then, like a resistless hurricane, they drove the Government to war.

As our Government had plainly foreseen would be the case, nearly all the peoples of Europe took sides with Spain. France, Italy, Portugal, Austria, Germany, and Russia were ablaze with zeal and sympathy for the weaker dog in the fight. The press of those

countries teemed with the most vitriolic denunciations of the Transatlantic bully, whom they represented as bent on spoliation, rapine, and plunder. In many European cities, and notably those of France and Italy, Americans were frequently and grossly insulted in the streets and other public places without any cause, save that their Government had committed the unpardonable offence of undertaking to chastise a hoary old European sinner with whom those countries had closer blood and traditional relations than with us. That the inflamed condition of the Continental and Peninsular temper would have speedily led to pretext for open and substantial assistance to Spain there cannot be the slightest doubt, had not England at this, to us, exceedingly critical juncture warned these superheated peoples that any interference on behalf of Spain would have to reckon with the Great Mistress of the Seas. From that moment our deliverance from foreign intervention was placed beyond peradventure, and the eager champions of the Spanish interest continued to vent their ire in hot breath instead of hot lead.

And not only did England voluntarily render us this service of such incalculable value, but through her press and from her rostrums, and by the voice of numerous messengers in terms of unconventional fervour, she gave us assurances of her goodwill, her fraternal regard, and her earnest desire for closer relations and enduring comity. Coming from a nation whose empire girdles the world, and which has supplanted barbaric dominions the world about with free, enlightened, and progressive governments, were these declarations of friendship and comity of trifling importance and little value to us? Or is it replied that these tenders of friendship and closer relations were prompted by selfish motives and sinister ends? But as there is no human act, of individual or nation, devoid of selfishness, or that should be devoid of selfishness, this suggestion does not impugn the good faith of the proffer or diminish its significance and importance to us. Our choice of association lies only between wise, enlightened, conscientious selfishness; and ignorant, depraved, and unscrupulous selfishness—between a selfishness that seeks its own advancement in and through the promotion of the interests of all, and a selfishness that premises its own elevation on the degradation of others.

On the score, then, of gratitude for favours received at a most opportune time, freely given, and at no trifling hazard on the part of the donor, we owe to England sympathy and goodwill to the utmost limits permitted by the canons of neutrality. But it may not be contended for a moment that debts of gratitude do or can impose upon the debtor any obligation to assist his creditor in acts of injustice, oppression, and immorality, or to countenance him therein. If England be waging against the Boers an unjustifiable and unrighteous war, we shall still be at liberty, not only to withhold our sympathy, but to denounce her course, and give our moral

support to the Afrikanders. And this brings us squarely to the right and wrong of the case. It may be admitted that the legal right of England to interfere in behalf of the Uitlanders, among whom were a large number of her own citizens, may not be as clear and incontrovertible as we might wish, yet the acts of rapacity and oppression practised upon these Uitlanders by the Boer Government, or rather by the despotic President thereof (for he seems to have assumed and exercised the right to levy the most exorbitant taxes upon them, not only without their consent, but without the consent of his own legislature) furnished at least a moral justification for England's interposition on their behalf. That interposition was for a long time of the most pacific character, and exercised with the greatest consideration for the feelings and rights of the Boers. So far as England was concerned there was no serious thought of intervention by other than peaceful measures up to the time that President Kruger hurled at the British Government his insolent and defiant ultimatum of war. That ultimatum found England as unprepared for war with the Boers as for war with Russia, Germany, Switzerland, or the United States. With all the preparations for war that Kruger had been making for years, there never seemed to be an immanent suspicion in the British mind that the differences between England and the Transvaal must finally be arbitrated by sword, and gun, and shell. True, she had made some show of force, but, as events conclusively proved, it was only for show, and the war precipitated and made inevitable by President Kruger's ultimatum found her in a state of unpreparedness that surprised the world.

This fact utterly extinguishes the incessant outcry that England, urged by her greed of gold and lust of land, had been plotting for years the subjugation of the Boer Republic, and for possession of its gold mines by force of arms. Plotting means preparation. It would be no more absurd to plan for a crop without sowing the seed than to plot the destruction of a people, or the plunder of their possessions, without making special preparations for subjugation by force of arms. If England had been meditating war upon the Transvaal for a long or short time, for gold or dominion, with or without just cause, she would not only have had her army thoroughly mobilised, equipments ready, and plans laid; but she would have been familiar with every detail of preparation for war that was made by the Boers, and would have had every kop, kopje, kloof, and fastness in the land mapped down and under her eye. On the contrary, there can be nothing plainer to him whose vision is not perverted by prejudice, than that substantially no special war preparation had been made by the English, that they had no more definite and detailed knowledge of the skilful and extensive preparations for war that the Boers had been making than other nations possessed, and were so ignorant of the geography and topography of the Transvaal that they marched

armies into fastnesses of rock, and hill, and gulch, where they could be resisted and mowed down by mere squads.

But if England be instigated to this war by greed of gold and lust of dominion, why has she delayed her unholy purpose so long? Why did she not freeboot the Boers five years ago, ten years ago, fifteen years ago, when she could have done it at infinitely less cost than she can do it now? Why has she restrained her unrighteous cupidity so long, and desisted in her fell purpose, while the Afrikanders were rapidly increasing in numbers, and until they had completed the most formidable preparations for war they were capable of making, and finally spat in her face through the impudent and defiant ultimatum of President Kruger? The fact is too apparent for intelligent disputation that England never meditated war upon the Transvaal, never thought it possible that her demand for fair and just treatment of the Uitlanders by the Boers would be denied and repulsed, until, like a sledge-hammer blow in the forehead, came the bumptious and domineering ultimatum of the despot of the South African Republic. True, under the continued stubbornness of the Boers against yielding any measure of equity or justice to the Uitlanders, England had made some show of force, but, as events have demonstrated, it was purely perfunctory and as different from war or real preparation for war as a scarecrow is from a policeman. If England can show that she had any legal right to interfere in behalf of the Uitlanders against the rapacity and injustice of the so-called Republic, her case is clear and conclusive, for her moral right does not come within the domain of intelligent argumentation.

The name 'republic' and the persistent use that has been made of it by the friends of the Boers have had more to do with the public sentiment in this country than have the stern facts in the situation. We have not only been continually importuned, but literally cudgelled and bastinadoed, with noisy demands and appeals to our sympathy for the two little sister republics on the far-off continent, engaged, as they say, in a death struggle for existence. 'Surely,' say these advocates of the Boer cause, 'these puny republics, fighting with such gallantry and against such tremendous odds of numbers and resources, for government, home, and country, have a right to turn their eyes and stretch their hands toward the great republic and confidently implore at least its good will, its encouraging words and its utmost moral support.' Unable to wholly coerce our hearts at this point, very many have been disposed to exert every possible influence short of overt acts of war in favour of this barefaced little oligarchy, simply because it perambulates under the name of republic.

'Hot p-i-i-e-s! Hot p-i-i-e-s!' shouted a little street urchin in New York City.

'Say, sonny,' said a venerable agriculturist whose appetite was whetted by the boy's cry, 'be they really good'n hot?'

'Course they're hot-pies,' the boy replied.

'Guess I'll take one o' them there hot pies o' yourn.'

But when the exchange of pie and consideration was completed the farmer found his pie as cold as the heart of a stockholder in the New York Ice Trust.

'You little rascal, you,' the ruralist roared, 'I thought you told me them there pies wuz hot?'

'Naw, I didn't tell you nuffin about they wuz hot,' said the urchin; 'that's only jist the n-a-a-me uv'em.'

The people of the foremost and greatest republic of the age, and the ages, will never hesitate or waver in their support of true republicanism, whether on land near or afar; but they should never be influenced to support despotism masquerading under the guise of republicanism. A despotic republic is worse than a thoroughbred despotism and less entitled to sufferance or existence. Any government that does not establish and promote true liberty is not a republic, and must not expect sympathy and support for a mere label, and a false one at that. 'The rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' and the noisome stench-breeding refuse would smell no sweeter if called a rose. Neither can the people of a great republic be expected to give their sympathy and moral support to a republic engaged in an unrighteous and unwarrantable cause.

And what are the facts of the case before us? Let us marshal a few of the salient points in the history and doings of this people who are so often represented by their perfervid friends as a simple-minded folk who trekked from the land of their birth and dared the terrors of the wilderness, savage beasts, and savage men, to found free governments and establish free institutions for themselves and their children; for these are the ensigns and ideals of true republicanism.

On the 7th day of April, 1652, one Jan van Riebeck, acting for the Dutch East India Company, planted a colony at Goede Hoop, now Cape Town. The colony was largely composed of paupers and criminals from Holland, and their numbers were increased by Malay convicts from Java and elsewhere brought in by the Dutch East India Company. In 1658 slavery was instituted, the slaves being captured natives. The Dutch made constant war upon the natives, killing the men and making slaves of the women and children. In 1698 some 300 French Huguenots came from Holland in a body and joined the colonists. In 1795 they had increased to something less than 20,000, and held more than 20,000 slaves. On the 16th of September, 1795, Cape Colony and the adjoining South Africa became a British colony, but in 1802 was restored to the Netherlands. In 1806, during the Napoleonic wars and as a war measure,

England seized the Cape to prevent Napoleon from securing such an important naval station. In 1814 the Colony, with the other Dutch possessions in South Africa, were ceded to England by the Netherlands for thirty million dollars. When England took possession in 1806 they found a total population of 74,000, of which more than 30,000 were slaves. Restrictions upon trade, imposed by the Dutch East India Company, were at once removed, schools founded, measures taken to improve the herds of horses and cattle, and the slave trade was forbidden, but the slaves then held were not freed. The Boers were mightily aggrieved because the slave trade was abolished, and this was the first cause of difficulty between the liberty-loving Boers and the British tyrants (Britain has generally been high-handed and imperious in abolishing the slave trade and slavery, establishing real liberty and advancing civilisation). This cause of offence bred a deep-seated and enduring hatred in the feeling of the Boers against the English, which has never lost an opportunity of manifesting and avenging itself. In 1815 a Boer was accused of brutally beating his slaves. The English sent a small force to arrest him. His neighbours rallied to his defence and some English officers were killed. Five of the leading Boer culprits were hanged at Schlachter's Nek, and their countrymen have never ceased to denounce the British as bloody butchers for this act of summary justice. Indeed it is a part of the nursery education by which they inspire hatred of the English in the rising generation. In 1828, to the great disgust of the Boers, the free coloured people were given the same rights as the whites. Other measures, restricting the power of masters over slaves, were enacted to the increasing detestation of the Boers. The missionaries were particularly hated by the pious Boers, because they were all black abolitionists.

And finally came the crowning act of this succession of British tyranny, injustice, and oppression, when in 1833 was passed that memorable Act of Parliament for ever abolishing slavery upon English soil. Thenceforward no human-being could stand on English soil, or breathe the air above it, and remain a slave. This was indeed too much for the liberty-loving, God-fearing Boers, and they were filled with a holy and wholly inappeasable wrath against the English tyrants and oppressors. True, the greedy gold-coveting English appropriated some 15,000,000 dollars to pay for something less than 40,000,000 of slaves whom they set free, and to whom they restored the God-given rights of manhood of which the Boers had robbed them; but the spirit of liberty and piety was so inbred and unquenchable in the Afrikanders that, while they might be compelled by British tyrants to accept British gold for their human properties, they would not sell their God-given birthright to enslave their fellow beings for such a measly mess of pottage. There were yet

regions on the dark continent where Wilberforce and his co-conspirators could not enforce their tyrannical anti-slavery measures upon them, where natives were plentiful, and where the Boers would be unhindered in their favourite business of murdering the men and making slaves of the women and children, and to this wilderness they would go.

And so the sturdy, unpurchasable colonists determined to trek, with the British gold they had rounded up on their human chattels, to a new country beyond the oppressors' heel, where they could worship God according to the Dutch Bible, with its lurid pictures of hell, and the devil in horns and cloven hoofs and rod-like tail with a spearhead at the end of it, and where they could exploit their native love of freedom by slaying the Philistines and enslaving the women and children. Let it be borne in mind that such were the cause, the inspiration, and the purpose of the 'Great Trek.' There is not the slightest reason to believe that it would ever have occurred had it not been for England's hostility to slavery, the various measures she had taken to mitigate the rigours of slavery and the horrors of the slave trade, culminating in the act of universal emancipation upon English soil. The first band was led by Triechard in 1835, and by the end of 1838 some 10,000 Boers had trekked from the Cape and settled mainly in the countries known as the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. And here in the wilderness, far beyond the reach of the English at Cape Colony, they soon recommenced their old practice of killing the native males and enslaving the women and children, and during the intervening years thousands upon thousands of Kaffirs, Basutos, and Zulus have been slain by them, thousands of native women robbed and ravished, and tens of thousands of children dragged into slavery, many of whom were torn from the dying embrace of fathers felled by the pious Boers. Their method of procedure is thus, described by the great missionary, traveller, and philanthropist, Dr. Livingstone:—

One or two friendly tribes are forced to accompany a party of mounted Boers, and these expeditions can only be gotten up in the winter when horses may be used without danger of being lost by disease. When they reach the tribe to be attacked, the friendly natives are ranged in front to form, as they say, 'a shield;' the Boers then coolly fire over their heads till the devoted people flee and leave cattle, wives, and children to the captors. This was done in nine cases during my residence in the interior, and on no occasion was a drop of Boer's blood shed.

From 1875 to 1879, the natives, frenzied by these continual raids of the Boers, burning their villages, stealing their cattle, killing their men and enslaving their women and children, combined in their defence against their Christian aggressors. Long and bloody wars ensued in which the Boers were worsted and were in danger of annihilation. Then, as they had done before, they called

on the British for help. The British responded to this appeal and at enormous expense of life and treasure reduced the tribes to subjection. As a condition for this assistance and protection for the Boers, the British Government demanded that the Transvaal Boers should abolish slavery, and cease their cattle and child stealing raids against the natives. In compliance with these demands solemn treaties were made with the natives, the Boers and the English being joint parties thereto, and in which the Boers made a pretence at least of abolishing slavery. It was indeed a hollow pretence, for they immediately enacted an apprentice law under which any native, male or female, under twenty years of age, found within their territory without a father, should be apprenticed by the Boer authorities till he or she should prove to the satisfaction of Boer officials that he or she had passed the age of twenty years. These articles of apprenticeship were subjects of barter and sale and transfer and where they went the so-called apprentice went also. These modern civilised and conscientious Boers do not buy and sell people, but they buy and sell letters of apprenticeship, and these letters have the grappling hooks on the human chattel and he is powerless in their iron claws.

Intensely pro-Boer and anti-British as is Hooker, he says of the Boers: 'Their treatment of the natives, where unrestrained by British rule, was anything but creditable. They may be excused for their many wars with the Bushmen and Kaffirs, but the enslaving of men, women, and later of children, under the subterfuge of apprenticeship, for a term of years cannot be justified. The one extenuating circumstance is the fact that, leading an isolated life, they are slower than other civilised people in catching the spirit of the age.' And again he says: 'Their lion-like bravery was perverted into a too great readiness to fight on the smallest provocation, and a disposition to prey upon their weaker native neighbours.' The 'Grond Wet' or 'Fundamental Law' of the Boer Republic declares: 'The people will admit no equality of persons of colour with the white inhabitants, either in state or church.' And be it remembered this is the fundamental law of this people, who are so frequently compared, by their injudicious friends in America, with the great men who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and framed the constitution of the United States and founded a real republic, as well as a republic in name. It is enough to say of such comparison that it is as false and absurd as it is odious.

We shall do the Boers no injustice by saying they are non-progressive, obstructionists, crude in all the arts and sciences, and, if not professedly opposed to the spirit and methods of modern civilisation, are practically opposed thereto. They are narrow-minded and doggedly intolerant in every sphere of thought. Their literature is of the lowest grade, their religion closely approximates superstition,

and their policy is one of exclusion and immobility. They have many traits in common with the fierce fanaticism and eager war-spirit of the Cromwell Puritans, but are actually not so far advanced as those zealous patriots were two hundred and fifty years ago. They have not only failed to catch the progressive spirit of their day and age, but have deliberately avoided its contact and chosen stolidity and immobility rather than advancement. That they possess some virtues and admirable qualities we may not doubt, but what will compensate or atone for their negatives? To compare them in any respect with the English would not only be inexcusably silly, but unpardonably insulting.

These Boers have always proceeded upon the presumption that they are God's chosen people, and that they have Divine authority to smite and slay the Hittites, the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites 'from the river Arnon unto Mount Hermon, and all the plain on the east.' By ravishment and concubinage they have variegated the colour of the races about them. It is said that a full-blooded Hottentot can scarcely now be found. The murder of native men, the ravishment of native women, and the robbery and enslavement of native children, do not seem to be inconsistent with the canons of the theocracy which they arrogate to themselves. Imbued with such notions, we can well imagine how exceedingly obnoxious the Uitlanders must have been to this people. Indeed, the Uitlanders were almost everything that the Boers were not, and were not all things that the Boers were. They were a pushing, enterprising, progressive, money-making crowd, and in the eyes of the Boers utterly godless; and much allowance therefore must be made for the Boers in their oppressive and galling treatment of the new-comers, on account of these differences of sentiment, method, manners, tastes, and habitudes between the two peoples, and the aversion that such differences would naturally create in the minds of the stolid, slow-moving, pretentious Boers. That they did not treat the immigrants precisely as they had treated the natives was only because they could not. That they had the same Divine right to make these Uitlanders subservient to God's chosen people was not open to question. And if they could not go to the same lengths in this case to which they had gone with the natives, they would at least go as far as they could. No genuine theocracy could possibly allow Philistines, white or black, to share in its high privileges or to assume any other position under it than that of subjugated servitors. The 'chosen' must rule, not simply as conquerors, but as despots and tyrants. The profane Uitlanders might come to this land of Israel, but they should take no part in the government, occupy no official position, have no voice or vote in the law-making or law-administering bodies, and be satisfied to retain such portions of their earnings as their lords and masters might

deem prudent to leave them. 'Taxation without representation' has always been considered the essence of despotism. Nowhere has it been carried to such extremes as in the South African Republic. The Uitlanders, without voice or vote in the government, were compelled to pay the great bulk of the taxes. The Transvaal Government, with a population of only 245,000, collected and spent more than 20,000,000·00 dollars annually, of which almost 5,000,000·00 dollars went to pay Boer officials. On a per capita rate of expenditure it would cost the United States almost 6,000,000,000 per annum, and of this it would take 1,400,000,000 merely to pay the officials, and then if the great bulk of this enormous sum was saddled upon the people of foreign birth residing here, we should have a republic that would compare favourably, or despicably, as you choose, with a Boer republic. That such a state of affairs, if not voluntarily abolished or mitigated, must end in war and blood should have been apparent, even to a Boer. But in the fancied security of his theocracy and God-environed protection he was either blind to the inevitable or madly foolish in his obstinate and contumacious presumption. Will the despot of the Dardanelles take warning?

Which, then, Boers or Britons, judged by their record and history, are the most likely to found and maintain governments 'of the people, by the people, and for the people,' the truest and most comprehensive test of real republicanism? This is very much like asking which will give the better light and heat, the moon or the sun, and is only justified, if at all, by the fact that we are continuously besought to give our sympathy and moral support to the Boers because the name of their form of government is 'republic.' Let us admit, if you please, that the fuss-and-feathers of monarchy and aristocracy are irrational excrescences upon the English form of government, unworthy of, and a travesty upon, the intelligence and enlightenment of the age, and let us admit a thousand and one other defects and weaknesses in the constitution and laws of that country, and in the methods of procedure under them, and still there will remain incomparably more of all that makes for true freedom, progress, and happiness than can be found in the government and laws and methods of procedure in the South African Republic.

On the grounds, then, of justice, freedom, good government, and the advancement of the human race, we are bound to give our sympathy and moral aid to England, as once more she battles against the forces of reaction, obstruction, and anti-freedom, and goes forth to supplant governments evolved and maintained by those forces, by free, enlightened, and progressive government that aids and encourages the citizen to make the most of his mental and physical powers, instead of cramping and repressing them. Nor shall we infer from these statements that the English are angels, by brevet or otherwise, or that they have not been often and seriously

to blame in their dealings with the Boers or that they will not be again. The utmost of our claim and contention must be that the spirit and genius of the English people and their government are for liberty, justice, and progress to a vastly greater extent than are those of the Boers; and with all their human imperfections, shortcomings, and over-reachings, man for man, they are and have been doing vastly more in the cause of true liberty and justice for the advancement of human rights than the Boers. Where, then, should the sympathy of liberty-loving American republicans be in this period of conflict and war between these peoples?

But if the moralities and equities between these belligerents were merely equal, and there was no clear preponderance of right on the side of the English, we should still be under obligation to give them our sympathy and goodwill because they are our best customers. The business man, the professional man, the manufacturer, does not seek occasion to kick his best customer, or seize upon any opportunity he may find to harm and injure such customer, but, on the contrary, he seeks every possible opportunity to accommodate and favour him, and to manifest his goodwill towards him. And if this is both good policy and right for the individual, it is good policy and right for the nation. Business between individuals and nations is as much the creature of sentiment and feeling as of necessity and convenience. There is probably not a person living who has not many times, if not continually, done business with a certain man or men, even if he had to pay them higher prices for the services rendered or the commodities purchased than he could have obtained them elsewhere, because of his good feeling for such man or men. In fact, bad feeling, bad blood, enmities and animosities are death to business, whether between individuals or nations. The only reason why England buys as much of what we have to sell as all the rest of Europe put together, is because of the closer fellowship and relationship of blood, history, tradition, and feeling that exists between Americans and Englishmen than between Americans and the other peoples. We sell to England about one half of our agricultural exports as well as much of our other exports. In the year ending the 1st of June, 1898, we sold to England goods of the value of 540 million dollars, and purchased of her 109 millions, making a total trade of 649 millions with a balance in our favour of 431 millions. In the year ending the 1st of June, 1899, we sold her 511 millions and purchased 118 millions, making a total of 629 millions with a balance in our favour of 392 millions. Our trade balance with the entire world during the latter year was but 530 millions, almost two-thirds of which came from our trade with England alone. In 1899 we sold to the whole of Europe, outside of England, 425 millions, and purchased 235 millions, making a total traffic of 660 millions, with a balance in our favour of 190 millions, or less than one-half of the balance we made out of our

trade with England alone. And this enormous traffic has largely been built up by the closer relationship, the greater comity, the better feeling existing between America and England. (The above figures are given in round numbers.)

Is it not worth our while, not only to seek to preserve this mighty commerce, but to still further increase it by every means in our power? We talk about making strenuous efforts to increase our trade with the Oriental nations where we now sell less than a petty half a hundred million dollars worth, notwithstanding they need some of our agricultural products much more sorely than the people of England do, and notwithstanding the vastly greater multitudes of people in the Orient. And we do well in making such effort; but let us not neglect, or do anything to injure, the mighty traffic we have built up with England, which is of incomparably greater value and importance to us than all the trade we shall effect with the Orient for generations to come, after making the best efforts we are capable of making in that direction. It is not enough that these people are hungry and often starving for our bread, that their inland commerce is stagnant and torpid for want of our steel rails and locomotives, that their farms could be made vastly more productive by our machinery, and that every household is sorely in need of the comforts and conveniences with which we can supply them. Necessity, want, and need will not of themselves make commerce. There must be a certain degree of goodwill and harmony of sentiment and feeling before the exchange will flow. The Chinese, although they are and have been for centuries much in need of our products, are not seeking them, nor indeed can we thrust our products upon them until we have battered down solid walls of prejudice and ill-will and practically made a new China. In the meantime our efforts to increase our trade with civilised peoples will result in vastly more abundant returns. Shall we cripple that commerce, even in the least degree, by sympathising with a little oligarchy of non-progressives simply because it labels itself a republic?

With the Boers we have had neither commercial, political, nor social relations. Substantially, we have not exchanged a dollar's worth of products with them. No minister or consul from one to the other country has ever been appointed. When they have been in need of aid heretofore they have always turned to the British for help. Now, when they are at war with England, for the first time they send 'envoys' to the United States to ask our friendly sympathy, because they too are republics. They do not seem to realise that friendship is a thing of slow growth and is not concocted in a moment of need as a cocktail is compounded for a thirsty or fainting traveller. A people who have utterly ignored us during the whole period of their existence cannot in the hour of extremities,

which they have foolishly brought upon themselves, ask with good grace from us the offices of friendship, as against a nation that has pledged and proved its friendship for us by invaluable service.

In the world's great trend of events, circumstances sometimes present themselves to a nation, not of its own seeking or promotion, but which if used opportunely and wisely will redound to its great and lasting advantage, and if used indiscreetly will bring corresponding loss and defeat. We may never again have such a favourable opportunity to manifest our appreciation of England's good offices for us and to increase and cement the friendship of our greatest and best customer. Shall it not be the part of Americans to use these fortuitous opportunities so wisely and so well that it shall result in advancing the interests of the great republic and adding new lustre to its name and fame? So shall we promote true republicanism upon the earth.

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SOME UNSEEN STARS

MORE and more stars have hitherto been seen with every increase of telescopic power. Even more are shown upon a photographic plate applied to a telescope than are seen by eye observation; light, too faint to affect the human retina, leaving its mark upon the sensitive silver salt of a film, by its cumulative effect during a long exposure. Myriads, doubtless, still remain unseen in either of these ways. How many such will presently be revealed by larger telescopes, or by more delicate photographic processes, it is impossible to say. We might, perhaps, hypothetically discuss their probable number and distribution, their distances and physical constitution; but in the present state of knowledge any such discussion would be vague and inconclusive.

We will, therefore, in this article, put on one side such stars as are unseen merely for want of greater telescopic or photographic power; and direct our remarks to a special class of unseen stars which are of peculiar interest, because effects, due to their presence, are ascertainable by two independent lines of investigation, and render their existence a certainty in spite of their invisibility. These stars possess a further interest at the present time, since their discovery has of late undergone a rapid development, which happily promises to continue.

The stars to which we refer exist in close connection with bright companion-stars. They are themselves unseen, either because they are dark, it may be faded, or decayed, or of faint luminosity; or because, in addition, they are situated in such close proximity to their bright companions that no telescope has revealed their presence. They belong to a somewhat limited and special class, or subdivision, of those which astronomers term binaries; while binaries are again a subdivision of the very numerous class of double stars.

We propose, then, to discuss those cases in which one of a binary pair of stars is unseen. In order, however, to make the proof of the existence of such unseen companions clear, we must first state precisely what is meant by a binary in which both stars are visible.

A telescope reveals countless instances in which two stars appear to be in close proximity. They are called double stars. But in a

large proportion of such cases the appearance is due simply to a close approximation in the direction in which we look at the two. One may be a hundred times as far away as the other, but they are seen almost in the same straight line from the earth, and therefore they appear to be very near together. Nevertheless, as time goes on, their individual proper motions in space may cause any amount of apparent separation between them. In other cases two stars are really near. They not only present the appearance at the time being of a double star, but they will always retain that appearance. If, from time to time, the place of one of them is carefully measured from that of the other (for which purpose the brighter of the two is generally chosen as the one from which to measure) it will be found that it moves in an oval, or elliptic, curve round the other. It will be seen to describe this curve, or orbit, repeatedly, if the observations are continued long enough. In order to distinguish this special class of double stars, viz. those which are in mutual orbital revolution round one another, astronomers have given them the name of binaries. All binary stars, therefore, belong to the class of double stars, but all apparently double stars are not termed binary.

The first discovery of binary stars was due to the skill and genius of Sir William Herschel. Since then they have been catalogued by thousands, the observation of their movements in their orbits affording an all-important proof of the sway of the same great law of gravitation, in the far distant realms of space which they tenant, that rules in our own solar system. In some instances the period of mutual revolution is so short that the description of the whole orbit of a binary has been observed several times since its discovery. In others it is so long that centuries will elapse before one circuit is completed.

The orbital movements of a great number of binaries in which both members are visible are now constantly watched in the telescope, or photographed. But it is only quite recently that astronomers have been led to conclude, from a special class of observations, that there are possibly quite as many instances in which one of the two is unseen. This we will now explain.

To do so, we must begin by describing a class of stars, termed *Algol-Stars*; so named because Algol, in the constellation of Perseus, was the first detected. It locates, in the imaginary constellation-figure, the position of the head of Medusa held in the hand of Perseus. Its name, assigned by Persian or other ancient astronomers, means the Demon; and was probably due to its very peculiar behaviour, which needed no telescopic aid for its observation, and seemed to suggest the influence, or the eye, of a demon. It is very interesting to watch its procedure with the naked eye, if a suitable night be selected. For about fifty-nine out of every consecutive sixty-nine hours this star shines brightly and steadily, and remains

almost exactly of the second magnitude in its light. Then a change begins, and in the course of somewhat more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours its light falls to about one-third of its usual amount. It so remains for about one quarter of an hour, after which its brightness revives at the same rate as it diminished. Thus the fall and rising again of the light occupy between nine and ten hours out of every sixty-nine.

It was not, however, until the latter half of the seventeenth century that Algol was accurately observed. The very remarkable regularity both in the period and extent of the variation of its light was then brought into notice by the English astronomer Goodricke.¹ He also suggested (in A.D. 1783) that an explanation of the behaviour of the star might be found in the periodic passage of a dark (or comparatively dark) and consequently invisible companion-globe between it and the earth.

In doing so it would gradually cut off more and more of Algol's light, until it had completed one-half of its intervening passage, and then in like manner reveal it again. For a long time little attention was paid to this suggested explanation. It might, however, have seemed only reasonable to attribute to some geometrical regularity of movement changes whose recurrence could be predicted almost more accurately than an eclipse of the Sun. But it was doubtless thought to be useless to discuss the question of the existence of such a companion-star, as it seemed to be quite invisible.

However, about the year 1880, Professor Pickering of the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., who had been giving especial attention to the study of several classes of stars whose light is variable, carefully discussed the hypothesis of Goodricke. Although unable to assign any absolute dimensions to the globes of Algol and its companion, or to the supposed orbit of the companion around Algol, he estimated what must be the proportion of the sizes of the two bodies relatively to each other and to such an orbit. He further calculated their relative positions during the passage of the one in front of the other, so that not only should the requisite amount of obscuration, or eclipse, of Algol's light take place, but also that the rate of its diminution and recovery should correspond throughout the nine or ten hours of its progress with what was observed.

He decided that the supposed unseen star must have a diameter equal to somewhat more than three-fourths of that of Algol, and that a probable diameter for its relative orbit would be about four and a half times that of the globe of Algol. Also that a circular, or nearly circular, form for that orbit would best satisfy the required conditions. Nevertheless his discussion was altogether that of a probability, of which it appeared impossible to test the truth.

But at the same time he drew attention to another point necessarily involved in the hypothesis, which is of much importance,

¹ *Philosophical Transactions*, 1783, vol. lxxiii. p. 474.

because it has recently afforded a further and conclusive test by which the certainty of the truth of the hypothesis has been assured. This we will next explain.

When two stars of a binary pair are both bright, and we observe their relative positions from time to time, the one, as we have stated, appears to us to revolve around the other. This is also exactly what either would appear to do if watched by an observer situated upon the other. Such apparent movement is, however, due to the fact that both, owing to the action of the law of gravitation and their mutual attraction, are really revolving in two similarly shaped orbits about their common centre of gravity, a point always between the two. They so revolve in their two orbits, just as if their centres were fastened to the ends of a long thin rod pivoting upon their centre of gravity. In only one case could they both describe one and the same orbit, viz. if they were of equal weight or mass; and if the orbit were also circular in form. In that case, their centre of gravity being halfway between the two, they would each go round it in the same circle, but they would always be situated, at any given moment, at two opposite extremities of one of its diameters. Were one body heavier than the other, the larger would be proportionally nearer to the centre of gravity, and its orbit would be the smaller of the two. In that case, if the orbits were circles, the one orbit would lie entirely within the other, the centre of gravity of the two bodies being the centre of both the circular orbits. This is, in fact, the case with Algol.

These results, of necessity following from the action of the law of gravitation, are of the highest interest in their relation to unseen companion-stars, because they lead to a further conclusion:—If Algol, or any similar star, has an unseen companion, their mutual attraction requires that the unseen star cannot alone be revolving in an orbit, thereby producing eclipses of the other's light. That other must also revolve in an orbit of its own, described in the way we have explained, about the point at which the centre of gravity of the two bodies is situated. Besides which we must remember that, in order to allow the unseen star to pass periodically between the other and the earth, the plane or level in which the motion takes place must very nearly contain the direction of the earth as seen from the other star.

Taken together the preceding statements involve the following result. At the two opposite ends of a diameter of its orbit which is perpendicular to the direction pointing to the earth, Algol must respectively be moving in that orbit almost directly towards the earth, or directly from the earth.

As it is upon this result that the conclusive evidence of the existence of Algol's unseen companion depends, we will illustrate it for a moment by the consideration of a capital letter T. Suppose

the upright central stem to be produced downwards or an immense distance to reach the earth. Imagine its junction with the cross-piece at the top of the letter to be the centre of Algol's orbit, which is to be supposed circular. If Algol were at the left-hand extremity of the cross-piece, the little downward projection might then indicate the direction of Algol's motion at that point of its orbit. That motion would be parallel to the middle upright piece of the letter, and therefore almost directly towards the earth. If the other projection at the right-hand end of the cross-piece be supposed turned upwards, instead of downwards, it would correspond to the position and direction of Algol's movement when it should have passed half-way round its orbit; and it is clear that Algol would then be moving with equal speed in a direction almost exactly away from the earth.

This alternate movement at intervals, during which one half of its orbit is described, of about thirty-four and a half hours (one half of the sixty-nine-hour period which we previously mentioned), is therefore a necessary consequence if Algol forms a binary with an unseen companion star.

And if, as Professor Pickering has shown, its orbit is approximately circular, the velocity with which it would thus approach and recede from the earth, at intervals of thirty-four and a half hours, would be that with which it would constantly revolve round the centre of gravity of itself and its unseen companion. It is also clear that, at epochs half-way between those of which we have just spoken, it would pass across the direction of a line pointing to the earth, and just then be neither approaching to, nor receding from, the earth.

At its enormous distance from us, as to which we at present only know that it is too great for accurate measurement, any endeavour to test the hypothesis of the existence of its invisible companion, by the observation of such an alternation of Algol's velocity towards or from the earth, might well have seemed hopeless. But very fortunately the spectroscope comes to our aid. If a spectroscope be used to examine the spectrum of the light of a star, any such movement, of approach or recession, on the part of the star, can be at once detected, if it be of sufficient magnitude, and if the light of the star be sufficiently bright. Dark lines produced by the vapours of a star's atmosphere cross the spectrum in a direction perpendicular to its length, which length extends along the well-known band of colours from red at one extremity to violet at the other. And if a star be approaching the earth, it can be shown to be a necessary result that the black lines, which lie athwart its spectrum, will be slightly displaced, from the normal position which they would otherwise occupy, towards the violet end of the spectrum. If the star be receding from the observer they will be similarly displaced towards the red end of its spectrum. The

amount of the displacement depends upon the velocity of the movement in question, and the velocity can be calculated from it.

Professor H. C. Vogel, of the Potsdam Observatory, made the calculation in the case of Algol. He found that the amount of the displacement of the lines in its spectrum showed that it was alternately approaching and receding from the earth with a speed of about twenty-six miles per second, at intervals of rather less than thirty-four and a half hours. The existence of its unseen companion, hitherto only suggested as a probable explanation of the periodic alteration in its light, consequently received a confirmation, the strength of which, if duly considered in connection with our previous statements, can hardly be exaggerated. This research took place in the years 1888 and 1889.

Since that date (when, at the most, only nine Algol stars were known) it has been considered certain that the variation of light in this class of stars, of which about as many more have since been discovered, is produced by an eclipse caused by a much darker and unseen companion-star. Professor Vogel considered that the utmost luminous intensity of the companion could not exceed one-eightieth part of that of Algol itself; otherwise the obscuration of the light of the second star, as in its turn it passed behind Algol, would be decidedly noticeable, and produce a second alteration of light half-way between those at present seen.

Here it may be well to mention that such a double rise and fall of light is not infrequent in variable stars. In some cases it is of a less regular character, but in others it is so exceedingly regular that the stars in question have in general been supposed to suffer eclipses as in the Algol type, and only to differ from Algol itself in having a decidedly bright instead of a comparatively dark and unseen companion. An instance of such a star is that named Y in the constellation of Cygnus. Its light variations, as determined recently by Dr. Dunér, of Upsala, are best explained upon the supposition that it consists of two stars of nearly equal size and brightness, revolving in a mutual orbit of an elliptic form and of an ovalness about half as great again as that of Mars. The plane of their revolution must be such that the two stars alternately totally eclipse one another twice in every three successive days, and thereby reduce the light received by about one half on the occasion of the eclipse of either by the other.

It also deserves mention that in some cases, whether the companion-star be darker or brighter, it is necessary, in order to account for the change of light observed, to suppose the globes of both stars to be of an oval rather than of a spherical form. In other cases, of which Algol is one, it seems probable that both stars are surrounded with an extensive envelope, or atmosphere, of vapour, by which a certain amount of absorption, or partial obscuration of light,

may be produced. Some irregularity in the light-variation, even of an Algol-Variable, which is at times noticeable, may also be due to atmospheric or other physical disturbances excited, in one or both bodies, by a periodic near approach, such as would take place if their orbits were of an oval form; or, possibly, to the presence of one or more additional bodies all mutually attracting one another.

Without further reference, however, to any such points of minor certainty or importance, we will now show how much further information of surpassing interest the spectroscope affords in the case of such a star as Algol; in addition to, but in connection with, its convincing proof of the existence of an unseen companion.

This information results from the measurement of the velocity with which Algol is moving in its orbit round the centre of gravity of the two stars. We have so far only mentioned that the spectroscope has shown this velocity to be about twenty-six miles per second. But the orbit being nearly circular, and the period of its description nearly sixty-nine hours, it follows that we have only to multiply the number of seconds in sixty-nine hours by twenty-six, in order to obtain (approximately) the number of miles in the circumference of the orbit. Knowing the circumference we also know the diameter. And then, by Sir Isaac Newton's extension of the third of Kepler's three great laws, it is easy to calculate that the masses and weights of the pair of stars must jointly be about two-thirds of those of the Sun. This follows from a comparison of the diameter of the orbit, and the time in which it is described, with the size and time of description of the orbit of any planet round the Sun.

Further, if the unseen companion be of about the same density as Algol, it can be shown that the comparative size of the two discs, necessary to allow of the requisite amount of obscuration of the one by the other, requires that the joint mass must be apportioned very nearly in the proportion of two-thirds to Algol and one-third to its unseen companion. Professor Vogel's calculations, which involve a somewhat larger proportionate size for the companion-star than Professor Pickering originally assigned to it, give, when expressed in English miles, the most probable values as follows:—²

Diameter of Algol	1,061,000 English miles
„ unseen companion	830,300 „
Distance between their centres	3,230,000 „
Orbital velocity of Algol	26·3 miles per second
„ „ the companion	55·4 „ „
Mass of Algol	$\frac{2}{3}$ of the mass of the Sun
„ companion	$\frac{1}{3}$ „ „ „

² See *The System of the Stars*, by Agnes M. Clerke, p. 138.

Two points deserving of special notice are at once evident from the above figures. First, that the proximity of the two stars is very remarkable when compared with their sizes. Their distance apart is considerably less than twice as great as the sum of their diameters. They are so close together that no telescope could separate their images, even if Algol were as near to us as the very nearest of all the stars. Secondly, that they are of very light density. The Sun's density is only about one-half as great again as that of water, and about one-fourth of that of the globe of the earth, but the density of the unseen companion of Algol, since it is of nearly the same diameter and bulk as the Sun, but of only two-ninths of its weight, can be but a little more than one-fourth of that of the Sun. This is on the supposition, as already stated, that Algol and its companion are of the same density. Otherwise the results would be somewhat, but probably not greatly, modified; the companion, if of lighter density, revolving in a somewhat wider orbit, and *vice versa*.

As regards the density of Algol-Stars in general it may be interesting to mention that, in several instances, it seems to lie between one-fourth and one-eighth of that of the Sun, a result which can be deduced merely from a study of the period of the light-variation of any such star, and of the extent to which its light is obscured. So small a density indicates that these stars are probably to a great extent in a gaseous condition, and therefore the more likely to be subject to physical disturbances by the proximity of a companion.

Next let us consider another important question in regard to unseen companion-stars. Are there many of them? It is true that only a few instances are at present known in which the periodic diminution of a star's light is attributable to the presence of an unseen companion. Those instances, however, all require, as we have explained, that the companion-star must travel nearly centrally past the other while we are watching it. A moderate tilt of the plane in which their centres move would cause the transit of the companion to pass either above or below the line in which we look at the other, in which case no eclipse of its light would be visible to us. But there is no reason whatever why every possible inclination of such a plane of revolution should not be equally probable. There is consequently no doubt that, in addition to the instances in which unseen companion-stars produce an eclipsing effect, there are far more in which, although the companion is equally present, the tilt of the plane of mutual revolution prevents our seeing any eclipse.

The preceding statement is confirmed by the fact that, at the very time when Professor Vogel was studying the spectrum of Algol, his spectroscope unexpectedly revealed the existence of another case,

in which it was clear, that it could only be the tilt of the plane of mutual revolution that prevented the occurrence of eclipses similar to those of Algol. He happened just then to observe the spectrum of Spica, the brightest star in the constellation of the Virgin; and he found that the dark lines in that spectrum were alternately shifted to a small extent, at regular intervals, towards the red or the violet end of the spectrum, exactly as in the case of Algol. This shift, he perceived, must be caused by a movement of Spica due to its being in mutual revolution with a companion-star; while it also followed that the companion must be comparatively dark, otherwise, instead of Spica's spectrum alone being seen, that of the companion would also have been visible.

In this connection a further coincidence, quite as remarkable, deserves notice. It occurred in America during the time occupied by the observations which Professor Vogel was carrying on at Potsdam, and was announced just before the publication of his results. It involved the unexpected discovery, by a different method of spectroscopic observation, of a star in which mutual revolution in connection with a companion-star was taking place, as in the case of Algol and Spica, but in which the two companions both revealed their spectra in the spectroscope, although they were in such exceedingly close proximity that they would always have appeared as one star in the telescope. This discovery is especially related to the subject of this article, in that it soon led to the detection, not only of some other instances of the same kind, but of a number of cases in which, as in that of Spica, such a companion is unseen even in the spectroscope. The discovery took place as follows:

The spectra of stars had usually been examined with a spectroscope fixed at the eye end of a telescope. The spectrum of some one star was very carefully focussed, and the position of the dark lines seen in it determined with great accuracy by comparing their places with those of a standard spectrum, either of sunlight, or of some known gas, which could be brought into the field of view immediately above, or below, the spectrum of the star. This was the method adopted by Professor Vogel in his investigation of the spectrum of Spica. Another method, however, was adopted at the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., in which a spectroscopic prism was placed outside the object-glass, at the other end of the telescope. The result was that, instead of a number of stars being simultaneously seen by an observer in the field of view, each of the star images was changed into a spectrum. A large number of stellar spectra could thus be seen, or photographed, at the same time. The numerous spectra so rapidly obtained were of great use as indicating the general character and physical constitution of the stars. But, in using this method, it was impossible to compare the positions of any dark lines in the spectra with a standard

spectrum placed in juxtaposition. Consequently, any delicate displacements of those positions could not be determined.

When, however, Miss A. C. Maury, in 1889, was examining a series of such photographs, taken day after day, she was surprised to observe an occurrence, in the spectrum of the middle star of the tail of the Great Bear, which needed no exact measurement for its detection. The dark lines sometimes appeared to be double.³ Upon further examination it was found that the most conspicuous doubling, or greatest separation, of the two lines which appeared in the place of any one line, took place very regularly at intervals of fifty-two days. Before the end of 1889 another star was noticed in which a similar phenomenon was exhibited; viz. the second brightest in the constellation of Auriga. In it the widest separation of the doubled lines occurred every two days. In 1896 two more such stars were found. In 1897 another; and in 1899 the notable star Capella in Auriga proved to be of the same character; this last discovery being made almost simultaneously and independently by Professor Campbell, at the Lick Observatory; and by Mr. Newall, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, at Cambridge, England.⁴ It was perceived that these stars must be instances of a binary combination in which both components are sufficiently bright for spectroscopic observation, and in which both sets of lines are displaced by the mutual revolution of the two stars; those of the one being shifted furthest towards the red end of the spectrum when those of the other are shifted furthest towards the violet (and *vice versâ*), because the velocities of the two stars are in exactly opposite directions at any given moment. The lines of the one star would therefore periodically pass and repass those of the other. Whenever the two sets of lines were coincident, each line would appear single. When the two sets were sufficiently separated, each line would appear doubled. These stars had never been supposed to be binaries, and calculations made from the photographs of their spectra proved that the companion-stars were far too close together for their binary character to be visible in a telescope. The new title of spectroscopic binaries was therefore invented for them.

Then followed what we think is the still more important result connected with the special subject of this article. Miss Maury's discovery gave a new impetus to the study of the class of stars, which are unseen even by their lines in a spectroscope, but whose

³ See *Third Annual Report of Henry Draper Memorial*; *American Journal of Science*, vol. xxxix. p. 46; *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 3017.

⁴ Since this discovery with the spectroscope Capella has this year been observed with great care by means of the large 28-inch refractor at Greenwich, with which a slight elongation of its disc has been visible, the direction of the elongation varying from time to time so as to confirm its binary character. This is an exceptional instance in which such a binary pair are so far apart that their images are on the verge of possible separation in a telescope.

presence is nevertheless evidenced, like that of Spica's altogether invisible companion, by the measurement, at the eye end of a telescope, of the displacements which they cause in the lines of the bright stars of which they are the unseen companions.

As the result we can now announce that, in addition to the six spectroscopic binaries just mentioned in which both components are bright, twenty others have been found, and of these fifteen in the past two years (two by Dr. B  lopolsky at the Pulkowa Observatory, and the remainder by Professor Campbell at the Lick Observatory), in most of which, as in the case of Spica, it is stated that the unseen companion is so much darker that in the observations made only the spectrum of the bright one of the pair is visible.⁵ Among the above stars, which are thus known to possess an altogether unseen companion, the Pole Star is now included.

In the present year two more such stars have been announced, the one by the Lick Observatory, and the other by the new Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago, which now possesses an instrument about one-fourth more powerful than the great Lick Telescope. The rate of their recent discovery combined with the employment of the largest telescopes in the world for such work affords every reason to expect that such spectroscopic observations will soon greatly increase the number of stars known to possess unseen companions.

We should be gratified if we could name several of the Algol class in which, as in the case of Algol itself, the spectroscopic observation of the shift of lines in the spectrum is confirmed by the occurrence of periodic diminutions and recoveries of light, and thereby a double testimony obtained to the existence of an unseen companion. But this confirmatory testimony has so far, we believe, only been achieved for the one star, Algol. Nevertheless, that confirmation is, we think, sufficient to assure us, both in the case of stars in which a similar periodic rise and fall of light occurs, but which are too faint for the necessary spectroscopic observations, and also in those instances in which the movement of the spectral lines alone indicates the effect of a mutual binary revolution, that the unseen companion is there. Its presence is revealed by its effects, although those effects may only be of the one kind, or only of the other.

Altogether the number of these unseen stars thus known now approaches forty, about one half of the whole number being indicated by the eclipses produced, and about one half by such a shifting of lines in the spectrum as we have described.

There must, however, still be many more such stars which even the spectroscope cannot reveal. A moderate tilt of the plane of the mutual orbits of a star and its unseen companion is sufficient, as we have shown, to prevent our seeing eclipse effects; but a greater

⁵ See *Astronomical Journal of the Pacific*, vol. xi. pp. 54, 129, 198, 255.

increase of tilt would presently so diminish the shifting of the spectral lines that their movement would become imperceptible. All such cases must therefore be added to those previously mentioned.

On the other hand, there must also be many which afford eclipse effects, but which have not as yet been noticed in the telescope. The multitude of telescopic stars of lower magnitudes is so bewilderingly great, that it has proved to be very difficult for an observer to select among them instances in which the changes of their fainter light resemble those of Algol. Quite recently, however, it has been found that such changes of light in telescopic stars are much more likely to be detected by a comparison of stellar photographs than by the ordinary use of the eye and telescope.

For instance, in May 1898, Madame Ceraski discovered, in a series of photographs taken by M. Blajko, assistant in the Observatory of Moscow, a star whose magnitude had regularly varied. Further study of an additional number of photographs, taken at the Harvard College Observatory upon which it had been recorded, showed that it was a variable, distinctly of the Algol type, with a change of light which seems to amount to three whole star-magnitudes, and to be greater than in any such star previously known.⁶ Again, in an exactly similar manner, Madame Ceraski, in the latter part of last year, detected another such star, the variation in the light of which amounts to two magnitudes.⁷ Confirmation has in this case also been given by Harvard photographs. This indicates that the number of such fainter Algol-Stars may prove to be increasingly numerous if the large number of stellar photographs now taken can be examined with sufficient care.⁸

It appears, therefore, from the observations which we have described, and for the convincing reasons which we have explained, not only that unseen companion-stars exist, and form in certain cases binaries with bright orbs mutually revolving with them in close proximity, but that there must be very many more yet undetected. Unseen stars of this class are certainly not infrequent.

To one more class of unseen stars we can only make the briefest possible reference. Apart from those which we have shown to prove their presence either spectroscopically, or by eclipse effects, there are others (as a rule not in such close proximity to their companions) the existence of which is also very strongly suspected, as the efficient cause of certain perturbations, or irregularities, noticeable in the movements of the two stars of some binary pairs in which both are visible. Or it may be that an unseen fourth perturbs in this way,

⁶ See *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 3567; *Harvard College Observatory Circular*, No. 44.

⁷ *Ibid.* No. 3614; *ibid.* No. 47.

⁸ A previous instance of an Algol-Variable also found in stellar photographs by a lady, is W. Delphini, discovered by Miss Wells in 1895. See *Harvard College Observatory Circular*, No. 2.

by its attraction, a group of three that are mutually revolving. We have already hinted that, in the case of Algol, a certain slight irregularity may be due to a third unseen companion; and it seems probable that perturbations of movement of this character may exist in about one out of every ten known binary systems.

There is little doubt that such a perturbing body, if it exist, must in many cases be comparatively large, in order that it may suffice to produce the observed effect; and also of very faint luminosity, if not quite dark, otherwise its size would involve its visibility.

Altogether, of one class or another, dark, or fading, unseen stars must be decidedly numerous. If so, the moderately dark have in all probability once been brighter; while presently their darkness shall be complete.

But if one in a binary, or in a triple, or quadruple group has thus darkened, shall not another and yet another, whether grouped with companions or not, by gradual loss of heat and light, become darker too? Of the countless multitudes now brightly shining shall not all become dark in succession? How long has such fading occupied in its progress past? How long shall it continue in the ages to come? What shall be the lot of attendant worlds that circle round such orbs; or of the earth as the Sun shall fade and cool? What is the function of dark stars? Is it, ever and anon, as they rush unseen towards another star, dark or bright, to form by collision a vast expanse of nebulous débris, and thence by a slow evolution to light up other stars, to take the place of some of those that are now most bright, but in their turn shall be dark, unseen?

E. LEDGER.

IN THE BYE-WAYS OF RURAL IRELAND

THE Irish peasant is passionately fond of music. Even the untutored playing of the town fife and drum band will send him into ecstasies. But, unhappily, there is little or no developed musical capacity, vocal or instrumental, in rural Ireland. The harper was extinct as far back as the days of our grandfathers. But before the Famine of 1847—that awful calamity which completely revolutionised the social life of Ireland—every countryside had its ‘Con the piper’ and ‘Thady the fiddler.’ The piper to-day is very rarely met with, and only at races, fairs, and markets; and as a rule he is a wandering vagrant, and a most indifferent performer. The fiddler is not so scarce, but, like the poor piper, he is a professional mendicant, carries a cracked instrument, and plays badly. The fiddle is only learned now in the cabins of Ireland by blind or otherwise afflicted members of a family, and in these cases solely for the purpose of earning a livelihood. In past times the peasant who could ‘take a hand’ at the fiddle or flute at dances and other social gatherings was by all accounts rather common. And yet in the cabins of Ireland to-day there is an unrivalled wealth of glorious music without words. I refer to the grand old airs which have come down through the centuries from generation to generation. You will hear them when the old grandmother or the mother is crooning softly over the babe she is rocking to sleep in the cradle, or humming a lively lilt while she is dancing the child upon her knee; when the labourer working in the field beguiles the hours by whistling, or at a dance where, no instrumental music being available, the jigs and reels are whistled or hummed with an extemporised *lal, la-la*. Thus has one of our most cherished national possessions, our ancient music, been mainly preserved; and as the love of music is universal in rural Ireland—as this shows—we may perhaps look to the *Feis Ceoil*, or yearly musical festival—the recently established Irish equivalent of the *Mod* of the Scottish Highlands, and the better known *Eisteddfod* of Wales—to awaken again the homely strains of the bagpipes and fiddle in the cabins of Ireland.

As a vocalist, the Irish peasant is, I regret to say, disappointing. He has no voice for singing, yet he sings—sings often and

lustily in a rude, unmusical monotone. The social gatherings of the peasantry remind me of Horace Walpole's description of Heaven, 'where everyone must sing, whether he has a voice or not.' And what are the songs they sing? The better educated or the more well-to-do of the people sing Moore's *Melodies*, or political ballads such as *The Rising of the Moon*, *The West's Awake*, *God save Ireland*, *The Wearing of the Green*—ballads which tell of the ancient glories and the modern woes of the country; but the songs which are most popular with the lower class of the Irish peasants are those rude and quaint effusions called 'street ballads,' from the fact that they are sung by the vagrant dealers in this form of literature, in the streets of towns and villages. They are also known as 'Come all Ye's,' because they often open with the words, 'Come all ye sons of Erin,' or 'Come all ye pious Catholics,' or 'Come all ye tender lovers,' according as patriotism, religion, or love forms the subject of the theme. These street ballads are a distinctive or national feature of Irish life. They are unknown, so far as I have been able to gather, in other parts of the kingdom. Printed on long, narrow slips of rough grey paper in worn and battered type, full of typographical errors, adorned with rude wood cuts having no relation whatever to the subject of the song, these ballads, in language often devoid of rhyme and reason, oftener inflated and bombastic, sprinkled with grotesque classical allusions or florid and flowery turns of speech (typical of the Celt's passion for rhetoric and high-sounding phrases), deal with some political, agrarian, or religious event of the hour, or, failing these topical subjects, with the old, old story of romantic love as it appeals to the mind of the Irish peasant. The makers of these ballads—itinerant vagabonds for the most part—are the bards of the humble cabins of Ireland. They are the only poets who have touched the hearts of the lower orders of the peasantry; and as they chant their ballads—for they are singers as well as poets—to old, familiar airs, at fairs, markets, sports, and political meetings, their effusions have a large sale at a penny or a halfpenny each.

The ballad singers are usually in pairs, husband and wife, who sing together in a sort of duet—one beginning a line and the other ending it—which adds to the grotesqueness of the piece. The man starts off thus: 'As I roved out one morning,' when the woman joins in 'Twas in the month of May.' He—'The flowers were springing gaily.' She—'The lambs did sport and play.' He—'I heard a couple talking.' She—'As I walked along so bland.' He—'For to hear their conversation.' She—'I eagerly did stand.' And so they go, at the top of their rough, rude voices, through the following ballad, telling of a polemical discussion between two lovers of different creeds:—

John says I am a Roman Catholic, that ne'er denied my faith;
 She says I am a Protestant, being of the Saxon race.
 To hear their conversation I halted in a bush.
 Says John to her, My charmer, I thought I had my wish.

Says she to him, My Johnny, tell me what you do mane.
 That I will, dear Nancy, and soon to you explain,
 For to become a Roman Catholic, as I've now described,
 For I fear you are a heretic, that's never been baptised.

Nancy flew in a passion and thus to him did say,
 If you say I'm a heretic, young man, you go your way.
 I am loyal to my Church, as you are to your creed,
 So Johnny, if you wish to know, I'm of the proper seed.

How can you say, says Johnny, you are of the proper seed,
 That sprung from Bess and Harry that enacted wicked deeds?
 It was Luther's Reformation that left you in the lurch;
 Don't you know Luther was a friar united to our Church?

Nancy being quite angry, which was not his desire,
 She says unto him, Dear Johnny, I know he was a friar;
 He said the Roman creed was wrong, that he was going astray,
 Until the Angel of the Lord taught him the right way.

My dear, shure Satan tempted him to invent that wicked plan;
 He thought to tempt our Saviour, but He made him soon begone!
 He tempted our first mother, Eve, by which you'll see we'll prove,
 And eat of the forbidden fruit, the truth I do rely.

There's one thing, dear Johnny, and that I will relate,
 You worship golden images, and that's but little faith:
 We adore no images, but God Himself indeed,
 So therefore be contented, I ne'er will change my creed.

I'm sorry, my dear Nancy, how you're captured in the dark,
 We adore no graven images, either white or black,
 We adore no graven images, either white or blue,
 But we have them, dear, in memory of what the Lord went through.

It's your creed worships images, they very much adore
 The same as in your testament; don't say that I'm a liar;
 The unicorn and lion, just like two fighting bulls,
 Across the table of the law by Martin Luther for John Bull.

The noble dukes and officers, I tell to you, my dear,
 That go before Her Majesty they do salute a chair!
 What is the chair to be compared to the Shepherd and his flock
 We keep within our Holy Church, upon St. Peter's Rock?

And so the lovers go on arguing on disputed points of doctrine
 between the two Churches through many verses. But at last the
 end comes in the inevitable defeat of the lady by the superior power
 and logic of the argument of her Roman Catholic suitor:—

She says to him, 'Dear Johnny, if all you say is true,
I see it's but a folly to go too far with you ;
I'll forsake my religion, though my friends should me disown,
While I live I'll be contented and die in Church of Rome.'

Now this couple they are married, and hope to have success ;
Unknown to her friends or parents, the one creed they profess ;
Although she was hard-hearted, at last she did resign,
But now she is converted, which was not her design.

Several ballads of this class may be heard sung or recited at social gatherings of the Irish peasantry. The position of the lovers changes—sometimes she is the Catholic and he the Protestant ; but practically the same arguments are advanced in varying phraseology by both sides, and the discussion always ends in the victory of the Catholic. There is also a stereotyped form for the political ballad—when the leader of the time is the subject of the song—which remains unchanged from generation to generation. In the days of Daniel O'Connell there was a very popular street ballad called *The Kerry Eagle*, from which I give an extract :—

From the green hills of Kerry my Eagle took wing,
With talent so rare and clear he began for to sing ;
'The people admired and delighted in his charming air,
So soon they elected him a member for Clare.

It was straight off to London my Eagle took flight o'er the main,
His voice reached America, France, and through Spain ;
But the black-feathered tribe they thought for to bribe his note,
But he would not sing a tune to that infernal oath.

In the Parliament House my Eagle first took his seat
At the first flowing tide, quite wide he opened the gate
That long was kept closed against those who professed Popery,
But my Eagle, brave Dan, led the victory to sweet liberty.

The famous political duel between O'Connell and D'Esterre in 1815, in which the latter was killed, is thus described :—

There was at one time a pet bird called D'Esterre,
He challenged my Eagle to fight on the plains of Kildare ;
But my Eagle that morning for Ireland he showed a true pluck,
Two ounces of lead in the heart of D'Esterre he stuck.

Half a century later Charles Stuart Parnell is styled *The Blackbird of Avondale*—a song well known everywhere in Ireland fifteen years ago—and his achievements described in the same fashion :—

When he saw the ruin of our native island,
Like the brave O'Connell in '28,
He sacrificed both his health and fortune
Our native Country to emancipate ;
His heart-strings bursting with deep emotion,
The tears of manhood down his cheeks did sail,
Like the Royal Blackbird he crossed the ocean
From the lovely woodlands of Avondale.

In the county Meath he commenced his warbling,
 Where he astonished all who heard him sing,
 And all declared that such notes melodious
 Were never uttered by Erin's King.
 The birds of Nations were struck with wonder,
 They changed their notes to another scale;
 The American Eagle's heart burst asunder,
 When they heard the Blackbird of Avondale.

In the House of Commons his notes harmonious
 Astonished all those who heard his songs,
 'Till the British Lion awoke from slumber
 And forbid him to sing of his country's wrongs.
 But he rose superior to this indignation
 And this English Monster did soon assail,
 And established cages throughout the nation
 To bear the Blackbird from Avondale.'

But the street-ballads which sing of love are the quaintest and most amusing effusions in this branch of Irish literature. In these, the limited acquaintance of the singers with the meaning of English words; their Irish form of thought struggling for expression in a language imperfectly known; their pedantic ambition to display their acquaintance with high-sounding phrases and classical knowledge; their striving after effect by the use of extravagant images from Nature—curious survivals of the rhetoric and imagery of the ancient bards—produce the most grotesque and amusing results. But, however rude in language or ludicrous in sentiment they may be, they are—unlike the folk-songs of other countries—never coarse. There was not an obscene expression in the hundreds of ballads which I have heard sung or read, a proof, I think, of the pure-mindedness of the peasantry in all matters appertaining to the relations between the sexes. Here is a good example of the street-ballads of this class:—

COLLEEN RUE

As I roved out one summer's morning, speculating most curiously,
 To my surprise I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me.
 I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what I should do,
 But, recruiting all my sensations, I thus accosted the Colleen Rue:

'Are you Aurora or the splendous Flora, Intermetia, or Oblivion bright,
 Or Helen Mary, beyond compare, that Paris stole from our Grecian Isle?
 You enthralling Venus, you have enslaved me; I am intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
 Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged me ideas all for you.'

'Kind sir, be aisy and do not tase me with your false praise so jestingly,
 Your dissimulations and infatuations, your magnificent vision seducing me.
 I'm not Helen Mary or the bounteous Aurora, but a rural maiden to all men's
 view,
 That's here condoling my situation, and my appellation is the Colleen Rue.'

'Was I big Hector, that noble Victor who died of Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbitrator on Idyll's Hill,
I would range through Asia and Arabia, through Pennsylvania seeking yod,
And the burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one embrace of the Colleen Rue.'

'Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantalising insolence.
I'm not so stupid or malavoustered by Cupid to be duped by your eloquence;
Therefore desist from your solicitations; I am engaged, I declare 'tis true,
To a boy I love beyond arithmetic measure, and he'll soon enjoy his Colleen Rue.'

Now, ye Deities, whose power is prevailing, I pray give ear to my feeble theme,
Likewise ye Muses, who never refuses, the wounds of Cupid I pray ye will heal.
A deputation to some foreign Nation is my determination, may it prove true,
In hopes to find a maid more kind than this blooming fair one, the Colleen Rue.

Another favourite love song is *John O'Dwyer a glanna*, in which the two following verses appear:—

When first I saw dear Annie she filled my heart with rapture,
Being placed upon a sofa in the merry month of May,
And while I stood astonished, viewing this charming goddess,
Her golden locks were hanging down to her slender waist.
By the glance of this grand object in the greatest style demolished,
She spoke to me as follows, 'Lay aside all care,
So relent and take compassion on lovely dear young Annie.
Shure I'd think meself most happy if she called me her own slave.'

The blackbird and the thrushes warbling along the bushes,
The nightingale and linnet, as sweetly they did rove,
The woodcock in the forest, the lark along the rushes,
All for lovely darling Annie joined them in the choir.
How elegant doth the fishes perambulate the purling river,
How the wild duck and the widgeon so merrily do rove;
All rejoiced full hearty for none but lovely Annie;
Shure I took her for a mermaid all shaded by the grove.

• Here is a curious image from another love ballad:—

Her golden hair in ringlets rare hangs o'er her snowy neck,
The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck.

Another ballad, called *The Dear Irish Maid*, also illustrates this quaint use of images from ancient mythology. The singer, while out 'ambulating for sweet recreation,' saw, 'musing in an arbour, a dear Irish maid.'

I thought it indecent to approach such a deity,
Who deigned to serenade through that vernal valley,
But fearing the charmer she might be Diana,
That the fate of Acteon might happen to me.
So, quickening my pace, with limbs vibrating,
I sought to escape her, but onward I strayed,
For Cupid and Venus, who wantonly teas'd me,
To the arbour conveyed me where sat the fair maid.

I guessed her not Venus, Minerva, or Helen,
 Calypso, Sycarious, or fair Eurydice,
 For her dress appeared rural, as she sat there beguiling,
 Like a meandering brook that so rapidly glides,
 My spirits recruiting, I approached with confusion,
 And gently saluted this seraphic fair.
 She said, 'Sir, pass by me, and don't tantalise me,
 For by love I'm destined to repine in these shades.'

'Are you Sylvia or Pomone, sage Pallas or Flora,
 Hibernia or Scotia, or what is your name?
 Or are you famed Juno, or bright-shining Luna,
 Or are you a human of Adam's great race?
 If you are, my dear creature, have commiseration,
 Be calm to my ailment and free me from care,
 For you have captivated my fondest sensations,
 And made me a slave to you, charming fair maid.'

With mild condescension and smiles on each feature,
 She said, 'Sir, be seated in these lonely bowers,
 As I am no deity, but a plain country maiden
 That sallied forth early to gather some flowers.
 Those copious plantations and bounty of Ceres
 Have so pre-engaged me at this hour of the day,
 That I roved out mere careless, led on by Dame Nature,
 So excuse the frailties of a dear Irish maid.'

In *The Phoenix of the Hall* we are told of the successful wooing of a squire's daughter by 'a labouring boy.' Pat 'one night for recreation and silent meditation strolled by a fair plantation,' when he met the young lady and at once fell madly in love with her:—

Being quite captivated, and so infatuated,
 I then prognosticated my sad forlorn case:
 I quickly ruminated, Suppose I was defeated,
 Would I be implicated or treated with disgrace?
 So therefore I awaited, my spirits elevated;
 No more I ponderated, let what would me befall,
 But then to her repeated how Cupid had me treated,
 And then expostulated with Phoenix of the Hall.

But 'Phoenix of the Hall' rudely spurned his advances:—

Without more hesitation she made a declaration
 Of her determination to lead a single life,
 Saying sorrow and vexation, and many an alteration,
 Attend the humble station of what is called a wife.
 'Without equivocation or mental reservation,
 Unto your application I will not yield at all;
 Your wild insinuation can make no penetration,
 So drop such speculation,' said the Phoenix of the Hall.

Pat, however, persisted in wooing her in polysyllables. How the encounter ended is told in the next verse:—

Then in consternation she gave an explanation,
 How that her inclination had changed the other way.
 She said, 'Dissimulation is an abomination;
 This is a recantation of what I then did say.'

My parents' approbation and land in cultivation,
 Besides a large donation of money at your call;
 Besides, your reputation stands high in estimation:
 I'll make you a relation to the Phoenix of the Hall.'

Ballad after ballad of the same type might be quoted, the episodes of all being the same—the accidental meeting of the man and the maid; the infatuated man proceeding at once to woo; the maid at first indifferent and repellent, and then, with quickly changing mood, yielding to the persistent man. *Mary of the Shannon Side* thus opens:—

In the month of May, when lambkins play,
 By the river side, as I chanced to rove,
 I there espied Mary, both light and airy,
 Singing sweetly through the lambient grove.
 I got enchanted, I sobbed and panted,
 Like one fuscated I stood and cried,
 'Ah! scrumptious creature, the pink of nature,
 Did Cupid send you to the Shannon side?'

But the maid was, as usual, cold and reserved, and thus repelled the youth's advances:—

'Young man, you're dreaming or else you're scheming,
 You're like the serpent that tempted Eve;
 Your oily speeches do sting like leeches,
 But all your flattery sh'n't me deceive.
 Your vain delusion is an intrusion,
 For your misconduct I must you chide;
 Therefore retire, it is my desire,'
 Said lovely Mary of the Shannon side.

The lover again addresses the maid in the following 'delud-hering' terms:—

'Don't be so cruel, me dearest jewel;
 I'm captivated, I really vow;
 To show I'm loyal, make no denial,
 Here is my hand, I'll wed you now.
 I want no sporting nor need of courting,
 I'll instantly make you my bride;
 Therefore surrender, I'm no pretender,
 Sweet lovely Mary of the Shannon side.'

This protestation of honesty and sincerity of purpose softened the erstwhile adamant heart of the maid:—

She then consented, quite contented;
 Unto the chapel then we went straight;
 We quickly hurried and both got married
 And joined our hearts on that very day.
 Her parents blessed us and then caressed us;
 A handsome portion they did provide;
 They blessed the day I chanced to stray
 By the lovely banks of the Shannon side.

'I want no sporting nor need of courting,' said the wooer to 'lovely Mary of the Shannon Side.' Perhaps he knew of that 'handsome portion' of which the song speaks and was anxious at once to secure it. But it would be very wrong to suppose from these street-ballads that all marriages are hastily made in Ireland. The girls and boys have, as I have already pointed out, given up dancing at the cross roads on Sunday evenings; but they enjoy other opportunities of meeting, judging from a reply given at a recent examination of a class of little girls for Confirmation. 'What is the best preparation for the Sacrament of Matrimony?' asked the solemn and awe-inspiring Bishop. 'A little coortin', me lord,' was the reply.

The outdoor games of a people afford an insight into their national character and temperament. It may be said as a general truth that all attempts to make cricket, the great national game of England, popular in Ireland have signally failed. The youth of Ireland delight in what some would call the manlier, and others the ruder and rougher, games of hurling and football, in which—with throwing weights, wrestling, jumping, leaping, and running—they excel. This, no doubt, is due to the characteristics of the race. Coolness, patience, and calculation, are essential to success in cricket. But with these qualities the Irish race is not largely endowed, and any out-of-door game which requires the exercise of them has little chance of success among youths, ardent, excitable, and impulsive, like the youths of Ireland. What they want is a game in which the excitable side of the Celtic temperament finds vent, and they get that in the rough and tumble sport of football, and, above all, in the game of hurling, in the mad excitement of the clash of the *cumans*, or the sticks of the rival hurlers, as they meet together in wild rivalry for a puck at the ever flying ball.

An English writer has called hurling 'the cricket of barbarians;' an Irish writer has styled cricket 'a game fit only for the nursery;' and hurling 'a game for men, one which a sluggish or inferior race could never have thought of'—two opinions which afford an excellent example of how things appear through the mists of national prejudices or predilections. Hurling, anyway, is the parent of cricket as well as of golf and hockey. It is probably the world's oldest outdoor game. In Ireland it has been the national pastime from the remotest years. The frequent allusions to it in the old bardic romances show that it was the great game of the heroic period of Irish history. Cuchullin, that mighty demi-god who looms so majestically, if vaguely, through the mists of bardic tradition, was a champion hurler of his age. Finding himself mortally wounded in battle, he bound himself with a girdle to a pillar stone, in order that he might in the face of the enemy die standing. The head of this great hero and hurler was afterwards used as a hurling ball by his enemies—an

indignity that led to a long and bloody war, in which the followers of the outraged demi-god were ultimately victorious.

But it is a far cry from a hurling match in the prehistoric time of Cuchullin to a hurling field in a Munster valley at the end of the nineteenth century. The field is laid out for a hurling match. The ground, 180 yards long by 120 yards broad, is marked by boundary lines. At each end of the ground are two goal posts—as in football—twenty-one feet apart, and with a cross-bar ten and a half feet from the ground. There are also two upright posts standing in each goal-line, and twenty-one feet from the goal-posts. The rival teams—not less than fourteen or more than seventeen players a side in regular matches—are arrayed in cross-barred jerseys, knee-brées, long stockings, and shoes. Each man has a *camán* or hurley—a stick, about three feet long, with a bend or curve at the end. The captains of the rival teams toss for the choice of sides, the winner selecting, of course, the side which gives to his men the advantages of sun and wind. The rival hurlers then stand in two lines in the centre of the field, opposite each other, and catch hands, or touch hurleys across, and then separate. The ball, covered with leather, and about five inches in diameter, is thrown by the referee along the ground between the lines of players, and the game begins. The aim of each side is to drive the ball with their hurleys to the goal posts. A goal is won when the ball is sent between the goal posts and under the cross bar. A point is counted when the ball is sent over the cross-bar, or over the goal line within twenty-one feet of either goal post. The game lasts an hour, and the players change sides at half-time. The match is decided by the greater number of goals. Where no goals are made, or where the goals are equal, the game goes to the side which has the greater number of points, five of which are equivalent to a goal.

Hark to that wild shout which has been raised by one of the teams. The first goal has been scored, and the victors fling their *camáns* in the air, and roar themselves hoarse in their exultation. Both teams in these hurling matches have, as a rule, magnificent throats, and right well do they use them during the hour they fiercely contend for the laurels of victory. Challenging cries and defiant shouts in answer are heard high above the clash of the *camáns* in the struggle to propel the ball up and down the field. It is a very exciting game, especially when played by evenly matched teams; and a successful hurler must have plenty of pluck and dash and skill. And is it dangerous? Not more so than football. The hurler catches the *camán* left-handed—that is, with the left hand below right—which enables him to hit on the right side or the left side with equal facility, while it tends to restrain him from sweeping his *camán* in a half-circle, to the great danger of the heads of the other hurlers in his immediate neighbourhood. Of course it is a rough game. A match

invariably produces a number of bruised shins at best. But the words of the humourist who said that the hurlers only hit the ball when they cannot hit the man are rather exaggerated.

A friend of mine was recently travelling from Dublin to the south of Ireland. In the carriage with him was an old, respectable, and prosperous-looking man. With the easy familiarity of Irish life they were soon not only exchanging views of men and things, but the stranger was telling my friend the history of his life. And an interesting history it was. When a youth he had been transported for an agrarian crime to the penal settlements of Australia. On his release he settled in Sydney, realised a competency in trade, and was now on his way to his native village in Cork, after an absence of fifty years. 'But look here,' said he, on finishing his story and pointing through the window of the carriage at a number of old peasant men and women labouring in a potato field, 'shure it wasn't I that was transported, but them poor cratures.' You see he was still the Irishman! Half a century of life in a strange land, as a convict and a freeman, had not destroyed in him or even impaired those delightful characteristics of our race—its unexpected views of things, and its proverbial humour—so often, as in this case, mixed with an under-current of stern reality, as touching as it is eloquent. Here is another anecdote marked by the same quaint conceit. A man walking along a country road met a peasant driving a wretched-looking donkey, with a load of turf which seemed to tax the strength of the unfortunate animal to the utmost. 'Why,' said the man, 'you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals for loading the ass so heavily as that!' 'Begorra, sur,' said the peasant, who was on his way to the market town to try to sell the turf, 'begorra, if I didn't do that I'd be taken up for cruelty to a wife and six children.'

The Irish character is, in truth, still distinguished by all its old qualities—its good humour, its light-heartedness, its placid outlook on life, its soft, oblivious, dreamy moods, its disposition to take things easy, its emotion and excitability, its superstitiousness, its hospitality and courteousness to strangers, its deep respect for women, its family affections and attachment to home, its inexplicable blend of childlike simplicity and farseeing shrewdness. The individual peasant of to-day is perhaps more sober or less extravagant in manners than his grandfather; but the community is unchanged; the peasantry, taking them all in all, are the same old, odd bundle of quaint and curious contradictions which has ever puzzled and delighted the observer of Irish life and character from the outside. Some of the old habits and customs may have passed away, the point of view may have changed in respect to some things, but the environment of the peasant is, generally speaking, the same; the surrounding forces which influence him, which bring out and emphasise

inherited racial characteristics and tendencies, are little altered, for not only is the peasant by temperament conservative in habits and ideas, but years and years pass over rural life in Ireland without bringing changes in social circumstances or new social impressions or experiences of any importance.

The Irish peasant is still, thank Heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him, after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still ‘the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions.’ He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbours, of course, commiserated him. ‘Arrah,’ he remarked with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, ‘what a blessing it is that it wasn’t me neck.’ Yes, the irrepressible Irishman has a joke for every occasion. Two countrymen who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. ‘Shure it’s married I am,’ said O’Brien. ‘You don’t tell me so!’ said Blake. ‘Faith, yes,’ said O’Brien, ‘an’ I’ve got a fine healthy bhoys which the neighbours say is the very pictur of me.’ Blake looked for a moment at O’Brien, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, ‘Och, well, what’s the harrum so long as the child’s healthy.’ And yet a peasant to whom a witticism thus spontaneously springs may be very simple-minded. A London tourist in Ireland was telling a bright and intelligent peasant of the wonders of the great metropolis. ‘Cheapside,’ he said, ‘is crammed with people. Piccadilly is the same. You can hardly walk in the Haymarket for the throngs,’ and so on. ‘You don’t say so,’ said the peasant in amazement. ‘But tell me,’ he added, recalling to mind the monthly fair which is held in the streets of his native village, ‘how do they manage with the cattle, sheep, and pigs on fair days?’ The peasants’ passion for rhetoric, to which I have already alluded, still induces them to commit to memory imposing polysyllables which they often mis-apply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nursemaid exclaim at a crying child in her arms, ‘Well, of all the ecclesiastical children I ever met you’re wan of thim.’ A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:—

Yer honnor,—Ilopin’ this finds you in good health as it laves me at present, your bull-dog Bill has assassinated me poor ould donkey.

A friend told me he once went to a horse dealer in Waterford to buy a horse. He was shown in the stables an animal which he was assured by the dealer was ‘the innocentest and gentlest baste that iver trod on four legs.’ But when my friend prodded the horse with his stick he plunged and kicked and reared in the most menacing

fashion. 'Wisha thin, bad luck to you,' said the dealer addressing the animal, and indignant that it should have thus betrayed its true character, 'you're the most penurious ould bla'guard I iver heard tell of.'

The unrivalled strength of the peasant's family affections is still seen in the lowly cabins. What husband is fonder or more devoted to his wife than the Irish peasant? I do not say that domestic strife is absolutely unknown in the Irish cabins. Of course Pat and Bridget occasionally come to blows; but the estrangement does not last long. There is an Irish proverb which says, 'He breaks his wife's head and then buys a plaster for it.' Which is more responsible for these matrimonial conflicts, Pat or Bridget? I shall not venture to decide. I only know that a peasant once asked another what a phrenologist was, and when he was answered, 'Why, a person that can tell by the feel of the bumps on your head what kind of a man you are,' he exclaimed: 'Bumps on me head is it! Begor, thin, they'd tell him more what kind of a woman my wife is.' However, it is not often that Pat and Bridget go to 'the Coort' to have their domestic quarrels adjusted. Only in a very, very bad case of family troubles is the aid of the law called in. In such a case, which I read about recently, the wife was evidently in fault, for the husband said to the magistrate, with deep feeling in his voice, 'She's a most ungrateful thing, yer honner. When I married her she had not a rag to her back, and now she's covered wid thim.'

One of the old customs which have disappeared in Ireland is the lighting of the bonfires on St. John's Eve, the 23rd of June, to placate the fairies—to induce them to exercise a beneficent influence on all the affairs of life, but especially on the coming harvest. When I was a youth every lane and alley in Limerick on that evening had its bonfire—a huge pile of blazing peat—with music, and singing, and dancing; and I have often stood at the close of the long summer's day on one of the bridges crossing the Shannon to admire the grand effect of the long line of fires on the slopes of the Clare Hills. For several years now these fires have been extinguished, not only in the streets of Limerick, but on the hills of Clare, never to be lighted again. Yet old peasants in the remote parts of Ireland still believe in the power of the fairies to intermeddle for good or evil in mundane affairs; that the yield of milk from the cows, or butter from the churn, is affected by malign spells; and when they see a cloud of dust whirled along the road by the summer wind they cross themselves and say, 'There goes the good people.' But the spread of education has loosened the hold of these curious superstitions on the minds of the young people. For them, all that remains of the sway 'the good people' held over their fathers is the nomenclature of field and hill and valley. Every district has still its 'hill of the fairies,' its 'field of the fairies'—places where the

old peasants hear 'the good people,' if they do not see them, in every rustle of tree, and bush, and grass, but which the young pass by, however late at night, without the slightest tremor or quickening of their footsteps.

The Leprechaun, that little imp in green and red who makes the tiny shoes of the fairies, with his marvellous power to bestow wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, is known to the younger generation, in books. For them he is no longer an entity, an actuality; he is an impossible but delightful creature, to be met with only in fairy stories. The boys and girls now never hunt for him, as we, in my young days, often did on the Clare hills of a summer evening, but I must confess quaking at heart lest we should really meet him, notwithstanding all our desire to amass riches suddenly through his agency; nor perhaps do their parents see, as ours did, that the hearth of the home is swept up at night and a bowl of clean water left on the table for the fairies in case they should call while the inmates are asleep. But I have known numbers of peasants who had seen the Leprechaun, in his green coat, red vest, and puce breeches, sitting under a bush stitching and patching the fairies' shoes. Some of the old peasants told me they succeeded actually in capturing the Leprechaun, but the wily imp was more than a match for them; he escaped from their grasp and sped away with a mocking laugh, teaching them the excellent lesson, if they only knew it, that the best and surest way to earn money is by honest effort.

The belief in the efficacy of fairy charms and secret herbal decoctions, in the possession of certain families, for the cure and alleviation of human ailments which evade the skill of the medical practitioner still widely prevails in Ireland. During a visit to Kilrush a few years ago I had an interview with a respectable and well-to-do farmer, living a short distance outside the town, who professes to have a secret cure for cancers and tumours. It was on a Sunday, the day on which he receives patients, that I saw 'the herb doctor,' as he is known throughout West Clare; and I found three or four men and women, apparently of the agricultural labouring or small farmer class, awaiting his ministrations. After a talk with these people on the subject of their ailments he gave them ointments and lotions for outward application. He told me he made no claim whatever to receiving aid from the fairies in working his 'cures.' His remedies were extracted exclusively from herbs, and the secret of compounding them was derived from a prescription which has been in the family for generations. I asked him how the prescription was obtained, and he replied, 'From an old medicine book.' His fees vary according to the position of the patient and the seriousness of the disease, and, as a belief in the efficacy of his treatment is widely entertained—for he has a record of hundreds of cures of cases of cancer and tumours, and blood affections generally,

pronounced hopeless by the doctors—he enjoys a most lucrative practice. Patients, in fact, come to him from all parts of Munster, and he is, in consequence, what his neighbours describe as ‘a very comfortable man.’

There are many local cures for hydrophobia throughout Ireland. I have heard of ‘a fairy charm’ which was possessed by two sisters named Hodges, of good social position, who died in Clare some years ago. When a person who had been bitten by a dog and feared he would be stricken with hydrophobia called for succour on these women, they got him to look into a charmed mirror, and, if he saw therein the image of the animal which attacked him, he was pronounced incurable; but if his own face looked out at him from the glass the remedies prescribed were, it is said, certain to prove effectual. This cure is now in the possession of a woman in Kilrush, to whom it was bequeathed by the Misses Hodges. But the most famous cure for hydrophobia in all Ireland is that of a man named McGovern, who resides at Dowra, Co. Cavan. It is said to have been in the McGovern family for 190 years. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, or beginning of the eighteenth—so runs the legend of the cure—the only son of Lawrence McGovern was dying of hydrophobia. The distracted father sat beside his child’s bed, praying to God for his recovery, when suddenly a deep sleep fell upon him, and in a dream an angel appeared and told him of the cure, pledging him to do his best for others suffering from the disease. The family have had the cure ever since. So jealously is it guarded that only one son is taught how to apply the remedy, and it is only on the father’s death-bed the secret is imparted. The aid of the supernatural is invoked in the working of this cure, for, while the medicine, which McGovern states is extracted from herbs, is being administered to the person or the animal bitten by a mad dog, certain prayers are enjoined. It is said the cure is invariably successful, even in cases of persons and animals actually in the paroxysms of hydrophobia, after six or nine days’ treatment. Several tempting offers have been made to McGovern to sell his secret—one was from an agent sent over from Paris by the late Dr. Pasteur—but this he declares he will never do, alleging that the cure would lose all its efficacy if it passed out of the possession of his family.

The ‘Boy Doctor of Duhallow,’ with whose fame as an annihilator of all the ills to which flesh is heir the counties of Cork and Kerry were full a few months ago, is also a curious phenomenon. The youth’s name is Timothy Dineen; he is the son of a poor Kerry farmer, and is in his eleventh year, and, so far as intelligence is concerned, is a very ordinary lad. * But he was born on Good Friday and baptised on Easter Sunday, hence his marvellous healing gifts in the opinion of the simple, superstitious country folk. He first exercised these powers on cows and horses, and on extending his treatment to

human beings suffering from sores and swellings met with such success that he was induced to make a tour through portions of Cork and Kerry. Hundreds of sick and disabled persons, especially children, were brought to him for treatment, which consisted of his rubbing his spittle on the affected part and blowing his breath on it three times; and as a fee varying from five shillings to ten shillings was charged in each case, the tour was at least successful financially.

And if the spread of education and enlightenment has thus left the average peasant in undisturbed possession of his beliefs in the fairies—those supernatural beings who are neither devils nor angels, neither the saved nor the damned; who dwell not in hell or heaven or purgatory, but were condemned for their part in the revolt of the heavenly hosts under Satan to hover invisibly around this earth until the Day of Judgment, interfering beneficently or maleficently in man's everyday affairs according as they are provoked or placated—so, too, close contiguity to an eminently practical and go-ahead commercial nation has had but little effect—that it has had some influence I admit—in inducing him to be more pushful, more responsive to appeals of self-interest and worldly prudence. Speaking generally, the normal condition of the Irish peasant is still, as of old, a condition of dreamy repose, varied by wild explosions of passion or mad ebullitions of gaiety—such is the contradictoriness of his nature—a contentment with his lot in life, and a belief, however hard his lot may be, that individual efforts of his own are vain to improve it. He is convinced that the Government—that mysterious, far-off power which he does not yet quite properly understand—can help him, and, what is more, is bound to help him in removing any trials and troubles which may beset his path through life. But, when something is pointed out to him which he might do himself to better his condition, he, as a rule, says: ‘Arrah, where’s the use?’ While an appeal to his emotions—to his passion for his religion, to his love for his country—will at once arrest his attention and induce him to set about moving mountains or butting his head against stone walls, an appeal to his self-interest, especially if it involves the exertion on his part of being up and doing, often passes him idly by.

No; the Irish peasant does not like being hurried. I doubt if he will ever be aroused from his disposition to take things easy. That economic earthquake, the awful famine of 1847, failed to do it. His favourite philosophic maxim is, ‘Be aisy, and if you can’t be aisy be as aisy as you can.’ ‘Yerra!’ exclaimed a peasant who was advised to take a step for his social improvement which meant a departure from old familiar habits, ‘yerra, shure we’ll be all in our graves in a short time, plase God.’ The Irish peasant, in truth, can hardly help adopting this easy attitude in worldly affairs. It may be in the blood. Yet in other countries, in new conditions of life, he

cheerfully undertakes the hardest and roughest work, and is, besides, full of ambition to get on in the world. It is, certainly, in the air—the soft, humid, caressing, enervating air—of Ireland.

And perhaps in this easy-going disposition in worldly matters the Irish peasantry possess a rare endowment. I should be sorry indeed to see our people possessed by the commercial spirit of the age, eagerly striving in the race for wealth, and Ireland a land of big cities and immense docks and quays—a land resounding with the roar of traffic, the din of machinery, the whistle of the steam-engine, and its air darkened with the smoke of mill and factory and colliery. What I should like to see is the cabins of Ireland full of contentment and quiet happiness; the country retaining its pastoral characteristics, its touch of perpetual spring, ever young, and fresh, and bright, and reposeful—a land of sweet thoughts and quiet breathings; the home of happy agricultural communities tilling their fields and tending their flocks and herds, and the towns, few and far apart, astir with a quiet but prosperous trade. This, I hope and believe, is the good fortune that time has in store for Ireland. Miss Emily Lawless, in a recent poem, draws with prophetic vision a striking contrast between the England and Ireland of the future. A day will come, she declares, when men in England will turn with loathing from the prosperous mills and factories which stud its every shore and the ever-extending streets and alleys of its towns, ‘and,’ she goes on—

And, loathing, fly the hateful place,
And, shuddering, quit the hideous thing,
For where unblackened rivers race
And skylarks sing;

For where, remote from smoke and noise,
Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass;
Where simple days bring simple joys,
And lovers pass.

I see her in those coming days
Still young, still gay, her unbound hair
Crowned with a crown of sea-green rays,
Serenely fair.

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched, remote from roar,
Where men may lay their burdens down
On a still shore.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Wednesday, the 27th of June.—The letter of Mr. Burdett-Coutts published in the *Times* of this morning, relating to the state of the field hospitals in South Africa, has made a deep impression upon everybody. The writer would have made a still deeper impression if he had not diverged into a quite irrelevant attack upon Sir William MacCormac and Mr. Treves for their speeches at the Reform Club banquet last April: These eminent surgeons when speaking of the state of affairs prevailing at the seat of war, when they were in the field, could hardly be held responsible for not having spoken of a state of things that only came into existence some weeks after they had left South Africa. But, apart from this weakness, the statement made by Mr. Burdett-Coutts is one that demands a most rigorous investigation. Even if it is granted that there is some exaggeration in his stories, enough remains to prove that our sick have suffered grievous hardships, that many lives have been sacrificed unnecessarily, and that there has been some want of care in the sanitary arrangements at the different camps. All the talk in the lobby to-day was of an urgency motion for the adjournment of the House to-morrow, in order that attention might be called to the subject.

• This hospital scandal raises another question about which a great deal is being said at present in private. How comes it that it has been left to Mr. Burdett-Coutts to awaken the public mind to the state of things in South Africa? We have scores of professional newspaper correspondents there; yet from none of them have we received the serious news imparted by Mr. Burdett-Coutts. It cannot be pretended that the correspondents were less able to see what was wrong in the administration of the hospitals than was the member for Westminster. If they have kept silence on this subject, only one inference can be drawn from the fact. That is, that they have been gagged by the authorities. I am reluctant to speak on this subject whilst our commanders are still engaged in the struggle with the enemy in South Africa; but the time seems to have come when some one should draw attention to the fact that the gag has been applied with merciless and

unprecedented severity to the representatives of the press in the field. Not only have their telegrams been mutilated or suppressed altogether, but their letters have been subjected to the most rigorous censorship, a censorship which has certainly not been less severe than that carried out in Russia. The result is that no unpleasant facts have been allowed to leak out, and we have had none of the benefit which the last generation, for example, derived from the presence of the famous correspondent of the *Times* in the Crimea. I cannot pretend to understand the meekness with which the press has submitted to a censorship that has systematically been extended to matters that had no direct connection with military movements. The fact, however, remains that we have yet to learn the truth about many of the most important episodes of the campaign, and that we cannot even catch a glimmering of that truth in the letters of the newspaper correspondents which succeeded in passing the ordeal of the censorship. This also seems to be a subject that deserves the attention of Parliament.

Friday, the 29th of June.—Although there is no reason to doubt the truth of the announcement of Admiral Seymour's relief and of his arrival at Tien-tsin, Europe is still left in a very remarkable state of ignorance as to the fate of the Legations at Peking. No direct or authoritative news is to be had from any quarter. We are consequently left to speculate as to the actual position. Optimists loudly declare that the Boxer movement will now come to an end, and that the trouble will pass away as suddenly as it arose. This is not the opinion of the majority of people however. A very serious view of the future of China is taken in the best informed circles. The one consoling feature in the situation is that the Great Powers still hang together. They are compelled to do so by the pressure of self-interest. Any outbreak of international rivalries would be the signal for the complete destruction of European influence in China. That this influence has already been greatly weakened is clear, and there is no reason to wonder either at the alarm which at present prevails in Russia or at the efforts which are being made by our own Government to play a sufficiently strong hand in the military operations which have been forced upon us.

To-night is to be given up in the House of Commons to the debate on the charges against the hospital management in South Africa. It is unfortunate that already side-issues are cropping up, and that it is by no means likely that we shall have so clear or dispassionate a discussion of the question raised by Mr. Burdett-Coutts as could be desired. But there is no possibility of misunderstanding the depth of emotion that has been aroused by the accounts of the sufferings of our troops during the prevalence of the terrible epidemic of fever. This epidemic has carried off more than

double the number of men who have fallen in battle, and the mortality continues to be appalling. In the innumerable households which have a personal interest in the condition of the army the feeling of anxiety is necessarily great, and now it has been suddenly intensified by these stories of the needless suffering to which our sick soldiers are said to be exposed. One may expect a stormy debate in the House this evening.

Saturday, the 30th of June.—Last night's debate did not pass off without the storm that I anticipated. Mr. Lloyd George led the Committee from the discussion of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's letter by a violent attack upon Ministers and their responsibility for the war. This moved Mr. Balfour so greatly that he became almost as violent as Mr. Lloyd George, and in his haste imputed to the Opposition a mean desire to hit at the Cabinet and Lord Roberts under pretence of caring for the sick. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this explosion of party passion. It obscured the issue for the moment, and prevented the full effect of the debate from being felt. To-day the fact is recognised, however, that the Government cannot controvert the statements of Mr. Burdett-Coutts and cannot explain their refusal of Sir Walter Foster's patriotic offer of his services, as a leading authority upon sanitary questions, at the outset of the war when he foretold the very disaster that has since occurred. The attempt to convert the question of the treatment of the sick into a mere party quarrel is resented not merely by Liberals but by all who have a personal interest in the condition of our army in South Africa. Thousands of young Britons have perished from this outbreak of enteric fever, and thousands more are in peril of their lives from the same cause. Mr. Balfour should have remembered that the friends and relatives of the sufferers are not likely to regard their fate as a proper subject for mere party recriminations. The debate of last night has deepened rather than weakened the painful impression made by the publication of the facts with regard to the treatment of the sick at Bloemfontein. It has also shown that even Mr. George Wyndham, to whose capacity and good temper everybody pays a tribute, is strangely ignorant of some of the conditions under which this war is being prosecuted. Mr. Wyndham does not believe that the letters of the newspaper correspondents at the front have been censored. If he will inquire at any newspaper office in London he will be shown scores of such letters all bearing the censor's *imprimatur*. It is difficult to understand how the Under Secretary for War should have been kept in ignorance of the fact that the correspondents in the field had to submit not merely their telegrams but their letters to the censorship before they were allowed to transmit them through the post.

Monday, the 2nd of July.—Nothing could well be worse than the news from China this morning. The rumour of the murder of

the German Minister at Pekin is unhappily confirmed, and we are still kept in a state of keen suspense as to the safety of the other members of the Legations. Although we have no positive news, the outlook is undoubtedly gloomy, and it is not impossible that a tragedy of the most terrible kind has been enacted behind the veil of darkness in which affairs at Pekin have been wrapped for three weeks past. As for the general condition of China, it is menacing enough to put an end to all those international jealousies which have prevailed so long in the Far East. With the Chinese at war with the rest of the human race, the politicians and ministers of Europe will have their hands too full to permit of any indulgence in petty rivalries and intrigues. Yet your Russophobe in this country—and I suppose your Anglophobe elsewhere—will not remain at peace. I was gravely assured on Saturday that Count Mouravieff had committed suicide because, having been the real author of the Boxer movement, he was appalled at its unexpected development! In Russia it is England that is believed to be responsible for everything that has gone wrong. Fortunately the gravity of the position prevents these wild ideas from spreading.

From South Africa the news points to an early change in the situation. Some impatience is expressed in certain quarters at the absence of any decisive news of successes over the enemy, and some of the yellow newspapers now indicate their disgust at the slow progress which is being made by our army by relegating war news to the inside of their sheets, and otherwise treating it as something of secondary importance. This is hardly the frame of mind in which Mr. Chamberlain will be satisfied to see the nation. The inaccuracy of his statements in his speech on Friday evening has drawn from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman one emphatic and decisive contradiction, and it is said that further light will be thrown upon his attempt to ascribe every blunder to his opponents and every merit to himself and his colleagues, by a motion for a return of the stock of ammunition of all kinds in our possession at the time when the war broke out. If such a return is forthcoming, it will astonish the whole world and perhaps explain some of our earlier reverses in South Africa.

Tuesday, the 3rd of July.—The suspense deepens with regard to China, and some very sinister rumours are current to-day, not only with regard to the fate of the Europeans in Pekin, but as to the reasons for the delay in starting a relief expedition. As there is no confirmation, however, of either class of rumours, I content myself with the mere mention of their existence. The German Emperor has broken silence in his usual emphatic fashion on the question of the day, but he has made it clear that he wishes to preserve the unity of action of the Powers, and that he is prepared to co-operate loyally with Russians, Englishmen, and Frenchmen. The terrible

crisis with which Europe has been suddenly confronted drives all other topics out of men's minds. But the House of Commons is still exercised with regard to the Commission to inquire into the alleged hospital abuses in South Africa, and the feeling prevails that Mr. Balfour has not done enough to satisfy public anxiety upon the subject. The prevailing temper is being shown by the questions which are being put nightly to Ministers with regard to some of the untoward incidents of the war which have up to the present been shrouded in mystery. It is clear that the War Office lies under suspicion at the present moment, and the probability of an organised attack upon it seems to increase.

The Khedive has been singularly unfortunate in some of the conditions attending his visit to England. His illness and consequent detention on the Royal yacht was in itself a most inauspicious occurrence, and since his arrival in London he has had to experience the rigours of an English summer at its worst. Yesterday was one of the most dismal July days upon record. Incessant rain and the gloom of a November afternoon prevailed throughout the day in London; so that His Highness wisely remained indoors at Buckingham Palace, until the evening, when he dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. To-day he visited the City to receive the usual compliments from the Lord Mayor and Corporation. But his visit was delayed owing to the sudden outburst of a storm of tropical violence, at the moment when he should have left Buckingham Palace. It is pleasant to know that he has made an excellent impression upon those with whom he has been brought in contact during his brief stay in this country, and that a general belief prevails that we shall have no more of the friction between the Khedivial Court and the English Ministers in Egypt which has more than once in the past threatened to cause trouble.

A telegram from New York to-day states that some of the newspapers of that city have published reproductions of 'snapshot' photographs of the faces of men and women looking out of the port-holes of North German Lloyd steamers at the moment when they were awaiting death in the terrible fire of last Saturday. For the credit of journalism one would fain hope that this story is untrue. That anybody should have had callousness sufficient to enable him to 'snapshot' an unhappy fellow-creature in his or her dying agony is bad enough; but the case would be infinitely worse if these atrocious photographs were reproduced for the gratification of the readers of the obscene 'Yellow press.' Discreditable as that press is, one hesitates to believe that it can have sunk to the depth of savagery imputed to it by this telegram. Nero fiddling over burning Rome is not to be compared with newspaper editors seeking to delight their readers with pictures, taken from life, of an almost unparalleled human agony.

The only proper reward for 'newspaper enterprise' of this kind is the whipping-post or the gallows.

Thursday, the 5th of July.—The horror of Pekin hangs like a black pall over us to-day. Not since last January has there been such gloom on the faces of all interested in public affairs. On this occasion, of course, it is not England standing alone against the world. Every one of the great nations of Europe, as well as Japan and the United States, has its share in the ghastly tragedy. But the only effect of this fact seems to be that it is more keenly felt by all. Hope seems to have been given up with regard to the unhappy captives at Pekin. Indeed more than one man who knows something of the ways of the Chinaman in warfare has given open expression to the hope that the besieged may already have passed through the merciful gates of death. The deepest sympathy is felt with their friends and relatives, who have to wait in this agonising suspense for the news of the fate of those whom they love. Not since the days of Cawnpore and Lucknow has Europe had to face a similar ordeal. Party spirit is of course absent from the brief discussions of the terrible business in Parliament and elsewhere. Public opinion is indeed for the moment stunned. But men do not forget the beginning of the tragedy—the provocations of the 'mailed fist,' the subsequent scramble, in which Russia took the leading part, for Chinese territory, the weakness of British diplomacy, the hopeless incapacity of statesmen anywhere to grapple with the great Yellow problem. Europe is paying a ghastly price to-day for the weakness of her public men.

Friday, the 6th of July.—Politicians woke up this morning to a consciousness of the fact that the Conservative Government had a narrow escape last night from a defeat which, if it had not put an end to its existence, would certainly have destroyed its *prestige*. It was all the fault of Mr. Balfour and his inability to grasp the feeling of the House at a particular moment. His proposed Commission to inquire into the state of the South African hospitals was recognised by everybody as being inadequate—chiefly because it consisted of two medical against one non-medical member. But the First Lord of the Treasury refused to open his eyes to the general opinion of the House, and again exhibited an excessive and unreasonable anger against Mr. Burdett-Coutts and those who have supported his demand for inquiry. The result was that he not only received a sharp rebuke from Mr. Asquith, but that his own followers were either openly hostile to his attitude or silently reproachful. Still he remained obdurate, and it was not until he had received a significant warning from the Whips that he at length yielded to the general demand, and with a very bad grace agreed that the Commission should be enlarged. The wonder is that Mr. Balfour should have incurred so grave a peril for what seems so slight a

cause. The defeat of the Government would have been a fatal blow to its credit, if not to its existence; whilst nothing should have been easier for the leader of the House than to acknowledge and yield to the prevalent opinion on such a question as the composition of a Commission of inquiry. He did yield, in the end. If he had not done so, we might have had a Ministerial crisis on our hands this morning.

That would have been a grave misfortune even in the opinion of the strongest opponents of the Government. The political situation is so serious that anything which complicated it would be a national misfortune. No further news that is authentic has reached us from Peking, but a portion of our press has been eagerly circulating to-day the most horrifying stories of massacre and outrage. The stories may in the end turn out to be only too true; but nothing can excuse their publication at present, when they are obviously the mere rumours of the tap-rooms of Shanghai. Whilst the general public is being thus alarmed and excited, politicians are full of anxiety with regard to the international situation. The alleged refusal of Russia to join in the proposal to give Japan a free hand in China is distinctly ominous; but it is hoped that this story also is mere gossip, and that the Czar, who has shown so strong a desire to co-operate with the other Powers in the interests of humanity, will not allow his country to act as an obstacle to the rescue of the Christians in Peking and the interior of China.

Monday, the 9th of July.—The gleam of hope for Peking which reached us late on Saturday night made yesterday less gloomy than it otherwise would have been. But the hope is as yet too unsubstantial to be trusted. This morning indeed we have doubts cast upon its genuineness in at least one quarter. Nor does the political situation in the Far East show any marked improvement. It is true that the European Powers have at last given a grudging assent to the employment of Japanese forces for the relief of Peking, but the tone both of the Russian and French press makes it clear that when once the mystery of Peking has been solved, co-operation between Russia and the other Powers will be regarded as impossible by the forward party in both countries. If they should be able to convert the Czar to their views, the situation will be gloomy indeed.

On Saturday evening I happened to find myself among a group of politicians, most of them members of the House of Commons, who were discussing the general political situation. I was struck by the unanimity with which they agreed to the proposition that public affairs—I do not mean those of England merely, but of the world at large—had never within their recollections been in so serious and dangerous a condition as at present. Some of them were pessimistic as to the issue of the South African war, despite the clear evidence as to the steady weakening of the Boer power of resistance. Some

saw in Morocco and the United States possible sources of international danger in the not distant future. Others regarded the situation in France as being gravely threatening, whilst all were agreed as to the ominous condition of Far Eastern politics. In short, the general agreement was that the times were out of joint, and what they deplored as still worse was the fact that there does not seem to be any immediate probability of the appearance upon the scene of a man who is capable of setting them right. The general feeling, so far as the interests of Great Britain are concerned, is that Lord Salisbury must remain in office until the worst of the pressure both in South Africa and China is over; but this does not so much imply confidence in Lord Salisbury as a lack of confidence in those to whom, in default of the present Prime Minister, the settlement of Chinese and South African affairs would be likely to fall.

Wednesday, the 11th of July.—The inexplicable silence of Pekin continues, and the public, not only here, but throughout the world, are left to alternate between hopes and fears in accordance with the conflicting rumours that come from Shanghai, from Chefu, and in fact from everywhere except Pekin itself. Yesterday, the hope that the worst had not happened was strengthened by an announcement that the Empress of China, so far from having committed suicide, had now turned upon the usurper Tuan, and vigorously espoused the cause of the foreigners. To-day, it is the Emperor who is brought to life again, and made to throw in his lot with the Legations. But alas! no word of direct news reaches us. The Ministers have been silent for nearly three weeks, and from no European in Pekin have we had a word to reassure us.

At the Queen's garden-party to-day—which took place, as usual, in superb Queen's weather—the politicians had more than enough to talk about. Everybody agreed as to the gravity of the dangers attendant upon the Chinese crisis. On the other hand, there was no less general an agreement as to the rapid approach of the end of the struggle in South Africa, and it was whispered that the Government were already chartering ships to bring back the soldiers, September being the month in which our warriors will begin their homeward voyage. But, of course, when Members of Parliament get together their chief talk is of the House. Mr. Balfour's curious handling of the question of the South African hospitals, and Mr. Goschen's promised statement on Friday, on the subject of the Navy, have been a good deal talked about, and there are, it should be noted, marked symptoms of uneasiness with regard to the state of the fleet. The topic which overshadows both of these, however, is still the date of the dissolution. There is a curious ebb and flow of Parliamentary feeling on this subject. At present most Liberals believe that a dissolution will not, and indeed cannot, take place this year; but most of the Conservatives with whom I have spoken are of a different opinion.

They deplore a Khaki dissolution in September as a trick which "must bring discredit upon their party as a whole. But, nevertheless, they believe that it will take place, and if you ask them why, you will learn that it is because Mr. Chamberlain is in favour of such a step, and his will is certain to prevail. It is curious to find with what bitterness old Conservatives deplore the gradual waning of Lord Salisbury's influence with his party, and the growing power of his pushing rival.

Friday, the 13th of July.—Alas! for the hopes of a speedy termination of the war. To-day we have news of another disaster furnishing proof of the fact that the Boers are still active in the immediate vicinity of Pretoria. The strategical effect of this successful attack upon the detachment at Nital's Nek may not be very great; but its moral effect must be considered. It cannot fail to put fresh life into the Boer forces remaining in the field, whilst already it has led the authorities at home to revise their calculations as to the date at which the war will be brought to an end. At the beginning of the present week August was the time predicted for the completion of Lord Roberts's task. To-day it is October. There is a certain subdued but very perceptible feeling of impatience at the delay in finishing the subjugation of the Boers, and no one concerned escapes altogether from criticism. That the country like the army is beginning to feel tired of the stubborn contest cannot be doubted. But just as the struggle was maintained with undiminished energy under the pressure of our reverses last January, so it will be continued now, despite the natural feeling of weariness caused by the unexpected prolongation of our task.

But even the reverse at Nital's Nek has not caused so much talk to-day as the circulation of a rumour this afternoon that the reported massacre of the Europeans in Pekin had been officially confirmed. The rumour turned out to be untrue; but day by day the terrible conviction that this great tragedy has actually happened gains ground, and something like despair again prevails universally. The gravity of the crisis is at last being recognised by all the Powers; and Great Britain, despite the strain upon her military resources in South Africa, is preparing to despatch a formidable force from India to take part in the advance upon Pekin. Over this step there is much shaking of heads among the Indian experts at home. It is felt to be a risky proceeding; but 'needs must' when necessity drives.

The Cabinet to-day according to popular rumour had the question of the dissolution before it. It is a question that has been much discussed in the newspapers during the last day or two, though nothing has happened to alter the situation or to make a Khaki dissolution seem more reputable as a political manoeuvre. The decision of the Cabinet is of course unknown; but, according

to the gossip of the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury and the opponents of an autumn dissolution have prevailed. If that be so, one may be excused* for thinking that the untoward news from Africa has not been without its effect in bringing the Cabinet to the reported decision.

Lord Hopetoun's appointment as the first Governor-General of United Australia will give great satisfaction in the federated colonies. More than six months ago I had an opportunity of learning what the wishes of leading Australians were with regard to the appointment of the first Governor-General, and in every case Lord Hopetoun was the man upon whom the colonists had fixed. The Colonial Office, or perhaps one should rather say the Prime Minister, has shown great wisdom in thus yielding to Australian sentiment, and sending out a Governor-General who will at least start with the good wishes of all classes of the community of which he is to be, for a time, the official head.

Monday, the 16th of July.—At last the appalling truth with regard to Pekin has been forced upon our reluctant senses, and we are constrained to admit that, of all the great company of Europeans gathered for shelter within the walls of the British Legation in that city, there is probably not one who escaped a cruel and treacherous death. For days past the people not only of this country but of all Europe have fought against the hard logic of facts, and have compelled themselves to hope, albeit they knew in their hearts that there was no hope. The suspense has been sickening and the strain of it intolerable. Even in England, where we have had during the past eight months to learn so fully the meaning of suspense and anxiety, the waiting for the final tidings from Pekin has been almost unbearable. Yet to-day when the awful truth has been revealed, the feeling, so far from being one of relief, has been one of burning indignation and of horror unspeakable. In the House of Commons to-night, when Mr. Brodrick made his brief statement shutting off from all of us the last faint gleams of hope, the emotion was too deep for words. Men looked at each other with strained eyes and lips that were firmly closed. No one dared to give vent to the emotion that possessed everybody. If there had been any departure from the attitude of rigid uncompromising self-restraint which all maintained, we might have witnessed a scene wholly foreign to our traditions and our nature.

Pity for the victims of this great offence against humanity and civilisation is, of course, the first sentiment in every breast. That the desire for the condign punishment of the wretches who are responsible for this deed of horror is just as widely spread seems evident. But there is also a painful sense of our impotence in face of this unparalleled outrage. Where is the army that can face the Chinese now that the latter have suddenly confronted us with a force

that seems to have been armed and drilled by some miraculous process? England, with her hands already full in South Africa, is hastily called upon to provide another army for the field, and if she does not admit in so many words that she cannot do so, she admits it by her action, which is still more significant. After this, who will tell us that there is no need to reconsider the whole question of our defensive forces, or that it is only the panic-monger or the Jingo who desires to see our armaments made in some degree commensurate with the demands which may at any time be made upon them?

There is a strong feeling with regard to the quarter in which the ultimate responsibility for the Chinese rising will be found to rest; but it is as well, for the present, to avoid raising any controversy that must wound the jealous susceptibilities of rival Powers. Upon one point the feeling of experts is, however, very clear, and no harm can be done by stating it. The revolutionary change in the attitude of China towards the rest of the world—or rather the adoption by the official class of the attitude which has hitherto only characterised the masses of the people—means the complete overthrow of the Russian plans for bringing the Middle Kingdom under Muscovite control. Whether those plans are or are not in any degree responsible for the catastrophe upon which the world is now gazing affrighted, they have perished along with many more innocent victims of the revolution.

Tuesday, the 17th of July.—If anything, public feeling with regard to the horror of Peking is stronger to-day than it was yesterday. The news of the reverse of the allies at Tien-tsin has emphasised the gravity of the military crisis with which we are confronted. It is many a long year since Europe had to face such dangers as those which now threaten not only her prestige in the Far East, but the safety of some thousands of white men who are still in the grip of the yellow men. In presence of this crisis it is not surprising that the smaller questions of the hour—the sacrifice of bills in Parliament, date of dissolution, and so forth—should seem to have little real interest for most people. Even the most hardened of the Tadpoles and Tapers on the Ministerial side can hardly pretend that a General Election during the present autumn, with a Chinese added to a South African crisis, would be within the limits of decency.

To-day's *Times* furnishes one page at least of precious and not unconsoling reading. It is that in which are set forth side by side the memoirs of Sir Claude Macdonald, Sir Robert Hart, and Dr. Morrison. They were but three of the many victims of the Peking slaughter-house; yet what other country in the world could have produced three such typical representatives of the most characteristic virtues of our race? It was difficult, indeed, to read these tributes to Macdonald's unswerving courage and devotion to duty, to Hart's

splendid life's work in the service of an alien Power, with the loyalty and self-devotion which have been so ill requited, and to Morrison's heroic spirit of adventure and strenuous love of truth, without feeling the tears rise at the thought of all that we have lost through this one stroke of 'the blind Fury with the abhorred shears.' And then, to complete the picture of what our race is and will continue to be, there was that wonderful letter from the boy attached to the Legation at Pekin which appeared in the *Times* of yesterday—a letter written under the impending shadow of death, but full of the light-hearted courage and absolute unconsciousness of self where peril threatens, which are so eminently characteristic of our English boys. It was only for the women and children that danger was to be deprecated. For the student interpreter and every other 'man' in the Legation it came as part of the day's work, to be endured with cheerfulness accordingly. The muse of Sir Francis Doyle would surely have been invoked by such an outburst of frank courage and joyous steadfastness as this.

Wednesday, the 18th of July.—The dramatic event of to-day is the announcement of the Chinese attack upon Russian territory. This is the turning of the tables with a vengeance, and it may forebode even greater events in politics than we have yet had reason to anticipate in connection with the Far East. That Russian aggressions upon China have been the real cause of the rising against foreigners has been generally believed from the first, but few anticipated so striking a confirmation of this theory as that which we have now witnessed. The position of Russia is one of great difficulty, and it cannot be denied that the position of the other Great Powers is not made less embarrassing by this development of the Chinese storm. There is, however, a strong feeling that, if we could but clear up the situation at Pekin and get security for the safety of the Yangtze and Southern China, we might very well leave the course of events in Manchuria and the adjacent Russian possessions to be dealt with by those who are most immediately concerned in them. Unfortunately to-day's news does not encourage the belief that the troubles in Southern China are likely to be easily composed. We are evidently face to face with nothing less than a hurricane, and what course it may chance to take no man can predict. Judging by the tone of opinion here, nobody has any particular faith in Li-Hung-Chang, or in his power of allaying the storm.

Two vexed questions that have troubled the repose of parties at St. Stephen's were disposed of last night. The first of these was the composition of the Commission to inquire into the alleged hospital abuses in South Africa. Mr. Balfour has at last found two men of business able to join the original Commission, and for the time the question raised by Mr. Burdett-Coutts may be allowed to slumber so

far as the general public are concerned. The other question is that of the water-tube or Belleville boilers, with regard to which Mr. Goschen has conceded a Commission of inquiry—happily more graciously than Mr. Balfour did in the case of the hospitals. The love of Tory Governments for Commissions of inquiry has been often commented upon. It has certainly never been shown in a more striking fashion than in the case of the present Government. It must be confessed, however, that, if any question is suited to the arbitrament of such a tribunal, it is that of the type of boiler best suited for our Navy. To imagine that such a question is one to be debated in the House of Commons is to fall into an error so absurd that it must surely be impossible even to the average Member of Parliament.

Friday, the 20th of July.—The Yellow press is full to-day of the wild gossip of Shanghai. Whole columns of it are telegraphed to the halfpenny newspapers, and it is not too much to say that much of it is only fit for the waste-paper basket. Horrible details of the scenes in Pekin when the Legations were sacked are given with evident relish, despite the fact that these details have been obviously manufactured at a distance from the scene of the great crime. As a matter of fact, we are still without any authentication of the story of the massacre, and though few alas ! can doubt its truth, it certainly seems a pity that English newspapers should print painful tales giving circumstantial details of the horrors of which the Europeans were the victims, before we have absolute proof that the massacre has actually occurred.

Then we are treated in other quarters to sensational political gossip. Russia is really conspiring with China, and has now got the opportunity she has coveted so long of making herself mistress of the whole of the Northern provinces. Li-Hung-Chang is a double-dyed traitor, and is the real author of the Pekin massacres. And so forth, and so forth. Nobody puts any great amount of confidence either in Russia or Li-Hung-Chang ; but there is really no warrant for the charges now made against them. If a tithe of what is said about Li-Hung-Chang, for example, were true, the English Governor of Hong-Kong would have been justified in laying violent hands upon him, and detaining him as a hostage until the mystery of Pekin had been cleared up. It seems a mistake, however, to speculate on all these varied hypotheses when we have to face an actual crisis, so grave that the sensational exaggeration of Yellow newspapers can hardly intensify the popular alarm.

It is a relief to turn for a moment to one of the events of the month—the meeting of the members of the Christian Endeavour Society in London. To most of us, it is to be feared, the Christian Endeavour Society is a name and nothing more. But we have had evidence this week that it is a real power in the world. The blazing

streets of London in these days of more than tropical heat have been filled with strange faces, and everywhere the sound of American voices has been heard. The Christian Endeavourers are not fashionable either in their dress or their modes. They are simple middle-class people, who have banded themselves together for the advancement of Christian living and of a purer morality than that of the day. Society and the political quidnuncs have never wasted much time upon movements like this. The rise of Methodism and the birth of the Salvation Army, for example, attracted no notice from the members of our governing classes; yet both these movements have had an influence upon the national life not to be despised. And though amid the clash of arms and the wild disputing of the politicians the Christian Endeavour Convention has attracted but little notice at the hands of our public men, it may yet mark the beginning of a movement destined to have far-reaching consequences.

Sunday, the 22nd of July.—Once more we are thrown back into the regions of painful doubt and speculation. The memorial service which was to have been held to-morrow in St. Paul's Cathedral for the victims of the Pekin massacre has been postponed indefinitely, and an almost agonising gleam of hope has entered the hearts of those who but yesterday were mourning for their dead. It is difficult to understand how, after all, the message received from the American Minister at Pekin can be regarded as conclusive proof that the murders did not take place at the British Legation on the date assigned to them. On the other hand, everybody is perplexed by the assurances now forthcoming that the Europeans in the Chinese capital are still safe. The duplicity of the Chinaman is so extreme and his cunning so great, that the Western mind is wholly unable to interpret the utterances of the Mandarins and Viceroys. It is said that the most accomplished European scholar, after a lifetime spent in the study of Chinese, is, at the end of his labours, only on the threshold of the knowledge of Chinese thought and literature. Little wonder that we are all baffled and confused by the strange cross-currents of news that reach us from this mysterious land. But alas! in spite of revived hopes the general tendency is to believe the worst.

To-day's news from South Africa again gives us reason to hope that the end is at hand. If Lord Roberts is successful in the engagement at Middelburg his victory, combined with the dispersal of De Wet's forces in the Orange River Colony, ought to bring us very near to the complete triumph of our arms. In the meantime to-day's *Observer* gives us some interesting reading in the shape of the correspondence between Sir Walter Foster and the Under Secretary for War with regard to the warning uttered by the former last autumn as to the probable outbreak of fever among our troops in

South Africa, and once more the methods of Lord Lansdowne and the War Office are presented to us in a light that shows how great is the need for change and reform in that department of the State if in no other.

Wednesday, the 25th of July.—There has been nothing to record during the last four days but the continued suspense with regard to the true state of things at Pekin. To-day we have the announcement that a genuine message from Sir Claude Macdonald has reached Tien-tsin. It is dated on the 4th of July, at which time the Legation was safe though under attack. This is the latest authentic intelligence that has been received—for the Conger message is obviously wrong in its date if in nothing else. But alas! the message of the British Minister was sent off two days before the fatal 6th of July on which the massacres are said to have occurred; so we are still kept in a state of almost unbearable suspense. Nobody, among those who pose as authorities on China, will express a decided opinion on the situation; but the optimists are few and far between; and the general feeling is one of grave despondency. The attempts of Li-Hung-Chang to reassure the outer world are received with something like contempt.

The latest 'unfortunate incident' in South Africa has led to an outburst of popular impatience. It is certainly curious that we should hear so much more about the movements of the enemy than of our own army. People ask where General Buller is and what Lord Kitchener is doing. Presumably these distinguished men are not absolutely inactive at the present moment. The hope is that a coup is being prepared which will alter the whole situation. But it is unaccountably long in coming off.

WEMYSS REID.

THE CHINESE REVOLT

FOR the man who undertakes to advise his fellow-countrymen on public affairs, there are times when it is desirable to begin by showing his credentials. His judgment to-day upon events that were a surprise to him yesterday may be sound enough; but though the development of great public events may be slow and obscure it is rarely invisible, and surprise at the outcome argues deficient observation or judgment at fault. Now although it is quite clear that most people and most Governments had no expectation of this volcanic upheaval in China, to many minds it must have been a constant probability for a long time; and desiring to place before the readers of this Review some speculations which look beyond the revolt, I hope to commend them a little by showing in a few lines that they are not the children of surprise, but spring from opinions which long since included the revolt as a thing already determined.

In 1891 an outbreak occurred which, though outwardly indistinguishable from many other flares which had burnt out and had been forgotten, had yet a character subtly prophetic of what we now see. Anti-Christian riot it was called, and that it was no doubt; but at the same time convincingly suggestive of being much more.

It is a nationalist agitation. No matter how these riotings arise, or how provoked or by whom favoured, they mark the beginning of a nationalist movement for the expulsion of foreigners. A time will come when 'China for the Chinese' will be sounded from one end of the land to the other, in palace courtyards as in city slums. Not that there is any likelihood of an intention to pursue the long-cherished object by an open and continuous line of policy. To go slowly, persistently, cautiously, is the Chinese way. To halt now and then, or even to retreat a little, does not disturb their plans of advance, whatever design they may wish to achieve, and we shall probably see the same haltings and retreatings in this case. But we may make up our minds that the expulsion of foreigners from China, which has been a hope for many a year, is now a matter of set purpose. Not a purpose that is necessarily fated to succeed, of course; but one that the whole country has at heart, rulers and people alike, and one that both rulers and people have already commenced upon. If the agitation ends according to the hope of all who are in sympathy with it, it will not cease till every treaty port is replaced under native governance, with we know not what conditions for the privilege of trading there till we are elbowed out altogether. That is the idea. And what Government and people intend has entered on its beginnings, far off as the end may be.

These were 1891 opinions, and 1900 justifies them. But three years later they were thrown out by the sudden uprising of Japan, the unprovoked and piratical attack of that nation upon the Chinese, followed by the wise interference of certain European Powers. Considering the rapidity of the Chinese defeat on this occasion, the pitiful collapse of the defence at the first onslaught of a despised enemy, it was hard to believe that the hope of turning Europe out of China could survive. Its recurrence might still be thought probable, but not until some distant time. And yet were the Chinese mind more accessible than any European ever found it, the hope might have been discovered there little diminished and much more enlightened. If we will but eject the idea that the Chinese are cowards as well as cruel, if we do but dismiss the notion that a difference of intellect makes them fools, we shall see perhaps that a thrashing from the Japanese was the surest and shortest way of 'awakening' the Dragon Empire. To the unchanging Chinaman the Japanese are still 'our dogs,' and that *the Japanese* should beat them in that way, by that means, by European drill, by efficient and plentiful use of European arms, should have been an awakener indeed; and according to the present look of things it was. The common European assumption has been that in 1895 China was crushed. There is no evidence that China was ever crushed. The evidence since 1895 is that, instead of routing the self-confidence of the Chinese, the war with Japan only nettled and instructed it. The teaching of that war went home, to such effect as the arsenals at Tien-tsin and the Chinese fighting there exemplify; the upshot being that five years after the supposititious collapse of China, five years during which the armed might of Europe was displayed on every side more convincingly than ever, the resolve to turn Europe out breaks forth again in ordered strength and unexampled fury. It appears, then, that the deduction from the 1891 outbreak was strictly accurate. If there was any mistake about it, it was in underrating the *inveteracy* of the movement for expelling foreigners. The mistake now would be to lose sight of it—this inveteracy, I mean—even for a moment; or under any change of aspect which the imbroglia may assume in our time.

'Conscious as we are of each others' imperfections,' we agree that during the five years when the armed might of Europe was so closely pressed upon the attention of the mandarins, the avidity of Europe for Chinese ports and provinces was much too eager and incautious. We see that clearly now—for each other. The Russian perceives with indignation that all this prodigious trouble may be traced to the arrogant and clumsy seizure of Kiao-Chao. But for the desire to keep on good terms with Russia, the Germans would reply that the Manchu revolt was evidently provoked by the precipitate buccaneering in Manchuria. As for ourselves, we know very well,

and it is true, that we should never have cast an eye upon Wei-hai-Wei but for the invidious appropriations of those other Powers. All complain justly, though none has a right to do so; and the sum of these international reproaches is confession that, while enlightened Europe knew little of the anti-foreign ferment in China or was ignorantly contemptuous of its forces, the partitioning of the country was much too fast and furious. Of course, on the supposition that it was not a country but a carcase—There, however, was the mistake; and the knife going in too often and too deep, and the supposed carcase having taken in new lessons in the arts of living and kicking, the monster rises; and proves in a very few weeks that it can be as thoroughly awakened as that other Yellow Power its instructor, which made a three-days' massacre adjunctive to an elegant little garden-party at Port Arthur.

The monster rises, with all the yellow blood in him astir, and does what he and all his kin may be expected to do in similar conditions. And this not only should have been known but was known to the European Governments, which had recently seen one sudden awakening and might have divined that they were threatened by another. The lightest suspicion of such an event must have been accompanied by the thought that a general Chinese uprising would be announced by general massacre: it is the Chinese way and has often been exemplified. In some rearward chamber of the brain, these same Governments must also have been conscious that while there were plentiful provocations to revolt in the grabbing of territory, the hectoring of ambassadors from rival World Powers, a rising such as this seemed even at first would topple them and their policies and 'foreign relations' into confusion instantly. Therefore they should take some blame to themselves, not pretending that their minds were unprepared for such horrors as have doomed Peking to destruction. Horrors they are not in those countries, but the usual way of things, and the usual way of things should not surprise those who are acquainted with it. However, it is done. A finishing lesson in the outrage that Mongolian minds and hands are capable of has been supplied; and following the rule that the worst of evils happen to some good, it stands as an illustration of what may be expected in many a Christian town if a well-awakened, well-armed, confederated East, such as the Japanese newspapers heralded in 1895, is ever allowed to come into existence.

It is not to embarrass this project, but apparently from a sentiment derived from the time when Japanese teapots were worshipped, that in a state of things which suddenly brings Europe to the parting of many ways a strong feeling re-arises in England for alliance with Japan. It was stronger, perhaps, a few days ago; but it still exists in force, though a sufficient objection to its urgency at this moment is that it is thoughtlessly precipitate. As long as the

Continental Governments stand in presence of unfulfilled events and untested possibilities, the gravest of them being inexpressibly grave, they naturally think and plan in alternatives; but we, it seems, should act at once upon the conclusion that England's Rock of Ages is Japan. Enough for the present that it is too soon to do so. There lies before all the European Powers a piece of work which must be done in concert and immediately, chancing all consequences. It was thought at first to be a light piece of work; but every day its magnitude is more apparent in being better understood. The better it is understood the greater seem its difficulties and the uncertainty of the outcome; and till that is more clearly seen through none of these Governments (unless one of them has suddenly become an exception, as certain news from Manchuria suggests) can choose a definite line of policy, whether in relation to other Powers or to China itself.

This piece of work is called suppression of the revolt and punishment for its murderous excesses. 'Is' called, I have said, but perhaps the word should be 'was.' For the task of suppression was begun from a number of old fictions and false persuasions, such as that there is nothing corresponding to patriotism in China, no political cohesion, no national spirit, certainly no fighting spirit or capability; nothing more formidable to encounter than 'palace intrigues' and a horde of hireling bravos ignorant of their own squalid impotence. Had these ideas been accurate, suppression of the revolt would have been easy enough. The difficulties came out with the discovery that they were not accurate; and that what the European Governments have to deal with is a truly national movement, not sudden and unconsidered, but of steady growth, calculated, determined, and supplied with every moral and material element of persistency. This being its character, it is at the choice of the Chinese to make suppression of the revolt equal to the business of conquering a vast and difficult country, with a swarming population 'awakened' or awakening, as intelligent as the Boers and not so poorly armed as was imagined. Of course that is an enterprise which the West need not shrink from, if indeed we are confronted (here I use the phrase of the soberest journal in London) with 'one of those dynamic impulses which in the dawn of history hurled the populous East upon Europe.' But no such enterprise was anticipated when Admiral Seymour advanced upon the Taku forts; and the thought of it starts at once all those questions of apportionment, partition, occupation, &c., which according to common belief (which I fully share) would explode any European Conference that attempted to settle them.

There is an alternative to the 'cosmic convulsion' which, by possibility, Europe has to face. For while it is the choice of the Chinese to make suppression of the revolt an enormously difficult

business, it is also within their choice to make it (for the time) a very light one, and yet to place Europe in a grave dilemma. Suppression might be made easy (perhaps will be by contrivance of Li-Hung-Chang when he gets to Peking) through agreement amongst the mandarins and the secret societies to cease, disperse, and leave none but bland and smiling faces on view. It is a familiar expedient. I suppose that nowhere could it be played so well as in China; but how should it succeed? and yet how be refused without throwing China back on the desperate courses now begun? On the theory of an inveterate Chinese resolution to drive out or kill out all intruding foreigners, the suppression so provided would not be suppression at all. It would be tantamount to a murderous shot with retirement to reload. It would be renewal of effort five years to come, after five years more of awakening, and with twice the difference that was found at Tien-tsin in the provision and the use of arms.

Unless upon the supposition of a reserve policy—as perhaps at St. Petersburg—it is hardly conceivable that suppression of this kind could be satisfactory to any of the Powers concerned. It is not as if it could be made effective by the seizure of arms and agreement to forbid importation. Put smuggling out of account, and we have then to remember that ‘excellent modern arms and ammunition’ are manufactured in Chinese arsenals, and that in a country of remote distances, sprinkled with cities where swarm ingenious artificers, there would be no lack of arms to vindicate the awakening.¹ Then how would allied and endangered Europe stand in that case, and what course should it agree upon? We know how the idea of stamping out the revolt is expressed. It is expressed in a series of battles and assaults in which desperate mobs are beaten down and scattered till the remnant is convinced that its barbaric purpose cannot succeed. And in that idea punishment on the broadest scale, of the most effective character, and the least likely to err, is included. But all united Europe cannot contrive its fulfilment if Li has the will and has command enough to bid the revolt melt away. Of course he may have neither the one nor the other, or the one without the other; in which case the pro-China rebellion will continue to strike and be struck at until it tires of the episode or till half the world is aflame. It is to be remembered, however, as bearing not on this point alone, that the secret societies afford swift and far-reaching machinery for the communication of orders, instructions,

¹ ‘Lord Charles Beresford gave an account of seven arsenals in China at most of which excellent modern arms and ammunition were being manufactured. At Shanghai he found 102 guns, from the 3-pounder to the 9.2 inch, all of Elswick design, in full progress; and he remonstrated with the Mandarin in charge upon the large and useless expenditure of money incurred by the manufacture of heavy artillery which could have nothing to do with the maintenance of the integrity of China.’ We are told that the Mandarin ‘seemed to think that there was some force in these remarks.’—*Times*, the 19th of July.

hints, from the directors of the movement to the people. The likelier thing, then, seems to be that Li-Hung-Chang's intention, at the same time his commission, includes the expedient of putting the revolt away out of sight; thereby leaving the European Governments to determine whether to be content with an ostensible suppression with the unsatisfactory consequences above described, or to call back the revolt and force on a conflict which may alter the destinies of Europe and Asia for centuries to come. A difficult matter to agree upon, and agreement is essential.

This brings us to a question which had no distinct existence six weeks ago, but now stands foremost, large as the Sphinx.

What effect upon the plans, what change in the policy of the various States concerned with China, has been wrought by the discovery that the rebellion is what it is—a national movement; a rising indistinguishable from what is elsewhere called patriotic, except that the impulse to it is fortified by the fiercest and most obstinate race-hatred now to be found on earth? ² Though they had evidently no conception of such a movement till Legation Street was burnt, the Governments of England, Russia, France, Germany, Japan are aware of it now; perceiving at the same time that the ground upon which their expectations and their projects were built has entirely given way. We know what our own expectation was—that we should contrive to hold our commercial settlements and spheres in peace. We know the German policy—to do as we have done in the ways of getting. The French—the same with flags and ribbons: a more gallant and military style. The Russian project—was Russian. Much more might be said of it, but little need be: I shall only quote a saying lately attributed to a Russian person of quality—'China is our India.' The Japanese dream, but no less a confident ambition, has been already mentioned. Japan was to 'take hold' of China; first to subjugate its people by terror of her arms and then by the splendour of her intellectual activities; to civilise the Chinese; to drill the Chinese; to command the Chinese, and bring their hundreds of millions into a Mongolian confederation that should sweep the world. A trifle, but—*voilà*. Six weeks ago such were the well-settled ambitions, policies, and plans of the five Powers above named.

What are they now? Supposing that the much-dreaded Conference of which we heard so much were held next week, what modifications of view and design would be brought to it? It is hard to guess, of course; but there is little hazard in saying that none of the old views and designs can remain unconsidered, and that most of

² 'Even the intense conservatism of the Chinese is not so important a factor in the question as that instinctive antipathy to Europeans which seems to dwell in every tissue of their bodies and run through their veins with every drop of their blood.'—Major Younghusband.

them are uprooted and adrift. This they might be without being quite destroyed. But upon the most natural, most reasonable and evidential explanation of the Chinese upheaval, that is their unexpected case. Assume the rising to be what it seems, and what its impulse, its natural character, its antecedents, and the unity of its manifestations over a vast country declare it to be, and the conclusion must be this: that where the foreigner thought himself safe in China his foundations fail; and that the Russian dream of 'capturing' the Government of China, the Japanese dream of annexing it, must be dreamt all over again in different conditions if ever at all. On the theory that these disturbances are partly the consequence, partly the contrivance, of palace intrigues, family factions, in which there is a Government party and a rebel party, such ambitious illusions can of course be maintained. On the same theory our own conduct may be misguided in other directions to other ends; and so with as many nations as have interests to protect or ambitions to serve in China. But all that is happening in that Empire now should be convincing that it is an erroneous theory, mainly grounded upon false and egotistical assumptions. Palace intrigues? very likely. Family factions? dynastic fears?—more than probable; and it is also more than probable that among the governing spirits of China whose names we are becoming familiar with there are violent differences of opinion as to the wiser means of working the affairs of the country. But, speaking broadly—which is enough, since we have to deal with China upon the broader considerations presented to us—there is no Government party and there are no rebels in China in the sense intended by those who draw the distinction. In this great matter all think and all would act alike, because all feel alike; and this feeling is created by what makes Chinamen. In changing one Chinese Government for another it could not be hoped that anything else would change, unless for a little while and superficially. Decapitate a thousand rebels, and still nothing would change, unless for a time, during which the 'awakening' would continue and prepare another explosion. For it is not to be supposed but that the awakening will go on. There may be breaks in its manifestation. It is improbable that what we are witnessing is the last act of a tragical *lever de rideau*. But if we accept the guidance of precedent, reason, and the nature of things, we shall choose the conclusion that an awakening thus far begun is unlikely to cease where there is so much to further and so little to arrest it. How much can be done by the secret societies, uncontrolled by Europe, and either in obedience to or by influence upon the governing authorities in China, should not be forgotten.

In what manner or in what degree these considerations will weigh with the Powers now called 'the allies' I do not presume to guess. At present two of these Powers seem inclined to put them aside

altogether. Various indications suggest that both Russia and Japan propose to act on the original Government-and-rebel assumption; but whether because they still believe it correct, or whether because it seems more favourable to their better policy, or whether to conceal for a time the consciousness of baffled hopes and calculations, is uncertain. What does appear certain is that both Russia and Japan aimed at obtaining the control of China through the subjugation of an effete and imbecile Government, with such consequences for the rest of the world as many an alarmed imagination has pictured. The attack of Japan in 1894 was for the fulfilment of that idea. • The interference of Russia was to prevent Japan; and, notoriously, the prodigious activity and expenditure of Russia in the Far East had the Japanese object in view. The hopes of either Power must have been based on the common idea of China as politically spiritless and otherwise defenceless; nor is there any reason to doubt that the Russian Government expected to have China in its pocket in a very few years. On the Government-and-rebel theory that would still be a possible expectation, though much diminished, and therefore is not to be given up lightly. As for Japan, even though her Government had to give up the hope which her admirable war-preparations were intended to serve (I do not suggest that it ever *was* given up), she was still a Power to be reckoned with by bargain or what not before China could be Russia's India. But a China awakened at this rate would upset the Japanese calculations as much as the Russian; wherefore it is but natural that Japan also should cling to the Government-and-rebel theory—which will not hold.

But it is always possible for courageous and well-armed States to make new calculations when others break down. As we have said, the Russian and the Japanese dream may yet be dreamed over again under different conditions, and this it is as well to be prepared for. When these two nations were most at enmity my belief was that the quarrel would probably end in a Russo-Japanese *entente*. The conditions have now changed; but for reasons which cannot be developed on the present occasion I think that possibility should not be dismissed. Some of these considerations, however, may be indicated. An awakened China will not endure a Japanese directorship, without which an arrangement between the two would have small charm for the Japanese. But an attempt in any guise to confederate an awakened Japan and an awakened China would bring the whole civilised world upon both—upon Japan first. Therefore it seems as if Japanese ambition will be definitely turned from that direction. But the greater aims of Russia in China being disappointed and thrown back, the more closely will it stick to Korea, for obvious reasons; by which Japan again suffers. But suppose the Czar's Government determined not to take the Chinese rebuff—determined to raise a war of conquest where diplomacy and the show of force were to win the

day? Such a war might be lawfully raised upon the provocation in Manchuria. Much else would follow from it, but for one thing it would revive the Japanese power of bargaining.

As yet, however, no one can say what courses the Russian Government, profoundly concerned as it is, may choose to follow in arrangement with France and Germany. But for ourselves, I cannot doubt what is the right ground to go upon. We must not remain in the Government-and-rebel error, howsoever or by whomsoever presented; nor in the mistake that China is spiritless, effete, incapable of union and organisation even under stress of the commonest and fiercest passions of mankind. We should understand (and now I speak the words of a proved authority of the highest rank) that 'the Chinese rising is a manifestation against the slow absorption of the country by foreigners, and against the enforcement of reforms which the mass of the Chinese do not want. A truly national movement,' which, as it is directed against the very lives of foreigners, 'must be suppressed.' But it is a rising that will break out again and again if its provocations continue. So says Herr von Brandt, for many years German Minister at Peking; and in so saying he uses language far stronger than any I have quoted. Punishment for murderous lawlessness of course there must be, and to be fitting and politic it should be severe. But afterwards it will be wise to consider the dictum of the learned Von Brandt, that 'the system of dealing with the Chinese will have to be altered materially;' and most wise will it be to think once, twice, and thrice before committing England to any scheme of conquest and partition. I doubt whether it is seriously thought of, for that matter; and believe that a more speedy and complete plan for throwing the whole world into violent confusion could not be devised. Combination betimes to hedge in, confine, repress the Yellow Peril is another matter; but whether the Russian Government for one reason, the Japanese Government for another, would sanction such a confederacy, is doubtful.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

VENGEANCE AND AFTERWARDS

NEVER put out your arm further than you can draw it back. The wisdom of this French proverb is eminently applicable to public occasions in which policy is influenced, and to some extent rightly influenced, by passion. Such an occasion has arisen, and it is on this account I should like to utter a word of caution.

The crimes of which, according to the best attainable evidence, Peking has just been the scene will, one may safely assume, live in the world's memory with the same evil immortality as attaches to the Sicilian Vespers, the Reign of Terror in France, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the butchery of Cawnpore, and other outrages of a like kind which cannot be recalled without a shudder. No words can add to the horror of the deeds of devilry by which the European residents in the Chinese capital, as there is still too much reason to believe, have literally been done to death, without respect to rank or age or nationality or sex. Nor even is this the worst. There is too much reason to fear that those victims of the Yellow Terror who were not fortunate enough to be killed fighting had their lives ended under every circumstance of cruelty and atrocity which a diabolical ingenuity could devise.

Amongst the victims were, we have every reason to fear, men, women, and children of our own blood and race. There is no cause therefore for wonder if a cry for vengeance should be raised in England more loudly perhaps than in any other country. If such a cry had not been raised, I, for one, should have felt that Englishmen had cause for shame. It is not my wish therefore to dispute the justice, I might almost say the righteousness, of the popular demand for the condign punishment of the Celestial Empire, supposing such punishment to be possible. Is it possible? that is the question.

I have no doubt that the combined armies of Europe and Japan can, if they resolve to do so, succeed ultimately in reaching and occupying Peking. But when they have got there I fail to see how they are to carry out their mission of vengeance in any way adequate to the offence. In bygone days Peking would, under similar circumstances, have been burnt to the ground and its inhabitants put to the sword after the city had been sacked and looted by an infuriated soldiery. But England, and most, if not all, the Continental Powers cannot sanc-

tion reprisals which 'would stagger humanity.' The conscience of Christendom would be shocked at any wholesale butchery of the population of Peking. If, which is most unlikely, we could capture the Dowager Empress, or any of the Ministers, the chief Mandarins, and the members of the Tsung-li-Yamen, we might possibly assume, without any very rigid investigation, that they were directly or indirectly responsible for the assassination of the Ambassadors and of the inmates of the Legations, and might send them to the gallows without compunction. But when we have to deal with the rank and file I utterly fail to conceive how we are to distinguish between innocent and guilty. The true history of the massacre will, in all likelihood, never be ascertained. It certainly cannot be discovered by military courts of inquiry, which could not resort to torture as a means of compelling confession, and which, so long as British officers took part in their proceedings, could not consent to order the execution of men in cold blood of whose guilt there was no trustworthy evidence forthcoming. If therefore our troops and those of our allies are not to be allowed to 'run amuck' like a mad Malay, the retribution we should be able to inflict in any case would be utterly inadequate to avenge the outrages committed. Moreover, the one point on which all authorities on China seem to be agreed is that the Chinaman is indifferent to death to a degree incomprehensible by Western nations. I doubt therefore whether, even if there were no other objection to the proceeding, the wholesale execution of the inhabitants of Peking would inspire any salutary terror into the Celestial mind.

Taking into consideration the facts that the Continental Powers and Japan are agreed upon sending forces in order to exact retribution, that British troops have already fought at Tien-tsin side by side with Russians, Germans, and Japanese, and that a very large portion, probably a majority, of the victims of the massacres were British subjects, it may be impossible for us at the present juncture to avoid furnishing a contingent to the expedition—unhappily no longer, I fear, a relief expedition—which is now being organised for an advance on Peking. But I am convinced that long before the expedition is over England will see cause to regret her participation—however obligatory—in a hopeless attempt to exact retribution in respect of a crime for which retribution is no longer possible. Any retaliation we can inflict upon Peking can only at the best be a gruesome sequel to a ghastly tragedy.

It is idle to cling any longer to the delusion that the massacre of Peking was due to an isolated outbreak of fanaticism confined to the capital, instigated by secret societies without the sanction of the Government of China, carried out by mob violence, and capable therefore of easy suppression, when the passion of the populace had lost its fury. On the contrary, there seems every reason to believe

that the massacre was part and parcel of a deliberate plan, approved, if not initiated, by the Government, supported by the leading men of China, commanding the sympathy of the Chinese nation, and designed for the expulsion of all foreigners from Chinese soil, the overthrow of all foreign influence, and the restoration of the old order of things which existed before outside Barbarians were allowed a footing within the Celestial Empire. The mere fact that China has followed up the murder of the Ambassadors by a declaration of war against Russia, and by the invasion of Russian territory, is proof, if proof is wanted, that we have to deal not with a local riot, but with a war between the East and the West, a war in which if we engage at all we shall in all likelihood have to fight to the bitter end. In as far as an opinion can be formed from the present aspect of affairs, any punitive expedition against Peking can only be undertaken as part of a general campaign against the Celestial Empire: and such an expedition, it would appear, cannot be undertaken with any chance of success for some months to come. A period of grace is therefore happily vouchsafed to us to consider whether it is or is not the duty or the interest of England to take an active, or at all events a leading, part in the impending conflict.

The advocates of intervention will assert that all England desires is to perform her share in avenging the cruelties inflicted on our countrymen who were massacred at Peking. The assertion, I have no doubt, will be made in perfect good faith, but I am at a loss to understand how a policy of limited and restricted intervention can be carried out in practice. It is obvious that if the allied armies reach Peking and exact such retribution as is demanded by the exigencies of the situation, this retribution must stimulate the innate hatred of the foreigner, which forms the backbone of the national uprising throughout China. Supposing the vindication of our authority should be responded to, as there is every reason to expect, by fresh outrages against European officials, traders, and missionaries in any part of the huge, inaccessible, and teeming provinces of China, how could England possibly withdraw her contingent from the allied forces and refuse to assist in putting out the conflagration she herself had assisted in kindling? The answer is obvious. If we once begin a war with China we shall be obliged, whatever our original intentions may have been, to go farther. If it is possible to entertain the hope that our fellow-countrymen are still alive, then I should be the first to argue that the force of the British Empire should be exerted to effect their rescue from death and worse than death. But to avenge their death at the cost of engaging in a war with China is a different affair.

I have no authority to discuss Chinese affairs in virtue of any personal knowledge or observation. All I wish to do is to put forward the common-sense view of the man in the street. From this point

of view it appears to me our one Imperial interest in China is the protection of our trade. That trade, roughly speaking, is conducted through the Treaty Ports, which we can perfectly well defend so long as we retain our maritime supremacy, without the assistance of any other Power. It would, of course, be for our advantage as traders if the interior of China were well administered, if railroads could be opened up, and if the wretched system of local government by corruption and oppression could be replaced by a strong and enlightened rule. Still, under the present system, bad as it is, the products of the interior find their way into the markets of the Treaty Ports, and will continue to find their way whoever reigns in Peking. We have not the wish, even if we had the power, to annex any portion of the interior of China. Intervention, as our experience has taught us, eventuates of necessity in annexation: and by annexation we have nothing to gain and much to lose. On such an issue as this plain speaking is desirable. I do not hesitate therefore to say that the probable results of a European intervention in China must be the ultimate conquest of the Empire by one of the intervening Powers, or its partition between two or more of these Powers. These are not results which England can afford to contemplate with indifference, still less with satisfaction. Our interest therefore, for the time being, is to maintain the *status quo* in China. If China is to be partitioned, it may turn out, hereafter, to be essential for the welfare of the British Empire to have a fair share in the partition. I trust the necessity may not arise, but if it should arise, the fact that we have not wasted our military strength by invading China will not, to say the least, impair our right to enforce the acceptance of any demands that we, as the chief naval Power of the world, deem it fair and reasonable to make for the protection of our Imperial interests.

Moreover, though, under any circumstances I can foresee, I should deprecate any direct intervention in Chinese affairs on the part of England, my opinion might possibly be modified if I could see any possibility of England's taking the leading position in the invasion of China and its consequent reconstruction. But under existing circumstances England, if she interferes at all, must of necessity take a subordinate position. To anyone who is willing to look facts in the face, it is manifest that England, while she is engaged in establishing her supremacy in South Africa, cannot, even if she wished, send such a force to China as would justify her in arrogating to herself the control of the campaign. To use a financial phrase, England, if she joined an International Syndicate for the reconstruction of China, must enter it on the ground floor or not at all. The first alternative being for the time out of question, I for one should prefer the latter. To my mind it would be midsummer madness for England to associate herself with a number

of Powers, each one of whom would be seeking her own advantage, and whose only common bond of union would be their jealousy of the British Empire. England acting by herself alone might conceivably reconstruct China with advantage to herself and benefit to the reconstructed country, though even then I doubt greatly whether the game would be worth the candle. But in any international concert Russia and Japan would inevitably be the foremost military Powers, and England would be fortunate if her influence weighed more than that of either France or Germany. That this should be so may be matter for regret, but that it must be so is beyond a question. I am willing to admit, for the sake of argument, that all the Powers participating in a joint campaign with the view of exacting due punishment for the massacres of Peking might have a loyal and single-hearted desire to obtain adequate compensation for their common wrongs. But to suppose they would act loyally towards each other and especially toward England, in not rendering that compensation conducive to their own aims and interests, is to betray an utter ignorance of human nature. Joint alliances have, as a rule, ended in a conflict between the allies. There is every reason to expect that the Russian, Japanese, French, German, and British alliance would not prove an exception to this rule.

Even if there was any wish on the part of England to embark upon a war with China, the present is not the time any rational person would select for such an enterprise. The South African campaign has not yet reached a stage when our armies could safely be withdrawn. We are not therefore at present in a position to lock up large forces in a remote expedition. The hostility recently manifested towards this country by well-nigh all our neighbours cannot but give us cause for reflection. How far this hostility is reasonable is not the question. All we care to know is that this animosity exists and must be taken into account in any discussion of our foreign policy. The efforts we are making, and must continue to make, in order to increase our military as well as our naval strength are based on a conviction that as things stand our position is insecure. Our hands are full enough already; and neither the British Government nor the British nation have any desire to extend our Imperial liabilities, if their extension can be avoided without loss or disgrace. Supposing the conquest of China had been effected and the possession of the conquered country had been offered to us as a gift, the offer would most certainly have been declined with thanks. If this is so, why in the name of common sense should we go to war for the sake of acquiring new dominions, which we should hesitate to accept even if we could obtain them without any resort to hostilities? These truths are so obvious that their reiteration may seem superfluous.

I have no fear that England will ever consciously or of set

purpose enter on a war which, if it prove successful, must end in the partition of China. What I am afraid of is that we may drift into war. I sympathise fully with the indignation felt throughout England at the massacre of our countrymen. I share fully the popular sentiment that this outrage ought not to be left unpunished. I therefore appreciate the risk of our being induced to take part in a punitive expedition which must almost inevitably develop into a general war. It is on this account I have it so much at heart that we should make it known beforehand, both to ourselves and to the world, that any English armed intervention in Chinese affairs is strictly limited to the vindication of our outraged honour. As soon as we have brought home to the Chinese mind a conviction that Englishmen cannot be murdered with impunity we shall have effected our purpose, and should by rights leave China 'to stew in her own juice.' If this purpose of ours is made clear beforehand, our participation in a punitive expedition need not necessarily involve our joining in any further hostilities with China. I fully admit that any 'thus far and no further' policy is always difficult of execution and attended with danger. All I can plead for the course I recommend is that by its adoption the difficulty and the danger are reduced to a minimum.

The view I have endeavoured to express is one that may reasonably be entertained even by persons who, like myself, have little or no knowledge of China, without their laying themselves open to the charge of discussing matters beyond their knowledge. No special acquaintance with Chinese affairs is requisite to form an opinion that England would be ill advised in co-operating with allies embarked on a campaign which is calculated to bring about, whether intentionally or unintentionally, the partition of the Celestial Empire. I have thought, too, that possibly a word of warning against the peril of our drifting into war with China might come with greater force from one who, in as far as he is known at all as a publicist, is known chiefly as an advocate of an Imperialist—or, as many people would prefer to call it, a Jingo—policy. I hope therefore I may be excused if, in our present most painful and most critical position, I have ventured to advise my fellow-countrymen not to allow their just and righteous indignation to blind them to the risk of impetuous action, and to avoid putting out their arm further than the point at which it can be withdrawn with safety and without loss of dignity.

EDWARD DICEY.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY .

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[A complete list of the signatures to the proposed Association for enforcing the lessons of the War will be given in the October number of this Review, before the Public Meeting on the subject is held. At that meeting a suggestion made in the subjoined article may probably form the basis of one of the resolutions which will be submitted for approval. It will be found (italicised) on p. 349 below, and advocates a practical application to the public service of the main and cardinal business principle that the personal responsibility of each individual employee should be clearly traceable by his Employer—in this case the Public. If adopted by the wisdom of Parliament as an extension of its present procedure, an important step would be taken towards the administrative reform which is so urgently needed for our national security.—EDITOR Nineteenth Century.]

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES' IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE

THE proposition that the business of the nation should be managed 'on ordinary business principles' does not, I assume, imply that the methods usually adopted in private concerns should be introduced wholesale into Government Departments. There is no private concern, not even the London and North-Western Railway, which can for a moment be compared with the great Administrative Departments, either as to the character of its transactions, or as to the governing conditions under which it works. The seven essays on 'Ordinary Business Principles' in the last number of this Review discriminate quite fairly between administrative and private business so far as profit-making is concerned. The one aim of a trading concern of whatever kind is, of course, to make profit. The one

human interest which a Government Department—even the Post Office—has no connection with is profit-making. It must, therefore, not be assumed that the methods which are most conducive to money-making in private businesses are necessarily the best, or even if the best are practicable, for Government Departments. The writers on 'Ordinary Business Principles' have kept this distinction well in view, and have in the main contented themselves with defining business principles for private purposes.

But Government Departments differ from private concerns in a yet more essential particular. They are all ultimately subject to the control of a body which has no *personal* interest in their achievements and no capacity for testing them. The House of Commons is not at all likely in our time to part with its sovereign powers over the whole Executive. And the House of Commons in dealing with the Executive has no resemblance to a private firm or a board of directors. What private firm or board of directors would have adopted the Fair Wages Resolution passed in successive Parliaments?

But Government Departments, like private firms, exist in order to achieve certain ends. A Government dockyard, like a private dockyard, has for its *raison d'être* the making and repairing of ships. Apart from profit-making, the principles governing the adaptation of the means to the end ought to be the same in both cases. And even when the work of a Government Department has no exact counterpart in private enterprise, the settled principles on which the latter is founded are surely applicable to the former. The work of the Army and the Navy has no counterpart in civil life. But a great war may well be regarded as a piece of business for the management of which the Army or Navy is responsible to the Government, and the Government to Parliament.

The control of Parliament over all the services and the fundamental differences between the military and the civil services must be kept constantly in mind in any attempt to regulate them by business maxims. I doubt whether payment by results can be introduced in terms, or otherwise than as an element in a system of promotion by merit. But who would deny that promotion by merit and personal responsibility are principles as applicable to public administration as to private enterprise? The defenders of any of the services as now organised would probably argue that they are in full working order now.

The first and most important question to be dealt with is the responsibility of the services to Parliament, *i.e.* to the House of Commons. Is that responsibility effective, and, if not, can it be made effective?

The business of the various services may be said to come before the House in two ways—in the Estimates and in the Appro-

priation Accounts. In the first place the Estimates for each service are presented in full and even minute detail, and any item among thousands may be selected for criticism or attack. In theory the whole field of administration is presented for review every session. But the time available for 'Supply' is a comparatively small fragment of the session, and four, five or six days would be considered ample for the Army or the Navy votes in an ordinary year. This limited amount of Parliamentary time is usually occupied by the discussion of large questions of policy or even of small questions happening to be of momentary prominence. The consideration of the Estimates as—what they really are—business proposals of enormous magnitude is never really attempted in Committee of Supply. In a private concern the heads would, I imagine, seek personal explanations from the managers of departments who sought their sanction for large schemes of expenditure. Such a process in 'Supply' would be impracticable. It is true that the Minister in charge can be questioned about any item, and that the permanent 'manager' is under the gallery ready to provide an answer if the Minister is not prepared. But debate on Supply is in the main a discussion of grievances, in the constitutional sense which makes their consideration a condition precedent of all Parliamentary grants. There is no time for the consideration of votes as business projects, and if there were the House is much too large a body to enter upon the inquiry with any hope of a useful result.

Still less does the House exercise any effective control over the execution of the projects which it has thus sanctioned in Committee of Supply. The Appropriation Accounts, showing in detail the expenditure under each vote, are in due time compiled and submitted to the House, and by the House referred to one of its great committees—the Committee on Public Accounts. Before this committee may be called the permanent officials who have administered the votes. The correspondence between the Department on the one hand and the Treasury or the Controller and Auditor-General on the other relating to details of the accounts is laid before the committee. From time to time the committee reports to the House. I think as a rule nothing more takes place; the whole function of the committee is the 'examination of the accounts' so as to show the appropriation of the sums granted by Parliament to meet the public expenditure. Not long ago the committee animadverted on the practice in one of the Departments of not providing penalty clauses in some of their contracts, and not enforcing penalties where such clauses existed. The Minister representing the Department when questioned as to his defence simply replied that it was a matter of administration, and there it ended. The practice might of course be challenged in *next year's Estimates*—or indirectly and three years after the event.

If, then, there is little or no systematic consideration by, or on behalf of, the House of Commons, of the year's programme as presented to it by the Government, still less is there a systematic revision of the same programme when executed. Discussions in Supply are used, as I have said, for the criticism of past administration as well as of new proposals. But the House does not and could not inquire into the execution or administration of any vote as the head of a business would inquire into the year's history of any branch of his business. In theory, at all events, the House can disallow an administrative proposal by rejecting the money vote in which it is embodied; if it wishes to express its dissatisfaction with the administration of a vote already sanctioned it must content itself with rejecting some other vote in some subsequent year.

Such is the system under which the responsibility of the services to Parliament is maintained. Can it be strengthened or improved? I can conceive of only one practicable reform, and that is the handing over the Estimates to a committee or committees like the Committee on Public Accounts.

This suggestion—not by any means a new one—has never had the consideration it deserves. The House of Commons, unlike many other Parliamentary bodies, has always had a wholesome jealousy of its own committees. It would certainly be pleaded against any proposal to increase their number that they are numerous enough already. In time we may hope to be relieved of a good deal of Private Bill business, and even the sittings of Grand Committees might profitably be reduced. Be that as it may, I am strongly convinced of the desirability of submitting the Navy, Army and Civil Service Estimates to separate select committees, before whom the responsible permanent officials might be called to explain and defend their proposals as the accounting officers explain and defend their accounts before the Public Accounts Committee. The Estimates could be considered in detail by the members of the committee in the light of these explanations and would then be presented to the House with the report of the committee thereon. I need not discuss the consequential modifications that would be necessary in the system under which money is at present voted for the public service.

Could a like system be established for the consideration of the past administration of the Departments? We are close up to such a system already in the Public Accounts Committee. A glance at any of the reports of that committee will show that the questions arising there trench closely upon the province of administration. The question of penalties, above referred to, is not by any means a solitary case. In other cases, both in Army and Navy votes, anomalies exposed by that committee have been defended by the Departments on grounds of administrative policy beyond the purview of the committee.

The suggestion inevitably occurs that the functions of the committee should be enlarged so as to include matters of administration as well as matters of account. Possibly an additional committee might have to be appointed, but that is a matter of detail. And in addition to this extension of jurisdiction, it would be essential that the reports of the committee or committees should by some process or other be subjected to the consideration of the House.

I have refrained from pleading the example of foreign Parliaments. In France and in the United States the reference of financial proposals to committees or commissions is part of the regular procedure, and the power of these committees over the national expenditure is far greater than I should willingly see assigned to a committee of the House of Commons. These bodies, as I understand the practice, deliberate in secret, and the result of their deliberations is the Budget, as it is called, of the year. I do not think the purpose we have in view would be met by an inquiry conducted with closed doors. Nor should I care to break down the rule which limits the power of proposing expenditure to Ministers of the Crown.¹ Even with the rule in full operation, the cost of all the services in this country is going up with alarming velocity. I should hope, rather, that our proposed committee on Estimates, while unable to increase the grant demanded by the Crown, would, as the result of its special investigation, be able authoritatively to recommend reductions. Publicity is essential to our proposal, and economy might well be one of its incidental advantages. The gist of the thing is that a select committee should sit upon the Estimates both before they are voted and after they are executed, with the power of calling before it for examination the officials responsible for proposing them and for administering them.

It may be accepted as an axiom of our constitutional system that the responsibility of the great Departments to Parliament is best secured by placing at their head a Minister selected from one or other of the two Houses. Such a Minister is in the position of a layman presiding over experts. His business is not merely to represent his Department in Parliament, but to represent Parliament in his Department. The trained officials have to be made to feel that their expert knowledge, however great, is subordinate to the public policy of Parliament embodied in the Minister. As for the Minister, he must necessarily rely upon the knowledge of his experts. The question therefore is by what organisation you can most surely provide the best expert advice for the Minister without making him the mere mouthpiece of his expert advisers. Of the two

¹ The French Commission on the estimates this year largely increased the Government provision for Submarine Boats. In the House of Commons it proved impossible to elicit the policy of the Admiralty on this not unimportant matter. Probably a Select Committee would have insisted on knowing whether we have a policy, or if not, why not.

dangers—that of relying too much, and that of relying too little upon the permanent officials—the former is the more likely to beset the new Minister. These problems become specially important when the Departments concerned are the Admiralty and the War Office. The Admiralty plan has, I believe, satisfied every person who has had any experience of its working. The Board is by no means the legal fiction some ardent reformers have declared it to be. Composed of three Parliamentary and four Naval members, it may be said to be based on the principle of equality in council coupled with a certain primacy in the First among the Naval Lords, and a complete supremacy in the First Lord. Sir Frederick Richards, in a memorandum appended to the report of the Hartington Commission, lays special stress on the equality of the members—especially the Naval members—of the Board. Practice and principle combine, I think, to establish in the First Sea Lord the same sort of lead among his naval colleagues that the First Lord of the Admiralty exercises over the whole Board. Such is the system which the Hartington Commission in 1890 recommended for adoption in the War Office. Their report shows how the Secretary of State for War suffers from the want of such a consultative council.² There is but one serious criticism to make on the existing Admiralty system. It is said with truth that the Naval members are drawn from only a portion of the naval service. Since the constitution of the Board was settled the composition of the fleet has been essentially changed. The engineering element has become increasingly prominent and powerful, and it is futile to pretend that its relative position in the service has been conclusively settled. And many of the great problems of the Navy are, as everybody knows, engineering problems. There is something to be said, therefore, for the suggestion that one of the members of the Board of Admiralty ought to be a Naval Engineer. With this exception the constitution of the Admiralty seems to me to comply with ‘sound business principles,’ and the frank and complete adoption of a like system at the War Office would appear to follow as a matter of course. These two services resemble each other and differ from all the rest in all essential particulars. There would be no need of such a council in any of the purely Civil Departments. A Board there could only mean a gathering of the highest permanent officials, a totally different thing from a group of military officers personally selected by the Parliamentary Chief of the day to take counsel with himself and his Parliamentary colleagues. It is an essential virtue of a council constituted as the Admiralty is that its members are not permanent Civil Servants at all.

So far we have been dealing with the relation between the

² *E.g.* recourse to frequent committees. ‘Seven committees, with no common link between them, have from time to time advised the War Office as to the defences of Bermudas.’

Services and Parliament from the point of view of business principles.

Let us now turn to the internal organisation of the various Services themselves, keeping in mind the difference between the military and other services. Let us see how they stand the test of 'personal responsibility' and 'promotion by merit.'

One question arises at the very outset. Is not the whole constitution of the services inconsistent with what are called business principles? Limiting ourselves in the first instance to the Civil Service, what do we find? A vast body of men, for the most part selected by open competition, distributed among the various services, but as a rule passing their lives in the one for which they have been originally selected, moving up through slow gradations to higher salaries and more important duties, until at the end a time-limit closes their career, and relegates them possibly in the height of their powers to retirement and a pension. I abstain from attempting to compute from the Estimates the whole number of Civil servants or the whole amount of their emoluments, but the pension figures are more easily obtainable and I have set them out for the three great divisions of the public service :

	£
Civil Services, General (Class VI.)	564,058
Charged on Consolidated Fund (Judicial, Diplomatic, &c.)	68,699
Special—	
War Office	186,000
Admiralty	343,500
Customs	193,556
Inland Revenue	261,177
Post Office	296,910
Packet Service	49
Telegraphs	85,940
Dublin Police	32,901
Royal Irish Constabulary	369,704
Transvaal Pensioners	2,325
Total Civil Service Pensions	2,104,819
Army (net)—	
Officers, &c.	1,611,000
Men	1,379,000
	2,990,000
Navy—	
Half Pay, Retired, and Reserved Pay	798,972
Naval and Marine Pensions, &c.	1,145,550
	1,944,522
Grand Total	7,339,341

The magnitude of these figures lends emphasis to the question whether ordinary business principles are observed in a system which costs the country every year nearly three millions for Military, two millions for Naval, and two and a half millions for Civil pensions.

No 'ordinary business' in the world is organised as any one of the Civil Departments is, and if we must for other good reasons have this organisation, *cadit questio*. The Civil Service as it now exists has many admirable qualities. It attracts some of the best, though perhaps the least adventurous, of our citizens—those who, while young, prefer the fixed tenure, the moderate competency, the sufficient leisure, the respectable status and the certain pension of an official career to the larger possibilities, of good or of evil, in an open profession. The young civilian's bread is buttered for life. And as he generally passes through life in the same office, perhaps in the same branch of the same office, he gets to know the business under his ken in perfect detail. There are many men of great ability in its ranks, and some of them serve the State for a remuneration far below what their talents might command in the open market. It is, we have every reason to believe, on the whole free from the vices inherent in the public service of many other countries. It is not corrupt, and it is not politically partisan. Few Ministers have not had occasion to testify to the perfect loyalty of the permanent officials in carrying out the policy of the Government of the day. The higher officials at all events usually conform to the rule—embodied, I believe, in a Treasury Minute—forbidding them to take an open part in party controversies. A recent violation of this rule by an officer specially bound to show a good example to the service was checked by a few words in the House of Commons. Any toleration of such an offence by the Government of the day would compel its successor to purge the service, and there would be an end of the fixity of tenure which is among its chief attractions. The attitude of the Civil Service is, I think, always, and in all relations, strictly correct. It, or rather, perhaps, the higher half of it, may be described as a kind of lay church, with all the livings fairly but not extravagantly endowed, and all the clergy loyal to all the Articles of the official creed.

With these qualities go, or may go, corresponding defects—want of initiative, want of enterprise, a disposition to stick to routine, a tendency to regard the service as existing for its own sake, an insensibility to the great human interests affected by every branch of it, possibly a willingness to reserve one's energies for work outside official hours, and a limited interest even in official work. I have often thought that the Parliamentary chiefs of a Department, birds of passage as they are, get at all events a bird's-eye view of the whole, denied to the permanent official who knows his own branch and that only. These or similar defects are, I suppose, what is meant by the 'Red Tape' of the Civil Service. The qualities of the service, good or bad, are of course such as naturally arise from the conditions of the service. And those who demand administration on ordinary business principles raise the tremendously important question

whether these conditions are consistent with such principles and whether the men produced thereby are the sort of men they want.

Are the following conditions sound on business principles?—

a. The Civil Servant, down to workmen placed on the establishment, has practically a freehold in his office. Even men who are not on the establishment acquire a sort of semi-vested interest. The dismissal even of the latter is difficult and invidious enough for some Departments at all events. The former are practically irremovable. Possibly this, which is the sheet anchor of the service, is the very last thing that would be tolerated in an ordinary business. To alter the character of the Civil Service in this respect would be tantamount to a revolution.

b. As to the payment of the Civil Servant (of the higher grades at any rate) the following points are to be noted.

(1) The salary may be increased, but, so far as I know, may not be reduced.

(2) When increased, it is by regular fixed gradations. Here is a typical example from the Exchequer Department. The first-class clerks have a minimum salary of 620*l.*, rising by annual increments of 20*l.* to 750*l.* The second-division clerks, at the other end of the scale, begin at 70*l.* and rise by variable increments to 250*l.* The system of rewarding good service at the end of the year by a bonus does not appear to exist in the Departments. On the other hand there is a great variety of special payments which go to swell the actual emoluments of the incumbents. In the Department already referred to one official receives 450*l.*, another 100*l.*, another 150*l.*, and several receive smaller sums in addition to the regular salary.

(3) The maximum is rigidly fixed and the limit, as compared with the average of the class, is decidedly not too high. Take the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, who stands at the head of the whole Civil Service: the salary is 2,000*l.*, rising after five years to 2,500*l.* Again, the Director of Naval Construction, who is responsible for the building of the fleet, gets only 2,500*l.*, and that is a special salary, personal to the present holder of the office. These salaries are low when compared with the highest emoluments earned by similar skill in engineering or financial institutions outside. No doubt there are honorary rewards in the Civil Service for which even able men will sacrifice more solid advantages. But an increase of salaries in many cases might possibly be the unexpected result of reorganisation on business principles.

c. Every Civil Servant may be required to retire at the age of sixty. At sixty-five he must retire unless he is retained for special reasons approved by the Treasury. The compulsory superannuation in the highest ranks of the service of men still in the prime of their powers contrasts strikingly with the practice obtaining in outside business, and still more with the practice prevailing in the political portion of

the Civil Service. And it seems strange that the country should be deprived in council of the vast experience and ripe judgment of men like Sir Anthony Hoskins and Sir Frederick Richards at an age below that of the Commander of the Forces in South Africa.

d. The pensions, like the salaries, are fixed and indefeasible, and amount in the aggregate, as we have seen, to an enormous sum. It is for business men to consider whether such a system is really good business. If pensions are really deferred payments, would it not be more businesslike to make the full payment at once and have done with it? The abolition of the pension system would be a material alteration in the conditions of the service, but it would not be a revolution.

e. The great mass of Civil Servants pass their lives, I believe, in the Department to which they were originally attached. The transfer of an official from one Department to another would probably be resented by the officials already employed in the latter. Yet the clerical work in all the Departments must be of the same general character, and many advantages might be expected to follow from the free interchange of officials between them. I have no means of knowing to what extent such transfers are actually made.

Nothing more remote from business practice could well be devised than this inelastic system. It is impossible to square it with the canons laid down by the business authorities in last month's Review. Its one great merit is that it saves us from the 'Spoils' system which elsewhere prevails. But we may pay too high a price even for that excellent result.

The two fighting services differ so essentially from the Civil Service that I should think a good many times before admitting the possibility of any radical change in the conditions of their pay and pension. The soldier or sailor, be he man or officer, is to a large extent an artificial product, a *corpus manufactum* on which much public money has been expended and which it is good economy to keep in stock, as it cannot be replaced from any outside store. And public sentiment would probably compel—as it did in the case of the Crimean and Indian veterans—the award of pensions even when they were not legally due. It is better, therefore, to fix the pensions as well as the pay, and the former should in no case be commutable, alienable, or attachable.

One serious evil connected with the question of pay is peculiar to the fighting services, and is especially flagrant in the Army. It cannot be good business to make the rate of pay so low or to permit a compulsory standard of expenditure so high that an officer is unable to maintain himself without recourse to independent means. There are two distinct and serious mischiefs involved. By exacting private means as a qualification for the rank of officer we bar out of the service all but an insignificant fraction of the home population to

say nothing of the Colonies. The Premier of New Zealand declares, according to the *Morning Post*, that the commissions so freely offered to Colonial soldiers at the front 'are of little use to New Zealanders, as the men could not afford the cost of living necessary as officers in the British Army,' and that 'a reform is needed in the Imperial Army, so that brains and not money should be the test of qualification.' By permitting expenditure on amusements to be regarded as essential to military life we do our utmost to deprive it of business character. Yet surely war is the most serious of all businesses, for any blunder in principle here may have to be paid for in national disaster and dishonour. Among the numberless lessons of the War this one has sunk deeper than any other into the minds of the people. We must at all hazards have officers who in peace or in war take their calling seriously. No capable youth, whatever be his station, should be excluded for want of means, and no rich man who gains admission should be permitted to spend a farthing more than the poorest of his comrades. Early last session it was admitted by spokesmen of the Government in the House of Commons to be a 'scandal' that nobody could be a cavalry officer without a private income of 500*l.* a year. The scandal, I believe, exists, in the early stages of an officer's career at all events, in all branches of the Army, and to some, but I imagine to a much less, degree in the Navy. And it is not only a scandal but a danger. The first element of a businesslike service is the scientific officer. All the conditions of the Navy tend to the development of the scientific officer; the conditions of the Army apparently do not. And yet it would be easy to change all that. A little more pay—if that be really necessary—and a strong sumptuary law would probably accomplish all that is wanted. The Army would then no doubt cease to attract a certain fraction of Society, but in return it would have its pick of the whole. And with the pecuniary qualification there would disappear also, we might hope, the subtle influences which are the negation of promotion by merit. The nation has been rudely awakened to a sense of its military position and is determined never again to trust the lives of its soldiers and the destinies of its Empire to the nominees and the *protégés* of an insignificant minority.

Another point which has caused great uneasiness is the apparent absence of any means of bringing responsibility home to officers in the Army for such surrenders, blunders and disasters as have marked the course of the South African War. Again the practice of the Navy occurs to all. During the recent naval manœuvres the *Conqueror* grounded, and as I write I have before me the results of the courts-martial which followed immediately. One officer has been dismissed his ship, another reprimanded, and a third acquitted. These gallant and unfortunate men were put on their trial in virtue of the stern but salutary provisions of the Naval Discipline Act. By that Act (sec. 29) every person 'who shall designedly or negligently or

by any default lose, strand or hazard, or suffer to be lost, stranded or hazarded any ship of Her Majesty' shall be punished, by dismissal from the service or otherwise. When a ship has been wrecked, lost, destroyed or taken by the enemy, she is deemed to remain in commission until 'a court-martial shall have been held pursuant to the custom of the Navy, to inquire into the cause of the wreck, loss, destruction, or capture.' And where no specific charge is made against any officer or seaman in respect thereof all the officers and crew may be tried together, and may be required to give evidence, save that nobody shall be bound to criminate himself.

A distinguished military officer in the House of Commons averred the other day that he saw no difference between the disaster of Nicholson's *Nek* and the loss of a battleship, and that the one as well as the other should be the subject of inquiry by court-martial. I have been told that provisions similar to those of the Naval Discipline Act are to be found in Military law, but I have not been fortunate enough to find them, and if they do exist they appear to be scantily used. In the Army, of course, disasters calling for this sort of discipline are only likely to occur in time of war, whereas in the Navy they are of frequent occurrence in time of peace. And yet even in the Army in peace time there would seem to be room for some such method of locating responsibility. Take, for instance, the story told by the *Times*' correspondent with the A Fleet in the late manoeuvres of the co-operation of the Army in the defence of fortified bases. Here, in the words of another correspondent of the same paper, we read of an 'important port defended by guns incapable of bearing on an enemy, but manned and worked by men who fire on their friends in the anchorage; of searchlights worked over the navigable channels, blinding the officers of our ships entering the harbour; and the like.' The correspondent with the fleet blames the 'ineffable Department' for some of these shortcomings, and the military officers for others, and clearly if his statements are correct there should be some way of fixing the responsibility in the proper quarter.

I am tempted to add, in conclusion, what many have already urged, that the supreme head of the whole administrative system, civil and military, has enough to do if he attends to the general business of supervision, and ought not to be burdened with the special business of any Department. Strong reasons have been given by high authorities for relieving the First Sea Lord of the special business allotted to him under the present system of distribution at the Admiralty. How much more powerfully would such arguments apply to the case of a Prime Minister who takes upon himself the management of a Department so over-weighted with labour and anxiety as is the Foreign Office at the present time.

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

THE STAFF WORK IN THE WAR

As regards alleged shortcomings during the present war, it is probable that the staff of the army in South Africa stands next in order to the Medical Department, the denunciations against it taking, of course, a much milder form, inasmuch as emotional feelings do not enter into the matter. Distant rumblings of a coming outburst of accusations have already made themselves heard, whilst in private letters received from regimental officers at the seat of war are expressions of opinion neither polite to nor favourable to the staff. Then, also, at home appear at intervals fulminations, sometimes of a wild character, against the Staff College, which institution is held up to scorn as the root of all the evils, and is paraded before the public as the hotbed in which have been nurtured the poorer specimens of the 'staff officer,' and demands are made that, its worthlessness as a manufactory for the production of the genuine article having been clearly demonstrated by the experience of the South African campaign, it shall be radically reformed, if not abolished.

The following two quotations will serve for illustration of these views. In an anonymous article which appeared in a Service magazine in July last we read :

It is not the intention of the writer of this article to attempt, at the present time, a criticism upon the strategical or tactical errors which have been committed by various general officers and others during the course of the campaign, but to deal only with one fundamental blot upon our military system, which is particularly responsible for most of those errors.

The beginning, the middle, and the end of the whole matter is the bad system under which the staff of the British Army is at present selected.

Very many of our staff officers are hopelessly incompetent.

Another anonymous writer, whose violent mode of expressing his opinions goes far to counterbalance any value they may possess, says :

In fact, it is hardly too much to say that the Staff College graduate has become a byword and a reproach among regimental officers. . . . In fact, not a single Staff College graduate has done anything at all remarkable for brilliancy in the whole course of the campaign ; which is rather a remarkable result, considering that Staff College men get the preference in all appointments," and that the college has been in existence for something like forty years.

Bearing in mind the little that we know at present of the inner working of the campaign, opinions on any of the branches of the work, including the staff work, cannot be other than 'impressions' only, for the source from which they are derived is information incomplete and not thoroughly reliable; so I am justified in declining to accept the correctness of the statement, that the mode in which our staff is at present selected is 'particularly responsible' for the 'strategical and tactical errors which have been committed by various general officers and others during the course of the campaign.' The assertion that 'not a single Staff College graduate has done anything remarkable for brilliancy in the whole course of the campaign' is not only a startling assumption of omniscience on the part of the writer who makes it, but will, I have reason to believe, eventually be found to be contrary to fact.

With the Staff College and the mode of selection for the staff both writers also deal, but, owing to their having adopted the anonymous guise, it is impossible to say how much weight should be given to their views, opinions, or even statements of fact; and, judging from what they have written, I am compelled to class these also as a collection of 'impressions' only. But, in justice to both, let me say that I believe that these 'impressionist' critics have a very large following in the Service and outside it. Only the other day a very able officer of the sister profession, standing with me in the vicinity of the Staff College, and talking about the war, pointed to it derisively, and seemed to regard it as an unisolated hospital for infection cases, and of real danger to the military community.

There is, however, a time-honoured saying, 'no smoke without fire,' and that saying holds good here. In this article I propose to endeavour to lay bare the source of the 'smoke'; and, fortunately for convenience of examination, the combustible materials may be separated into two portions, each of which is emitting its own share of the 'smoke.' One is the alleged failures of the staff work in the South African war; the other is the Staff College and its accompanying iniquities. The former will be considered first, and, as an earnest of my desire to deal with both portions impartially, I will say at once that it is not the existence of 'smoke' that has surprised me, but that the volume of it is so small, and that it has been unaccompanied by any outburst of fire. The extraordinary thing, unlooked for at all events by myself, is not that there have been failures in staff work, but that in this campaign, in many respects unprecedented in military history, especially in its sudden, vast and totally unexpected development, there has not been a complete breakdown. For staff work does not consist only of the planning the strategy of a campaign and conducting the tactics of a battle; there is also work of a far more extensive character—the moving the troops in the theatre of war, keeping them supplied with food,

clothing, and the necessities of life, and never letting them lose their fighting value for want of ammunition. It is, however, on the results of strategy and battles that the public mainly bases its estimate of staff work, for it is the strategy and the fighting that are chiefly before them. But it is by its all-round work that a 'staff' must be judged. It will be convenient to deal first with the staff work not actually part of the strategy and the tactics, leaving this branch to be taken in connection with the consideration of the selection of officers for the staff, and of the Staff College as a staff training institution.

I

As the initial step we must realise the extent of the area over which the staff have worked and are working still. For this purpose the comparative method is preferable to only a mere statement of distance in miles. Take, then, a map of the British Isles; draw from the south-east corner, about Dover, a line touching the south coast of England and as far as a meridian passing along the west coast of Ireland; from the same corner draw a line north touching the east coast of England and up to and including the Shetland Islands; complete the rectangle, which will measure 550 miles by 700 miles, and the space enclosed is, approximately, that of the area of staff work in South Africa, Cape Town and East London being on the southern line, Mafeking and Pretoria on the northern line. In the earlier stages of the war there was at home widespread ignorance of the distances apart of places in South Africa, and people talked of the relief of Kimberley and Mafeking, and of the walk into Pretoria, as if the chief places were tens instead of hundreds of miles apart.

Now, taking our comparative area as of land only, let us picture to ourselves its surface, and both what is on it and what is not on it. It shows some barren plains, and also numerous great rugged features difficult to traverse and affording wellnigh impregnable strongholds to an enemy; it furnishes but few supplies and is specially deficient in water. Only here and there, far apart, are so-called towns. As regards communications, there are three or four single-line railways, running from one end to the other, with gradients so heavy as to restrict to small proportions the carrying capacity of the trains working over them; and in no way as regards military traffic do they comply with military transport requirements. Good roads are scarce, and bridges over rivers are few and far between; the tracks pass through these rivers by difficult and dangerous crossings. The means of transport, other than by rail, are waggons drawn by slow-going oxen or obstinately minded mules, with here and there the assistance of a traction engine or steam-sapper. Now mark on the area the actual and relative positions of Lord Roberts's main body of troops, of his widely separated divisions, of his posts holding small

detachments; remember that almost every article for the troops had to be landed at the southern end of the rectangle, and thence conveyed and distributed all over the area to the troops, of whom many were actually on the move, and that all this time there has been, simultaneously with the flow north, a return flow of sick and wounded men and of returned transport, and it will be admitted that the control and conduct of such an undertaking, liable at any moment, moreover, to be interrupted by a hostile raid, is one of difficulty enough to sorely try the business powers and administrative capacity of even Euston traffic managers, Pickfords, Liptons and practised universal providers. Whether as regards area or attendant difficulties, the German staff work of the Franco-German war falls into the background altogether. Had it not been for the grand endurance of our troops, no staff could have done the work; without this endurance of quarter rations, and sometimes even no rations, worn-out boots, and clothing in rags and tatters, the best staff in the world would have failed; but with it the staff have been able to keep everything going. And when we consider what and whom this staff are on which the work has necessarily fallen, we can afford to put on one side the failures and blunders, and we are justified in feeling no little gratification at what is a proof of power and ability among the rank and file of our officers.

For in the foregoing remarks I have used the designation 'staff' in its full and proper meaning, and not in any narrow sense. Some people are apt to think that the word 'staff' applies only to the brass-hatted, mounted officers who are so much *en évidence* in the personal *entourage* of a general officer at a field day, a review, or even on the scene of a real battle. This idea is quite wrong; the word 'staff' is applied to every individual officer in an army who exercises authority over his own seniors in rank by virtue of delegation of authority to him by one who is their senior. Thus a captain on the staff of Lord Roberts gives an order to Lieutenant-General Rundle, and the latter obeys the order because the delegating authority, Lord Roberts, is senior to Lieutenant-General Rundle. So also at a railway station, a colonel who is ordered by a major to detrain his battalion *en route* is obliged to obey the order, because the major is acting on the authority delegated by a general. The staff of our army in South Africa must, however, be regarded as consisting of two divisions, the regular staff and the supplementary staff. The establishment of the former, which is the 'staff' in the restricted sense of the word, is laid down in the Regulations for both peace and war; but no sooner does an army take the field than a great amount of extra work has to be done, the nature of which depends mainly on the circumstances attending the war and on the character of the theatre of operations. It is not fighting work, or work on the battlefield, but that connected with the movement, supply, and transport

of the troops, and work on the lines of communication, besides many other various duties. For this work are told off officers under the denomination of 'special-service' officers, but they are in fact extra staff officers. The *London Gazette* of the 10th of July gives a good illustration of the work and of the varied character of the work which falls to the supplementary staff: remount department, station staff officer, railway staff officer; commandant of prisoners of war, railway transport officer, military landing officer; assistant disembarking officer, embarking staff officer, railway and station staff officer—such are some of the posts and the duties which have come into existence in the course of the war, and which fall to the supplementary staff. The mistakes and blunders made by the staff in this work come home most unpleasantly to the troops. A battalion entrained, detrained, and again entrained in the course of a couple of hours at a junction of single-lined railways, and hungry and thirsty withal, will naturally consign to perdition the staff officer in charge of the station; but this unfortunate man may have had to endeavour to reconcile transport requirements conflicting enough to try sorely the business capacity of a traffic manager at Crewe or Carlisle: sleep, except by snatches, may be unknown to him, so he loses his temper, and at once that 'infernal staff' is the subject of bitter comments on the spot and of sarcastic description in letters home. A very little experience of active service reveals, however, to regimental officers the difficulties of staff work in a campaign; they soon begin to make allowances for the troubles and trials. Another mitigating circumstance is found in the fact that the main body of the supplementary staff are only staff officers 'on the job,' so to speak, and taken without any previous training or preparation from among themselves, the regimental officers. The July *Army List* gives 169 special-service officers and 129 officers on the lines of communication; of the former only eighteen, and of the latter only twenty-two, possess the Staff College certificate; so the regimental officers constitute nearly six-sevenths of this branch of the staff. The anger of the army is not directed really against the rank and file of the staff, but against the people who from the higher rounds of the staff ladder issue the orders which the lower-placed staff have to carry into execution. It is the regular staff officer, trained to the work, educated for it, practising it in peace in well-paid posts, who is naturally expected to show on service that he is worthy of the position he holds, and that he deserves the advantages and benefits he has gained by holding similar positions in time of peace. It is here that in connection with this branch of staff work in the field the Staff College, the selection of officers for training at the college, and the real as compared with the nominal worth of the man labelled P.S.C. are called, and rightfully so, to account. I regard the South African campaign as one which has presented enormous and almost

unprecedented difficulties to the execution of the off-the-battlefield staff work, but this may be an error due to obliquity of vision combined with professional ignorance; but, nevertheless, these are the only spectacles I can employ, and looking through them the blunders, failures, and mistakes seem to lose themselves in the vastness of the mass of this staff work and its generally satisfactory performance. I remember that this work is mainly that carried out by the regimental officers; and I point to it with pride, as a vindication of the capacity and power of that class of officer to which it seems just now to be the fashion to refuse to attribute any soldierly qualities or any mental qualities, save personal courage and endurance—the regimental officers. Off the battlefield there must have been blunders, mistakes, and failures. Realise the actual circumstances, and the marvel is there have not been more.

II

The other branch of staff work—that which may be designated the combatant work—will now be considered. I know how many were the mistakes and blunders made in the War of 1870–71, even by the highly trained staff of the German Army, in a campaign thoroughly thought out, and for which every possible provision had been made beforehand, and therefore it would be incredible to me that our own staff would be infallible in this out-of-the-ordinary war in South Africa. But that the staff work in South Africa has gone crooked sometimes has been abundantly proved by the despatches already published in connection with the war, especially those dealing with Spion Kop and Stormberg. It is certain that more instances will come to light with the eventual publication of the other despatches.

But supposing the mistakes and blunders duly catalogued, what then? The catalogue will not be a 'defaulter sheet' peculiar to the British Army; it will merely be one of those which the staff work of every army will most surely furnish in the future, for every war conducted under modern conditions. Mistakes, blunders, misinterpretation of orders, and the miscarriage of well-laid plans, form the atmosphere in which regular war is now carried on. This is the inevitable accompaniment of the more recent developments of the art and practice of war, but it seems to have escaped notice. We admit the existence of this accompaniment in the work of small units. We try to impress on the battalion commander that to eight other officers, the company commanders, must be delegated the direct control of the eight companies which constitute the battalion he commands; so the working of the battalion is no longer in the hands of one man, but in those of nine men somewhat distant from each other. The machine he nominally directs is no longer a barrel-organ played by himself alone at the handle; it is a somewhat

dispersed orchestra that he tries to conduct, but of which each member plays his own instrument and does his best to keep in time and tune with seven other performers, some far away, hidden, or perhaps out of hearing. But we have not yet learnt to fully realise the application of the fact to the work of large bodies of troops. In old days each supreme commander could see the whole battlefield, and could control the leading and make the faults good. But owing to the expansion of the battle area in width and depth, due to the increased power of the weapons and the size of the armies, this is no longer possible. The supreme leader has been dethroned from his position of an autocrat whose will suffices and is law; and his kingdom has become so large that portions of it are beyond the reach of his personal observation, and he has to employ consuls and pro-consuls everywhere, entrusting them with discretionary power for action, as far as possible in conformity with his own views, and receiving reports from them and sending replies and directions in return. What a wide field lies open for mistakes, misapprehensions, and conflicting orders and decisions.

The old saying that he is the best general who makes the fewest mistakes does not now apply only to the great leaders of armies, though it is usually accepted in this sense; it is equally applicable to leaders of all ranks opposed to each other, and to staff officers as well. Mistakes and blunders are inseparable from the carrying out of all encounters, and from strategy down to the attack of a solitary farmstead. This is no mere theory; it is based on facts. Take, for instance, the strategy and the battles in the early days of December 1870 around Orleans. The operations were failures, both strategically and tactically. An empty city was captured, but two fresh campaigns, one in the west against Chanzy, and another in the east against Bourbaki, were the costly results; and all owing to the changed conditions of the higher leading and to the openings given for the intrusion of the disturbing influences due to the new phase of the conduct of war.

In considering the alleged or actual shortcomings in staff work, and in seeking to apportion blame, we are always confronted by the difficulty of ascertaining whether it was the general or his staff, or whether, perhaps, it was both general and staff, who were at fault; for it is almost impossible to assign to each the right share of responsibility. In war, neither a general nor his staff act independently of each other; they form a combination for work. And of these combinations there are four kinds: the able general with an indifferent staff, the indifferent general with an able staff, the indifferent general with an indifferent staff, and lastly—rarest combination of all—the able general with an able staff. Thoroughly illustrative of these various combinations are the revelations which of late years have been made in connection with the Franco-German

war. Von Wartensleben was one of the ablest of German staff officers, and in his published letters to his wife, written during the progress of the campaign, we see the picture of an able staff officer practically helpless whilst on the staff of the fiery, obstinate, old-fashioned Von Steinmetz; and how, on the other hand, all went smoothly and the staff worked well when, on Von Steinmetz's retirement, Von Wartensleben found himself on the staff of that grand soldier, Von Manteuffel. The perpetration of errors by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was put an end to by the substitution of the strong staff officer Von Stosch for a weaker staff officer. Even Prince Frederick Charles suffered as a leader from the fact that the chief of his staff was not of the class of mind suitable to deal with his personality. So, as my friends, or, at all events, my acquaintances among the generals and the staff officers in the South African army are, owing to certain circumstances, legion, I, whenever I hear or read of some one of the generals doing something well or badly, at once inquire who is his chief staff officer.

According to the *Army List* for July, there are in that army thirteen divisional generals and thirty-two brigadiers, and I am quite sure that in this crowd there are the same combinations of general and staff I have specified.

The published despatches of the lieutenant-general commanding the cavalry division in South Africa afford us the comforting assurance that the rarest of the four combinations does exist in that army; and in this particular combination the 'honours are equal' as regards the non-Staff College and the P.S.C. As regards two other divisions, which must necessarily be nameless, I had the good fortune to meet lately a war correspondent who has seen a great deal of the campaign in different parts of the theatre of war. I asked him about a particular and a very unpleasant incident. 'Did the staff officer concur in the decision of the general?' The reply was, 'No.' Knowing the two men well, it was the answer I anticipated. The staff officer was a strong man, but the general was stronger; yet the former was right, the latter wrong. I then asked about another general whom I knew to have been struggling against adverse conditions of various kinds. The reply was favourable to the general, and my friend remarked, 'He never had a good staff officer until ——— was appointed to his staff.' This ——— was an able man with P.S.C. to his name.

And now, as strictly relevant to the staff question, I make a rough analysis of the list of generals and staffs to try and get some idea of the proportions of specially trained officers, *i.e.* P.S.C. men, and of untrained officers among them, and I have endeavoured to ascertain to what extent our staff training in the past can have had influence on the leading and the staff work in the war. I think it will be found that that influence has necessarily been very small, although the Staff College has been at work for some forty years.

Neither Lord Roberts nor Sir Redvers Buller were Staff College men. Of the 13 divisional generals only 3 are P.S.C. Of the 32 brigadiers only 11 are P.S.C. On the headquarter combatant staff, about 32 in number, three-fourths are P.S.C. Of the 83 staff officers with divisions and brigades the Staff College supplied 42. On the lines of communication are 129 officers, the P.S.C. numbering only 22. The 169 special-service officers include only 18 P.S.C. men. So out of the total number of generals and staff officers, 460, the Staff College has supplied only about one-fourth, 120. And it is well to explain what, for this small proportion of the South African army staff, the training has been. •

Commencing with the year 1859, our training and preparation of officers for the staff has been conducted on one simple plan, slightly modified in details in the course of the forty years. Annually some twenty to thirty regimental officers who have passed a written examination, and have secured beforehand a merely formal certificate of fitness for staff employment, have entered the college; there they have remained for two years, undergoing a certain course of instruction and the ordeal of examinations; during this time, or immediately afterwards, they have been attached to the arms other than that to which they belong. At the end of this course they have quitted the college, and there the training ends; for never again do they receive any further training, never are they tested as to their value after having been trained and taught, or as to their aptitude for the application of the knowledge gained at the college. They have a sort of vested interest for staff employment during the rest of their lives.

And by no means must be omitted the mention of the indiscriminately applied stamping process, the invariable accompaniment of exit from the portals of the institution. As each student passes from the fold he is stamped P.S.C. Theoretically this means 'champagne.' It really means only 'fizz;' for that quality is the only one common to all wines branded as champagne, and 'fizz' covers all of its kind, from Moët to gooseberry, as do the mystic symbols P.S.C. But it must in fairness be added that the vintage has much improved of late years, owing to an improvement in the surrounding conditions. Up to the early part of the eighties the gaining the certificate depended solely on passing the examinations; then the college board, consisting of the commandant and the four military professors, were empowered to recommend the withholding the certificate from successful examinees whom they considered to have shown themselves, during the two years' residence, unfit for staff employment. Very sparingly has this power been exercised, and on the last occasion when it was brought into play a perfect storm of obloquy, directed against the commandant, burst out in the Service press. It was hardly encouraging to the college

board to continue the process of winnowing chaff from wheat. So far, however, as this staff training, good, bad, or indifferent as it may have been, has had any influence on the general officers in South Africa, this influence has been indirect, and in some cases necessarily very remote, if even existent at all; and it varies in degree, in each case, with the time which has elapsed between the general quitting the college and his taking command in the field, and also with the nature of his employment meanwhile. Unfortunately, this indelible P.S.C. connects the college with him in all the shortcomings of his future professional career. For his successes the P.S.C. seldom gets any credit at all.

Taking the general officers in South Africa to whose names these initials are affixed, I find that one passed out of the College in 1870, thirty years ago, a second in 1872, a third in 1875, a fourth in 1877, and the ten others in the eighties. The first, the oldest graduate, was in 1869-70 taught the military art and science of that distant time, according to the knowledge and to the ideas of teaching at that time. What conceivable relation can that far-away two-year episode of his life bear to his military efficiency thirty years later in this campaign? Neither credit nor discredit could attach to the Staff College owing to this officer having been there as a student nearly a generation ago.

As regards the staff officers, it is seventeen years ago that the senior officer on the staff, learned in the military lore of that period, graduated at the college. It depends not entirely on the graduated student himself whether in after years he maintains his efficiency, improves, or deteriorates as a staff officer in the field. In our widely scattered Army the staff appointments are of such various kinds that his work in the field may be that which the officer has never again to think about. The value of the Staff College as a preparatory establishment for staff work in the field cannot, therefore, be judged merely by the efficiency or inefficiency of the staff officers who write P.S.C. after their names.

And even with respect to the few P.S.C. officers who have been appointed to our larger military stations, and have taken part in our manœuvres at home, these exercises have taught them little and have not afforded them any real experience, for never since 1890, when the first cavalry manœuvres took place, have the exercises been worked on Service conditions, and the culmination of working on non-service conditions was attained at the great Salisbury manœuvres of 1898. Just in the same way and for the same reasons that our tactical training for regular war has been a sham, so has been our staff-training at tactical exercises and manœuvres. It would seem that the War Office authorities, military and civil alike, have regarded regular warfare as so improbable an incident in the future military history of the country that real preparation for it, either in battle

leading or staff work, was unnecessary. The 'rough-and-tumble' staff work of our Indian wars and minor expeditions has been the practice and experience of the majority of the staff officers now in South Africa, whether P.S.C. or not. Staff work in regular war has been studied, taught, and practised, so far as possible, at the Staff College; but from peace training of this kind are necessarily absent most of the disturbing influences which crop up in actual war. So our staff as well as our regimental officers were taken by surprise when they made their first essays against the Boers. But the hardly well-informed general public, judging by the results only, have, in their indignation to place the saddle somewhere, put it on the wrong horse, individual incapacity or stupidity, rather than the right one, not unnatural unpreparedness.

I leave here, therefore, the subject of the staff work in the South African campaign, and turn to that of the Staff College, as the preparatory training establishment of the staff of our Army.

III

That it is the Staff College that is at the bottom of all our trouble there are people who firmly maintain; and I gladly welcome this extravagant idea, because, though there is really little relation between the effects and the alleged cause, yet, if the denouncers will but become sufficiently noisy and sufficiently audacious in their statements, the military authorities will have to fully reconsider and reform the present system of training and selecting officers for the staff; of which process the training at the college itself should be but one of the elements. And if in the course of these remarks I appear somewhat dogmatic, the fact is due to my having since 1862, except for ten years, resided within a mile of the Staff College, and even during three out of those ten years I prepared candidates for it. For seven years I was one of the professors, and practically for the whole time have I known the commandants, professors, and students; and, further, I have watched the training at the college in the various forms that training has taken. The Staff College has ever been to me a place where, in addition to pleasant social intercourse, I have had the great benefit of keeping in touch with the present and the younger generations of thinking soldiers. The Staff College is not, and does not affect to be, a manufactory of staff officers for the field or elsewhere. The ideal staff officer in the field is a man who, with a knowledge of regimental life, possesses also a thorough knowledge of the art and science of war and of the machinery of armies, the instruments of war. He possesses sound judgment, arrives rapidly at correct decisions in difficult cases, has good business habits, and is thoroughly tactful in dealing with men, whether his seniors or his juniors in rank. He must be a good

horseman, possess a strong physique, and be impervious to either bodily or mental fatigue. The ideal staff officer is neither born nor made. He is a human being born with certain inherent aptitudes, and on whom is subsequently grafted certain knowledge, without which those aptitudes cannot yield the full results, but this knowledge remains barren or is misused unless these special aptitudes exist to profit by it and to utilise it rightly.

But there is work for the staff other than in the field—work which is done indoors in peace time; work connected with devising and arranging schemes and details for mobilisation, for campaigns and possible expeditions and wars, and collecting and tabulating information, all of which work means the possessing of strong thinking power and carries with it in its execution much burning of the midnight oil. Quite a different class of man is needed for this sort of work, yet no army can call its staff thoroughly complete without them.

Nearly one thousand officers have graduated at the college since it was instituted. The roll from 1858 to 1887 compiled by General Clive gives some 600 names. In it we find the names of some well-known men—Lord Cromer, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir John Ardagh, Sir E. H. Collin, and that born leader of men, the late Herbert Stewart; but there are not many of this type. On the other hand, are in it the names of some very poor things who entered the college, obtained the P.S.C., and may be wearing it now. With regard to the large intermediate class, there have been all gradations of intelligence and capacity. I have known a whole batch of really strong men come in at one examination, and whose conversation on professional subjects was instruction to the instructors; and a whole batch of weak men of the most ordinary type at another examination.

It has been a common cry that the 'best men' have not come to the Staff College. What the 'best men' are is not exactly specified; but I have always thought that this abstention was hardly to the credit of the 'best men,' who possessed any professional ambition, because a 'best man,' recognised outside the college as such, would be sure, on obtaining a S.C. certificate, of coming to the front as a staff officer. On the whole, the students at the Staff College seem to me to have been a good representation of the regimental officers as a body, and the gradations in capacity of the Staff College students correspond to the gradations in capacity of the regimental officers. In both classes are a few brilliant men, in both classes are men fit for little more than very ordinary work; in both classes the brilliant and the dull are connected by a series of links ranging from one to the other. The lower types may do their duty in the field with men, but they are out of place in responsible positions on the staff; and the great weakness of the Staff College, which is a somewhat expensive institution to the country, is that the country

has paid for the special education of far too many officers whose education has not been worth the cost, and the P.S.C. has consequently been applied to too much debased coinage, as well as to coinage up to standard. Not that there is any cause for wonder at this on the part of oldsters like myself, who commenced their military career in the dark ages when the college was instituted. The Army hated it, as rendering work necessary for staff appointments which hitherto had been attainable without work. The senior officers as a body were averse to it, and they knew that the 'powers that be,' or rather 'were,' held the same views.

In 1869, when the college had been at work for ten years, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, at that time the Commander-in-Chief, openly avowed his preference for the staff officer taken direct from a regiment to any staff officer otherwise prepared; but how the impossible task of training at a regiment an officer for staff employment was to be done is not apparent in the evidence given. Lieut.-General the Right Honourable Jonathan Peel, who had been Secretary of State for War, gave his opinion that regimental officers might very fairly be selected as staff officers without any Staff College at all. The then Adjutant-General, Lord W. Paulet, said, 'I am not myself a great advocate for the Staff College; I think that an officer ought to manage to educate himself quite enough if he chooses.'

Commanding officers followed the lead given, and used the Staff College as a place of residence for two or three years for worthless officers whose room they regarded as preferable to their company, or they did all they could to deter an officer useful to them from going there. The regimental officers looked upon the students as shirkers from their proper work. Nor were the students themselves favourably impressed with the college; it was a school for big boys under the head of the Military Education Department, instead of being directly under the Adjutant-General, the head of the staff. I remember well the effect produced on the students on one occasion, when two or three officers who had failed at a college examination found themselves receiving a severe reprimand from the Adjutant-General himself, instead of merely a 'wiggling' from the head schoolmaster, the Director-General of Military Education. The present Commander-in-Chief did his best to try to improve the college when he was Adjutant-General, but the official opposition he encountered was too strong even for him. The graduates consequently took back to their regiments no encouraging account of the two years' residence at the college; and certainly, up to the date of my relinquishing my professorship and leaving the Service in 1884, the instruction, taken as a whole, was thoroughly unsatisfactory and unpractical. The then Director-General seemed to take little interest in it: the one subject the Commandant favoured was military sketching. I know that each of us military professors did his little best, but it was in his own

fashion ; it was a ' professors ' college without any real leading, without any one above us caring much what was done. Since that time improvement commenced, and has continued, though perhaps not over-quickly. But a new era set in in 1893, when Colonel, now the present Lieut.-General Hildyard, C.B., became Commandant, and only two years later had Lord Wolseley at his back as Commander-in-Chief. On his professional staff were two really able men and thoroughly practical instructors—Lieut.-Colonel Henderson, York and Lancaster Regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Walker, R.A. Colonel Hildyard's Commandantship lasted about five years, when he was given the command of a brigade at Aldershot. It was the golden age of the college as regards real training, the acquisition of knowledge, and the practice of staff work, and shortly after it terminated the college was closed. If, however, it should turn out that some of the students of that period have not shown themselves to have profited by it, the cause is to be found in the material with which the instructors had to deal being not of the right quality, but indifferent samples.

In this respect one very important disadvantage has accrued in the past from the unpopularity of the college with the authorities and in the Army. It has been necessary to offer baits to induce officers to come there. These baits have been mainly a not over-severe entrance examination, a fair prospect of obtaining the certificate after the residence at the college, the restriction of the power of rejection to extreme cases only, and finally the fair assurance of special employment in some capacity afterwards as a return for time, money, and labour spent in preparing for the entrance and in passing through the course. Many officers seek the P.S.C. certificate therefore for a variety of reasons other than the purpose of becoming a staff officer in the true meaning of the term, and the public money is wasted in expensively qualifying officers for other and for less important purposes than that for which the institution exists. The candidates whose horizon of professional ambition is bounded by brigade-majorships or instructional appointments at the Royal Military College are *de trop* at what should be the highest military educational institution of the country. Here, then, is the first step to be taken for improvement of the results obtained from the Staff College—namely the determining the character of the candidate for admission, as affording the probability that he will repay in his staff work hereafter the cost of the training, and admitting only those who satisfy the requirement. Reform in this matter can, fortunately, be commenced at once. Assuming that the further progress of affairs in South Africa will admit of the college reopening in January next, and that officers now there on service can be spared to come home, a very considerable number of officers who were students at the college when the war broke out, or have joined it

since that time, and were ordered from it on service, would rejoin. But the selecting process must be carried out preparatory to this* permission being accorded. The possession of qualifications for staff work had in the case of all these officers been merely a matter of opinion on the part of the three regimental field officers who vouched for the fact. But in the case of many of them the soundness of that opinion has been put to the proof in actual war, and on the result must rest the continuing or discontinuing of their training at the Staff College. During August has also been held under the existing regulations a competitive examination for entrance in January, the competition holding good only for a certain proportion of entries. The successful candidates have a fair right to their share in the admission on this occasion, but every other vacancy should be by selection only, subject to a qualifying examination. No officer who is ignorant of the elements of the work at the college can derive the full benefit of his residence there. There has always been in our Army a very strong prejudice against selection, as it has been regarded as a synonym with favouritism and back-door influence; and the prejudice is well founded. For the next few years, however, the principle of selection can be beneficially exercised, and without the accompanying disadvantages. Competition must be maintained, but it should be of a severe character and in limited proportions. Selection should be the basis for the majority of the candidates, the selection being based on the reports of the general officers under whom the candidates to be selected have served in war. At the present time also, according to a paragraph in the Queen's Regulations, officers who have shown their qualifications for the staff by staff service in war are exempted from the need to obtain the Staff College certificate. The result produces a very one-sided staff officer. He may have proved his capacity when acting in the Soudan or against the hill tribes in India, but as regards war outside either of these he may know nothing. Owing to the varied character of the wars in which we may be engaged limited knowledge may be as bad or worse than no knowledge at all. Our staff officers, liable to be employed here, there, and everywhere, have need to know much of war generally, and they cannot be regarded as thoroughly prepared staff officers until they have acquired this knowledge, and the channel of communication with it lies at the Staff College.

But assuming that the college on reopening is found filled with really likely *personnel* for the staff, how about those who are to train them—the commandant and the professors? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* At present the appointments are unfilled; they exist nominally only. Whoever are to lead, it must be men who will command *ab initio* the respect of the students; and, similarly, what is taught must be apparent to the students to be useful and to the point, as was certainly the case in the 'golden age.' Then, when the student

graduates at the college, it rests with the headquarter staff of the Army to use him as best suited to his personal characteristics and qualifications, all of which will have been tolerably closely ascertained. It will be for the Army authorities to provide for his subsequent training, and to test him to ascertain that he is not going back, but forwards. It will be for them to put the square or round peg each in the hole it fits, and to cast it altogether on one side if on trial it fits no hole at all. The small peg nowadays is, moreover, thought to be big enough for a hole however big so long as the peg keeps alive; men fit only for a minor appointment only become by sheer existence chief staff officers. And sometimes a staff officer is found so useful that he never leaves the staff, and so loses all touch with the officers and men whose movements he will have to direct and whose wants and needs he will have to supply in real war. Reform is required not only inside the college, but outside it, as regards providing the fullest and most efficient staff for our Army. It is not difficult to find the way; the adoption depends on will only, the will of the military authorities, and, just emerging as we are from the troubles and trials of the greatest of our wars, this will is hardly likely to be absent from those who control our Army, whoever they may be.

The Staff College has, with all its shortcomings, been of great value to the Service generally. It has been the only institution where officers have been able to study the higher work of the profession, or, in fact, to learn what the work of that profession is and how it should be carried out. And it is through these officers that military knowledge and military instruction have been widely diffused throughout the Army. In conclusion, to the main charge, as it really is, against the institution that I know so well, the institution where I passed the seven happiest years of my professional life, always finding there officers as anxious to learn as I was desirous to teach, I plead guilty on behalf of it. That charge is, that founded in the dark ages, forty years ago, and overshadowed during seven-eighths of its existence by the cold shade of unpopularity, and given the cold shoulder by the authorities, it has failed to produce the number of brilliant generals and brilliant staff officers required to lead uninterruptedly to success the largest British army that has ever taken part in our nation's wars, and to conquer at once a foe whose novel methods of fighting and whose real military capacity for this war have at once surprised soldiers of all nations and have gained for them admiration as enemies worthy of our steel.

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LONSDALE HALE, *Colonel.*

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA

1. CONFUCIANISM

CHINA has had for a long time not one but three State religions—that is, three religions, tolerated, supported, and protected by the State. The most widely spread and thoroughly national, however, is that which was restored and preserved, though not founded, by Confucius. Though it goes by his name as Confucianism, he himself, it should be remembered, never claims the books on which it rests as his own. These books are the Five Kings:—

- (1) The *Yih King*, the Book of Changes.
- (2) The *Shû King*, the Book of Historical Documents.
- (3) The *She King*, the Book of Poetry.
- (4) The *Le Ke*, the Record of Rites.
- (5) The *Ch'eun Ts'ew*, Spring and Autumn, a chronicle of events from 721 B.C. to 480.

Secondly the four books, the *Shû*, or the books of the Four Philosophers:—

- (1) The *Lun Yu*, the Digested Conversations, chiefly the sayings of Confucius.
- (2) The *Ta Hëw*, or Great Learning, commonly attributed to Ts'ang Sin, a disciple of Confucius.
- (3) The *Chung Yung*, or the Doctrine of the Mean, ascribed to K'ung Keih, the grandson of Confucius.
- (4) *The Works of Mencius*.¹

Confucius calls himself a transmitter only, not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients. When speaking of himself, he says: 'At fifteen I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty I stood firm. At forty I had no doubts. At fifty I knew the decrees of heaven. At sixty my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth. At seventy I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right.' Confucius died in 478 B.C., complaining that among all the Princes of the Empire there was not one who had adopted his principles, not one who would obey his lessons. This shows—what is, in fact, confirmed from other sources—that he himself

¹ See Legge, *Confucius*, pp. 1 and 2.

was not an active reformer, so that while alive he scarcely produced a ripple on the smooth and silent surface of the religious thought of his own country. He was, no doubt, in advance of his contemporaries, but he took his stand chiefly on certain verities that had come down to him from ancient times, and his faith in these verities and in their coming revival has certainly not been belied by what happened after his death. His grandson already speaks of him as the ideal of a sage, as a sage is the ideal of all humanity. But even this grandson was far from claiming divine honours for his grandsire, though he certainly seems to exalt his wisdom and virtue beyond the limits of human nature. Thus he writes :—

He may be compared to heaven and earth in their supporting and containing, their overshadowing and curtaining all things; he may be compared to the four seasons in their alternating progress, and to the sun and moon in their successive shining. . . . Quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intellect and all-embracing knowledge, he was fitted to exercise rule. Magnanimous, generous, benign and mild, he was fitted to exercise forbearance. Impulsive, energetic, firm and enduring, he was fitted to maintain a firm hold. Self-adjusted, grave, never swerving from the mean, and correct, he was fitted to command reverence. Accomplished, distinctive, concentrative and searching, he was fitted to exercise discrimination.² . . . All-embracing and vast, he was like heaven; deep and active as a fountain, he was like the abyss. . . . Therefore his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ships and carriages reach, wherever the strength of man penetrates, wherever the heavens overshadow and the earth sustains, wherever the sun and moon shine, wherever frost and dews fall, all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honour and love him. Hence it is said, He is the equal of Heaven.

Considering that all this is said of a man who died as a simple official in a provincial town, the fact that in the second generation after him he was called the equal of Heaven is certainly surprising, particularly if we remember that Heaven is here used in the sense of the Divine. Confucius himself would have most strongly protested against any of the doctrines of his religion, as taught in the Five Kings and the Four Shûs, being ascribed to him or to any superhuman source. There is no other founder of any religious or philosophical system so anxious to hide his own personality, and to confess the general truth that what we receive is much, and what we add ourselves is little—infinitesimally little if compared with what we receive. And what is the result? Hundreds of millions are now professedly followers of Confucius, while we are told that Hegel on his death-bed declared that he had left one disciple only, and that this disciple had misunderstood him. If some of our modern philosophers lay so much stress on what they imagine is entirely their own invention—such as, for instance, *evolution* or *development* or *growth* or *Werden*—is not that chiefly owing to their ignorance of the history

² Several of these adjectives can be translated approximately only, as there is nothing exactly corresponding to them in English.

of philosophy? Religion is in that respect very much like language, People may preserve, they may even improve, purify, and add to their language, but in the end they are, like Confucius, not inventors, but only transmitters of language and religion.

How closely the fundamental ideas of the Chinese religion are connected with language has been shown for the first time by Professor Legge. He has laid bare a whole stratum of language and religion in China of which we had formerly no idea, and it is owing to our ignorance of that stratum that the Chinese religion has so often been represented as unconnected with Nature-worship such as we find in all Aryan religions; as without any mythology—nay, as without any God. But it cannot be doubted that several of these mythological and religious ideas appear even at an earlier time in China than in India or in Egypt and Babylon. And they appear there not only in the words, but, as Professor Legge has shown, even in the written symbols of the words which are generally ascribed to nearly 4,000 or 6,000 years before our time.

This surely requires the attention of all students of antiquity. It has generally been supposed that it was chiefly among the Aryan nations that Nature led on to Nature's gods; and it is hardly doubted now that not only the heavenly luminaries, but dawn and night, rain and thunder, rivers and trees and mountains, were worshipped in the Veda, though while this kind of worship led to Polytheism, there were always faint rays of Monotheism which may possibly be due to a more ancient worship of the sky and the sun, and which afterwards developed into the conception of *one* God, or of one God above all gods. I say possibly, though what we know of the religious ideas of other nations, and even of savage and uncivilised races, seems to admit of this explanation only. That similar traces of a worship of Nature would be found in China was never even suspected. At all events the religion of the Chinese seemed to have left the mythological stage long before the time of Confucius. It seemed to be a prosaic and thoroughly unpoetical religion—full of sensible and wise saws, but a system of morality and of worldly wisdom rather than of religious dogmas and personal devotion. If it was full of eternal verities, it was also full of truisms. Again, if we mean by religion a revelation of the Deity, of its existence, its acts and its qualities, miraculously imparted to inspired seers and prophets, Confucius and those who followed him knew of none of these things, and hence they were even accused of having had no religion at all, or of having been Atheists in disguise. Against such a charge however, as Professor Legge has clearly shown, the Chinese language, nay, even the Chinese system of writing protests most strongly. I ought to mention, perhaps, that Professor Legge was well acquainted with what I had written about *Dyaus*, *Zeus*, and *Jupiter*. He knew that in Sanskrit *dyaus*, as a feminine, means sky, the bright one, from a root DIV

or DJU, to shine ; while *Dyaus*, as a masculine, is the bright sky, conceived as an agent, and that he was at one time the first and oldest god of the Aryan pantheon.⁴ *Dyaus* was in fact the same word as *Zeus*, and as *Jovis* and *Ju* in *Jupiter*, while the original meaning of *Jovis* breaks through in such comparisons as *sub Jove frigido*, under the cold sky.⁵

In Chinese, as Professor Legge⁴ showed, *tien*, 天, is the sign for sky and day, but it is also the name for God. It is true that Chinese scholars derive this sign from — (yí, one) and 大 (ta, great), so that it would have signified from the beginning 'the One and greatest.' This, however, would psychologically, if not chronologically, be a late name for Deity. It is true that the Chinese written symbols go back to nearly 5,000 years before our time, or to between the third and fourth millennium B.C. If Hwangtí was the inventor of the written characters, his first year was 2697 B.C. ; if Fú-hsí invented them, the first year of his reign was 3697 B.C.⁵ This is a very ancient date, but the question before us is whether we may not even go behind these Chinese inventors of alphabets, and look upon the explanation of their symbol for *Tien*, as meaning by its component parts the One and the Greatest Being, as *ben trovato* rather than *vero*. When Confucius, however, uses such terms as *Tien*, heaven, *Tí*, Lord, and *Shang-Tí*, Supreme Lord, synonymously, it is quite clear that with him *Tien* meant no longer the visible sky only, but the invisible agent behind the sky. The interval between *Tien*, the sky, and *Tien*, God, may be as large as that between *Dyaus*, the sky, and *Dyaus*, the God, but the original conception of the Divine, in China as well as in India, was clearly taken from something visible in nature, and in this case from the visible sky.

This *Tien* or *Tí*, we are told, was never prostituted to express the many gods or idols, but in spite of all the changes that followed in the history of their religion, kept the Chinese to their monotheistic belief⁶ in heaven, and then only in a God in heaven, the One and the Greatest. But when *Tien*, or *Tí*, or *Shang-Tí*, is said to be the ruler of men and of all this lower world, when men are said to be His peculiar care, when He is said to have appointed grain to be the nourishment of all, and to have exalted kings to their high position for their good, Heaven is no longer the visible heaven only, as little as it is so in the New Testament, when the prodigal son says, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.' That same *Tien*, Heaven, watches, as we are told, over the kings ; he smells the savour of their offerings, and blesses them and their people with abundance, while he punishes them if they are negligent of their duties. Any psychologist who knows the secret workings of the mind, and has observed how changes of thought and changes of language run parallel, can

⁴ See *Nineteenth Century*, 1885, 'The Lesson of Jupiter ;' see also *Chips*, vol. iv. pp. 368-411.

⁵ Legge, *Religions of China*, p. 9.

⁶ Legge, *l. c.* p. 59.

⁷ Legge, *l. c.* p. 11, 16.

easily understand how even the mere application of such a word as *dear* to the sky—Dear Sky, ὦ φῶλας *Zēū*, changes the sky into more than a mere animal or living thing, such as is postulated by Animism; while expressions such as the Sky rains, or he rains, instead of it rains, completes the personification of any inanimate agent, whether sky, or hill, or river, or tree. Very learned terms are used for what is in reality perfectly simple, and nothing seems so destructive of clear thought on these subjects as high-sounding names, such as Fetishism, Animism, &c. Feitiço (*factitious*) or Fétiche, or Fetish is a name given by ignorant Portuguese sailors to the amulets of the negroes on the West Coast of Africa; and *fétichisme*, as a system, was invented by that most ignorant and pedantic of ethnologists, De Brosses, whose wild ideas of Fetishism as a primitive form of religion have survived even the ridicule of Voltaire, and have not been made less ridiculous by the patronage bestowed upon it by Comte and his followers. As to *Animism*, anybody who watches uncivilised races or common people even in Europe knows perfectly well that when, for instance, the moon is called in German Dear Moon, or Herr Mond,⁷ he becomes at once an agent, an active, but not yet a masculine or feminine person. Anyhow, these merely grammatical changes which have been fully discussed by Grimm in his German Grammar are sufficient to explain to any student of psychology and language the natural transition of inanimate to animate objects. They require no mysterious help from what is called Animism, particularly if *Animism* is supposed to refer to that *anima*, breath, which presupposes lungs and throat.

It is important to have a clear conception of all this before we approach the so-called spirits of Nature and the spirits of the departed, who are said to have been worshipped by the Chinese from very early times. Anyhow, their names and their written signs existed, and they by themselves would carry us back at least to about 2697 B.C. But what idea can we connect with such beings as *Shan*, the spirits of the sky, *Ch'i*, the spirits of the earth, and *Kwei*, the spirits of the departed or the Chinese *manes*? We are told that to judge from the ideograph for *Ch'i* or *Shi*, the spirits of the earth, it was meant originally for manifestation and what is above. In the sign for *Shan* also there is the element indicating what is above. The sign for *Kwei*, the *manes*, is explained by native Chinese scholars in the most fanciful way. But it is quite clear that every one of these names and signs for so-called spirits does not stand for something independent of clouds, rain, thunder and winds, or for something animated or breathing, still less for a mere amulet or an idol, as little as *Agni* in the Veda means something independent of fire. If the Chinese speak of the spirit of rain, thunder, &c., they do not mean something apart from the rain, but rain

⁷ Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, iii. p. 346.

and thunder conceived as active.' We may do what we like, thunder as a spirit is no more than thunder as an agent, or as active; and to imagine that the term Animism, to say nothing of Fetichism, helps us in the least to understand the origin of these concepts is simply to blind ourselves by a mist of words. If we must have a technical term instead of Animism, it should be Agentism, which, barbarous as it sounds, is not more so than many other technical terms, and is certainly better, if only properly understood. The language of the Chinese seems almost to have been constructed in order to prevent the misrepresentation that the religion of China took its form from the principles of Animism⁸ and Fetichism.

The step from thunder and rain as agents to the spirits of thunder and rain is easily perceived as almost inevitable, in China as well as in ancient India. Only in China the subordination of these spirits to *Tien* or *Ti*, the Supreme Lord, was more clearly felt than in India. There is a danger indeed, as Professor Legge fully admitted, of the spiritual potencies being regarded as independent, and being elevated to the place of gods, as they were in the Veda; but in China the most ancient and strong conviction of the existence of *one* God, originally the one Heaven, prevented the rising of the manifestations of nature into the so-called spirits and their claiming equality with *Tien* as the One God. This is the real difference in China between the *One* God and the many gods or spirits or agents of nature which in other countries have given rise to various systems of Polytheism.

It is curious to observe that even the name of heaven and earth is used, not as the name of two Deities, like *Dyāvâ-Prithivyau*, heaven and earth, in the Veda, but as the name of one, namely of *Tien*, the one Supreme God. Thus we read Heaven and Earth is the parent (like father or mother) of all creatures. In order to avoid all danger of having two supreme Deities instead of one, Confucius says distinctly: the ceremonies of the sacrifices to Heaven and Earth are those by which we serve *Shang Ti*,⁹ the Supreme God.

Little as such a naturalistic origin of Chinese religion was suspected, we can hardly doubt that Professor Legge was right in rejecting Animism and Fetichism, whatever they may be said to mean, as at the bottom of the home-grown religion of China, and tracing its origin straight to the same source from which we know the ancient religious beliefs of the Aryan races to have sprung. This is a most important discovery, and it is extraordinary how little its importance has hitherto been appreciated, though nothing has been said against any of his arguments. Professor Legge did not only know Chinese, but, like Stanislas Julien, he almost was a Chinese in his thoughts and feelings. One feels that one can trust him as a true scholar. It is true, no doubt, that the religion, such as we find it in the *Kings* and the *Shûs*, has little to do with a worship of nature or of Aryan Devas who might

⁸ Legge, *The Religions of China*, p. 19

⁹ *Ibid.* p. 80.

be called spirits or agents of nature, but we may in future take it as a fact that the religious ideas which lay far away behind Confucius were decidedly naturalistic, though the Chinese always retained their primitive belief in the one Supreme Lord, *Tien*, Heaven, or *Ti*, Lord, as a preservative against every trace of polytheistic infection.

Confucianism was certainly the last religion for which we should have expected a naturalistic background. It is so simple and dry, full of truisms and quaint observations, but free from all poetry, free from everything supernatural and miraculous, whether concerning the origin of man, or the intercourse between God and man, or the life of man after death. On all these things Confucius considers it next to madness to speculate or to assert anything positively. In fact, it has been doubted whether this ancient and widely spread system deserves to be called a religion at all, and as we understand that name, no doubt, religion is not quite the name for the doctrines of Confucius. His chief object is to inculcate good behaviour, propriety, unselfishness, virtue, but as to revelation or anything revealed, as to miracle, and even as to a priesthood, he is persistently silent.

There are, however, many things in his teaching which a Christian could honestly accept. The golden rule of Christianity: 'All things whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' occurs again and again in the *Kings*. What is now called altruism Confucius called reciprocity, as when *Tsze-Kung* is introduced, asking if there is not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life, he is answered by Confucius, 'Is not *reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.' And again, in the *Analects* V. ii.: 'What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men.' It seems rather a nice distinction when Dr. Legge says that Confucius only forbids men to do what they feel to be wrong and hurtful, while the Gospel commands men to do what they feel to be right and good. I confess this savours a little of the missionary rather than the historian of religions. If we must find a difference, it seems to me rather to lie in that Confucius cites no authority, sacred or profane, in support of his rule, while Christ appeals to the Law and the Prophets. This is a peculiarity, perhaps a defect, that runs through the whole of Confucius's teaching. If he were asked by whose authority he taught, he would find it difficult to answer, except by appealing, as he always does, to antiquity.

One may discover some of the old belief in nature, in the teaching of Confucius to act like nature, to obey the Will of Heaven, and to submit to nature's laws, also to look upon man as part of nature. But this would hardly suffice as a basis for morality, whether in a family or in the State. He declines all metaphysics, but as he perceived an unostentatious working of perfect wisdom in all parts of nature, he believed that there was a Power ruling the world, and

this was what he meant by the *Will of Heaven*. But he went no further. Everything infinite and superhuman, too, was looked upon by him as incomprehensible to a finite and human mind. He did not deny a God, or a future life, but toiling among such metaphysical uncertainties seemed to him worse than useless. What seemed to him certain was man and his perfectibility on earth. For this he strove by every word he said and by every deed he did. Death had nothing terrible for him, as little as birth. It was but a part of the working of Nature, and, as such, regular and beneficent like all her works. He could not admit anything miraculous, for everything supernatural or against the laws of nature seemed to him a slur on the wisdom of the Will of Heaven, though it might rest on the testimony of ever so many persons, ancient or modern. The ways of Heaven and Earth, he said, are without any doubleness, and produce things in a manner that is altogether unfathomable.

When Confucius enters upon ethics and politics he explains how every individual should first of all improve himself and then try to improve the family and the State. The foundation of a State is, according to him, *Filial Piety*, and this forms the constant subject of his discourses, and of the discourses of other sages preserved by him. Some people have imagined that the origin of filial piety, as a sacred duty, is to be found in the worship paid to ancestors, which in China ranked next to the worship of God. But the question is, which came first, the filial piety shown to living parents or the worship paid to ancestors? Confucius himself declares: 'The services of love and reverence to parents when alive, and those of grief and sorrow for them when dead, these discharge completely the fundamental duty of living men.' The filial piety, or *Hsiào*, is represented by a very ancient written sign, consisting of the symbols of an old man supported by his son. Confucius explains what is meant by filial piety.

'In his general conduct,' he says, 'he manifests to them the utmost reverence; in his nourishing them, his endeavour is to give them the utmost pleasure; when they are ill, he feels the greatest anxiety; in mourning for them when dead, he exhibits every demonstration of grief; in sacrificing to them, he displays the utmost solemnity. When a son is complete in these five things he may be pronounced able to serve his parents.'

He then goes on and describes the result of such filial piety: 'He who thus serves his parents, will in a high situation be free from pride.'

There is one book that treats entirely of *Hsiào*, or filial piety, and which on account of its age and its authority has received the name *Hsiào-King*. If we possess the same book of which Confucius speaks, it would be one of the oldest classics in China. Confucius said, as we are told: 'My aim is seen in the *Chhun Ts'ew* (Spring and Autumn, a chronicle of events from B.C. 721 to 480), my rule

of conduct is in the *Hsiào-King*.' It was destroyed no doubt in the persecution of the Emperor Chhi-Hoang-Ti, 213 B.C., when that emperor in 213 B.C. issued his edict¹⁰ that all the old classical books should be consigned to the flames, except those belonging to the great scholars in the service of the State, and the *Yih-King*, which was for the purpose of divination and conjuring. Fortunately that emperor died four years after the issuing of his edict, and though his orders seem to have been most effectively carried out, yet much was saved by copies being hidden and by individuals whose memory seems to have been as wonderful as the memory of the Bráhmans in India. In China a new dynasty, that of the Han, began in the year 202 B.C., and in 191 B.C. the edict for the destruction of all books was formally repealed. It is true that later on a formidable opponent of the new dynasty of Han carried on the work of destruction during three months, and that many palaces and public buildings were at that time destroyed by fire. But even from that persecution the literary treasures of China are said to have escaped unscathed, and with regard to the *Hsiào-King*, the book on Filial Piety, the Catalogue of the Imperial Library prepared immediately before the commencement of our era attests the existence of two copies containing the old text which had belonged to the family of Confucius. There are, however, two texts of the *Hsiào-King* in existence—the longer or older, and the modern or shorter text—and there has been much controversy among native scholars as to the age and genuineness of these two texts. That classic represents itself as containing the conversations between Confucius and one of his disciples, and it makes little difference to us whether these conversations were written down by that disciple himself or by his disciples again. The doctrines contained in the book are the doctrines of Confucius, as they may be gathered from the five Kings and from the Shûs, and they certainly give us the most primitive and simple ideas of the political philosophy of China that can well be imagined.

We are told in the beginning of the book that Confucius was once sitting unoccupied, and that one of his most distinguished disciples was sitting by in attendance on him. Then the master said, 'Shan, the ancient kings had perfect virtue and an all-embracing rule of conduct, through which they were in accord with heaven. By the practice of it people were brought to live in peace and harmony, and there was no ill-will between superiors and inferiors. Do you know what it was? The whole world has been looking for that secret, without as yet having found it.'

No wonder therefore, that the disciple, Shan, rose from his mat and said, 'How should I, who am so devoid of intelligence, be able to know this?'

Then the master said, 'It was Filial Piety. Filial piety is the

¹⁰ See Legge, *Life of Confucius*, p. 8.

root of all virtue and the stem out of which grows all moral teaching. Sit down again and I will explain the subject to you. Our bodies, to every hair and bit of skin, are received by us from our parents, and we must not presume to injure or wound them; this is the beginning of filial piety. When we have established our character by the practice of filial piety, so as to make our name famous in future ages and thereby glorify our parents, we have reached the end of filial piety. It commences with the service of parents; it proceeds to the service of the ruler; and it is completed in the establishment of character.

We see already from these introductory remarks what Confucius is aiming at. Looking at the family as the unit of political life, he holds that organisations of all political bodies can be built up with these units, and that if children have once learnt to discharge their duties to their parents, they will have learnt how to treat their superiors in larger political associations, and to show proper respect to their rulers in Church and State. Peace and harmony will be preserved, and those who honour their father and mother will, in the language of the Old Testament, live long; that is, live long in peace in the land which God has given them.

Confucius then proceeds to show how filial piety should pervade all classes, from the common people to the very Son of Heaven; that is, the Emperor.

The common people must follow the course of heaven (in the revolving seasons); that is to say, they must observe the order of the heavenly signs for the purpose of agriculture, or, as he expresses it, they must distinguish the advantages afforded by different soils, be careful in their conduct and economical in their expenditure, in order to nourish their parents. This is the filial piety of the common people.

Inferior officers show their filial piety in serving their fathers and loving their mothers, and in serving their rulers and reverencing them. Love is what is chiefly rendered to mothers, reverence to the rulers, and both love and reverence to fathers. When they serve their ruler with filial piety they are loyal, and when they serve their superiors with reverence they are obedient, and when they never fail in this loyalty and obedience in serving those above them they are able to preserve their emoluments and to maintain their sacrifices. This is the filial piety of the inferior officers.

Chief ministers and great officers, if controlled by filial piety, must never presume to wear robes other than those appointed by the laws of ancient kings, nor to speak words other than those sanctioned by their speech, nor to exhibit conduct other than that exemplified by virtuous ways (morality). When these things are all as they should be they can preserve their ancestral temples. This is the filial piety of the ministers and great officers.

But the Princes of States also, nay the Emperor himself, or the Son of Heaven, as he has been called ever since the Shang dynasty, have the duties of filial piety to fulfil. If he loves his parents he will not dare to incur the risk of being hated by any man or being contemned by any man. When the Son of Heaven has carried to the utmost the service of his parents, the lessons of his virtue will affect all the people and he will become a pattern to all within the four seas.

Well may the disciple exclaim after this: 'Immense indeed is the greatness of filial piety;' while Confucius adds: Yes, filial piety is the constant course of Heaven, the righteousness of earth and the practical duty of man. Heaven and earth invariably pursue that course, and the people take it as their pattern. The ancient kings imitated the brilliant luminaries of Heaven, and acted in accordance with the varying advantages afforded by the earth, so that they were in accord with everything under Heaven, and in consequence their teachings without being severe were successful, and their government without being rigorous secured perfect order.

This was probably what Confucius meant by acting in harmony with Heaven or the will of Heaven, and by the people being led by the rules of propriety and by music. The order of nature was the prototype to be imitated by rulers and subjects, everyone proceeding in order like the heavenly luminaries, every one holding his own place and not interfering with those before or behind him, but showing respect and love to all. 'In such a state of things,' as Confucius says, parents, while alive, reposed on the glory of their sons, and when sacrificed to after death, their disembodied spirits enjoyed their offerings; disasters and calamities did not occur; misfortunes and rebellions did not arise.

All this may be called very primitive, whether from a political or from an ethical point of view. Yet the frequent appeals to the happiness enjoyed by the people under sovereigns imbued with the principles of filial piety, as laid down in the *Hsiào-King* by Confucius, show that in ancient times they proved successful in maintaining peace and order, and this is more than can be said of many more recent systems of policy and ethics. It is impossible here to give larger extracts from the *Hsiào-King*, but those who care for these early attempts at political science will come across many things worthy of consideration in the third volume of my *Sacred Books of the East*, where they will find a complete translation of the *Hsiào-King*, and likewise of the *Shû-King* and *Shî-King*; while later volumes contain the *Yü-King* (vol. xvi.), the *Le Ke*, or the Rules of Propriety (vols. xxvii. and xxviii.), and the *Texts of Taoism* (vols. xxxix. and xl.), all translated by my friend, the late Professor Legge. Anyhow, when one reads these books, however justly they may be suspected of representing ideals rather than realities, one begins to doubt whether the believers

in evolution are right in supposing that all evolution and all development proceeded from the less perfect to the more perfect, from the ape to the savage, from the savage to the sage, or whether there was not in China also from time to time a *reculer*, let us hope, however, *pour mieux sauter*.¹¹

F. MAX MÜLLER.

¹¹ Confucius is the latinised form which Roman missionaries gave to the Chinese name Kong-fu-tzé, *i.e.* the venerable teacher Kong. It is a pity that they did not adopt a similar latinised name for Láo-tzé, calling him Laocius. But they did not take much notice of that philosopher, who therefore became known to the world under his Chinese name only.

THE SITUATION IN ITALY

THE tragic death of Humbert, the second King of United Italy, has brought that nation once more to a prominent place in public attention. For a while, at least, the whole civilised world has turned towards that country with mingled feelings of indignation, sorrow, and sympathy.

The great shock over, there was in some quarters a spirit, I would not say of recrimination, but of severe criticism as to the political and economical condition of Italy. Not a single word was uttered against the assassinated king. He was mourned deeply by all. For him and the royal family of Italy, there was a general and touching sympathy. The severe words were for the Government. It cannot be said that the Italian Governments of these last twenty years have always done their best for the welfare of the country and for the moral and economical regeneration of the people. If some one should suggest that, in some special matter, they could not have done worse, I fear he cannot be gainsaid.

Generally speaking, Italy is the victim of much exaggeration. Too much was expected by her friends thirty or forty years ago, and now, because all that was expected then has not been achieved, one seems to dread the worst. We have passed from one extreme to another. The too hopeful view of the past has caused a great disappointment to all well-wishers of Italy. It is to be hoped that this time her enemies will be disappointed.

It is absolutely impossible to judge fairly Italy of to-day without taking into due consideration the conditions of Italy before she was united. A similitude will serve to express my meaning. If one were to meet a poor fellow looking very pale and almost bloodless, one might come to the conclusion that the man had but little time to live, and pass by pitying him. The judgment seems right, the conclusion logical, because one was not aware that the individual one was pitying as a dying man was then recovering from a long illness. He was not going to end his days in the hospital; he had just come out of it. He was still weak, but he was recovering strength, slowly but steadily. Now you will see that with a little knowledge of the past of that man the judgment would have been quite the opposite.

This is the case with Italy, from whatever point of view one may look at it. We are not in a good and prosperous state, but we were once in a much worse condition. One speaks of delinquency, and gives figures, more or less authentic, and these figures, by themselves, undoubtedly seem to convey the idea that delinquency in Italy is very high; but it was much higher once, especially in the Neapolitan States and in the States of the Church. There is now a marked decrease in all grades of crime. Another speaks of a large percentage of illiterates. There is still a good number of people in Italy who, notwithstanding compulsory education, cannot read or write; but this percentage has been reduced in some provinces from over 90 to below 50, and in some provinces in the North of Italy the percentage of illiterates is now below 10. As to the enormous taxation in Italy one reads so much of, it may be easily said that taxes are not heavier there than elsewhere. That they are more felt in Italy is true. There is, however, hope that even under this aspect Italy has seen the worst of it. The national Budget for many years was overloaded with tremendous deficits. From 1862 to 1868 there was an accumulated deficit of 800 millions of lire. There was a deficit, more or less large, till 1876. Altogether the deficits of the past amounted to 3,800 millions of lire. The Budget now shows a small surplus. The national wealth has increased for the last twenty years at the rate of fifty millions yearly, while the savings bank, the true barometer of the economical state of the people, for the last ten years has marked a yearly increase in the deposits of about twenty-five millions of lire. When a people can live and save, it seems to me it cannot be in a state of increasing poverty. To sum up this point, I will say that if Italy is compared with more fortunate and wealthy nations it appears not rich and prosperous; but if the present period of Italian life is compared with a former one, undoubtedly the nation appears richer and more prosperous than ever it was before.

Appearances, it is well known, are often deceptive, and the present condition of Italy is a case in point. Discontent is not a new thing for the Italian mind to be agitated by, but there is an enormous difference between being discontented with the Government of the day and being dissatisfied with the national institutions. Italians have a quick perception and are extremely impulsive; they often act suddenly and on the impression of the moment, but they are also apt to fall into a state of lethargy, during which the will of the nation is very weak, both as a stimulus to good government and as repressive of that which is bad. There are, however, times in which this will asserts itself. Italy is just passing through one of these lucid intervals. The assassination of King Humbert seems to have awakened the whole nation from a long sleep. Those who thought there was

no affection left for monarchical institutions in Italy must have experienced a very depressing disappointment.

For forty-eight hours there was no king at all in Italy. King Humbert was dead and his successor was somewhere on the high seas, but nobody knew exactly where, yet not a single disorderly movement was noticed anywhere. Clericals, Socialists, Republicans, the three declared enemies of the monarchy, entirely disappeared from the scene during the crisis. If any one of these parties, which during the last period of national lethargy had grown more audacious and bolder, had only attempted to assert itself, the Italian public *en masse* would have revolted against it, and performed one of those acts of summary justice of which the history of Italy furnishes abundant examples. I think this absence of disorder of any kind is the most convincing proof that can be adduced in favour of the present state of things in Italy. Surely, if the people had been nursing in their hearts a general revolt, that was the moment for action.

Of course a few anarchists here and there have rejoiced over the crime of their comrade; however, I venture to assert that it is not quite correct to call Italy the hotbed of anarchy. It is true that many of the most fierce anarchists are Italian by birth; but anarchism did not originate in Italy, it was imported there. France and Russia had—under another name—anarchists long before the name of any Italian was ever connected with anarchism. Undoubtedly this great evil has spread faster and deeper in Italy than in any other country, and this can be easily explained without putting undue stress upon the economical conditions of Italy, which, as I have already stated, are not so bad as they appear to be to some observers. The causes of the spread of anarchism among Italians can be traced more successfully elsewhere. For a long chain of centuries there had been in Italy a continual struggle between the people and their rulers. These were mostly foreign despots and tyrants. The whole literature of Italy is tinged with political plots and revolts. Conspirators are held in high honour, and their deeds are exalted and glorified, while the victims of popular passion are held up to execration.

The mind of the Italian youth is thus steeped in an atmosphere of violence and hatred. Of course books of this kind were written for people of another generation and to meet the need of other times, which was the national and patriotic necessity of keeping alive in the heart of the people the idea of an Italy free from all foreign rulers. It may be said that the only political education Italians received was through the reading of these books, which, of course, are not treatises on constitutional government. The Austrian Government was very severe about what kind of books children had at school, and would not allow any Italian book referring to Italy to be read.

The only book I had at school, during the time my native place was under the rule of Austria, was *La Storia Sacra*. Strangely enough, even in that book of sacred history there were pages in which regicide, for the liberation of a people from the rule of a despot, was upheld and presented as a glorious deed. The case of Judith, who treacherously slew Holofernes, was one of the examples commended in that book, and we were taught to mould our minds and train our thoughts on similar examples. Is it therefore to be wondered at if among millions of Italians thus educated, and who have heard from their fathers of the glorious revolts of 1848, a few, a very few, enamoured of the history of their ancestors, thirsting for fame and glory, unwilling to dis sever the past from the present, unable to see that the legitimate aims of the past revolts and conspiracies have been happily achieved, still cherish in their hearts a hatred for the authorities, and consider the national Government, exactly as the foreign and despotic governments of the past were considered, antagonistic to the best interests of the people and of the State?

Political education is still in Italy of very poor quality—truthfully speaking, there is none. Even the anarchists go elsewhere to perfect their education. The assassins of Carnot, of the Empress Elizabeth, and of Canovas, had their political education perfected in Paris or in London. Italy does not export political murderers, as was very unkindly said on the occasion of the assassination of the Empress of Austria. Italy at the worst exports only the rough material for the making of anarchical murderers. Even the assassin of King Humbert belongs to this category. He left Italy with no homicidal mania in him. He was not then a wild beast with a human face, to make use of an expression uttered by Signor Saracco, the Premier of Italy. The anarchist clubs of Paris, London, and New York were his university colleges. Out of them he came a most violent and determined anarchist, and afterwards he went back to Italy, to perform his dastardly act against the king, whom his younger brother, as an officer in the army, was faithfully serving. The crime of Monza has nothing whatever to do with the present state of things in Italy. The assassin went there not to avenge any national or personal wrong, but simply to achieve the crown of infamy—his confederates will call it a crown of glory—he was thirsting for. Moreover, one must not forget that anarchism is an international disease, and it has no national object to achieve in Italy more than it has elsewhere. I have read a statement made by an anarchist to the effect that ‘King Humbert was condemned to death because he was the best of rulers, and with his loving-kindness had rendered monarchical institutions dearer to the people.’ There is justice and logic in this statement—justice to the real character of the king, logic as to the final object of anarchism, which is that

of doing away with what is best in the world. King Humbert was loved by the people because his heart was all for the people. In one of his speeches from the throne he said, 'In the welfare and happiness of the humble I set the glory of my reign,' and he acted accordingly. He represented what was most generous, most noble in Italian life. He was the faithful custodian of the unity and liberties of the nation.

King Humbert has been a model constitutional ruler. For him the Chamber of Deputies was the nation. To its will he faithfully bowed. At its will he dismissed ministers he personally loved much, and entrusted power to others. Perhaps the political structure of Italy was not yet such as to authorise the full application of the axiom, 'Il Re regna, ma non governa,' and a little personal rule might have done a great deal of good to Italy.

I was in Italy during the most exciting period of the parliamentary obstruction of last spring. I witnessed scenes most humiliating and discouraging. A big majority was absolutely powerless to counteract a small but noisy minority. Insults were freely hurled at the Chair and at the majority, which was unable to summon up sufficient strength to overcome that opposition. Politicians were much divided as to the cause of the disorder. Some blamed the majority, some the minority; but the people at large were disgusted with both, and in many quarters I heard persons saying, 'O that the king would interfere and stop this unseemly disorder!' •

Italy was then in one of her periods of national lethargy. It would be interesting to compare the parliamentary sitting of the 3rd of April with that of the 6th of August 1900. On the former occasion, Signor Pantano, the leader of the Republican party, was the master of the House. He insulted the Chair, the Government, the majority; he ejected, so to say, the Speaker, and crushed the ministerial majority. It seemed as if nobody could do anything with him and his party. On the second occasion, as soon as he rose to speak, he was silenced by voices of indignation. The tables were turned. The chief obstructionist was obstructed in his turn. He who two months before would not allow anyone to speak, was then prevented from uttering two words. This is very characteristic of Italian life in and out of Parliament. *

Travelling in Italy, one now and then hears some such expression as this:—'*Si stava meglio, quando si stava peggio*' ('We fared better when we were in a worse condition'). There is much meaning in this apparently paradoxical expression. Undoubtedly, before Italy was united bread was cheaper. Man, however, does not live by bread alone. None who saw the Italy of thirty years ago can deny that enormous progress has been made in these thirty years in every branch of the national life. Industrial Italy was then an unknown quantity in the world; now it supplies almost all that is wanted for home consumption, and can also

*supply other countries with the very things she once had to import herself. The shipyards of Spezzia, Venice, Leghorn, Castellamare, and Taranto can compete with the best shipyards in the world. The textile industry at Biella and Schio has reached the highest point of development. The shipyards of Leghorn have supplied three warships to the Argentine, others to Turkey and to Japan. A Milanese firm, in competition with English and American firms, obtained two years ago the order for a large amount of rolling-stock from a foreign railway. As to agriculture there is great progress. Scientific improvements are visible everywhere. Lands for centuries left desolate are now in full cultivation. In some provinces agricultural products have increased to four times their previous bulk. The working classes are better housed, fed, and paid. Parliament has passed several social reforms for their benefit: a pension for old age, and a college for the orphans of workmen killed at their work, are among the reforms passed at the desire of King Humbert himself. I have recently travelled from one end to the other of Italy, after many years of absence from that country, and everywhere I noticed great progress. The aspect of the cities bears marks of great improvement. Milan and Turin can, no doubt, vie with the finest capitals in the world.

The only disappointing thing I observed, amid such a marvellous improvement, was the state of political education. It seemed to me as if the Italians were retrograding on this point. Surely the Italians of the declining generation had a clearer and sounder perception of constitutional government than the present generation of Italians. Very few have grasped the true meaning of constitutional liberty. Generally speaking, liberty seems to have but one meaning there—to do one's own pleasure and to prevent others from doing theirs. Violence is still in the hearts of many; now it takes the form of repressive measures on the part of the Government, and now that of revolt on the part of the extreme parties.

Here I must say a few words respecting these. None have a national object to achieve, and therefore are bound to experience failure. The Clericals agitate for the restoration of Rome to the Pope, and of course such an object is anti-national, anti-patriotic, inasmuch as it would destroy the unity of Italy, and with it its independence and liberties. The Republicans, of course, agitate for the demolition of the monarchical institutions; and this object, too, is anti-national, anti-patriotic, because the unity of Italy and the House of Savoy are inseparable. Do away with the latter, you destroy the former.

Socialists have no national object to achieve, for their agitation is essentially economical and concerns all the peoples and the States of the world, and therefore the particular form of government in Italy has nothing to do with them. Not one of these parties is strong enough by itself, but as a coalition of anti-dynastic forces

their opposition is somewhat telling. The feeling of the nation towards these parties will now proceed to state.

Clericals are considered as temporary foes, whose hostility towards the institutions will be overcome in due time. For the Socialists there is rather a kind disposition in many quarters. It is reported that one young member of Parliament told King Humbert what should be done to counteract the action of the extreme parties, and that when he mentioned the Socialists King Humbert interrupted him by saying, 'Who can tell that one of these days I myself may not come to some kind of understanding with them?'

Republicans are held in high contempt; they are generally hated, they are often called traitors at heart. They are also called the *true Jesuits*, because while in entering the House they take the oath of fealty to the king, they are the declared enemies of the monarchy.

There are reasons to believe that the awful crime of Monza will have a great effect on the future of these three parties. The Socialists will not change their policy, but they will accentuate more and more their severance from the anarchists. The Republicans will have to moderate their language and hide their purposes for some time to come, and most probably more than one Republican, like the Republicans of thirty years ago, will enter the monarchical fold. As to the Clericals, a great change is expected. Everything seems to indicate that the policy of the Church towards the new monarch will be more friendly than it was towards the departed king, and that a *modus vivendi* will soon be found between the temporal and the spiritual power in Rome. Undoubtedly the past hostility of the Church towards the State is in a great measure responsible for what has happened recently in Italy. Remorse seems to have touched the heart of the Clericals. On the sad occasion of King Humbert's death the Church was represented not by the anti-patriotic Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Ferrari, but by Monsignor Bonomelli, the Bishop of Cremona, a most patriotic prelate, and as such much hated in the past at the headquarters of the Clerical party. To all appearances Monsignor Bonomelli is now a *persona grata* both at the Quirinal and at the Vatican, and should he be created a cardinal, a dignity he highly deserves, a good step will be made towards a peaceful settlement of a long-standing question.

King Victor Emmanuel the Second led the Italians into Rome; King Humbert upheld in Rome the national flag for twenty-two years, in spite of all opposition from within and from without. King Victor Emmanuel the Third will perhaps see the work of his grandfather and father brought nearer completion. In his proclamation to the people the new ruler announced this to be his desire as a citizen and as a king. In his first speech from the throne to Parliament assembled, Victor Emanuel the Third stated clearly the

disease Italy is suffering from, and his determination to heal it, when he said we must develop in our midst the sense of honour, honesty, and concord.

This speech of Victor Emanuel the Third has produced everywhere a good impression. The comments in the Italian press have been unanimously favourable. Radicals and Clericals on this occasion vie with the Monarchical party in their enthusiasm for the new ruler. The concord which the new King appealed to was granted at once and on his speech. This is a very promising beginning of a new reign. I think I am quite right in saying that all parties in Italy are pleased the new Sovereign intends to rule the country not by but with the Government. The nation proclaimed King Humbert *il buono*, and he fully deserved that title. It was, however, generally felt that to lead Italy out of her present troubles, into that state of happiness and prosperity she was aiming at, the sceptre should be wielded by a firmer hand.

King Victor Emanuel's well-known strong-mindedness and determination will undoubtedly lead Italy to a happier future.

GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA.

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

THE question of expansion, which is the main issue of the coming presidential campaign, is the most important problem that the American people have had to solve since the days of Lincoln. In fact, as regards foreign countries, it is the greatest that has ever existed or is ever likely to arise, since upon its decision depends whether the United States is to be considered a factor in the breaking-up of China or whether she is to return once more to her isolated seclusion.

Whether we were stopped from demanding all the Philippines by the Protocol I will not discuss, as that is a diplomatic question which has been decided by the Joint Peace Commission in Paris. The language of the Protocol, the fact that Manila was surrendered by the general then in command after the signing of the Protocol, but before the news of it could have reached Manila, were subjects of consideration in dealing with this matter. The broad question, however, is whether an expanding foreign policy would be advantageous for us or the reverse. I think the best way of treating this subject is to take up in order the principal objections of the detractors of American expansion, and see what can be said in answer to each.

One of the principal objections is, that we are in honour bound not to do any land-grabbing, on account of the proclamation made by Congress at the outset of the war, viz. :

That the people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent . . . the United States hereby disclaims any disposition to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

• Mr. Carl Schurz is very earnest on this subject. He says :

To say that we may, without breaking the pledge involved in our proclamation, take and keep Porto Rico or the Philippines because they were not mentioned by name in the resolution, while it was in the nature of things that they could not be so mentioned—would not this be a mean piece of pettifoggery to cover up a breach of faith ? . . . Will not those appear right who say that democratic government is not only no guarantee of peace, but that it is capable of the worst kind of war—the war of conquests ; and of resorting to that kind of war, too, as a hypocrite and false pretender ? Such a loss of character, in itself a most deplorable moral calamity, would be followed by political consequences of a very serious nature.

Mr. Carlisle, after writing in the same vein, says :—

It is urged by some, however, that we should appropriate the territory of the enemy as an indemnity for the expenditures incurred in the prosecution of the war, but it is obvious that such a course would be wholly inconsistent with the motives avowed by Congress as a justification for the intervention. It would place us in the humiliating attitude of demanding compensation for our humanity and love of liberty.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid justifies the United States' seizure of Porto Rico and the Philippines by saying that the grievances of the Philippines and the Cubans differ only in degree, not in kind, and therefore, having entered on a humanitarian war, we should not put any geographical limit to our humanity. This argument appears to me to be fallacious, as it depends upon the premiss that we were originally justified in going to war; because, even if we were not originally justified in going to war, we would still have to hold Cuba, as Mr. Whitelaw Reid points out, since we had pledged ourselves to drive out Spanish rule *there*, and the Monroe doctrine would prevent us handing *it* over to another Power, and we could not leave a vacuum; but nothing would compel us to do the same to the Philippines, as this reasoning would not apply to *them*. It seems to me that we must find other grounds in order to justify the retention of the Philippines, and they are to be found in the fact that, whatever the motives be that cause a country to go to war, she has a right to expect—if she has been successful—that at the end of the war she shall receive an indemnity for her loss of men and treasure; and if the conquered nation be too poor to pay in '*money*,' it may satisfy the claim in '*kind*'—*i.e.* by ceding territory. If this be true, it is a sufficient justification for disregarding the spirit of Congress's proclamation by the annexation of Porto Rico and the Philippines, whether one believes that we were justified on humanitarian grounds in going to war or not, since Spain was certainly incapable of giving us a suitable war indemnity. The case of Cuba stands on a different footing, and is an example of the mistake of allowing foreign relations to be dealt with by popular assemblies—which was not originally intended by the framers of the Constitution. President McKinley created this precedent, instead of himself undertaking the responsibility of deciding the question. Congress was granted this power, and exercised it. But the fact that Congress made an error, in supposing that Cuba was already capable of governing itself, is no excuse for the United States to shirk the responsibility of seeing that a proper government takes the place of the one that it has been the means of removing, even if to do so would require the governing of the island by the United States. Other Powers have a right to expect that the United States will not allow anarchy to reign in the island and their interests to be affected unfavourably through her interference. Of course, once Cuba shows itself capable of self-government,

our Government would be compelled by the proclamation of April 1898 to allow it to govern itself, if it still desired to do so. .

Another principal objection is that the Constitution will not allow the United States to hold subject territories. This argument has taken such a strong hold of Mr. Carl Schurz, that he has written his whole article on the supposition that the United States cannot do this; and he proceeds to draw pictures of the state of affairs when presidential and other elections will be controlled by a Cuban nigger vote. This is entirely beside the present discussion, since no one proposes, under the present state of affairs, to create the Philippines or Cuba into states.

Mr. Carlisle also says :

Philippine Islands, with a population of eight or ten millions, must, unless we are to violate the organic law of the land and hold and govern them perpetually as conquered provinces, be erected within a reasonable time into several states.

The simplest answer to this argument is to say that it is not so. Not only is there no particular clause in our Constitution contrary to holding ceded territory, but, as Mr. Whitelaw Reid points out, the sole reference in the Constitution to the territories of the United States is in Article IV., Section 3 :

The Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting, the territory or *other property* belonging to the United States. . . . Here is explicit, unmistakable authority conferred for dealing with it (territory) and with other property precisely as Congress chooses. . . . So, too, when it came to acquiring new territory, there was no thought of consulting the inhabitants. . . . The power of the Government to deal with territory, foreign or domestic, precisely as it chooses, was understood from the beginning to be absolute, and in no stage in our whole history have we hesitated to exercise it.

As to their customs being so different from ours, the same thing was equally true of the customs of New Mexico, Louisiana, Florida, Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, etc. All of them were taken without inquiry as to whether the inhabitants themselves wanted to be annexed or not. None of these territories have been admitted as states until they have proved that they are both capable of self-government and not likely to prove a menace to the commonwealth. Some remained territories for over eighty years, and others remain so to the present day. (Louisiana, although long since admitted into the union, does not recognise the common law, which is one of our principal institutions and greatest pride, but is governed by the civil law.) Therefore the answer to Mr. Carl Schurz is that we will not give the Filipinos votes until we consider them worthy of it, even though that time appear to successive generations as never likely to arrive.

Another objection strenuously raised is that, if we annex the Philippines, which are clearly outside our legitimate sphere of influence, we would be throwing over the Monroe doctrine.

Professor Goldwin Smith went so far as to say that if Commodore Watson's eastern squadron had gone to Spain the Monroe doctrine would have disappeared with the smoke of the first gun fired in Europe. But if the Monroe doctrine gives us the power of regulating affairs in our own hemisphere, it must carry with it by implication a right of chastising a Power who interferes with us in our continent wherever we may find her; as otherwise any Power which had no colonies in America could sail over to any American port, blow up a few ships or bombard the town, and then sail back and say, 'You can't touch me on account of the Monroe doctrine.'

In answering the objection founded upon the Monroe doctrine, Mr. Whitelaw Reid is not quite fair, as, after quoting Mr. Monroe's declaration, he proceeds to say :

It will thus be seen that Mr. Monroe gave no pledge that we would never interfere with any dependency or colony of European Powers anywhere. He simply declared our general policy not to interfere with existing colonies still remaining to them on our coast, so long as they left the countries alone which had already gained their independence, and so long as they did not injure us or invade our rights.

That is very true as far as it goes; but the Monroe doctrine of Mr. Monroe and the Monroe doctrine of the present day are two very different things. The Holy Alliance was the cause of Mr. Monroe's declaration: it was originally an alliance against the French, but after the fall of Napoleon its object completely changed; it then aimed at the restitution to Spain of all her American colonies, and at injuring the power of England and all other Protestant countries. One of its compacts reads :

The system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principles as the maxim of the sovereignty of the people with the divine right, and the parties to it therefore engage in the most solemn manner to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known.

At the time of the Venezuela difficulties, England contended with what appeared to be reason that, as the fear of being injured by the Holy Alliance no longer existed, the Monroe doctrine had necessarily ceased to exist, as it no longer had a *raison d'être*. But the United States thought differently, and, by virtue of the precedent created by the Marquis of Salisbury's giving way to Secretary Olney, the Monroe doctrine in its present form became an actuality and a recognised principle in international law—to wit: that the United States has the right of having the whole of the South American continent as a '*buffer state*;' quite irrespective of whether the European Power who wishes to interfere or colonise is actuated by humanitarian motives or is likely to be a source of danger to this country and her institutions, or the reverse. Whether, morally

speaking, we had the right to condemn the whole of South America to be governed by successive Dago republics and dictators, and whether confining ourselves to the northern continent would not have suited our purpose just as well, is now beside the question. The present Monroe doctrine is that we will not meddle with European affairs, and we will take good care that Europe does not meddle with the affairs of this hemisphere. How long we will be able to compel Europe to accede to it is immaterial, but, after the stand we so recently made on its behalf, it does not lie in our mouths to deny its existence. Therefore it seems to me that Mr. Whitelaw Reid is wrong in saying that, having started out on a humanitarian war, our humanity should know no geographical limits: the Monroe doctrine, if not the custom of nations, would prevent us setting ourselves up as the universal champions of the world's oppressed. The fact that the misgovernment of the Philippines—which is clearly outside the sphere of our legitimate influence—is being carried on by the same Power that has been misgoverning Cuba—which is within the sphere of our influence—is only an accident; and in going to war to rectify the latter we have no more right to interfere with the former than we should have to interfere in the Armenian massacres. But having gone to war in order to put an end to the misgovernment of Cuba, which the Monroe doctrine allowed us to do, we have a right—as I have said before—of receiving from the vanquished country an indemnity to compensate us for our war expenditure; and this we can take in land without in any way acting inconsistently with either the letter or the spirit of the Monroe doctrine, as that guarantees that we will not interfere with European concerns, not that we will not hold land in Europe, much less Asia. This appears to me to be a valid distinction. It is as if you coveted a precious stone belonging to your neighbour, and were told that you must not forcibly take it. You would still be perfectly justified, if by any legal means you had placed the owner of the stone in your debt, in taking the stone in payment of that debt.

Of course, if we annexed the Philippines we would be brought into diplomatic relations with the other Powers in Asia; but that would no more prevent us from still setting up the Monroe doctrine, and brooking no interference in our hemisphere and taking no heed of purely European questions, than an agreement to have a buffer state between them in India would prevent England and Russia from carrying on diplomatic relations in China.

Another objection, which most writers on this question find, is a more or less defined idea that both the war itself and the holding of the conquered territories are inconsistent with the true theory of democracy. This is a survival of the old fallacies of the Manchester School, and is to be found all through Mr. Carl Schurz's article. I need only quote one paragraph:

But mankind still did believe—especially judging from the fact that the United States, with all their wealth and strength, did not find it necessary to keep up any large armament—that republican government was, by its natural tendency, a guarantee of peace. That this belief, too, has been justly or unjustly shaken by our war with Spain must be considered as a serious hurt to the prestige of republican government generally.

It is true that about forty years ago this doctrine did begin to obtain general credence, under the influence of Cobden and his disciples; but thinkers have long since perceived that it is on account of its isolated position, and not on account of its form of government, that the United States have not had to keep up a large armament. France has the same form of government, and yet has to ruin herself over her army and navy; and, if one examined history, either ancient or modern, one would find that republics were, if anything, more prone to go to war than monarchies, as they are more apt to be carried away by their feelings.

Another notion that has a strong hold of Mr. Carl Schurz, among others, is that a democracy is by nature unsuitable for governing dependencies. He admits that England, although at the outset of its government of India it was as unprepared for governing as we are, has nevertheless developed, after many blunders and great loss through mismanagement, the present highly efficacious Indian civil service; but he claims that we would be incapable of recovering in like manner from our blunders. I hold that there is no essential difference between our form of government and that of England, in so far as the governing of dependencies is concerned. The monarchies that Mr. Schurz seems to have in mind—if we except Russia, which is really an Asiatic Power—were done away with in Europe by the French Revolution. The Queen of England has not as much real power as our President. Although there is now practically universal suffrage in England, nobody questions her right to govern India without enfranchising its native inhabitants. There is absolutely nothing in our Constitution, institutions, or ideas that would prevent us from adopting a civil service similar to that of England, and I am firmly convinced that, in time, we shall do so. I am not one of those who think that we would profit by the experience of England and Holland in administering their dependencies. Nations, like individuals, are very slow to take advice from those who have previously passed through the same circumstances, and knowledge in this world is only bought by bitter experience.

At the outbreak of the Crimean war England's transport and commissariat departments were found to be in a shocking state. At a time when the troops were in the greatest need of boots—the soles of those they were wearing having turned out to have been made of brown paper—a shipment at last arrived, but, on being unloaded, all were found to have been made for the right foot; yet these depart-

ments have proved themselves perfectly competent in the late Tirah and Soudanese expeditions. And in the present South African campaign, which has necessitated an expedition of unprecedented magnitude, the complaints against the War Office and other departments have not been as loud or as justifiable as one would at first imagine, only because in raising this force of over two hundred thousand men the United Kingdom drained its depôts of its regular Army Service Corps and medical staffs.

Similarly, our country at the outset of the war only had a staff for administering an army of 25,000 men. Upon the army's being suddenly increased to more than five times that number, the commissariat, transport, surgical, and other administrative departments were naturally thrown into a state of the greatest confusion, and a vast number of necessarily inexperienced men had to be placed in important positions, which they could not justly be expected to fill competently. The natural result has been that the nation has been filled with horror at tales of typhoid epidemics, and of death from improper nourishment and neglect. Although at first very impatient, the nation at last realised that raw recruits could not at once go down to Cuba and try their strength against the seasoned troops of Spain; therefore it consented to wait whilst the troops were being broken into their new conditions and gaining experience in their drills at the various state camps. But a similar time to grow accustomed and competent to cope with the altered conditions could not—owing to the nature of things—be granted to the administrative departments, with the sad result of which we know. Of course, in strict justice the public should realise this, and should not be too harsh on their officers under new and trying conditions. If the volunteers had had to fight immediately after being called out, and had been defeated, we would feel that they had a good excuse; and we ought to feel the same towards the untrained officers. It is certainly the height of absurdity to lay the blame, which certainly belongs to several departments, upon the shoulders of one man.

In 'Democracy and Liberty' Mr. Lecky quotes the following passage from an address of Mr. Andrew White:

The affairs of the city are handed over to a few men who make politics, so called, a business. The very germ of the difficulty was touched once, in my presence, by a leading man of business in our great metropolis, who said, 'We have thought this thing over, and we find that it pays better to neglect our city affairs than to attend to them; that we can make more money in the time required for the full discharge of our political duties than the politicians can steal from us on account of our not discharging them.'

This, although quoted as a proof that mismanagement and corruption go hand in hand with democracy, really proves that the mismanagement and corruption in the United States depend, not upon the fact of its being a democracy, but upon the fact of its

being a new country—where there are more openings than there are labour and capital to fill, and therefore profits are great, and people devote themselves exclusively to business. It follows that when the country becomes older—the supply of capital and labour having increased—there will not be the same opportunity for making fortunes, and the amount of money actually stolen will be more felt. Then business men will begin to realise that they cannot afford to neglect their public duties, and the right men will go into politics. Therefore this lack of interest in politics and indifference to public speculations, which Mr. Lecky justly deplotes, but which he regards as the surest sign of a society becoming corrupted, is seen to be merely transitory. The increased interest taken, during the last few years, in New York municipal elections, is evidence that the time is fast approaching when the American citizen will realise that he cannot afford to entirely neglect his public duties. If we retain the Philippines, we will probably attempt to govern them on the same lines that we generally run politics on in this country, and all that the Little Americans fear the most will probably take place; with the result, not that we will be permanently ruined, as they dread, but that there will be such a hue and cry and revulsion of feeling throughout the country, that the present outcry and indignation against incompetent officers will appear small and insignificant in comparison. The result will be, that not only will permanent and suitable civil and diplomatic services be appointed, but a new era will be instituted, and American citizens will at last wake up to the fact that it will not do for them to any longer neglect their public duties, and throughout the whole country a better class of men will enter municipal and state politics as well.

So far, in answering the objections to an Imperial policy, I have touched on merely its negative advantages. I have tried to show (1) that such a course would not be contrary to our honour, in view of the proclamation made by Congress at the outset of the war; (2) that it would not be contrary to the Constitution; (3) that the Monroe doctrine in its present form is not inconsistent with holding the Philippines; (4) that it is not incompatible with democracies to hold dependencies; (5) that there is no reason why democracies should not be as competent to administer dependencies as wisely and capably as monarchies.

But none of these propositions, taken either singly or collectively, are sufficiently strong to justify us in throwing over our traditional policy handed down to us by George Washington. They merely show that we have a perfect *right* to do so, if it should seem advisable. With regard to Porto Rico, it might be said that, as by our Monroe doctrine we could not allow any third Power to govern it, and as by our war with Spain we have rendered her too weak to govern it properly, we must govern it ourselves; but that argument

shows no reason why we should not hold it *temporarily* till—like Cuba—it becomes capable of governing itself. And that excuse would not apply at all to the Philippines—which is the question that this article is principally concerned with—as there is no reason why we should not allow it to be sold to some third Power.

But there are three reasons which, taken together, appear to me to make it very desirable that we should forsake our traditional policy and take the position and responsibility in the council of nations that our rank entitles us to.

I. The first and most important reason is, that *by holding the Philippines we would both secure a market for our surplus industries into those islands, and at the same time have an outpost off the coast of China of the greatest importance, both commercially, and strategically, as a naval base in case we should have to enforce our rights in China by a show of force.*

Mr. Schurz's answer is to be found in the following paragraph :

We are told that we must produce more than this country can consume, and must have foreign markets in which to sell our surplus products. Well, must we own the countries with which we wish to trade ? Is not this a notion ludicrously barbarous ? And as to more open markets which we want, will it not, when after this war we make our final peace arrangements, be easy to stipulate for open ports ?

Provided you do not believe in the doctrine that trade follows the flag, this argument is sound as to the Philippine trade ; but the great importance of the Philippines is as a *point d'appui* to enforce open ports in China, and no treaty with Spain could be of assistance to us as to that.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie says : 'Trade does not follow the flag in our day. . . . Possession of colonies or dependencies is not necessary for trade reasons.' Forty years ago Mr. Cobden and his school believed that democracies were about to institute a period of universal peace in this wicked world of ours, and that to take the trouble to found a colony was the height of absurdity, as free trade was the only sensible economic tenant, and as there was no patriotism in exchanges—trade always scenting the lowest price current instead of following the flag. This theory, after having been blindly followed for a short time, has been finally cast aside in Europe, and the old ideas have been reverted to, with the result that all countries are redoubling their energies in founding colonies and acquiring dependencies, in order to find markets for their home industries. In this wild rush both England and France, as formerly, are to the front ; and also countries like Germany and Italy, which had not gone in before for an extended colonial policy. At the moment when England and France were almost at daggers drawn over the Fashoda question, it is interesting, not to say amusing, to read Mr. Carnegie's enunciation of the old doctrine of the Manchester School, that trade does not

follow the flag. But admitting for the sake of argument that he is right, still we ought to hold the Philippines; as, whether England is right or wrong in thinking that by merely owning a country—without any discriminating tariff—she can command its trade, unless we take an active part in the vivisection of China we shall see the greater portion of it seized by Germany, France, and Russia, who by discriminating tariffs will prevent the enactment of Mr. Carnegie's economic principles, and our merchants will be barred out by the closed doors.

It is argued that the time is not yet ripe for us to start on a colonial policy, and that we could employ ourselves to greater advantage by confining ourselves to developing our still vast undeveloped resources. It is no doubt true that the Spanish war has brought us face to face with a problem which, under ordinary circumstances, this present generation would not have had to decide. But it seems to me that the day was bound to come, sooner or later, when it would be absolutely necessary for our commercial existence that we should throw over our traditional policy, and interest ourselves in European politics to the extent of obtaining and maintaining markets for our manufactures on the other side of the Pacific. Owing to the improved transportation of the present day, one country is now much nearer and easier of access to another than neighbouring towns were during the last century, before steam and electricity were discovered; with the natural result that trade between countries has grown in proportion, and now no first-class country can exist without its foreign trade. If this be true, is it not a most fortunate occurrence that this war has both impelled us into our future policy before China has been cut up and we have been permanently shut out, and has at the same time placed in our hands islands second to none in strategic importance for enforcing our claims?

Instead of expressing doubts as to the advisability of departing from a policy bequeathed to us by the father of our country, we should rather express surprise that it were possible at the birth of our country to lay down a policy which should last and be serviceable for over one hundred years. When we consider how hard prophesying is, and how unparalleled our development during the last hundred years has been, our wonder grows apace.

II. The second reason why annexation appears advisable to me is that *by taking over the Philippines we would not be burdening ourselves with a colony that was not self-supporting.*

That the Philippine Islands are rich and have enormous undeveloped resources is undisputed. But Little Americans claim that taking over the Philippines would result in a pecuniary loss to this country for two reasons—viz. (a) We would have to increase our navy until it becomes second to none. (b) Our custom-house

receipts would dwindle to a vanishing point through Manila cigars and sugar coming in free.

(a) On the first head Mr. Carnegie says :

As long as we remain free from distant possessions, we are impregnable against serious attack. . . . If we are to compete with other nations for foreign possessions, we must have a navy like theirs. It should be superior to any other navy, or we play a second part. . . . If our country were blockaded by the united Powers of the world for years, she would emerge from the embargo richer and stronger, and with her own resources more fully developed.

This argument teems with fallacies. In the first place, the fallacy of Mr. Carnegie's estimate of the size of navy required to carry on an Imperial policy is exposed by Captain Mahan's article entitled 'Current Naval Fallacies,' in which it is clearly pointed out that, although one country may possess a great many more ships than another, yet, owing to her having to guard more points, she may not be able to put into action at any given place any more ships than the other country : *e.g.* if England were to go to war, she would not be able to materially reduce her Channel, Mediterranean, Indian, Australian, or Chinese squadrons ; therefore she might be attacked successfully by a Power considerably her inferior in naval strength. It is this that has caused the necessity for England to maintain her navy at a strength equal to any two other Powers.

In the next place, although we will now require a larger navy than we at present possess, in order to adequately protect the Philippine Islands, we would any way require an equally large navy in order to protect the commercial interests of our citizens in China. But Little Americans think that it is not the duty of a country to protect the interests of their citizens abroad, and that, instead of encouraging enterprise in foreign lands, the Government should do everything that is possible to discourage it. But in spite of a short-sighted Governmental policy, the increase of our commerce with China during the last fifteen years has been startling, and clearly shows that our merchants have entered the Eastern market to stay, and is a good omen for the increased trade which we may reasonably expect will follow upon the confidence that our Government will no longer neglect its manifest duty in protecting our manifold interests.

But admitting for the sake of argument that our Government should not look after the growing interests of her citizens in China, she would still require a navy of much greater magnitude than the one she possesses at present, in order to protect her enormous seaboard. Mr. Carnegie's contention that, as at present constituted, we would be uninjured by being blockaded, is unfounded. We would not starve at the end of a month, as Great Britain would, it is true ; but the commercial loss through non-exportation would be incalculable. In fact, commercial intercourse between nations has grown to such an enormous extent at the present day, that, if it were possible to rigidly

blockade any of the really first-class Powers, all the others would be commercially ruined through a loss of market. This was felt in a minor degree in England when, in the war between the North and the South, there was a fairly efficacious blockade of the Southern ports, which caused riots in Manchester, owing to the cotton mills being compelled to close. Therefore the fact that annexation will cause us to build up our navy is a blessing in disguise, from whatever point of view you regard it.

(b) The other argument of the Little Americans, that our custom-house receipts would fall off, is the same thing as saying that we admit that the islands are rich enough to pay for the expense of governing them, but at present they contribute the principal portion of our revenue through the duties on sugar and cigars, and these in the future will have to come in free, and thus the Inland Revenue war taxes will have to be permanently maintained.

What of it? There are only two possible advantages of protection: one is that it is a convenient way of collecting sufficient revenue for Governmental expenses, the other is that it protects home industries. Those who are opposed to protection claim that it is a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul—*i.e.* robbing the farmers (home producers of non-dutiable articles) in order to increase the profits of the manufacturers (home producers of dutiable articles). For, although the foreign producer may apparently pay the customs duty, the consumer is the one upon whom the tax must eventually fall, as there would be no importation unless the producer were allowed to make his profit plus the amount he has advanced to pay the duty.

Not even the most rabid protectionist has advocated the protection of some members of a particular class of producers against other members of the same class; therefore upon annexation Cuban and Philippine goods will of course come in free of duty, as they will be a part of the United States. If the fear of allowing the goods of newly acquired territory to enter free of duty had influenced our ancestors, the United States would to the present day have still consisted of only the original thirteen states, as upon every annexation both the produce of the original alien inhabitants and that of our fellow citizens who have subsequently emigrated have as a matter of course always come in free of duty. And if we did not annex Cuba and the Philippines, but merely made advantageous treaties, we would be performing the anomaly of taxing some members of a class of producers for the benefit of other members of the same class, since we already have a large amount of capital invested in sugar and tobacco plantations in Cuba, and in all human probability soon will have also in the Philippines. And the same amount of money can be collected conveniently and equitably by Inland Revenue.

Is not this a suitable occasion to give up our system of protection? In fostering new industries protection is very useful. But

if, after a certain length of time of subsidy, an industry is not self-supporting, would it not be better for the country to have it cease? The great reduction in the amount of dutiable articles imported is a proof that, if we had free trade, almost all our manufactures would be able to successfully compete with those of foreign make.

It seems to be pretty generally assumed that, if we adopt an Imperial policy, we must make 'entangling alliances' with some of the great European Powers. And England is generally the Power mentioned, as it is assumed—both here and in England—that an Anglo-Saxon alliance would be based upon a community of interests. But this is only true up to a certain point; that is to say, neither England nor America desire to acquire territory in China, but merely wish to keep open ports; but if to accomplish the latter they should be compelled to acquire territory, England would hold hers as an open port, but the United States would naturally apply the Dingley Tariff Bill to hers, unless she adopts free trade at home also. Space will not allow me to discuss this interesting topic more fully; and, moreover, it is not very material to this article, since an actual alliance, besides being contrary to our traditions, would be no more desirable or necessary to us in entering upon our new policy than it has been to England during the last century.

III. My third and final reason for approving of expansion is that *widening our interests would tend to both increase our national strength and to lessen the chances of internal dissensions.*

It may be argued that ancient history discloses that the downfall of a great nation has always been preceded by a period in which it held vast alien races in subjection. The answer to this is twofold: in the first place, a nation's downfall generally immediately followed the period of its greatest glory; and in the second place—owing to the system of slavery then prevalent throughout the world—the holding of conquered nations meant that free labour would disappear and the ruling population would gradually become effete through luxury, indolence, and vice. As this is no longer the case, the analogy between the past and the present breaks down. And nobody can claim that England's colonial policy has dimmed her glory.

The more I study nations, the more they appear to me to resemble individuals; and, like individuals, too continuous self-contemplation renders them melancholy and morbid. A great deal has been written about the war having finally united the North and South. The old bitter feelings have died out long since between them; but in uniting the rich and the poor, the East and the West—which had gradually been drifting farther and farther apart—the war has accomplished a far more pressing need. The rough-riders at Santiago were a typical and noble example of the *rapprochement* between the East and the West, and of how everyone in the hour of trial and danger remembered that they were above all fellow

Americans. The Western cowboys and the smart young men of the East, animated by the same patriotic purpose, fought and fell side by side. And if we adopt an Imperial policy, this good feeling is sure to go on increasing, as our minds will be diverted from eternally brooding over internal differences.

Mr. Andrew White, in a very able article entitled 'The Message of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century,' says that the principal distinction between ancient and modern civilisations is that the former were dominated by a single idea, and therefore rose quickly and fell again as suddenly; but that the latter are characterised by being many-sided, and have therefore taken longer to rise and are destined to last much longer. His warning to the United States is that her civilisation has risen quickly because it is one-sided—commercialism being its dominating factor—and therefore he makes a strong plea to the rising generation to interest themselves more in art and philosophy.

It seems to me that our Imperial policy will both give us wider interests—thus preventing us from becoming one-sided, which is the great danger that political philosophers so justly dread—and will at the same time act as a safety-valve to let off our superfluous energy.

BRADLEY MARTIN, JUNR.

OUR ALLIES AT WATERLOO.

'THERE is one event noted in the world,' said the Duke of Wellington to Lord Mahon, 'the battle of Waterloo; and you will not find any two people agree as to the exact hour when it commenced.' He used to say that, so many and so conflicting were the accounts he had read of his last battle, he would soon begin to believe he had not been there himself. Rivers of ink have flowed since the Duke's day around certain disputed points, and will continue to flow, so long as the 'one event noted in the world' holds the attention of historians, without any approach to unanimity being attained; but there is one feature of the brief campaign of 1815 upon which English opinion from the first has been something short of fully informed, something less than just, and upon which it concerns our honour to make frank avowal before the sands of the nineteenth century shall have run out. This feature is the share borne in the events from the 15th to the 18th of June 1815—first, by the Prussian army under Prince von Blücher, and, next, by the foreign contingent under command of Wellington.

Nobody who has carefully followed the events of those momentous days, and has succeeded in divesting himself of prepossession in favour of one nationality or another—of one commander or the other—would care to maintain that the British commander could have successfully opposed, or would have attempted to oppose, Napoleon's march upon Brussels, unless he had been supported by the Prussian army on his left. Still less would any student of tactics underrate the enormous effect upon Napoleon's position at Waterloo, and upon his power of attack, caused not merely by the actual impact of Bülow's corps upon his right flank at four in the afternoon of the 18th of June, but by the mere presence of a force threatening that flank, which was known to Napoleon as soon as his own troops had all come up from Genappe into line of battle—namely, at one o'clock. But we are not all students of tactics; neither can the average Englishman be pronounced entirely free from national prepossession. Hence it comes that nine Englishmen out of ten think of Waterloo as a purely British victory, in which the army of the King of Prussia figures, if it figures at all, as a merely subsidiary factor, and consider the whole campaign as a

triumph of British strategy and valour, wherein the Netherlander contingent in Wellington's army acted a negligible and even an injurious part. English historians have been blamed, some of them not without good cause, for the diffusion of this belief; but in truth it has arisen partly out of pardonable prepossession and partly out of the bewildering profusion of Waterloo literature, from which it is a labour of almost superhuman diligence and discernment to extract the truth. Nothing can be more unjust than to claim more than their due for the British commander and the British troops; nothing less likely to impair the splendour of their triumph than a clear understanding and frank acknowledgment of the degree in which the foreign troops under Wellington's command and the Prussian army contributed to the final overthrow of Napoleon. Nothing could be further from the wishes of the Duke of Wellington himself than that his countrymen should not know the full measure of their indebtedness to Field-Marshal von Blücher. Here are the sentences from the original despatch, in which he pays ample tribute to his ally—sentences which shine clear above the whirlpools of discussion which have been poured round this much-disputed question since they were written :

I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blücher and the Prussian Army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bülow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

It conveys no imputation against the general acquaintance of educated Englishmen with the history of the century if I preface some observations upon our allies at Waterloo with a tabular memorandum of the exact sequence of the chief incidents in those amazing Hundred Days; it may even be convenient to those readers who have made the period a subject of special study.

1st of March, 1815.—Napoleon escapes from Elba, and lands at Cannes with 1,100 men.

7th of March, 1815.—The news reaches the Congress of Powers at Vienna.

20th of March, 1815.—Napoleon arrives at Fontainebleau; Louis the Eighteenth quits Paris.

25th of March, 1815.—Treaty of alliance between Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain. England grants a subsidy of five millions sterling, to be divided by Wellington among the three Great Powers.¹

¹ A Parliamentary paper recently printed, on the motion of Lord Balcarras, shows that in the two previous years—1813-14—Great Britain had paid in subsidies to the European Powers no less than £14,828,599, and that the total subsidies paid by her to various States from 1792 to 1884 amount to £52,238,127.

5th of April, 1815.—Wellington arrives at Brussels from Vienna to take command of the allied forces in the Netherlands. .

9th of April, 1815.—Napoleon recalls furlough men and deserters to the army. (75,898 reported themselves.)

10th of April, 1815.—He mobilises the Gardes Nationales. (150,000 reported themselves.)

18th of May, 1815.—He calls upon retired soldiers to rejoin. (25,000 reported themselves.)

4th of June, 1815.—Decreases the conscription. (46,419 reported themselves.) .

12th of June, 1815.—Leaves Paris for the Belgian frontier.

14th of June, 1815.—Assumes command of the army of invasion.

15th of June, 1815.—Crosses the Sambre and captures Charleroi.

16th of June, 1815.—Defeats Blücher at Ligny. Wellington defeats Ney at Quatre-Bras.

17th of June, 1815.—Napoleon detaches Grouchy to follow the Prussians. Advances against Wellington, who retreats to Waterloo.

18th of June, 1815.—Battle of Waterloo.

When the Duke of Wellington was appointed to the command-in-chief of the forces in the Netherlands by the unanimous decision of the Powers in congress in Vienna, the Prince of Orange handed over to him a composite force, made up as follows:—

British Infantry	4,000
King's German Legion Infantry	3,600
" " " Cavalry	2,400
Hanoverian Infantry	6,800
" Cavalry	500
Netherlands Infantry	5,000
" Cavalry	1,900
Total	24,200

The Prince reported that the British battalions were in good order, but composed of young soldiers, the Guards especially being nearly all recruits, and having about 400 men 'not fit for active service.' The German Legion was 'in the best order;' the Hanoverians, chiefly Landwehr, were 'well equipped, but moved badly, and were, like all young troops, commanded by officers without experience.' Most of the Belgians had seen service under Napoleon, and the Prince said that their officers might be depended on. It will be remembered that, early in April, Napoleon issued a summons to all his old Belgian soldiers to rejoin his army, which he reckoned would bring him eight or ten thousand seasoned troops.

By the 12th of June, the day when Napoleon left Paris to take command of his army upon the Belgian frontier, Wellington's forces had been reinforced to upwards of 93,000 men, with 196 guns. Various authorities differ a little as to the exact figures, but the

following may be taken as closely approximate to the figures of the several nationalities under Wellington's command :

British	31,253
German	{ King's German Legion 6,387						. 32,010
	{ Hanoverians . . . 15,935						
	{ Brunswicker . . . 6,808						
	{ Nassau . . . 2,880						
Netherlander	29,214
							92,477
"	Engineers, staff corps, &c.						1,240
						Total	93,717

Now, George the Third was King of Hanover as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, whence it is sometimes supposed that, in reckoning the services of the foreign contingents in this army, the Hanoverian troops should count as British; but in reality both they and the King's German Legion were German soldiers serving under German officers, and are entitled, as *Germans*, to their share of honour in the result which they contributed so greatly to bring about.

Wellington's army occupied positions extending along the western and south-western frontier of Belgium, from Oudenarde on the Scheldt by Enghien, Grammont, and Ath to Genappe, with garrisons at Antwerp, Ostend, Nieuport, Ypres, and Mons, and with a reserve at Brussels. It is to be noted that of the six divisions thus posted, only one—the first or Guards Division—was composed entirely of British troops, and that, of the whole of Wellington's army, two-thirds were foreign soldiers under foreign officers.

Eastward from Wellington's left near Genappe Blücher's Prussian army was extended along the frontier by Charleroi, Namur, and Ciney to Liège. It was composed of four army corps, numbering 99,715 infantry, 11,879 cavalry, and 9,360 artillery with 312 guns—in all, 120,954 men. The total force defending about one hundred English miles of frontier thus amounted, in round numbers, to 215,000 men, with 508 guns, of which 31,250, or rather less than fifteen per cent., were British troops. To break this line, and to force his way to Brussels, Napoleon, by the 14th of June, had concentrated on the Sambre 89,415 infantry, 23,595 cavalry, 11,578 artillery, with 344 guns—in all, 124,588 men.

Now, it is too well known to require fresh demonstration that up to the very last moment Wellington regarded Napoleon's movements on the Sambre as a feint, and expected the real attack to come by way of Mons, which caused him to strengthen the right of his line of positions at the expense of his left. He employed 20,000 labourers to repair the fortifications on the paved routes of Mons and Tournay, nothing being done to construct defences on the Charleroi

road, which he left entirely to be held by foreign troops. He continued in the same expectation till he actually arrived at Quatre-Bras on the morning of the 16th, the French having captured Charleroi the day before, and established themselves overnight, 124,000 strong, on Belgian territory between the points of Campinaire, Gosselies, and Charleroi. It is necessary to recall this preconceived notion of the British commander, in order to understand the strain which it suddenly threw upon a portion of his foreign troops. If these had given way under this unexpected strain, the road to Brussels would have been thrown open to the invader, and a junction of Wellington's and Blücher's scattered divisions have been rendered impossible. But they did not give way: their steadiness and the presence of mind of the subordinate generals in command of the detachment saved the position. Nevertheless the charge of misbehaviour and cowardice made against the Netherlander troops by such weighty authorities as Alison and Siborne has been repeated by innumerable later writers, until it has come to be current belief that Waterloo was won, not by the help of the Belgian-Dutch officers and regiments, but in spite of them.

Here are the undisputed facts of what took place on the evening of the 15th of June. Wellington's army was divided into two corps: the first, forming the left wing and commanded by the Prince of Orange, occupied positions extending from Genappe, where it was in touch with the Prussian right, to Enghien. The extreme left of the Prince's line of positions was held by the second brigade of the Netherlander General de Perponcher's division, under command of Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. It consisted of four battalions of Nassau riflemen (Germans) and a battery of horse artillery, and was stationed at Quatre-Bras, where the Nivelles-to-Namur road crosses the Charleroi-to-Brussels road, one battalion being posted in advance of the other three upon the rising ground above Frasné. The Prince of Orange had received Wellington's orders in the morning to concentrate Perponcher's division upon Nivelles, seven miles to the west on the Mons road, thus throwing the Charleroi road open to an enemy advancing from the south. Leaving Perponcher to carry out this movement, the Prince had then ridden into Brussels to dine with the Duke of Wellington and to attend the Duchess of Richmond's ball. Meanwhile, about midday, General de Perponcher was informed that the French had driven back the Prussian cavalry from Ham-sur-Heure, forced Von Zieten's outposts at Thuin, and crossed the Sambre; news which did not reach Brussels till 3 P.M., according to General Müffling—'till the evening,' according to the Duke of Wellington. Perponcher at once took the grave responsibility of disobeying his orders to move upon Nivelles; instead of which he kept Saxe-Weimar's Nassau brigade in its position at Quatre-Bras, where it was attacked by Ney's advanced guard at 7 P.M. Fortunately, Ney did not know

the weakness of his enemy, and seeing his men fatigued with long marching, did not persevere, but fell back and bivouacked for the night. Saxe-Weimar sent word to Perponcher at Nivelles that he could not hold Quatre-Bras for long, *his men having only ten rounds of ammunition!* By this time it was late at night: the Prince of Orange was in the ball-room twenty miles away, and his chief of the staff, the Dutch Baron de Constant de Rebecque, had to act. He did not shrink from the responsibility of disregarding orders, but directed Perponcher to support his second brigade (Nassau) at Quatre-Bras with his first brigade (Netherlander, under Van Bylandt), at the same time ordering up Van Merlen's light cavalry brigade (Netherlander) from Saint Symphorien-aux-Bergen, nearly forty English miles distant.

The Emperor's bulletin issued at Charleroi that same evening announced that Ney had fixed his headquarters at Quatre-Bras. This Ney might well have done, had he known the weakness of the force whose presence sufficed to check him. In that case Wellington's line of defence would have been pierced at its weakest place namely, the Charleroi road to Brussels, which was defended by no fortifications, and whence he had decided to withdraw his troops. Who so bold as to pronounce upon the probable subsequent course of the campaign if Ney had been free next day, as free as he would have been with Quatre-Bras in his possession, to operate with his two *corps d'armée* upon the flank of the Prussians at Ligny?

This, then, was the first important contribution by the much-maligned Netherlander contingent to the ultimate result at Waterloo. Half of the Netherlander General de Perponcher's division consisted of a Nassau (German) brigade, the other half of a Netherlander brigade. It was the Netherlander de Perponcher's boldness in disregarding orders, and the Netherlander de Rebecque's promptness in confirming and supporting his action, that rendered the battle of Waterloo possible; for assuredly it never could have been fought if communications between Wellington and Blücher had been severed; and with Ney upon his right flank Blücher could never have retired upon Wavre, but must have fallen back upon his base on the Meuse.

Still, the staunchness of Saxe-Weimar's brigade and the measures taken by de Rebecque for its support would have availed nothing had Ney resumed the offensive even at a fairly early hour next day, because Bylandt's Netherlander brigade did not arrive upon the ground till 10 A.M. on the 16th, and it was 3.30 P.M. before Van Merlen's light cavalry marched in from Saint Symphorien-aux-Bergen. This is no place to discuss the much-vexed question why Ney, who had been ordered to establish his headquarters at Quatre-Bras on the evening of the 15th, made no move on the 16th until past 2 P.M. Even at that time, although the Duke of Wellington and the Prince of Orange had both arrived at Quatre-Bras, there was not

a single regiment or gun in that position besides Perponcher's two brigades—Saxe-Weimar's and Bylandt's—a Dutch battery under Van Byleweldt and a Belgian battery under Stievenaer.

Then ensued the famous muddle of the Emperor's orders to Ney, whereby half of that marshal's 50,000 men were sent marching and countermarching under d'Erlon for the rest of the day between the fields of Ligny and Quatre-Bras. Even that had not sufficed to save the last-named position for the allies if the Netherlander troops had been the worthless stuff some writers have made them out—Thackeray, alas! most of all in his otherwise incomparable *aperçu*. As it was, some 7,000 Netherlander and Nassau infantry, with sixteen guns, managed to hold their ground against the attack of Ney's second *corps d'armée* until Van Merlen's light cavalry came up and Picton's reserve division began to arrive from Brussels at about 3.30 P.M.

Van Merlen, with the 6th Dutch Hussars and the 5th Belgian Dragoons, was at work before Picton's division of light British and four Hanoverian battalions could come into action. He had no time to breathe his horses after their long march, but directed a charge upon Foy's advancing column. The charge failed, and the Netherlander cavalry were thrown into confusion and driven back by Piré's lancers; but Van Merlen's action kept the enemy engaged while Picton deployed upon his ground, and probably saved Perponcher's division from destruction.

Certainly, if the casualty return can be taken as an index of the value of the service performed by the Netherlander cavalry, it should be recorded that these two regiments lost 225 killed and 146 wounded—in all 371 out of a total strength of 1,100. It is quite true—one cannot refuse to accept the evidence to that effect—that many of these men afterwards appeared as fugitives in Brussels, and also that a large number of Bylandt's infantry, who had behaved so steadily early in the action, deserted the field in the afternoon. But at all events let them have credit for what they did. They held a most important position at a crucial time in face of overwhelming numbers until the error of the British commander-in-chief could be repaired and a sufficient force arrived upon the ground. The Duke of Wellington used to say that he thought very little of soldiers running away at times—the steadiest troops would occasionally do so—but it was a serious matter if they did not come back. Now these troops, Nassau and Netherlander, played a fine part at a very critical time; and although many of the Netherlanders tired of the game before evening and bolted, they came back, and we are able to follow the fortunes of these very regiments two days later at Waterloo.

Prince Bernhard's Nassau brigade was posted on the 18th of June upon the extreme left of Wellington's line of battle, above Smohain and La Haye, except one battalion of rifles, which was sent to hold

Hougoumont with the light companies of the Guards. The rest of de Perponcher's division—Bylandt's Netherlander brigade—was also on the left of the *chaussée*, under Picton, and its position was equally remarkable and unfortunate. While the main line were posted just over the northern or reverse slope of the ridge, protected by the hedges of the cross road to Ohain, this brigade, consisting of two regular and three militia battalions, was left on the exposed slope of the ridge, one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards in front of Pack's Highland brigade, presumably to protect La Haye Sainte and the sand-pit from a flank attack. Obviously, when Napoleon placed his great battery of eighty guns immediately opposite this point, the exposed brigade should have been retired, but this seems to have been overlooked. Sir William Gomm, then Assistant Quartermaster-General to the fifth (Picton's) division, afterwards wrote:

The brigade of Netherlanders were certainly in line before the French columns advanced, and considerably down the slope, so that Rogers's guns fired over them. . . . These Netherlanders were undoubtedly much exposed—eighty pieces of cannon opening upon them at horse-pistol range or little more. *I did* not place them there.²

Consequently, by the time the cannonade was suspended and the columns of Douzelot and Allix were upon them, these unhappy regiments were in no condition to stand the impact; they did what the steadiest infantry in the world might have done—they broke, and breaking, fled through the ranks of the Cameron Highlanders lying just over the low crest behind them, jeered at and prodded with bayonets by men who had not undergone the same trial. No doubt many of these Netherlanders went off the ground and joined the general stream of fugitives, *composed of soldiers of many nationalities*, which spread terror in Brussels.

I have often thought [wrote Captain Wyndham of the Scots Greys, who was carried off the field with two wounds] of the scene I witnessed in going into Brussels. The road was one varied scene from the time I left the village of Waterloo until I arrived at Brussels; men, women, and children were ridden over by the runaway Belgians and a few of our own people.

No doubt there were more Netherlanders than British runaways, and we are entitled to attribute this in part to the better discipline of the British army; but it is only fair to note also that the temptation to get out of danger is much stronger upon men in their own country, among their own relatives and among people speaking their own language, than it is upon soldiers serving in a foreign country, among people of a strange speech.

Bylandt's brigade, as a whole, rallied behind the troops lining the Ohain road, and continued on the field throughout the action. One of these regiments, the 7th Belgian, having lost 100 men at Quatre-

² *Waterloo Letters.*

Bras, paraded 534 strong on the morning of the 18th, and lost 236 killed and wounded before night.

The Nassau battalion detached from Saxe-Weimar's brigade was posted by Wellington himself with some Hanoverians in the wood and copse (now no more) south of Hougomont, the British Guards holding the garden, château, and farm buildings behind them. Here they sustained the attack of Jérôme's division for more than an hour, till they were forced back to the shelter of the garden walls. Then they certainly misbehaved.

They had been one of the regiments in Joseph's army at Vittoria, and had formed part of his rearguard in the retreat. They had left Soult's army on the Nive in 1813 and joined Wellington, who sent them to England; and here is what he told Lord Mahon of their subsequent conduct: 'The next thing I saw of them was running off at Waterloo, and what is more, firing upon us as they ran. I pointed them out to General Vincent, who said, *Jamais je n'ai vu de tels coquins!* My answer was, *Mais enfin, c'est avec ces messieurs-là qu'il faut que nous gagnions la bataille!*'

No doubt this is conduct as bad as can be. There is no reason to ignore or palliate it; but somehow or another the idea has become prevalent that these were Netherlander troops. They were not: they were Germans of Nassau; and the misbehaviour of this single German battalion, very different from that of other German troops in Wellington's army, ought not to be allowed to go to confirm the popular impression that the Netherlander regiments behaved badly as a whole. They did not all behave well; but, if it comes to that, the conduct of the British troops was not perfect in every instance. If we accept and publish the Duke of Wellington's testimony to the misconduct of these Nassau riflemen, in common fairness we must not suppress what he said about British artillerymen. Towards the close of 1815, when pressed to consent to a mark of special distinction to be given to field officers of artillery, he wrote to Lord Mulgrave:

To tell you the truth, I was not very well pleased with the artillery at the battle of Waterloo. The army was formed in squares immediately on the slope of the rising ground, on the summit of which the artillery was placed. . . . The French cavalry charged, and were formed on the same ground as our artillery, in general within a few yards of our guns. We could not expect the artillerymen to remain at their guns in such a case. But I had a right to expect that the officers and men of the artillery would do as I did, and as all the staff did—that is, to take shelter in the squares of infantry till the French cavalry should be driven off the ground either by our cavalry or infantry. But they did no such thing: they ran off the field entirely, taking with them limbers, ammunition, and everything; and when in a few minutes we had driven off the French cavalry, and could have made good use of our artillery, we had no artillerymen to fire them; and, in point of fact, I should have had no artillery at all during the whole of the latter part of the action, if I had not kept a reserve at the commencement. . . . It is on account of these little stories, which must come out, that I object to all the propositions to write what is called a history of the battle of Waterloo.

More sinister still is the inference from a passage in the Duke's general order thanking his troops after the battle.

The Field-Marshal has observed that several soldiers, and even officers, have quitted their ranks without leave, and have gone to Bruxelles, and even some to Antwerp, where, and in the country through which they passed, they have spread a false alarm in a manner highly unmilitary and derogatory to the character of soldiers. The Field-Marshal requests the general officers *commanding divisions in the British Army* (italics mine), and the general officers commanding the corps of each nation of which the army is composed, to report to him in writing what officers and men (the former by name) are now or have been absent without leave since the 16th inst.

No possible good object could be served by revealing the secret record of individual cowardice contained in certain correspondence at Apsley House. Of course the Duke's earnest desire to burke description and discussion of such a memorable day was almost ludicrously impracticable; but it concerns our national honour to see that, inasmuch as blame has been thrown upon some of the foreign troops in the Duke's army, the whole truth concerning all the troops engaged shall be fairly understood.

The behaviour of the Netherlander cavalry at Waterloo has never been called in question: it was admirable, with the single exception of the Duke of Cumberland's Hussars (Netherlander volunteers), who refused to take up a position ordered by Wellington, and rode off the field *en masse*.

It is the fashion with some military writers and critics to depreciate the authority of Wellington's despatches, especially his report upon the battle of Waterloo. Doubtless there were omissions from it; one must even admit that there were incorrect or imperfect statements upon certain points. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, partly at Waterloo within hearing of the groans of the dying Gordon, partly at Brussels next day, one can only be surprised that it was so lucid, lengthy, and consecutive. No great general has ever equalled Wellington as a despatch writer except Cæsar, and it is impossible to put aside the testimony he bears to the behaviour of the Netherlanders as a whole: ³

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Tripp, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry in the service of the King of the Netherlands.

³ In a recent vindication of the Netherlander army Mr. D. Boulger (*Contemporary Review*, May 1900) has made the mistake of overstating his case. 'Seeing,' he says, 'that Wellington, in his very bald and incomplete account of the battle, specifically mentions Tripp, the major-general in command of the (Netherlander) Carabineer Brigade, when he has not a word to say about that unsurpassable military exploit associated for ever with the name of the Union Brigade,' &c. But Wellington *did* mention it. 'Lord E. Somerset's brigade . . . having highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.'

There is no occasion, therefore, to follow further the movements of the Netherlander cavalry, save to mention that Van Merlen, who acted such a timely part at Quatre-Bras, was killed, and that the Netherlander cavalry on the field lost 628 killed and 634 wounded.

Neither is there any imputation against the conduct of the Netherlander infantry, except against d'Aubremé's brigade in Chassé's division. But as a *Quarterly* reviewer⁴ has charged me with lending too easy credence to M. Houssaye's description of the part borne by General de Chassé's division, some attention may be devoted to the evidence upon which it rests.

Baron de Chassé had served, and served well, in the Peninsula under Napoleon's marshals, where he got the nickname of General Baïonnette. His division, consisting of two brigades, Ditmer's and d'Aubremé's, was stationed in the morning about the village of Braine-l'Alleud, on the extreme right of the allies' line. Towards two o'clock, when Wellington's apprehension of a flanking movement from the west had been allayed, he brought in Chassé's division to support Lord Hill. General Mercer, then commanding a British battery, has described how they came across the fields, 'two dense columns of infantry,' shouting and singing, and how, under the belief that they were French, the order was actually being given to the gunners to fire on them, when they were recognised as Belgians. They formed up behind or along the Nivelles road, Ditmer's militia brigade supported by d'Aubremé's, and formed squares to receive the French cavalry which had passed through the squares of the first line.

Now, to examine in detail the mass of contradictory statements as to the subsequent behaviour of Chassé's division and of Van der Smissen's battery would consume more space than I have the face to claim. The *Quarterly* reviewer denies that Ditmer's battalions ever came in contact with the Imperial Guard, and of course refuses to admit that they charged them. Van der Smissen's guns, says he, were directed, not against the Imperial Guard, but upon the French guns to the left, which they enfiladed and drove off the field. Well, I give up to him d'Aubremé's brigade, part of which certainly misbehaved in the final attack and quitted the ground in the wrong direction, although two of d'Aubremé's battalions bivouacked that night at La Belle Alliance. But in regard to Ditmer's militia-men, Lord Hill himself may be cited to show that they did advance against the Imperial Guard, and, as they bivouacked that night at Rossomme, where Napoleon had held the Imperial Guard in reserve earlier in the day, they may be credited with having seen the business to an end.

General de Chassé was one of very many officers who felt

⁴ April 1900.

aggrieved by omissions from the Duke's official despatch. He was an experienced soldier, with a peculiarly high reputation for personal courage. If his division had misbehaved, is it likely that he would have drawn to it the special attention of his general-in-chief? Here is what Lord Hill wrote in reply to Chassé's remonstrance :

In the report that I had the honour to make to His Excellency the Duke of Wellington on the battle of the 18th of June, I made special mention of the conduct of your division during that day, and I did not omit to mention that it advanced to repulse the attack of the French Imperial Guard. Unfortunately, the report of His Excellency the Duke of Wellington was already sent to London before the arrival of my own report. Nevertheless I am well assured that His Excellency is informed of the fine conduct of the troops under your orders on that glorious day, and I beg your Excellency to feel convinced that it will always afford me great pleasure to show how sensible I am of it.

A recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*⁵ has taken me severely to task because I have interpreted literally Lord Hill's plain words to Chassé. 'To anybody who reads them without prejudice,' says he, '(they) are manifestly merely the kindly expressions of a man who does not want to hurt the feelings of those who have served under him, and especially did not want to hurt the pride of the allied troops. They are nothing more. There is no excuse for Sir Herbert Maxwell's note.' Well, that may be a very convenient way of dealing with inconvenient evidence, but it is attended with some risk to the integrity of history. It is rather hard upon Hill to class as a polite falsehood his positive statement that he had made 'special mention' of the conduct of Chassé's division. The letter ought certainly to be read without prejudice, but it should also be read with a knowledge of the writer's character. 'Daddy Hill' was 'kindly' enough, we all know; but we also know that no man, not even the Iron Duke himself, was less inclined to flowery compliment and insincere phrase. But then, it may be argued, if Lord Hill's belated despatch did convey to Wellington information of the gallant behaviour of Chassé's division, surely the Duke would have taken some means of letting it be known. The answer is that that was not the Duke's way. His despatches were written at the earliest possible moment after action; the impression left upon his mind and the information in his possession at the time were succinctly and lucidly set forth, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a single instance in which he either altered or supplemented the original statement, although of course he must have become aware subsequently of errors and omissions. No man ever adhered more strictly to the adage, *littera scripta manet*; he gave the best report in the power at the moment, and refused to give it a thought afterwards. Those who have realised what his life was—how full of action and unceasing toil—from the day he landed in

⁵ July 1900.

India in 1796 down to the dispersal of the army of occupation in 1818, when he was the most influential politician in Europe, may recognise circumstances which set limitations even to his prodigious industry. As soon as one episode was transacted and reported on, it was done with, and his energy was absorbed by something else.

Leave we now the reputation of the Netherlanders under Wellington with this reflection : that if their contingent—20,664 out of the total of 67,661 engaged—had been such worthless stuff as Thackeray and a host of more negligible writers would have us believe, Wellington could never have held the position of Mont Saint-Jean. If that reflection be right, it is ungenerous, it is scarcely honest, not to make it openly.

I have left myself scant space to refer to the share of the Prussian army in the victory ; but it is of less concern, inasmuch as the facts are so well known to all who have given them serious attention. It is not for such that these observations are written, but for the mass of general readers, many of whom have no more than an indistinct knowledge that Blücher came up some time towards the close of the battle, after Napoleon had been virtually beaten.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the importance of Blücher's concentration of three of his four army corps at Ligny on the 15th and 16th of June, at the very time when Wellington, apprehending attack from another quarter, had given orders to withdraw the troops at Quatre-Bras to concentrate them on Nivelles. That Blücher was badly beaten at Ligny detracts in no degree from that importance, because, of Napoleon's five *corps d'armée*, the Prussians kept three (Gérard's, Vandamme's, and Lobau's) hotly engaged all the afternoon, and were the cause of neutralising a fourth (d'Erlon's) in futile oscillation between Ligny and Quatre-Bras, leaving only one (Reille's) to operate under Ney against Wellington's divisions as they hurried up to the front. Next day the Prussians were the cause of Napoleon's diminishing the force at his disposal for a direct advance on Brussels to the extent of 34,000 men, detached under Grouchy to pursue Blücher and prevent him forming a junction with Wellington. This reduced the French army to 71,947, only 4,286 more than Wellington was able to put in line on the 18th. Supposing, then, that the presence of the Prussians at Ligny was not the only thing that made the defence of Quatre-Bras possible, had they been absent Napoleon would have outnumbered Wellington at Waterloo by 38,000 men.

The injuries received by Blücher at Ligny were so severe that he resigned the command of his army temporarily to his chief-of-the-staff, Gneisenau. Now, Gneisenau, a most able strategist and tactician, and a loyal soldier, had long before conceived a profound distrust of Wellington, and this was greatly deepened by the failure of Wellington to support the Prussians at Ligny on the 16th. Therefore,

although on the morning of the 17th he ordered two corps (Zieten's and Pirch's) to fall back on Wavre, so as to maintain communication with the allied army, instead of holding on for Namur, yet later in the day, when Blücher resumed command, Gneisenau urged him to look after the safety of his own army by withdrawing to Liège and thus securing his communications with Luxembourg. Wellington, argued Gneisenau, was not a man to be trusted. But gallant old Blücher had passed his word to come to Wellington's support: aided by his quartermaster-general, Grolmann, he overruled Gneisenau's objections, and ordered all his four corps to concentrate upon Wavre. Grolmann's despatch to that effect, and announcing that Bülow's corps, supported by Thielmann's, would move at daybreak by Saint Lambert to attack the French right, was sent off before midnight on the 17th.

It was no light task to fulfil—that of moving men and guns fifteen miles through the mire caused by the deluge of that night. Napoleon pronounced it impossible after the severe handling they had received at Ligny; but it was faithfully performed. Wellington never doubted Blücher's good faith, but that he had misgivings about his power to fulfil his pledge in time is shown by two letters he wrote at 3 A.M. on the 18th, after receiving Grolmann's despatch: one to the Duc de Berri, asking him to cause the King of France to leave Ghent for Antwerp 'on receiving certain intelligence that the enemy has entered Brussels in spite of me;' the other to Lady Francis Webster, warning her to be ready to leave Brussels should he be forced to uncover that city and expose it to the enemy.

All morning Napoleon remained at ease about the Prussians. He derided as *paroles en l'air* Jérôme's warning that the Prussians would come to the rendezvous by way of Wavre. 'Bah!' said he, 'after a battle such as that of Fleurus (Ligny) the junction of the English with the Prussians is out of the question for two days from now. Besides, the Prussians have Grouchy at their heels,' and he sent Jérôme off to open the ball at Hougoumont. A couple of hours later, when the battery of eighty guns in front of La Belle Alliance were on the point of preparing the way for Ney's grand attack, the Prussians were discerned upon the high ground about Ohain, six miles off. 'This morning,' said the Emperor to Soult, 'the chances were ninety to ten in our favour: they are still sixty to forty.' From nine to one to three to two is a heavy fall in the odds, indicating something gravely amiss with the favourite, yet this was brought about by the mere presence of Bülow's advanced guard six miles distant.

Napoleon's whole plan was disarranged. He persisted with his frontal attack, but he had to prepare for battle on another front also. By four o'clock Bülow was in possession of Plancenoit.

Now, Plancenoit is generally described as a village upon the right

of the French position. On my first visit to the field of Waterloo, I was careful to make a preliminary survey of the ground without a guide, in order to test my acquaintance with its chief features as obtained from books. I picked them up with no difficulty at all : the scene seemed strangely familiar—with one exception. That exception was Plancenoit. I had no map at the moment, and to find Plancenoit I had to return to the Musée, standing in front of which the guide pointed out Plancenoit. I was amazed to see it almost in a line—only slightly to the left of a line—with La Belle Alliance. Plancenoit was not upon the French flank at all ; it was in rear of the French right centre. Here, then, the Prussians established themselves between four and five in the afternoon, and, although eight battalions of the Young Guard drove them out of it, these in turn were ejected until two more battalions of the Old Guard were sent up to recapture it. By this time it was past seven ; La Haye, Papelotte, and La Haye Sainte were all in possession of the French ; the guns in La Haye Sainte were raking the allies upon Mont-Saint-Jean, and Wellington's line was broken. But Zieten's Prussian corps was already at Ohain ; it was moving to support Bülow, when Muffling galloped over and turned it towards Mont-Saint-Jean. Zieten's advanced guard was already at Smohain when the Emperor handed over the Middle Guard for the final attack. By the time that attack had failed Zieten was upon the flank of Durutte, commanding what was now the right division in the original French front. Let me quote once more from the Duke of Wellington's despatch :

Having observed that the troops (the Imperial Guard) retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bülow's corps by Frischermont upon Planchenois and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy.

Can anything be more conclusive as to the degree in which Wellington's power to attack the French was the result of the attack by the Prussians already in progress ? Wellington's army lost most heavily, because it was engaged longer than Blücher's. The killed and wounded among the British, Hanoverian, Brunswicker, and Netherlander troops numbered 16,186 ; those of the Prussians 6,999.

It was all over by this time, and there is no need to follow the pursuit, which Wellington handed over to the Prussians at nine o'clock. What Englishman should hesitate to acknowledge that from the moment—about one o'clock—when Napoleon first became aware of the approach of a Prussian corps upon his flank, the whole course and prospects of the engagement was profoundly affected ? that even if Wellington had been able to hold his ground against the

undivided strength of his enemy, he could not have driven him from the field, and that he never would have attempted so to hold it unless he had felt confidence in Blücher fulfilling his pact? Some reparation is due to the Prussian army for the extent to which the British army has monopolised the credit of this great victory. To make that reparation detracts no whit from the praise due to the British troops for their splendid devotion and steadiness, and to their commander for an extraordinary combination of nerve with energy and physical endurance, which enabled him to pass from point to point in his line precisely at the moment when his presence was of supreme importance. Neither must it be forgotten that it was English gold that enabled our allies to put their armies in the field at all. We can well afford, looking back to the most memorable battle of the nineteenth century, to endorse the tribute paid to the Prussians by Sir Hussey Vivian, who commanded the Hussar brigade :

In truth I care not what others may say, we were greatly indebted to the Prussians, and it was their coming on the right and rear of Napoleon that gave us the victory of Waterloo. We might have held our ground, but we never could have advanced but for the Prussian movement. . . . There is not the slightest ground for jealousy, and I must say those are most unjust to the Prussians who refuse them their full share of credit for their most effective aid at the end of the day.

Moreover, this seems a fitting moment to acknowledge the full extent of our obligation to the Prussian army under Prince von Blücher, seeing that now, for the first time since that far-off day, British and Germans are fighting side by side against a common foe.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE TRADITIONAL 'BRITISH SAILOR'

MOST of us are conscious of a tendency to create for ourselves imaginary types of the men who made history; not the great leaders whose appearance is usually made familiar to us by portraits and statues, but the nameless rank and file, who marched in the great men's armies, shouted their battle-cries, and in due season died, obeying their orders; the tools that were used and broken in the execution of great works which they were not expected to understand.

Speak of the Roman legionary, straightway there flits across the mind a glimpse of a stern face, close-shaven, eagle-nosed, under a brazen helmet whose cheek-pieces are curiously reminiscent of a grandmotherly nightcap. The Viking picture varies a good deal; mine is something like Siegfried in the opera, but battered and rather beery. Of the English archer we possess an excellent portrait signed 'Conan Doyle.' Cromwell's Ironside presents himself as a crop-haired, buff-coated personage, who carries a Bible in one hand and a broadsword in the other; through the three vertical bars of his peaked steel cap he snuffles something about 'binding their king in chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron.' It would be better if he did not speak; silent, he is a grand and soldierly figure. The soldier of the Grand Army—the Grenadier, 'die waren in Russland gefangen;'—that means a bearskin cap, blue coat turned back with white, long white gaiters, a cowskin knapsack; under the bearskin is a fierce worn face, with long grizzled moustache. Mine has generally a blood-stained bandage round his head; I do not know why; because of Detaille perhaps; or it may have been Meissonier. It is, like the gallery of Skelt's theatrical characters, familiar to an earlier generation; with this advantage, that no consideration of expense intervenes to make us niggardly with the spangles.

There is one familiar face amongst them which is always welcome. Beneath a hat of straw or tarpaulin set jauntily on 'nine hairs,' his jetty whiskers roll breezily round a throat left bare by the open shirt collar with its loose black neckerchief tied in a club knot. Duck trousers, tight in the hips and loose at the ankles, give a glimpse of striped stockings and pumps with silver buckles. The short blue

jacket seamed with white tape does not hide the broad leather belt and trusty cutlass ; the gallery boys greet his appearance with a roar, for we all know him ; his name may be Tom Pipes, Bill Backstay, or just William ; but there he is—the British Sailor, as represented by the late Mr. T. P. Cooke.

That excellent actor made his first appearance at the old Royalty Theatre, Wellclose Square, in 1804. He had been a man-of-war's man himself, and shared in the glories of the battle of St. Vincent ; he knew the British sailor of his day thoroughly, and in such parts as Long Tom Coffin in the *Pilot*, William in *Black-eyed Susan*, Harry Halyard in *My Poll and My Partner Joe* he gave to the stage and the public an excellent type, and I believe in the main a truthful one ; but if the lower decks had been filled with that type and no other, the preservation of discipline on board His Majesty's ships would have been even more difficult than it was.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that throughout the long series of battles which decided the supremacy of the British naval power—let us say between 1750 and 1805—our ships were notoriously and admittedly inferior to those of France and Spain. Class for class, our enemies' ships were larger, sailed better, carried their guns higher out of the water, and accommodated larger crews than ours. Many of these ships were captured and became British men-of-war ; but, owing to the Admiralty regulations which limited the dimensions of each class, our shipbuilders were seldom allowed to profit by the improved models. Yet with worse ships, worse-cut sails, and smaller crews, the British Navy gained one victory after another till the crowning triumph of Trafalgar made Britain the greatest sea power that the world has yet seen. If ever there was a triumph of men over material, it was this ; but the men who made it possible, their character and the manner of their lives, are only known to us in a series of caricatures.

What were they really, the men who manned the old navy ; the men of the lower deck, the inarticulate giants who upheld the great fabric of the British navy like dumb Atlases, in darkness and oblivion ? The novelists have tried to show us ; but the man-of-war's man, like the German philosopher's camel, cannot be evolved out of the inner consciousness. Smollett, who was surgeon's mate on board Commodore Knowles's ship, must have seen something of him, but the best that he can give us is Tom Pipes ; a most amusing rascal seen from the outside ; but of his inner nature we get nothing. It is a delicious scene when Pipes and Lieutenant Jack Hatchway, anxious to promote Commodore Hawser Trunnion's marriage with the musty virgin Mistress Grizzle, scramble on the roof at night, and lowering a bundle of stinking phosphorescent whittings down the chimney of the slumbering Commodore's bedchamber, fire a pistol after it to attract his attention, while Hatchway bellows through a

speaking trumpet in apocalyptic tones 'Hawser Trunnion! Hawser Trunnion! turn out and be spliced, or lie still and be d——d ;' but it does not seem to give us an adequate idea of the men who fought and captured the *Rennemy*. The sailor appears to have been used in fiction only for the sake of comic relief, like the conventional countryman of the stage, whose brilliant waistcoat was usually red for the low-comedy man, flowered for the virtuous villager.

Smollett had only a slight acquaintance with the navy, but there have been novelists who themselves were of it; and they treated the men of the lower deck little better. Perhaps they feared that the real sailor would be uninteresting to a public accustomed to the broad caricatures which had become conventional. Very likely they themselves found him ordinary enough, for they were used to him; so they followed the fashion and gave us plenty of humour, and very little else. Captain Marryat contributes Mr. Muddle the carpenter, with his theory of the cycle of events: 'I've been as close to it as possible, sir, I do assure you, although you find fault; but 27,672 years ago you were lieutenant of this ship and I was carpenter, although we recollect nothing about it; and 27,672 years hence we shall both be standing by this boat, talking about the repairs, as we are now.' Mr. Chucks the boatswain is asked by the captain if it will be necessary to shift a damaged yard: 'At present, Captain Savage, I consider it to be in a state which may be called precarious and not at all permanent; but with a little human exertion, four fathoms of three-inch and half a dozen tenpenny nails, it may last, for all I know, until it is time for it to be sprung again; I do not refer to our time, sir, but to the 27,672 years of Mr. Muddle.' They are very funny, and by no means impossible; but they are no more typical than Box or Cox. Moreover, they are both warrant officers; naval novelists rarely give a speaking part to a man before the mast. They give us a glimpse of the seaman now and then, like Chamier's surly captain of the after-guard, who shoulders his captain out of the way of a mast that is expected to go by the board, with 'By your leave, sir! this is my station; and Mr. Jones did not place me here to hold on the slack of a rope in fine weather;' or, best of all, Marryat's Swinburne, the quartermaster: 'Oh, Mr. Simple, it's a beautiful sight to see the first guns fired that are to bring on a general action!' says he; he is almost the only man of them all who seems alive and real. We know him, and we know Ben Brace fairly well; the rest are mostly casual acquaintances. If Mr. Joseph Conrad had sailed in one of those ships of the Royal Navy a hundred years ago instead of in the *Narcissus* in our time, we might have known those pig-tailed sailor men as intimately as we know old Singleton or Podmore the cook; but such powers as his rarely meet with such opportunities.

The dramatists were kinder than the novelists in their treatment

of the seaman. Perhaps they found that his figure, presented visibly upon the stage, was sufficiently picturesque and characteristic in itself without straining after comic effect or strange sea-language. Shakespeare's boatswain in the *Tempest* is only a sketch, but how life-like is his impatient rebuke to the troublesome and self-important passengers !

I pray now, keep below ! You mar our labour.

Keep your cabins ; you do assist the storm !

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hlence ! What care these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin ! Trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good ; yet remember whom thou hast on board.

Boatswain. None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor ; if you can command these elements to silence we will not hand a rope more ; use your authority. If you cannot, make yourself ready in the cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerily, good hearts ! Out of our way, I say !

Wycherley introduced some excellent seamen in the *Plain Dealer*. Their captain, Manly, is simply Timon of Athens in a tarry jacket ; but the sailors are the most real and the least exaggerated of all the characters in that dreary adaptation from the French.

Perhaps the best sailor of the stage is Douglas Jerrold's immortal William in *Black-eyed Susan*. It is difficult to judge dispassionately of its merits while the recollection of its last exponent, poor William Terriss, is fresh in our memories ; or to decide exactly how much of the dramatic effect was due to the author, and how much to the actor, so richly endowed, so much regretted. How quaintly characteristic was the telling of that elaborately pointless yarn of 'San Domingo Billy ;' so earnest, so simple, and so absolutely devoid of humour ; the puzzled smile that greeted Dolly Mayflower's suggestion of 'hauling in the slack of that yarn ;' the unconquerable cheerfulness with which he accepted his failure as a raconteur, and turned to Susan, certain at least of her appreciation. It is 'old-fashioned stuff, of course ; it was even praised for having 'no silly subtlety about it ;' it was abrupt, conventional, with all its dramatic effects underlined ; but it dealt faithfully with the old-fashioned themes of love and death, which are common to all of us. The age that has enjoyed the priceless privilege of knowing Ibsen, and has seen 'problem plays' and 'smart' comedies, ought to have been weaned from such primitive drama as this ; but has any modern play ever won such tribute of tears from any audience as *Black-eyed Susan* did, night after night ? It was interesting to turn from the stage (after seeing the play two or three times) to watch the people's faces during the 'strong' scenes. It was no mere conventional phrase to say that there was scarcely a dry eye in the house ; each sob of Miss Milward's seemed to sway it as the wind sways a field of standing corn. Surely a play should rather be judged by its effect upon

the audience (for whom it was written) than by the impression it may chance to produce upon the polite band of critics in the stalls. But even Douglas Jerrold only gives us William ashore.

The lyric poets, with Dibdin at their head, sing plentifully of the sailor's liquor, and the sailor's love. It is all Saturday night with them, and Jack's delight, his lovely Nan, is never far away. Their songs do not throw much light upon Jack's life at sea, reefing topsails in a gale, or serving his gun in action; when lovely Nan and the rest of them were just as far away as Portsmouth Hard. None of them, not even *Tom Bowling*, is quite as convincing as this:—

Oh we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear,
Then we filled our maintopsail and bore right away, boys,
And straight up the Channel of Old England did steer.
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar, across the salt sea;
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England,
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

But if the song-writers preferred to show us Jack, not as he was but as he might be, what is to be said of the artists and caricaturists? Sometimes they seem to be valuable for the sake of details of costume, till the manifest impossibility of some of the accessories makes all the rest of doubtful authority. We are sometimes tempted to think that nothing was ever represented as it really was in that age of polite conventions, whose art seems to be as false as its morality. Remember that about the middle of the eighteenth century the virtue of Pamela was considered to be richly rewarded by marriage with the identical blackguard who had tried every trick and a good deal of violence to destroy it, and only offered marriage because he found that matrimony was Pamela's upset price; and she was quite a good girl too. The artists and draughtsmen of the time were as artificial as the great Samuel Richardson himself. They were much given to a debased symbolism, as may be seen in some of their monumental eccentricities in Westminster Abbey; but they would not write, or draw, or carve things as they were. I have before me a little print after a picture which purports to have been painted from nature by T. Stothard, R.A., in 1779. It represents a fore-castle scene on board the *Prince George* of ninety-eight guns. A little party of sailors and girls are grouped at the foot of the foremast; some are sitting on the windlass, some on the deck; a fiddler is playing, and one of the men is dancing. Over their heads is a glimpse of the fore-rigging; each shroud is as thick as an average clothes-line, and the ratlines are apparently of pack-thread. There is no forestay; the mast is self-supporting. The figures are all plump, pretty and pleasing. If you were to turn the mast into a standing tree, the windlass into a

fallen one, give the fiddler a clarionet, introduce a stuffed sheep and a crook, with some slight alterations in costume, the whole composition would do excellently well for Strephon and Chloe, Corydon and Phyllis, or any other group of Arcadians. The artist of to-day at least draws a ship, not a theatrical property; a sailor, not a costume model. It is too true that the artists who illustrate modern books and periodicals rarely draw a ship which really belongs to the period represented. The line-of-battle ship of 1840 does duty for the frigate of 1790; the round bow, introduced after Trafalgar, is fitted on the ships of St. Vincent and the Nile, instead of the beak-head; the top-gallant forecastle, unknown in the old navy, is regularly introduced into all ships; boat-davits are supplied thirty years too soon, and all classes down to the sloops carry poop-decks. It may be said that the artist is not necessarily an antiquary, and such technical details as these are unimportant; but what would be said of a draughtsman who gave us a picture of Waterloo in which all the companies of the First Foot-Guards of Maitland's brigade wore the bearskins of their descendants the Grenadier Guards, and Hougoumont was attacked by a battalion of Zouaves? Surely the senior service, the Navy, deserves to be represented with as much accuracy of detail as the Army; and since pictures of soldiers are expected to be correct to a button or a badge, why should we be contented with naval anachronisms? There have been, and are, artists whose ships are historically correct; there are models in plenty; yet draughtsmen, alike of high and low repute, serenely blunder on.

Here is a conventional *Sailors Carousing*, by J. Ibbetson, dated 1807. The usual drunkards are scattered around, tended by the seaport Graces; those who are only half drunk are frying watches or testing the strength of their cases by banging them together, as children do horse-chestnuts. There is dancing and the usual fiddler; the usual Jew pedlar is there with his pack. All the familiar business is going on in the familiar way; and we should know just as much of the sailor's life if it had never been painted. There is one drawing of Rowlandson's which represents the gun-deck of a ship in action, and a very spirited drawing it is; but the ship is less than half as broad as she ought to be, and the deck-beams, knees, and port-holes are things to weep over; the gun has no breeching, and will infallibly put itself and crew out of action if the man with the linstock carries out his reckless intention of firing it in its present condition. Nevertheless it is an attempt to show us the sailor at work, and we are grateful accordingly. All these specimens are gathered from the recently published *Nelson and his Times*; partly because I have it at hand, and partly because it contains a good and representative selection of the nautical pictures and drawings of the time.

The old sailor of the days of wood and canvas is as extinct as the

mastodon; and like that primeval monster he can only be reconstructed from the few fossil fragments that have been preserved for us. There are a few genuine remains to be found scattered up and down the pages of history, which seem to indicate a creature differing widely from the conventional representation of him. It is quite possible that the historians may be only a little more reliable than the novelists; but at least they were under no special temptation to make the sailor funny, or to exaggerate individual peculiarities for the sake of effect.

No one has collected these scattered fragments more carefully than Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N., in his book on the British Fleet. Every historical detail of the origin and development of the blue-jacket has been gathered and analysed in that encyclopædia of naval knowledge. Among other things it contains a selection from the Laws of Oléron, so named after William de Forz of the island of Oléron, who was one of the judiciaries of the navy under Richard Cœur-de-Lion. This code was the foundation of the Customs of the Navy, and the punishments which it provided were terribly severe. Whoever committed murder on board ship was to be tied to the corpse and thrown into the sea; if the crime was committed ashore the murderer was to be buried alive with the body of his victim. Stabbing, or attempting to stab, was punished with the loss of a hand. A thief was tarred and feathered, and set on shore at the first land touched. Yet it was provided that under certain circumstances the crew were to be consulted, and the vote of the majority was to be decisive. 'If a ship is in haven and stays to await her time, and the time comes for departure, the master ought to take counsel with his companions, and say to them, "Sirs, you have this weather." There will be some who will say "the weather is not good," and some who will say the weather is "fine and good." The master is bound to agree with the greater part of his companions. And if he does otherwise the master is bound to replace the ship and the goods if they are lost, and this is the judgment in this case.' (What would have been the vote of Dibdin's William or Ibbetson's drunken sailors upon a motion 'That we do now leave port and the girls, and put to sea'?) If the sailor fell sick, the master would put him ashore and seek a lodging for him; providing him, moreover, with a candle of tallow, and one of the ship's boys, or a hired woman, to attend on him.

The Elizabethan seaman seems to have been a rather serious-minded man. There is little of the happy-go-lucky, Saturday night sailor about the men of Hawkins or Drake. Their officers gave them a very indifferent character; they were a 'loose rabble;' 'vagrant, lewd, disorderly;' 'a regiment of common rogues.' Raleigh said that 'they go with as great a grudging to serve in his Majesty's ships as if it were to be slaves in the galleys.' Perhaps this description

was only meant to apply to the sailors of James the First, of whom it was written. If we are to judge from the records of the voyages of Hawkins, Drake, or the Earl of Cumberland, the tide of Puritanism was already rising among them. They accepted the wonders of the New World with the unquestioning faith of children, and most of its unpleasant surprises were attributed to direct Satanic agency. Prayerfully and powerfully they fought the Spaniard, who was anti-Christ, and prayerfully and frugally they inaugurated the slave trade, which filled their pockets. When Hawkins, with a hold full of negroes, encountered bad weather, and the cargo sickened and died, he consoled himself with the pious reflection that 'the Lord would not suffer His elect to perish.' The negroes, not being of the elect, perished freely. There was some excuse for Elizabeth's outspoken criticism of Hawkins. 'By God's death!' said she, 'this fool went forth a soldier, and is come back a divine!'

Mermaids sang to mariners in the Caribbean Sea. Even the manatee was a servant of Heaven after his fashion; he was 'a fond and foolish beast, but pious withal; for, finding a corpse he straightway remaineth by it till it decay or be buried.' Seamen were as credulous as children; nor was this to be wondered at, when the first chapman whom they met after their return home could supply them with plenty of broadsheets containing True Histories of Strange and Wonderful Apparitions, attested by justices of the peace and clerks in holy orders; which marvels were generally held to be portents of something or another far more wonderful than singing mermaids. Not many years later, in 1648, a small quarto volume was published under the elaborate title of 'The Devil seen at St. Albans. Being a True Relation how the Devil was seen there in a Cellar, in the likeness of a Ram; and how a Butcher came and cut his Throat, and sold some of it, and dressed the rest for him, inviting many to supper, who ate of it. Attested by divers letters of men of very good credit in this Towne. Printed for confutation of those that believe there are no such things as Spirits or Devils.' The title leaves us in some uncertainty as to how much of the supper was Devil, and how much Butcher; but no doubt the book served its purpose.¹ It was early in the eighteenth century that Epworth vicarage, the house of the Reverend Samuel Wesley, father of the founder of the great sect of Wesleyans, was haunted by a household spirit, or brownie, whom the children called Jeffrey. It seems to have afforded them a good deal of innocent amusement until the Reverend Samuel, irritated at one of the poor thing's pranks, thoughtlessly exorcised it. So solemn a conjuration, addressed to poor Jeffrey, who was no more serious than the mid-summer fairies, seems cruelly disproportionate. It is like using a

¹ *Ancient Mysteries Described*, by William Hone, 1823.

duck-gun to shoot humming-birds. The sailors' yarns were commonplace compared with such gorgeous tales as these.

There was little or no difference between the sailor of the Royal Navy and the merchant seamen. A man might be serving on one of the adventurers' barks under Drake or Frobisher for one voyage; a year or two later he might be pressed for the navy. (The earliest commission for the impressment of seamen was issued by Edward III. in 1355; but the practice was older than that.) If the intermediate years had been spent on board a pirate ship, the circumstance was not considered seriously detrimental to his character. Sir William Monson found the task of suppressing piracy on the Irish coast much simplified by the presence of a score or so of ex-pirates among his crew. They were victims of an accident that might happen to any one at a time when every large ship sighted at sea was a probable foe, and every smaller one a possible prize. Indeed the law of nations was so little understood or regarded that it was never easy to decide exactly where fair-trading left off, and free-trading, otherwise piracy, began; while the boundary line between piracy and legitimate warfare seems to have been tacitly ignored. Protests were platonic; reprisals were the only certain means of obtaining redress.

In the next century the sailor, like the landsman, became a politician. When Charles the First tried to arrest the five members in 1642, certain of the sea-captains and mariners went to Westminster to offer their services to Parliament. Some of them were called into the House and received its thanks for their goodwill. Afterwards they seemed to have felt that their action required some explanation; so they set forth their views in a printed 'Protestation.'² They declared that they came above bridge in order to protest against the act of the King, which appeared to them to threaten the dissolution of the House.

We, who are always abroad, can best tell, no Government upon earth is comparable to it, especially for keeping a crown upon a king's head; for the procuration of the subject's loyalty; for the flourishing of traffique and merchandizing (this kingdom's right hand). . . . In vain it is for us to keep the narrow seas, if some go the way to lose the land. . . . Be pleased to understand; although we have no churches, we say our prayers as well as you; and the same God you have at shore is ours at sea; whom we will serve, although not so decentlie as we would, being for the most part of our daies restrained from a church to dwell upon the seas for your greater securitie. . . . But for our religion, king, and country, we do, and will, advance our colours against the world.

It would be interesting to know who drafted this 'Protestation' and who proposed the original offer of service to the Parliament; but if it carries with it a faint suggestion of the sea-lawyer, at least it shows Jack ashore under a new aspect.

² *The British Fleet*, Commander C. N. Robinson, p. 417.

Throughout the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the spirit of insubordination seems to have been present in the navy, in spite of the terrible severity of the punishments which failed to repress it. Until the year 1688, soldiers and mariners—the fighting service and the navigating service—were divided; it was found by experience that it was better to employ seamen instead of the ‘freshwater soldiers;’ but seamen were hard to come by, so the rule was not absolute. There were many reasons why the naval service was unpopular with the men. In 1627, Sir Ferdinand Gorges presented to the Duke of Buckingham a series of complaints from the men of the fleet.³ They declared that they were used like dogs in the matter of clothing, food and medicines; scurvy was terribly prevalent. ‘They had as lief be hanged as dealt with as they are.’

During the long struggle between the King and the Parliament the sailors, like their officers, were keen partizans. They generally took the side of the Parliament; which paid them more regularly, and treated them better than the King had ever done. Some of them seceded to the royal party in 1648, apparently in disgust at finding that they were expected, like the rest of the nation, to obey the orders of the soldier-politicians in whose hands all power was concentrated. Starvation and bad pay soon cooled their Royalist ardour and they rejoined the rest of the fleet, bringing their ships and a good many of their officers with them.⁴

There is a pleasanter picture of the sailor of the Dutch wars in a story told by Pepys in his Diary: a story, moreover, which seems to have a genuine ring about it. On the last day of the Great Four Days’ Battle, fought off the North Foreland in June 1665, between the English fleet under Monk and Prince Rupert, and the Dutch under De Ruyter, Van Tromp, and Jan Evertszoon, Admiral Sir Christopher Myngs had been hit with a musket-ball in the throat (as was also Admiral Sir William Berkeley, in the same action). Holding the wound together with his fingers, he remained on deck till a second shot disabled him. He died a few days after the battle, and Charles II., with a strange lack of feeling, allowed him to be carried to his grave almost unattended. The Admiralty was represented at his funeral by Sir William Coventry, Commissioner, and Samuel Pepys, secretary to the Navy; and many seamen who had known and honoured the dead Admiral came to pay him the last homage of the fleet. Pepys speaks of it as a scene,

One of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it, which was this—about a dozen able, lusty proper men come to the coach side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest began and says to Sir W. Coventry, ‘We are here a dozen of us that

³ *British Fleet*, p. 415.

⁴ David Hannay, *Short History of the Royal Navy*, vol. i. p. 193.

have long known and loved and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mynga, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fire-ship among us all, here is a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that that shall show our memory of our dead commander.'

Apparently their request was not granted.⁵

I do not know if that story is more honourable to the dead admiral or the men who mourned him; but the navy is fortunate that has many such records.

The old naval service was always unpopular among seafaring men. When young Horatio Nelson returned in 1772 from a voyage to the West Indies in a merchantman, it is recorded that he brought with him a sovereign contempt for the Royal Navy. The prejudice was general; and one result was, that the press-gang became a necessity. It was always recognised as an evil necessity; but the imperative needs of the nation outweighed private hardships and individual wrongs. The pressed men seem almost invariably to have done their duty in action; but discipline suffered by the introduction of crowds of seamen who were forced to serve the State against their will; it suffered still more when untrained, unwilling landsmen were sent on board the king's ships. The system of extravagant bounties introduced another most undesirable class of men into the navy; and the reputation of good seamen suffered by the ill behaviour of the thieves, loafers, and characterless men who swarmed amongst them. It is recorded that in some cases the bounty amounted to as much as 70*l.*; and there was little exaggeration in the story of the big boatswain who held up a starveling cockney by the scruff of his neck and exhibited him to his shipmates as 'a chap that cost a guinea a pound.' It is worthy of notice that Richard Parker, the ringleader of the Mutiny at the Nore, was a bounty-man, who accepted the bounty money to avoid being committed by the Edinburgh magistrates on a charge of fraud. No doubt the influx of bad characters and men who were made sailors against their will rendered his task of agitation easy; but good men and bad alike had their grievances. Complaints had been made to Earl Howe, the Commander-in-Chief, but anonymously, for fear of punishment. By the 22nd Article of War, it was provided 'that any person in the fleet who had cause of complaint should quietly make the same known to his captain or commander-in-chief.' But the men were afraid to sign their complaints, and Earl Howe disregarded them. The chief grievance was the rate of pay, which had not been increased since the reign of Charles the Second; and they also complained of the insufficiency of their rations. Both complaints

⁵ David Hannay, *Short History of the Royal Navy*, vol. i. p. 362.

are endorsed by Captain E. P. Brenton in his *Naval History*; as he was a-lieutenant on board the *Agamemnon* when the crew of that ship mutinied in Yarmouth Roads, he was in a position to know how far they were justified.

When the men found that their unsigned memorials were ignored, they tried 'round robins' with no better success; and then they were ripe for mutiny, with or without Richard Parker. In their first public declaration after the outbreak at Spithead, they declared that 'they would not weigh anchor until their just demands were complied with; unless the enemy's fleet should put to sea; in which case they would go out and fight them, and then return to port, and renew their complaints.' It is impossible to withhold sympathy from men who urged a plea so just in a manner so temperate; and their complaints were justified by the immediate redress of their grievances.

It would be easy to multiply stock anecdotes of the sailor's courage, his generosity, his quaint conceits, his curiously fascinating eccentricities; but they would be out of place in so brief a sketch as this. He was always a popular character, and was too often depicted in his most popular aspect; as the gull with a pocket full of money, who came ashore in order to give thrifty landsmen an opportunity of annexing his hard-earned prize-money; and then selling him, drunk, to the press-gang, who took him to sea again to earn more. Topsy Jack, flinging his money away royally, and standing treat to all who asked, was always a favourite; but sober, hardworking Jack at sea, or broken-down Jack, maimed and useless, money, health and merriment gone, interested nobody. The whole country sang the sailor's praises; but it was nobody's business to improve the conditions of his life at sea, or to protect him against lovely Nan and the rest of the leeches who fastened on him as soon as he set foot on shore. Here is one last extract from the Plymouth Report in the *Naval Chronicle* of 1799:—'Previous to the sailing of that lucky ship the *Spitfire*, 20 guns, Captain Seymour, J. Hawker, Esq., agent, paid the foremast men near 40*l.* each. One of the crew spent the whole in two days and got in debt to his landlady fifteen guineas.' More than fifty pounds in two days! yet it was nobody's business to overhaul that landlady's accounts.

Of the qualities that made the sailor what he was the country knew little, and apparently cared less. The patient endurance that enabled him to do his duty aloft, wet, cold, and often hungry, in the teeth of an icy winter gale; the iron nerve that held him steady and dutiful, serving his gun while the raking broadside strewed the wrecked gun-deck with fragments of poor humanity, like the splashed offal of the shambles; these were ignored in the age which was distinguished for polite artificiality. The public only cared to know the sailor in the brief hours of merry madness which too

often summed up all he knew of life ashore, of home or friends. They drew him and wrote of him as a grinning zany, a brawling ruffian, a blatant boaster, or a maudlin sentimentalist; no doubt he was each and all of these things on occasions; but he was something more. Prickly to handle, difficult to rule, he was unconquerable when well led. He knew and kept the laws of the sea, while often ignorant and defiant of the laws of the land. Faithful to his friends, he was terrible to his foes, yet merciful in victory. He was content to live like a dog and die like a hero for poor pay and the chance of prize-money. Ill fed, ill paid, often ill used and generally ill educated, he was yet a most valuable citizen, who did the nation's work with singular thoroughness. Surely no class of men deserved better of their country than those who won for it the dominion of the sea.

W. J. FLETCHER.

THE MAIOLICA OF SIENA

IN the South Kensington Museum there is a certain blue plate, a *porcelan*, a piece of rare beauty known to all English lovers of maiolica, which bears on the reverse the inscription '*fata ī Siena da M^o Benedetto.*' But whoever, out of the many who have paused to admire it, has been led to make search, whether in official catalogues or in treatises of maiolica, for knowledge of the great master who made the plate, or for some satisfactory account of the pottery whence it came, has found but little to satisfy his curiosity.

Some authorities, like Signor Urbani de Gheltof, tell us that no *fabbrica* of artistic wares ever existed in the hill-set Tuscan town. They would have us believe that Siena pottery is a kind of Mrs. Harris of maiolica. Others, amongst whom are patriotic Faentines like Professor Argnani, full of that *municipalismo* which is so serious an obstacle to the increase of accurate knowledge upon subjects relating to Italian art and Italian history, declare that the pottery of Siena was merely a late-born child of Faenza, and that the parent deserves all the credit for what little work its short-lived offspring accomplished. Others again, more fair-minded, and possessing a wider knowledge, are convinced that Siena was indeed at one time an important centre of the art, and that in the Cinquecento, several beautiful pieces were produced there; but of the origin and development of its pottery they have, they admit, but little to tell us. 'Well-nigh all the history we have of the early artistic pottery of Siena,' says Mr. Drury Fortnum, 'may be read upon the specimens of her produce preserved in our museums and private collections.' And he adds the suggestion that her *fabbrica* owed its existence to Cafaggiolo!

The present writer being engaged in research in Siena, and having already some grounds for believing that her pottery deserved a higher place amongst the important *fabbriche* of maiolica than has hitherto been accorded to it, determined to make search for further documentary evidence in regard to its history. The results of his investigations have been greater than he had dared to hope for.¹ He is

¹ My learned friend, the Cavaliere Alessandro Lisini, Keeper of the Sienese Archives, has given me most generous assistance in my search.

now able to give a tolerably connected account of the Siena pottery, and to show that it did not only produce pieces of high merit, but that it was one of the most ancient as well as one of the most productive in Italy. In the light of the new knowledge, Maestro Benedetto is something more than a mere name, and other great artists like Giulio d' Urbino are seen in clearer outline, the origin and history of certain processes are better understood, and several problems connected with the story of this beautiful art are brought a little nearer to a solution.

The pottery of Siena has a long history. As early as the thirteenth century it was already a subject of legislation. In the Statute of 1262 it is provided that the *Potestà* shall see to it that '*nullus Senensis, infra muros civitatis, habeat vel teneat aliquam fornacem, in qua aliqua vasa coquuntur, videlicet coppì, urcei, et teghie, et pignatti, vel aliqua vasa.*' From which we gather that the Signory of Siena in the thirteenth century was much less indulgent than the Chelsea Vestry of the nineteenth, which permitted Mr. De Morgan to have a furnace in the cellars of his private house, with results which were disastrous, but not surprising.

The Sienese authorities would seem, however, soon to have repented of their rigour. For but half a century after this statute became law we find the names of several potters of various classes, *coppai*, *orciolari*, and *pignattai*, who had manufactories in the city, and in another fifty years the representatives of the art within its walls had become a goodly company. In the Book of the *Capitudini* of the Arts for 1363, a book in which were registered the names of the members of the trade-guilds which were subject to the jurisdiction of the *Tribunale della Mercanzia*, we find the names of thirty-three potters—that is to say, a list of nineteen followed by another list of fourteen. It has been suggested, and I think with reason, that the nineteen were the makers of the finer kinds of ware, whilst the fifteen made the vessels of coarser quality for less honourable uses.

That fine wares were produced in Siena at an early date is certain. In Sienese paintings of the Trecento we find several representations of pilgrims' bottles and boccali, of good shape and decorated with paintings. As an example of these let me mention Duccio's 'Marriage in Cana,' one of the thirty-six pictures which form a part of the great altar-piece that he painted for the Duomo of Siena in 1310. And in a document, in the Archivio, of as early date as 1298, we find references to glazed and painted wares. Some fragments, too, of early glazed pottery, resembling the early pieces at Parma and Faenza, have come to light from time to time, though no systematic search has been made for them. And it is only reason-

able to conclude that they were of local origin. Here all the materials were ready to hand. Hither potters came from other cities to procure the argillaceous earth necessary for making the earlier *mezza-maiolica*. Here in the eighty years that followed the battle of Montaperti, a great art movement was in progress, the influence of which can be traced in the articles of the commonest use, belonging to that age, that still remain to us.

From 1260 to 1348, the year of the great plague, Siena was perhaps the most important art centre in Italy. Under the rule of the Nove the citizens grew prosperous, and the arts flourished. Architects and sculptors like Niccolò and Giovanni Pisano, Lando di Pietro and Lorenzo Maitani, the maker of the Duomo of Orvieto, were employed upon her cathedral. Duccio, Simone Martini, the Lorenzetti, and a hundred other artists, painted her altar-pieces, and frescoed the walls of church and palace. Miniaturists like Niccolò di Ser Sozzi² illuminated with exquisite art the books of the Duomo and the Commune.

And in those days art was no mere ministrant to the luxury of the rich and well-to-do. She did not scorn to fashion articles for humble uses of humble folk. Is it then likely that in a city which at that time was in the van of artistic progress, in a place, too, where the materials for making the finer kinds of ware were so easily procurable, the fictile artists were unaffected by the great art impulse that was stirring in every quarter of the city? It is true that the fragments of *mezza-maiolica* that have been found there are few in number. But no systematic search has been made for them. And in Siena, moreover, there is no local museum. There is no person whose special business it is to gather together into one place such objects of art, other than pictures, as may be discovered in the neighbourhood. Over and over again when pottery, or coins, or marbles are brought to light, by plough or spade or pick, the *contadino*, or the builder's labourer, eluding the Government officials, succeeds in disposing of such things to small dealers who, in their turn, sell them to the passing tourist. And in this way many valuable relics of old Siena have been wafted away to the ends of the earth.

Moreover, whilst the city can boast distinguished archivists and historians of learning, who are throwing light upon every period of her history, there is no one of her sons who has made the local pottery ware a special subject of study. No Sienese has tried to do for his native place what Professors Malagola and Argnani have done for Faenza. I am convinced that if such excavations were made at Siena as have been made in the Emilian city, they would yield most

² Niccolò died in 1363. The 'Assumption' that he executed in the Caleffo dell'Assunta (*Arch. delle Riformazioni*, Siena) is one of the most beautiful examples of miniature painting that that age produced.

interesting results. For documents are revealing to us more and more the importance and the number of the Sienese potteries..

After the commencement of the fifteenth century, the word *orciolaio* occurs with great frequency in the local archives. At this time Siena was on very friendly terms with Montelupo,³ and this friendship between the two cities was, no doubt, very advantageous to the progress of the ceramic art. For however unprogressive and decadent the ancient pottery of Montelupo may have become in later times, in the early Cinquecento it was still one of the most important centres, perhaps the most important centre, for the production of glazed wares. And lovers of maiolica should not allow themselves to be so far prejudiced by the weird ugliness of her later productions as to deny to the time-honoured parent of the potteries of Florence and Cafaggiolo her due meed of credit.

Amongst the *orciolai* mentioned in public documents in this age we find in 1403 a Lorenzo di Giacomo,⁴ who was given a house in the neighbourhood of the Servi by Cristofano di Binduccio, a painter who held a high position in his art; a Niccolò di Bettino, nicknamed 'Il Terroso';⁵ and a Mariano d' Andrea di Giovanni,⁶ who in 1429 had his *bottega* in the contrada of San Marco, hard by the little church of Santa Lucia, and was thus a forerunner of those two great Sienese artists Pietro and Niccolò di Lorenzo Mezzaburroni, who were at work here in 1488, and of Maestro Benedetto, who, some fifteen years after that date, set up his *bottega* at the same spot. There is also mentioned a Georgio d' Andrea who, as Cavaliere Lisini surmises, was perhaps the father of that Cecco di Giorgio whose statues in terra-cotta are well known in Tuscany.

So numerous did the potters of Siena become, that after the middle of the century, they were, as we shall presently see, more than sufficient to supply the needs of the city and the country round. And it was this state of things, no doubt, that led some of them to seek employment in some of the towns east of the Apennines. In 1462 a Sienese artist, Ventura di Maestro Simone de' Piccolomini, left his native city to establish himself at Pesaro. From a document quoted by Passeri⁷ we learn that he entered into

³ In the year 1422 the Commune of Montelupo, in token of their love and friendship for a neighbour city, sent to the Signory of Siena a tame wolf. 'Et quamvis,' they wrote, 'hoc animal ex sui natura ferox et immane sit, nichilominus lupus iste plusquam catulus mansuetus et domesticus est.' In Siena in those times, as in Rome to-day, a wolf, symbolising the fabled origin of the city, was always kept at the public expense.

⁴ *Arch. di Stato, Siena.* Perg. di S. Raimondo.

⁵ *Ibid.* Biccherna, 1423-4, f. 2 t.

⁶ *Ibid.* Libro della Compagnia di S. Lucia, l. 1, f. 3 t. See also *Miso. Stor. Senese*, vol. v. p. 150.

⁷ Passeri, 'Istorie delle Pitture in Maiolica fatta in Pesaro,' in *Istorie delle*

partnership with Matteo di Raniere da Cagli for the purpose of taking over and developing a pottery there. With this object the partners borrowed 270 ducats. And this was so large a sum for those days, that it would seem to be probable that, as Passeri argues, Ventura and Raniere had it in mind to put down an entirely new and expensive plant with the object of developing some new process. The historian of the maiolica of Pesaro contends that it was at this time that the use of the stanniferous enamel was introduced into Pesaro. Shortly after this, in 1463, we find Ventura purchasing a considerable quantity of silicious earth from Lake Trasimene, for use in the glazing of his wares.

But this emigration of some of their craft did not mitigate much the severity of the competition, and, in 1476, the potters of Siena sought and obtained relief from it in other ways. They presented a petition to the Signory asking for protection against foreign competition. In stating their case they pointed out that there were sixteen *botteghe* of the art in the city, all well established and with good masters, which could furnish much more wares than were required for the needs of Siena and its neighbouring towns. They asked that a heavy duty should be placed on all pottery coming into the city. Only one class of goods did they wish to be exempt, and that was *maiorica*, a term which in those days was applied only to the lusted wares of Valentia and Malaga. In this they closely followed their brothers at Venice, who, twenty years before, had succeeded in obtaining an ordinance which prohibited pottery of any kind being introduced into the Republic, save and except the true maiolica.

The petition of the Sienese master potters was granted;⁸ and it was provided that should any one attempt to disregard their *Privilegi* he would have to pay double duty, and suffer the destruction of his wares. Protected in this way, the Sienese *fabbriche* rapidly developed, and in 1483 there was an entire street of the city inhabited by *orciolai*.

But though the local potters thus appealed for protection against the competition of their fellow-craftsmen of neighbouring cities, it was not for the reason that their productions were at all inferior in artistic quality to those of the best of their rivals. The cause of this appeal is rather to be traced to that firm faith in the efficacy of protective measures as an unfailing remedy for almost all social ills, which was so firmly held by the citizens of the Italian Republics. For in the eighth and ninth decades of the Quattrocento, long before any foreign potters came to settle in their

Fabbriche di Maioliche Metaurensi &c. Raccolta a cura di Giuliano Vanzolini, Pesaro, 1879, vol. i. cap. x. pp. 37, 38.

⁸ *Nuovi Documenti per la Storia dell'Arte Senese. Raccolta da S. Borghesi e L. Banoki*. Siena, Torrini, 1898, pp. 248, 249.

city, native craftsmen were already engaged in producing consummate examples of the fictile art. It was not, in fact, until 1498, at a time when the ceramic artists of Italy were becoming more nomadic than ever in their habits, that we find foreigners at work in the Sienese *botteghe*. But the tiles for the oratorio of S. Caterina in Fontebranda had already been commenced in 1480; and in 1488 two Sienese made the beautiful *ambrogette* that are still to be seen in the Bichi chapel in S. Agostino.

These tiles of the Bichi chapel are among the most beautiful produced by the Italian *fabbriche* of the Renaissance. They were the work of two Sienese artists, Pietro and Niccolò di Lorenzo Mazzaburroni. The documentary evidence as to their authorship and date is quite unimpeachable.⁹ They were made but a few months later than the earliest existing tiles of this class produced by any Faentine artist. Adorned with leaves and trophies, they are ancestors in the direct line of the *ambrogette* of the Palazzo del Magnifico. And this later pavement, as we shall presently see, did not owe as much as has been supposed to foreign influence. It is probable, on the other hand, that the first known *fabbrica* of artistic tiles in Faenza was founded by potters from the neighbourhood of Siena who had emigrated to the Emilian city. The earliest Faentine *ambrogette* of any artistic importance are those which adorn the chapel of S. Sebastiano in the church of San Petronio at Bologna. They were made by a family then working in Faenza of the name of Bettini. Now whilst at Faenza this cognomen is not to be found in any public document of an earlier date than 1480, in Siena and its neighbouring towns it was from early days a well-known name, borne by a noble family of the Tuscan city. Moreover, we know that certain of the Bettini, a branch presumably of the Sienese family, had a pottery at Asciano, near Siena, early in the Quattrocento. It is, then, probable, I do not say proven, that the Bettini of Faenza were immigrants from Siena, who, driven from their native country by stress of competition, like Ventura di Maestro Simone, had sought employment east of the Apennines.

The manufacture of *ambrogette* at Siena continued to develop in the early years of the following century. In 1502 and 1504 more *quadrette* and *tondi* were made for the Oratorio of S. Caterina in Fontebranda. In 1509 the tiled pavement in the Palazzo del Magnifico was commenced. And in 1513 the Piccolomini chapel at S. Francesco was similarly adorned. Many other churches and palaces of the city were made beautiful by these *ambrogette*. Alas! but few of them now remain in the places for which they were made.

⁹ The contract is to be found in vol. xxxviii. of the Abate Galgano Bichi's MS. History of the Bichi Family in the private archives of the Bichi-Ruspoli Forteguerri at Siena. It is quoted in the *Misc. Stor. Sen.* vol. iv. p. 124. The actual date of the contract is the 3rd of June, 1488.

In the course of years the majority have been destroyed, or stolen, or sold away. And until yesterday the Sienese, caring, for the most part, but little for the artistic prestige of their city, were content that the *ambroette* themselves, as well as the artists who made them, should alike be forgotten, and that the very name of Siena should be removed from the roll of the great Italian *fabbriche* of maiolica.

And as artists who had gone forth from their town had carried the knowledge of new processes to the cities of Eastern Italy, so the Sienese in their turn were ready to welcome craftsmen who came to them from Faenza and the Urbinate. In the year 1498 we find a certain Evangelista di Michele 'pictor vasorum' of Faenza, together with Tommaso his brother, at work in Siena. These two brothers were perhaps from the pottery of Maestro Niccolò of Faenza. At any rate we learn from the documents cited by Professor Malagola¹⁰ that two artists bearing the names of Evangelista and Tommaso were at work in Maestro Niccolò's *bottega* a few years before these two brothers settled in the Tuscan city. Another Faentine artist was Marcantonio di Giovanni Andrea Tonduzzi. He rose to a position of some importance in the art, and in 1528 he was one of the commission appointed by the master-potters to frame the new statute. But soon he fell into disgrace, and two years later he was condemned on a charge of homicide. Two other artists from Faenza figure in the case, which ended in the defendant being let off with a fine of five *scudi*.

A more reputable Faentine was that Maestro Benedetto whose name always recalls sensations of pleasure to English connoisseurs of maiolica. In the archives of his native city nothing is to be found concerning this artist or his family. The first mention of him occurs in his own sworn declaration¹¹ in connexion with a Sienese assessment of the year 1509. We learn from it that his father was a certain Giorgio of Faenza, and that Benedetto had then been resident in the Tuscan city for at least six years. He was the possessor of a half-share in a house and *bottega* in the piazza of San Marco, near the church of Santa Lucia, a locality in which, as we have seen, ceramic artists had lived and worked for several generations. It does not appear that up to then he had prospered greatly, for he still owed a considerable sum of money which he had received as a loan to enable him to purchase his share in the *bottega* and house.

In October 1510 he was made a member of the *Compagnia* of

¹⁰ Argnani, Professor Federigo, *Il Rinascimento delle Ceramiche Majolicate in Faenza, con Appendici di Documenti inediti forniti dal Prof. Carlo Malagola*, Faenza, Montanari, 1898, vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

¹¹ *Arch. di Stato, Siena*. Lira di S. Marco, vol. ci. ann. 1509.

Santa Lucia,¹² a religious guild, a kind of sick and burial club, which for centuries was an association of some importance in Siena. And it is in the books of this guild that is to be found most of the documentary evidence relating to him. He must soon have succeeded in winning the confidence of the brothers of the *Compagnia*; as, but a year after his election to membership, he was chosen for the office of sacristan,¹³ and twelve months later he was placed upon its council. He continued to be one of its leading members. Thrice was he chosen for the office of sacristan,¹⁴ twice was he councillor, twice one of the two *infermieri* of the guild, and lastly, in 1521-22, he held the highest office of all, having been elected one of its consuls. After this we find no further record of him.

This new evidence in regard to Maestro Benedetto, inasmuch as it establishes the fact that he was a native of Faenza, if taken by itself, would seem to confirm Argnani's views upon the question of the origin and early history of the Siena pottery. But the evidence that I have brought forward in regard to the development of the ceramic industry at Siena must be taken in its entirety. And if it is all fairly considered, it will, I think, be admitted that it completely destroys the theories of the Faentine professor.

It is certain that in Maestro Benedetto's day there were several great artists at work in the numerous *botteghe* of the Tuscan town, and that a large majority of these were native *vasai* who had been taught by great Siennese masters like the Mazzaburroni. Maestro Benedetto's prominence is due to the fact that, of all the beautiful pieces of Siena ware that have survived to our day, the only one of them that bears a full signature has preserved his name. Other contemporary artists of equal powers produced works on which are to be found only untranslatable marks, and so their names have passed into oblivion.

Nor in the Cinquecento, when, as I have said, ceramic artists led a wandering life, were the Faentines the only foreign potters who worked in Siena. Hither came also artists from the Urbinate. And amongst these was that Giulio da Urbino of whom Vasari speaks with such enthusiasm. We learn from the Aretine biographer that he was a most excellent master, and skilled in making all the finer kinds of ware. His pieces, we are told, were beautifully painted and had a glaze of extraordinary purity. He mentions as worthy of especial praise the *quadretti* and *tondi* that he made for pavements.

This master is almost unnoticed by writers on maiolica, and I am

¹² *Arch. di Stato, Siena*. 'Libro delle deliberazioni della Compagnia di S. Lucia,' l. iv. f. 47 v.: 'Fu ottenuto e solenemente deliberato per lupini xliij bianchi uno nero in contrario disponenti che Benedetto di . . . da Faenza, vasaio, in su la piazza di San Marco fusse de' nostri fratelli. A di viij di Dicembre fe' l'entrata solenemente.'

¹³ MS. cit. f. 51 t.

¹⁴ MS. cit. ff. 51 t., 56, 61 t.

not aware that a single piece has been assigned to him in any recognised treatise on the art. And yet in a well-known collection there is a beautiful, though sadly injured, specimen of his handiwork. In the museum at Bologna is a large *brocca* on which is represented the story of Scilla. In the background is seen the fortress of Megara with its bastioned wall. Minos and his knights are riding towards the machicolated gate-tower, from the top of which Scilla is looking down upon the young king, her eyes filled with desire. The whole scene is rendered with great vigour. The picture is full of movement, and is excellent in colour. And at the same time it is admirably adapted to its purpose as a ceramic decoration. It is just the kind of work that we should naturally expect from the hand of a brilliant young follower of Orazio Fontana.

The piece bears two inscriptions which, hitherto, would seem to have passed unnoticed. The one reads as follows: '1535. Iulio da Urbino, in botega di Mastro Alessandro in Arimini.' The other inscription has suffered some slight injury, but this much is clear: '15 . . . De Silla, innamorata de Minos, VIII de Oudio.' The last three words refer, of course, to the fact that the story of Scilla is to be found in the eighth book of the *Metamorphoses*, a poem from which ceramic artists of the Renaissance not infrequently chose their subjects for paintings. These inscriptions form the earliest record that we have of Giulio da Urbino.

We next find him working in 1547, at Siena, where he suffered imprisonment for some minor offence. It is possible that there he may have made some *ambrogette* for the Oratorio of S. Caterina, as the pavement there was continually being repaired. And some of the tiles certainly do suggest the influence of Urbino—not so much in design as in the character of their backgrounds.

It must have been several years after this that he entered the service of Alfonso the Second of Ferrara, and made for that prince the beautiful pieces of which Vasari speaks. Campori tells us that in such books of accounts of the Estes as still exist, Giulio's name occurs only once, and then he is found working, not for Alfonso at Ferrara, but for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, that great patron of maiolica at Tivoli. It would require much stronger evidence than this to shake my faith in Vasari's statements in regard to the Urbinate artist. Vasari was a contemporary of Giulio. He would seem to have known him personally; and his notice of the master reads like the eulogy of a friend. And inasmuch as Giulio did not enter the service of Ippolito d'Este until 1569, a year after the second edition of the *Lives* was published, the theory that, through ignorance or carelessness, Vasari substituted the name of Alfonso for Ippolito does not seem to be a very tenable one. It is more reasonable to conclude that Giulio worked for Alfonso d'Este before 1568, and that after that date he entered the service of Cardinal Ippolito

at Tivoli. Perhaps it was he who produced a beautiful lustred vase in the Henderson collection, made in imitation of the maiolica of Valencia, which bears on one side the inscription: '*Ill. Sor. Carde. Deste In Ur. Ro.*'

Vasari evidently regarded Giulio as one of the greatest ceramic artists of the age, and there is no reason to doubt his judgment in this matter. Urbino, Rimini, Siena, Ferrara, Rome—in all these places the Urbinate practised his art. His wandering life may be regarded as a type of that which many other fictile artists followed. They went from place to place, influencing artists in the town they visited, bearing with them sometimes the secrets of new processes, and new designs, and in their turn learning somewhat, in this place or in that, from their more stationary brother artists. And of these wanderers some of the most distinguished practised their art at Siena.

Another native of the Duchy of Urbino who worked in Siena was a certain Fedele. He brought to the city the secret of the black glaze, as well as of a kind of *pâte-sur-pâte* process of which he claimed to be the inventor. He does not seem himself to have been, in the first place, a ceramic artist. In a petition he presented to the Signory of Siena in 1535 asking for a three years' patent, he expressly stated that it was his intention to enter into partnership with some master-potter in order to develop his inventions. He wished, he said, to '*lavorare diversi meschi sopra il negro, et dorare e d'argentare a fuoco.*' 'This,' he told the authorities, 'was a thing that had not been done hitherto in their most noble city.'

In this document,¹⁵ then, we find Fedele mentioning three distinct processes. He speaks (1) of a black enamel. Upon this he proposes to make (2) a kind of raised work with diverse compounds, and afterwards (3) *dorare e d'argentare a fuoco* the pieces he had made. All this is easy to understand, except the words *dorare* and *argentare*. On the face of it they would seem to refer to the use of metallic lustre. If so, the word *trovatore* cannot apply to the third process, but only to the first; as in 1535 the lustre process had been practised in Italy for many years, and, amongst other places, in Siena itself.

But it seems to me that these words *dorare e d'argentare* do not in this case refer to the lustre process at all. I think that in Fedele stands revealed the hitherto unknown artist who made certain pieces with a peculiar black glaze at Castel Durante and elsewhere, to which Raffaelli and Fortnum allude, and which are enriched not with the metallic lustre, but with gilding, and with subjects painted in oil colours. Of these wares, according to Raffaelli, there is a fine example in the library at Urbania adorned with portraits of a Count Maldini and his wife. Some of the pieces of this class, though not

¹⁵ *Arch. di Stato, Siena*. Balia, Deliberazioni, n. 92, c. 96.

all, are ornamented with work in relief, and it is to this *pâte-sur-pâte* process that Fedele referred when he spoke of working with certain *meschi* over a black ground.

We see, then, that the Faentines were not the only foreign artists that came to Siena. In its flourishing time as a centre of ceramic manufacture, artists from Urbino were also at work in her *botteghe*. Moreover the foreign masters in the city were never more than a small fraction of the makers of artistic wares resident within her walls. Long before any Faentine came to Siena, the native potters had grown to be a large and important body producing artistic wares of the highest order. And the Sieneſe pottery continued to develop on its own lines throughout the first forty years of the Cinquecento. How important it was can be gathered from a study of the proceedings connected with the compiling of the new Statute of the Art of 1528. We find, then, that there were sixteen *capo-maestri* as well as a number of lesser masters in the city; and of those *capo-maestri* it appears that only one was a foreigner. When the commission appointed by the *capo-maestri* had prepared the statute, they summoned a mass meeting of the *vasai* and *orciolai* in the church of SS. Filippo e Giacomo della Abbadia Nuova, and there it was solemnly approved. So large had this industry become, that already in 1526 the officials of the Signory gave them permission to organise two great public fairs in the city every year, one on the feast of St. Mark, and the other on the feast of St. Philip and St. James.

The character of the wares that were produced in the *botteghe* of native artists is illustrated by a document of the year 1520 that now lies before me. It is an inventory of the *bottega* of a Sieneſe master, a certain Giovan Battista di Luca. He does not seem to have held any high position amongst the local craftsmen. But the inventory proves that artistic wares were made at his *fabbrica* on a large scale. In it are included nearly a hundred and fifty pieces already glazed and painted, as well as a pavement of *ambrogette*, '*cotti et dipinti*.' In addition to these, there are mentioned over four hundred unfinished pieces, in different stages of manufacture, and a considerable stock of tools, colours, and vessels of manufacture. Amongst the finished goods are glazed and decorated pieces of all kinds. We find here the large plates with their richly painted borders, the *alborelli* or medicinal jars, the *scodelle* and *tazzoni*, the painted tiles or *ambrogette*. It would appear, then, from this inventory, that this Sieneſe master, a contemporary and neighbour of Maestro Benedetto, was producing wares of the same class as his foreign rivals and in large quantities. And we know from other documents that the local masters were infinitely more numerous than the potters from Faenza and Urbino, and held higher positions, too, in the local art guild.

How eager some of the Sieneſe were to improve the quality of the wares is well illuſtrated by a paſſage from a reliable contemporary hiſtorian, which tells of a pilgrimage made by a local artiſt to the Mecca of the true maiolica. Galgano de Belforte, a potter of Siena, anxious to diſcover the ſecret of the metallic luſtre which adorned the Hiſpano-Mooriſh pottery, ſet out for Spain on a voyage of diſcovery. On arriving at Valentia he ſecured the co-operation of a merchant compatriot, Battista Bulgarino, and with his aid 'diſguiſed in vile apparel' he obtained employment under a maſter potter. There, by uſing well his opportunities, he ſucceeded in finding out all his maſter's trade ſecrets. And, having accompliſhed his purpoſe, in 1514 he returned rejoicing to his native city. 'Galganus,' ſays Tizio, writing under that year, '*Senam menſe hoc martio reverſus eſt.*'¹⁶

Thus we ſee that the luſtre proceſs was known in Siena at a very early date, and that this method of enrichment was not practiſed only at Gubbio and Diruta as ſome have ſought to prove. The Sieneſe maſters, in fact, were in nothing behind the potters of other cities. Foreign artiſts, it is true, were employed there. But in this reſpect Siena differed not at all from the other great centres of the ceramic art. The maſter-potters of all the great Italian potteries were anxious to improve the quality of their wares, to employ new proceſſes, to adopt the lateſt improvements. The ceramic artiſts of this period were willing to place themſelves and their ſecrets at the diſpoſal of the hiſheſt bidder. For theſe reaſons a new proceſs, or an improvement in an old proceſs, adopted in one city almoſt ſimultaneouſly made its appearance in another.

And what is true of proceſſes is true alſo of deſigns. Owing largely to the influence of ſculptors and painters, deſigns of certain kinds became fashionable from time to time with ceramic artiſts. *Grotesche*, for example, are to be found in the products of ſeveral potteries in the early years of the Cinquecento. Profeſſor Argnani, finding that ſome of the plates of Faenza are decorated with deſigns of this character, at once attributes to the *fabbriche* of his native city all pieces adorned with *grotesche*. But the connoiſſeur who takes a wider view cannot admit the claim. At Cafaggiolo, to take but one example, plates were produced with *grotesche* painted on their wide borders. But neither Signor Milaneſi nor the Cavaliere Gaetano Guaſti has found mention of a ſingle Faentine artiſt in any of the documents relating to the private *fabbrica* there. All the works at Cafaggiolo were produced by, or under the direction of, one family, the Fattorini, and that family did not owe its origin to Faenza.

To Siena, it is true, came ſeveral Faentine artiſts. But it is not at all neceſſary to aſſume that the *grotesche* were imported by them

¹⁶ Tizio, tom. vii. p. 484, anno 1514.

from their native town. Nor is it at all certain that the *trofei* on the Sienese tiles were introduced from Urbino. Similar causes acting upon similar temperaments produce similar results. This may seem to be a truism, but it needs to be borne in mind continually by the art historian as well as by the comparative mythologist. The use of these forms was one manifestation of a general movement in decorative design, in which Siena was certainly not behind any other art centre. Already in the middle of the Quattrocento, under the influence of that consummate artist Antonio Federighi, Sienese sculptors had begun to carve *grotesche* and *trofei* of singular beauty. And Federighi was followed by Marrina, one of the greatest masters of this class of design that the modern world has seen. Between 1500 and 1514 this artist was carving both trophies and grotesques on frieze and pilaster in the churches and palaces of the city. And it is probable that the local ceramic artists were as much influenced by his works at S. Francesco, the Duomo, S. Martino and Fontebranda, as by any works of foreign artists. For no decorative forms are more suggestive, none more adaptable than these. They are just of the kind that a young student of design would feel tempted to draw. I maintain, then, that the nomadic potters from Faenza and Urbino did not initiate in Siena this movement in ceramic design, they merely helped to carry on a movement that had commenced long before their arrival, some manifestations of which are to be seen in the early tiles of the Bichi chapel.

For many years Siena continued to be an important centre of the ceramic industry. From a document of the year 1565 we gather that at that time a certain Maestro Panduccio del fu Pasquino dei Panducci, rector of the University, was head of the art. And the local *fabbriche* continued to be active until the close of the century. In 1600 a certain Girolamo di Marco Gioschi almost entirely re-tiled the Oratorio of S. Caterina. It is obvious that by this time the pottery of Siena was already in its decadence; as the makers of these tiles were content merely to copy the old designs. In several cases the very dates on the earlier *ambroette* are reproduced. It was not long after this that the manufacture of artistic pottery altogether ceased in the city.

There have been two subsequent revivals of the ceramic art in Siena. The first was under Ferdinando Maria Campani in the eighteenth century. This artist took his designs from Marcantonio's drawings, and from the works of the Caracci. He was the greatest ceramic painter of his time, and succeeded in producing some fine pieces, one of which is at South Kensington.

The second revival took place in the present century under Bernardino Pepi, a chemist of Siena. The good Pepi was accustomed to relate that he was inspired with the idea of attempting to revive the

lost art of maiolica on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua, in 1847, as he was hearing mass in the church of S. Francesco. Unfortunately, a project that began under such excellent auspices, and was at one time attended with considerable success, had a very evil result. Signor Pepi succeeded indeed in copying the old *ambrogette*, and he himself always honestly sold his wares as modern imitations. But certain dealers in Siena and other places were not so scrupulous. They succeeded in palming off some of his tiles as real *ambrogette* of the Renaissance, not merely on the guileless tourist, but on connoisseurs of some reputation. And now that Signor Pepi is no more, this fraudulent traffic still continues. But a short time ago, a well-known Sieneſe dealer offered me a large number of these *ambrogette*, which he declared were a portion of the pavement removed from the Palazzo del Magnifico. So brazen had the rogue grown in the course of a career of successful imposture, that he had not taken the trouble to chip or deface any of the tiles, or in any way to blur their flawless glossiness. They were just as spick and span as on the day when they left Bernardino Pepi's *fabbrica*. Both Pepi's manufactory and another that grew up in Siena some twenty years ago have now entirely disappeared; but there are still a number of their productions to be seen in bric-à-brac shops in Florence and Siena.

Thus the great pottery of Siena, after a long and glorious life, which closed in the seventeenth century, and two subsequent re-incarnations in later ages, seems to have come at last to an ignominious end. Artistic energy in the city is now taking a different direction. Much carved woodwork and iron gates of good design are produced within her walls, and some of her sons succeed in manufacturing small triptychs 'di Benvenuto di Giovanni,' panels 'di Matteo da Siena,' and book covers and *cassoni* 'del Quattrocento,' which in some cases are so excellently done that they have deceived the very elect, the apostles of the new art teaching.

The pottery of Siena was not, we have seen, a late-born child of Cafaggiolo and Faenza: it had a very ancient origin. Perhaps, in the first place, its potters came from Asciano, where there had been, since Roman times, an off-shoot of the great *fabbrica* of Arretium. In the Quattrocento, artists from Siena, like Ventura di Maestro Simone, driven out by stress of competition, went eastwards to introduce new processes into the ancient *fabbriche* of Emilia and the Marches. At the same period Siena became more and more the centre for the production of artistic wares. Towards the close of the century the cities east of the Appenines began to repay the debt to Siena, and artists from Faenza and Urbino came to work in the potteries of the Tuscan town. Amongst these were great masters like Giulio of Urbino and Benedetto of Faenza.

But the *fabbrica* of Siena was never overwhelmed by this influence. It always preserved its own peculiar character, and native artists always predominated within her walls. The local potters showed themselves eager to learn and to adopt new processes, and the lustre process was known there at an early date. Here, too, were produced some of those pieces ornamented with raised work on a black ground, which have generally been attributed, and with some reason, to Castel Durante.

In view of the size and number of its *fabbriche* and the amount and quality of their product, it is unreasonable to suppose that the few pieces attributed to Siena in public and private collections are in reality the only existing works that rightfully belong to her. Cafaggiolo, for instance, was but a private pottery of comparatively late origin, a single *fabbrica* carried on by one family of artists, and its total output of artistic wares must have been insignificant compared with the amount of maiolica produced throughout a long period in the numerous *botteghe* of Siena. And yet, the pieces attributed to Siena are far outnumbered by those which bear the name of Cafaggiolo. It cannot be doubted that many pieces which now pass for works of Cafaggiolo and Faenza rightfully belong to the Siennese pottery.

In this article I have confined myself chiefly to setting forth the documentary evidence I have been able to find in regard to the history of the ceramic art in Siena. It was necessary that such a work should be done, because, in the study of that history, *Stilkritik*, unsupported by a knowledge of contemporary documents, has, as in other departments of artistic research, proved a very inadequate guide. A sound criticism takes cognisance of all the evidence attainable, whether it be documentary or derived from a systematic study of artistic style.

On some future occasion I shall discuss more fully the conclusions that I have arrived at in regard to the productions of the Siennese pottery, as a result of the application of scientific methods of criticism to a large number of pieces of Italian maiolica, assisted by a study of the marks of her potters and the heraldic designs to be found on their wares. If in the meantime some Siennese Mæcenas will promote excavations on an adequate scale, it may soon be possible to place the pottery of Siena in its right position in the history of the ceramic art.

LANGTON DOUGLAS.

THE OLDEST PICTURE-BOOK OF ALL

THE oldest picture-book in our possession is the Midnight Sky.

We stand out under the stars on some clear moonless night, and looking upward, though no forms are visible, though it is only here and there that the natural grouping can by the utmost legitimate effort of fancy be made to fit some preconceived shape, yet we still seem to see the whole vast dome covered with mysterious frescoes. There in the north shine the two Bears, the unsleeping guardians of the Pole. Between them winds the Dragon. There stands Cepheus the king, and by his side, in midstream of the Milky Way, is seated Cassiopeia, his queen. The figures overhead and to the south change with the changing hours and seasons, and the December midnight brings us the most glorious show of all. There is Orion; following him are Sirius and Procyon, his dogs; above are the Bull and Twins; and higher still, Auriga and Perseus join Cassiopeia on the Milky Way. Andromeda, chained to her rock, lies beneath her boastful mother; whilst her enemy, the great Sea Monster, is sinking down below the western horizon. The April nights give the predominance to Arcturus, the most brilliant of the constellation of Boötes the herdsman, who stands with one hand stretched towards the Crown, the other towards the Greater Bear. Beneath him lies the Virgin, while the Lion is rushing downwards towards the west.

The Scorpion is the lord of the south during the short summer nights, while the Lyre, with its bright blue jewel Vega, claims the zenith; and between, the two giant heroes, Ophiuchus and Hercules, spread their huge limbs. The September midnight is the time for Pegasus, and then the watery and fishlike constellations have their turn—the Dolphin, the Sea-Goat, Aquarius with his stream and the southern Fish, the twin Fishes, and fair Andromeda's huge marine persecutor.

We seem to see these forms, though no form nor semblance of the form is really there. For from a great antiquity men have looked upwards to the heavens and have pictured thereon, in their own thought, certain forms which we have inherited from them by long tradition; forms which became so real to them that the stars

themselves, on which they based them, seem to fade out or to be but as the nails which kept the pictures in position, whilst the forms remained the real objects which filled the heavens.

The old figures and names, therefore, which are associated with the stars and which we now find on star-globes or in star-atlases, make up the oldest picture-book that has come down to us. Not all of these figures, however, are of great age. Many were made at the time of the revival of Astronomy three hundred years ago. But, knowing the history and origin of these, we can efface them, and confine our inquiry to those constellations which have at least a respectable antiquity.

These are usually reckoned as being forty-eight in number, and a complete account of them is preserved to us in a scientific form in the catalogue of Claudius Ptolemy (A.D. 150), and in a literary form in the poem of Aratus (B.C. 260). These two authorities are in substantial but not absolutely complete accord; and it is the constellation forms, preserved to us by Aratus, and old even in his day, which make up 'the oldest picture-book of all.'

These old constellations, often called the 'Greek Sphere,' from the nation that has handed them down to us, are well known, and may be found described and catalogued in a hundred books of astronomy; and the questions as to who mapped them out, when, where, how and why, have had a perennial interest. Much progress has been made towards an answer of late years, through researches into myths and folklore, and through the evidence supplied by the monuments of Egypt and the Euphratean valley. Yet, singularly enough, the evidence on these points offered by the constellations themselves—evidence more exact, trustworthy, and free from ambiguity than any to be derived from myths and monuments—has been strangely neglected.

The first feature which the old constellations present to us is a very striking one. They cover only a portion of the heavens, and a large region, roughly circular, in the southern hemisphere is left entirely vacant. This circumstance early caught the attention of astronomers, after the geographical discoveries of the Portuguese had brought not only new lands and new seas, but new heavens to their knowledge. But those astronomers looked upon this vacant place simply as an opportunity for constellation-making of their own; not at all for inquiring whether that space had any information to give them.

It was not until the nineteenth century had begun to dawn that any one seems to have appreciated the real significance of the neglect of the designers of the old constellations to cover the entire sky, and even then it was left for one obscure writer—whose works are known to but three or four astronomers, his name to even fewer, and of whom the general public is wholly ignorant—to grasp the signifi-

cance of this empty area in the southern heavens, and to see the consequences which it involved. More remarkable still, when once the solution had been offered, it passed unnoticed for some sixty years, until it drew the attention of the late R. A. Proctor, probably the acutest and clearest popular writer on astronomy that has ever lived. Yet even he, either because it did not attract him or because he was too fully occupied with other matters, by no means fully worked the subject out.

The writer in question was a Swede of the name of Carl G. Schwartz, who appears to have resided at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, at the end of last century and the beginning of this, and to have been a correspondent of Dupuis, Delambre, and Bailly. Schwartz wrote a treatise in Swedish on the origin and meaning of the constellations, which was translated into French and passed through several editions. There were some absurdities in his work, and as these were only likely to enlist the sympathies of inhabitants of Baku and its neighbourhood, they may account for the neglect with which the more thoughtful part of his book has been treated.

Briefly, Schwartz's position is this. The ancient astronomers left unmapped the stars in the extreme south, because they never saw them. They did not rise above their horizon. From this we learn the latitude in which those forgotten observers lived, since it must be equal to the radius of the unseen area. Here in London, for instance, we are $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north of the Equator, and in consequence a star must be at least $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north of the South Pole to rise above our horizon. Allowing for the uncertainties introduced by atmospheric absorption, by refraction, by the differences in brightness in the stars which would just rise above the southern horizon line, and by the probability that at least a few of the stars low down in the south would be neglected by the old astronomers, we can say certainly that they lived not further south than N. lat. 36° , and not further north than N. lat. 42° .

This is in itself an important conclusion, for it enables us at once to set on one side the claims of either Egypt or Babylon to be the original home of the constellations, and—since in both countries the constellations described by Aratus were for the most part known and used—of their claims to be the original home of astronomy as well. So much for the place where the constellations were mapped. The vacant space gives us a not less useful indication of the time. For little by little, owing to the effect of precession, the poles of the heavens have shifted their places with respect to the stars, and the centre of that portion of the southern heavens which lies beneath our horizon to-day is far removed from the centre of that which was beyond the sight of the early constellation-makers. We have then simply to take the centre of the vacant space, and, allowing for precessional effect, to compute when it will have coincided with the

southern pole, to know when the ancient work of constellation-making was completed. This gives us for date 2800 B.C. For place we have already found N. lat. $39^{\circ} \pm 3^{\circ}$. Necessarily there is an uncertainty of two or three centuries in the date; but, speaking in a broad and general way, the place and date of publication which our picture-book bears impressed upon it is N. lat. 39° and 2800 B.C.

So far Proctor, following Schwartz, worked out the problem; but he does not seem to have troubled to push the research further in other directions, or to have inquired as to the consequences of the results which he had obtained. Yet the constellation figures give us an indication of the longitude where they were planned, as well as of the latitude, though the indication is not quite so definite as in the case of the latter.

We infer this from the animals included among the figures of the Sphere. These we find to be the horse, bull, sheep, goat, dog, and hare. The carnivora are the bear and the lion. The eagle, hawk or vulture, and crow represent the birds. The serpent and water-snake are the reptiles, and the scorpion and crab represent the invertebrates. Of marine animals we have several fishes of indeterminate species, a dolphin, and a sea-monster which may not improbably represent a whale or a shark. Conspicuous by their absence are the elephant, the camel, the hippopotamus, the crocodile, and the tiger; and therefore, even if the question of latitude were not decisive, we should be warranted in rejecting India, Egypt, or Arabia as having been the birthplace of the Sphere. The presence of the lion probably warrants us in excluding Europe—that is to say, Greece, Italy, and Spain—from our search. We are thus shut up to but a single region—namely, that which we may briefly describe as Asia Minor and Armenia, and which is washed by the Black Sea on the north, by the Mediterranean on the south, by the Caspian on the east, and the *Ægean* on the west.

There is a further object among the constellation forms which is of great significance. It is the presence of a ship, and it certainly suggests that it is to one of the coasts of this country and not to its interior that we should look for the precise site of the observatory where the stars were first mapped out. Of the four seas mentioned, the Caspian is the one which would seem to have the greatest probability. The *Ægean* or Mediterranean would open to the sailors embarking upon them the possibility of sailing as far south as the thirty-first parallel, and would thus bring a considerable additional extent of the southern heavens within their knowledge. The Black Sea and Caspian, on the other hand, only extend northwards, and consequently their explorers would make no additions to the stars they knew at home. Of the two, seeing that the southern shore of the Black Sea is so very near the utmost northern limit which we can allow for the site of which we are in quest, while the

Caspian extends across the entire belt in which it must be placed, the balance of probability lies rather with the latter. •

It would well accord with a position water-bounded towards the north that Aratus consistently speaks of the northern horizon as the sea, though the very reverse was the case for his own country, Cilicia. Of the poles, he says :

The one we see not ; but the opposite
Is high o'er ocean in the north.

Of the two Bears and the Dragon, that

on either side
His coil they move and dread the dark blue sea.¹

But whether or no we regard Argo as a sufficient proof that the constellations were designed in a maritime district, its presence shows an acquaintance with the art of navigation. And we must remember that progress in practical astronomy is far more likely to have been due to the needs of the sailor than to the mysticism of the priest or the charlatantry of the astrologer.

The vacant space in the southern heavens is defined, of course, by the constellations which border it, *i.e.* by the most southerly. It is defined by them alone, and consequently the date and place inferred from that vacant space are, strictly speaking, the date and place of the southernmost constellations only. But these south constellations would be the most difficult to form because the stars which make them up remain for so short a time above the horizon. The figures associated with them are also in every single instance connected with more northern figures. They were, therefore, probably the last designed. And as, if the work of constellation-making had been continued later than the time given, the effect of precession and of geographical discovery must have brought other regions of the southern heavens into view, we may take it that the place and date thus fixed are the place and date of the completion of the work ; precisely as the date and place on the title-page of a book indicate when and where it was published in its completed form, though some of its chapters may have been written many years before and in an altogether different locality.

This leaves the question still open as to how long the constellation figures took in making. The work may have taken a single man a single year ; it may have taken one man his entire lifetime ; it may have taken a body of men many generations.

There are some indications, which seem to have escaped notice hitherto, by which we may fix, roughly at least, the date of certain other constellations than those in the extreme south. These are the twelve commonly known as the Signs of the Zodiac, and which

¹ Brown's *Aratus*, pp. 14, 16.

beyond all controversy were planned in order to mark out the Ecliptic.

The division of the zodiac into *twelve* signs is one of very great significance. The first astronomers could easily see that the moon moved among the stars, and after they had continued their observations for several years they would recognise that though she followed an apparently shifting path, yet that this path did not wander very far north or very far south of a given circle of the heavens. That was a perfectly straightforward observation to make; and no doubt, at a very early age, twenty-seven or twenty-eight groups of stars were arranged around the sky through which the moon passed in the course of as many days—a sidereal month. The 'Lunar Mansions' took their origin in this way, and from them the line of the ecliptic could no doubt have been determined.

But the twelvefold division of the zodiac brings quite another class of observation before us. The men who effected this had recognised that the sun, too, moved among the stars. Now this perhaps was the most difficult discovery which up to the present date has yet been made in astronomy. It is only the first step that costs. We have been taught it from childhood, and are not therefore in a condition to grasp the difficulties which must have beset the first workers in the science. But the man whose observation had been close enough, and whose intellect was keen enough to lead him to conclude that the stars, though so absolutely invisible to us by day, were yet shining down just as really as by night, must have been a very giant among men. It was the first great incursion of physical research into the invisible, the first great triumph of induction, the first time that appearances were set aside in favour of thought.

The significance of the zodiac, then, with its twelvefold division, is that it shows that the length of the year had been determined; that the path of the sun among the stars, with which it is never seen in company, had been marked out; and that a method had been discovered by which the position of the sun relative to the stars at any time could be ascertained. A complete parallelism between the motions of the sun and the moon had been established. Just precisely as the moon passed round the sky in a month and traversed a single 'lunar mansion' in a day, so the sun too moved among the stars, making its circuit of the heavens in a year, and traversing a single sign of the zodiac in a month.

There was an astronomy, therefore, before the constellations, and one which had attained no mean development. We infer from the fact that the zodiac marks the ecliptic, and that it is divided into twelve signs, the number of months in the year, that it was devised in order to assist in the observation of the position of the sun among the stars. And we know in a variety of ways that this took place while the spring equinox was still in the constellation Taurus. We

have for example the tradition preserved by Virgil in the well-known and often-quoted lines :

Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus.²

This was of course purely traditional in Virgil's day, for the equinoctial point had then passed entirely out of Taurus and very nearly out of Aries. Now we have no tradition whatsoever that the Twins ever led the year, and therefore we are sure that the zodiac is not later than 1800 B.C., and does not date farther back at the outside than to 4400 B.C.

There is another consideration which enforces the same conclusion. Of the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, five face definitely one way, four the other, the remaining three being indeterminate. These three are, the Balance, which necessarily gives us no hint of direction, the pair of Fishes, which, apparently as an integral part of their design, face different ways, and the Twins, the original direction of which is no longer certain. The other nine are divided into two systems, the one in which the signs all face east; the other in which they all face west. If the zodiac was planned while the spring equinox fell in Taurus, then the sun was ascending all through the signs that face the east, and was descending all through the signs which face the west. The chances are great that such an arrangement is not accidental.

This range of 2,600 years is very considerable, but a closer examination of the Signs enables us to contract it very much. The Signs of the Zodiac are not of perfectly equal extent. Cancer, for instance, only represents about 19 degrees of longitude; Virgo covers about 43 degrees; and it happens that if we try to place the two equinoctial and the two solstitial points symmetrically among the twelve Signs, we find ourselves limited to a date of about 3100 B.C., with a possible range of about 300 years on either side. At this date, 5,000 years ago, the spring equinox was in the centre of the constellation of the Bull, the summer solstice in the centre of the Lion, the autumnal equinox in the centre of the Scorpion, and the winter solstice in the centre of the Water-pourer. In strict accord with this fact we find the Bull, the Lion, and to a less degree the Scorpion among the oldest and most widely diffused of solar symbols. Another note of time is afforded us by the four stars Aldebaran, Regulus, Antares, Fomalhaut, which have been known as 'royal' stars for many ages. The significance of this title is perfectly obvious. It was given to them because at that time they were the bright stars nearest to the four cardinal points of the ecliptic. This again limits us to almost precisely the same period as that we have already found. About the year 3000 B.C. Aldebaran and Antares were both on the equinoctial colures. Four or five centuries earlier β Tauri would have

² *Georg.* i. 217-8.

challenged the right of Aldebaran to this title; an equal length of time later, and the Pleiades would have usurped it.

The date of the zodiac, therefore, may be taken as not very far from 3000 B.C.; but the zodiacal constellations, with the Dragon, which marks out the pole of the ecliptic, must have been the first to be planned, since they had to be allotted to a definite region of the sky. The southern constellations which ring in the vacant space were as certainly the last. We may take it then as probable that the entire work did not take more than about 200 or 300 years, ending 2800 B.C., and that very probably it took much less.

This date, derived from several independent considerations, completely disposes of the theory of the origin of the constellations which still finds most general acceptance. Briefly it is this. The figures adopted for the twelve Signs of the Zodiac were chosen to denote the climatic character of the twelve months of the year; the stars through which the sun passed in the course of a certain month being given a symbol in accord with the chief characteristic of that month. Thus Aries, Taurus, and Gemini are supposed to represent the months of March, April, and May, the three spring months when the flocks and herds bring forth their young; or Aries may stand as the solar ram, the leader of the heavenly flock, while Taurus will represent the ploughing season. To June the sign of the Crab was given, so the theory has it, to represent the going backward of the sun after the solstice. The Lion represents the fierceness of the solar heat in July. The Virgin with the ear of corn in her hand is supposed to stand for August, assumed to be the harvest month. The Balance is to set forth the equality of day and night at the autumnal equinox in September. The Scorpion is taken to represent the fevers, which, for the purposes of the theory, are supposed to be especially destructive in October. The Archer denotes the hunting season in November; the Sea-goat the upward motion of the sun after the winter solstice in December. Aquarius of course denotes the rains of January, and the Fishes in February the reopening of rivers and lakes for fishing after the winter's ice.

The theory never had much to recommend it, for the system of identification between the seasons and the months was so loose that it has been made to fit equally well for countries as diverse as Babylonia, India, and Egypt, none of which, however, can have been the original home of the Sphere. Next, it explained only the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and these, as the constellations themselves abundantly show, are intimately connected with many of the extra-zodiacal signs. Lastly, and this is a fatal objection, it assumes that the constellations were marked out when the four cardinal points were in Aries, Cancer, Libra, and Capricornus—that is to say, about 1000 B.C., instead of some 2,000 years earlier. We know for a certainty that Aries was not the leading sign of the zodiac but the

last, when it was mapped out; that the summer solstice was not in Cancer, nor the winter in Capricorn; and that the Balance was far from the autumnal equinox. The whole system of explanation is vitiated from end to end.

There is a most interesting hint here of a great astronomical revolution. Five thousand years ago the zodiac was planned with the Bull of Taurus for its leader. Aries was then the last and least important of the twelve. The next view that we get of the state of astronomy is some 2,000 years later. The Ram of Aries is now the Prince of the Zodiac, Taurus has dropped to a second place, and the zodiac itself has suffered an important change. The old constellations, composed of the actual stars themselves and defined by them, unsymmetrical in position and unequal in extent, are represented by purely imaginary 'Signs.' These have no direct reference to the stars, though they derive their names from the old constellations; they are perfectly symmetrical, and all are of precisely the same extent, 30 degrees of longitude, neither more nor less.

How that revolution came about we have at present no means of knowing; but it has hitherto interposed a great barrier to our learning either from classical literature or from myths or monuments anything trustworthy as to the true origin of the constellations, for the reason that the sources we have been consulting are, in consequence of that revolution, as ignorant of the matter as ourselves.

The only light therefore that we can at present gain on the subject must be supplied to us by the constellations themselves, an inquiry in which again Carl Schwartz proved himself a pioneer.

First of all it is abundantly plain that though astronomers designed these forms, and no doubt used them, as they were used by Claudius Ptolemy, for the purpose of identifying stars, yet they strongly subordinated astronomical usefulness to other considerations. Sir John Herschel in a well-known passage scarcely puts the matter too strongly:

The constellations seemed to have been almost purposely named and delineated to cause as much confusion and inconvenience as possible. Innumerable snakes twine through long and contorted areas of the heavens, where no memory can follow them; bears, lions, and fishes, small and large, northern and southern, confuse all nomenclature.

If astronomical usefulness had been the sole idea, then undoubtedly the constellations would have been arranged to be as nearly as possible of the same size; to be compact, not sprawling; the figures connected with them would have been distinct and without repetition, or, if repeated, repeated only in distant parts of the sky; and most assuredly different constellations would not have been intermingled. Every one of these canons is repeatedly set at nought. The constellations are no more of equal area on the celestial globe than are the countries on the terrestrial. Argo and

Ursa Major are the British and Russian Empires of the sky; the Triangle and the Arrow are its Roumania and Bulgaria. Hydra sprawls across more than one-fourth of the meridians; Draco meanders in and out between the Bears like some slow river traversing a plain. The Serpent is in two distinct portions, divided by Ophiuchus as the county of Cromarty is by Ross-shire. The rule that would exclude duplicate figures seems to have been violated out of set purpose. In the forty-eight constellations we have fifty-four figures, as some of the constellations contain two or more. Out of these fifty-four we find ten men, three women, two centaurs close together, five fish, all close together, two eagles close together and in immediate neighbourhood to the swan, two bears close together, two dogs close together, three snakes, two crowns, two goats, two streams. The designs that are not repeated are distinctly in the minority, being only sixteen out of the fifty-four.

The frequency with which designs are repeated, and especially with which they are repeated in close proximity to each other, cannot possibly be accidental. It may be due simply to the spirit of imitation, different designers working at different times and without any concerted plan, but the later being content to copy their predecessors. Or it may be due to deliberate purpose, in which case we can infer that the designs are significant not merely in their form but also in their position. We can see at once that, in some cases at least, the constellations were not planned without reference to each other. The twelve Signs of the Zodiac certainly were intended to form a single sequence and to mark out the course of the ecliptic. Nor do they stand alone in this respect. There are many cases of a clear and intimate connection between different constellations; indeed, there are only a few that are entirely isolated. The connection of the zodiacal constellations with those outside is in many cases most clear. The Bull is attacked by Orion, who tramples on the Hare; Aquarius pours his stream into the mouth of the Southern Fish; the Ram presses down the head of the Sea-monster, and holds the ribbon that unites the Fishes; and Sagittarius shoots an arrow at the Scorpion. Besides these we have the figures that tell the story of Perseus and Andromeda, and two most remarkable groups, one of which will be referred to later. The other is connected with the Scorpion. At the time and in the latitude where the constellations were formed, the observer, looking southward at midnight in spring, pictured to himself in the sky a gigantic scorpion. Above the scorpion, with his left foot pressed firmly down upon the animal's head, stood the figure of a man, round whose body a great snake was twining, that he was strangling with his hands. The head of the Serpent-carrier was formed of stars which lay near the zenith. Facing northward, the observer conceived of a similar but not identical group before him there. The same stars which made up

the head of Ophiuchus the Serpent-carrier were used again, at least in part, to mark out the head of a second hero, unknown by name to Aratus, but later identified with the Greek Hercules. He was kneeling on one knee, and pressed down with the other foot the head of the great northern Dragon. So that, facing south, one conflict was seen represented; facing north another, very similar, yet having distinctive features of its own. And, as if to increase the resemblance, each hero is attended by an eagle, the one waiting on Hercules being distinguishable from the other by the lyre which it carries.

Here, then, we have reduplication in a most striking form, and in this case it is clear that the double arrangement is part of the original design. For, however and whenever the constellations were devised, beyond all doubt the twelve ecliptic signs and the one round the ecliptic pole form the frame to which the others had to adapt themselves; so that of the seven constellations in this particular series, the two extreme ones—the Scorpion in the south and the Dragon in the north—are both ecliptic in character.

One unmistakable sign of being a single concerted work is afforded us by the forty-eight constellations of the Greek Sphere. The old constellations did not cover the entire sky. Considerable areas were left vacant here and there in the northern heavens, and, in the south, the effect of precession and of geographical discovery made men in the course of time acquainted with a large part of the unmapped sky; yet the number of the constellations was not added to, although there was the opportunity, almost the necessity, for so doing. Two of the border constellations which ring in the vacant southern area were of a nature to permit a very considerable extension without interfering with their design, and as more of the southern heavens became known they were continued southward. But no new constellations were formed. It was not until the great astronomical revolution of the sixteenth century A.D. had swept away all regard for the old traditions of the science that the work of constellation-making was resumed, and, once started afresh, it went on with the greatest rapidity until no nook or corner from pole to pole was left unoccupied. We may see therefore—if the original work of constellation-making had been due to a number of independent astronomers, each following his own ideas, without any conjunction with the rest, as was the case with the modern constellation-making—that the work would certainly have been continued until the whole of the northern heavens were covered, and the process would have gone on in the south as fast as new stars came into view. The cessation of the process for 3,500 years, despite the strong reasons for continuing it, is the most decisive proof that the work of constellation-making came from a single authority and had been carried out on a single plan.

The interdependence of so many of the designs, and the fact that

the Sphere is thus manifestly the work of a single authority, furnish reasons for thinking that it was intended to be of the nature of a document. An examination of the individual forms supports this conclusion. We find, for instance, that three of the designs are truncated—the Bull, the Flying Horse, and the Ship are only half shown. Now this was not because there was not room enough to complete the design. There are many constellations much smaller than these in which the figure is complete ; there are several, on the other hand, that cover a much greater area of sky than either Taurus or Pegasus. The fact that nearly all the constellations, as originally designed, were upright on the meridian, suggests a purpose in the recumbent attitudes of Virgo and Andromeda, while Pegasus was most assuredly not put upside down by accident. The stars that make up the figure are practically symmetrical, the four principal marking out the angles of a great square, so that the design would have fitted the stars just as well if Pegasus had been placed right way up.

Some of the forms represented are most clearly symbolical, for they are composite or monstrous in character. We have, for example, three female figures : Andromeda—a woman naked and chained ; Cassiopeia—a woman clothed, seated, and crowned ; and Virgo, a woman clothed and winged. It cannot be pretended that there is anything whatsoever in the stellar configurations to suggest, first of all, the idea of a woman in these three places, and next, the characteristics which have been ascribed to each of them. There must have been some special purpose in ascribing wings to the Virgin ; there must have been a purpose not less definite in representing Andromeda and Cassiopeia in positions so sharply contrasted.

Again, we have two Centaurs—monstrous figures, half man and half horse. Yet whoever designed the Sphere knew perfectly well that a horse and its rider were different and separate beings, for we have in Pegasus a riderless horse. So, on the other hand, the wings given to Pegasus and refused to Sagittarius and Centaurus must have been as intentional as the wings given to Virgo and refused to Andromeda and Cassiopeia. Again, the fish-tail in which Capricornus terminates must have been given him with a purpose, for Capella, the goat which Auriga carries, is of the ordinary form.

The attitudes of the figures are often clearly symbolical. Two instances are especially striking, Aquarius and Pisces. In the one, Aquarius pours out a stream of water, not upon a plant or tree or some land object, as would assuredly have been the case had Aquarius been meant to represent the rainy season, but upon a fish, and the fish, so far from swimming in the stream, drinks it, swallowing the entire stream. The Fishes afford a spectacle quite as strange, for they are tied together by a long cord, the ends of which are fastened round their tails. It is scarcely possible to imagine two designs

which, taken baldly and literally as they stand, could be more unnatural and absurd, and it is astonishing that they have been preserved to us with these strange characteristics undisturbed for nearly 5,000 years. We can only account for their origin, we can only account for their preservation, by supposing that they were intended as hieroglyphics or symbols, and not as actual pictures; and that the tradition that this was so was current long after the significance of the symbols had been entirely forgotten.

Perhaps the most remarkable group of constellations is one to which the late R. A. Proctor drew special attention. It consists of the constellations Argo, Centaurus, Lupus, Ara, and Sagittarius. The Centaur has apparently just left the Ship which is grounded on a rock, and is offering up on the altar the animal which we now know as the Wolf, but the exact nature of which was not known to Aratus, just as the constellation which we now call Hercules was to him simply the 'Kneeler,' and that which we now call the Swan, simply the 'Bird.' The smoke arising from the altar is admirably represented by the Milky Way, and right in the centre of the bright cloud it forms is placed the Bow—*i.e.* that of Sagittarius. When we compare these figures with the narrative given us in the eighth and ninth chapters of Genesis, we cannot, I think, resist Proctor's conclusion that we have in both instances the attempt to set forth the same story. The question is, which came first—the story or the constellations. If we say the story, then the constellations are fully explained; they are a picture of what was, at least at that time, believed to be a history. If the constellations came first it only leaves the question of their origin and meaning involved in more obscurity than ever.

Proctor in a half-hearted way hints his opinion that the story of the Deluge in Genesis is simply an attempt to 'write up' to the figures inscribed on the walls of some zodiacal temple. I venture to think this an utter absurdity. There is no legend whatsoever so widely diffused and so generally consistent in its main details as that of the Deluge. To suppose that it took its origin in a tale written to account for the figures on a single temple is monstrous; while we actually know from the discoveries of George Smith that a story of the Deluge most closely related to that preserved in Genesis was held by nations bordering on the lands where the constellations took their origin, and at much the same date that we have found for them.

But if the story of the Deluge is intended to be set forth in these constellations, then we have without doubt lighted on the general secret of their origin. For the Deluge story is not the only one plainly referred to. The story of Perseus and Andromeda is set forth with great distinctness, and is marked out as a separate narrative by being framed by the equator and two of the colures,

a quarter of the northern heavens being thus entirely devoted to it. The attitude of Ophiuchus strangling the snake, and crushing the scorpion's head with one foot while the latter stings him in the other heel, seems as direct a reference to the story of Genesis iii.

To sum up, this oldest picture-book of all was designed nearly 5,000 years ago by a people dwelling somewhere between the Ægean and the Caspian, which domesticated the bull, the sheep, the goat, the dog, and the horse; which hunted the bear, the lion, and the hare, and used the bow and the spear. Yet a people not merely nomadic, but either maritime themselves or at least acquainted with the ocean and with navigation. They had made not a little progress in Astronomy, for they had determined the length of the year and had carried the science of observation so far that they could recognise the position of the sun relative to the various ecliptic groups of stars. Their religion involved the erection of altars and the rite of sacrifice. They were acquainted with stories of the Fall and of the Deluge substantially the same as those preserved to us in the early chapters of Genesis, and they devised many of the constellations to give appropriate and permanent record of them; no doubt because they were included, as with ourselves, in their sacred history. The people was an organised one; having some definite and recognised authority, whether king, priest, patriarch, or council does not appear; but of that authority the work of constellation-making received beyond doubt the express sanction.

We cannot tell whether the designs in this book have come to us entirely without alteration. There is some question about the zodiacal sign of the Balance. We do not know whether the two Bears were originally bears, waggon or chariots, or flocks of sheep; and so also with two or three other groups. But many significant little details seem to show that the constellations, considered as an entire document, have been preserved to us without important change.

Many of the constellations, then, were mapped out to express the religious belief of their designers. No doubt the others, of which at present we have no explanation, had just the same purpose. But though at present their interpretation seems to lie beyond us, we may well hope that further investigation into the science and religion of the Upper Euphratean Valley may ere long enable us throughout to

read the page
Where every letter is a glittering world.

E. WALTER MAUNDER.

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE

A LARGE number of people are of the opinion that any investigation into the darker side of human nature is morbid and undesirable.

The former accusation is probably the last that occurs to the reader of any modern criminological work. And as to such studies being undesirable, we can only reply that to remove an evil you must first get to the root of it, which is tantamount to saying that you must set yourself to comprehend it. This very obvious *raison d'être* of criminal investigation may not apply with the same force to that of suicidal phenomena. But though suicide is apparently¹ but an indirect offence to mankind, yet we are profoundly convinced that its causes, and those of other crimes, are either of a common stock, or are so closely interdependent that the eradication of any one will remove all. If this be true, or even but partly true, it clearly follows that examination of suicidal phenomena on lines similar to those of criminal investigation bears a real sociological value apart from the interest it may possess under other aspects.

If, then, suicide is not merely a spasmodic individual occurrence, what connection, we ask ourselves, has the present abnormal extent of suicide with society and its actual institutions? We have not far to seek for an answer when once we recognise the fact that we are in presence of a general and growing sense of *malaise*. It is a disheartening thing to have to acknowledge that, after the wonderful progress of mankind during the last fifty or sixty years, the individual probably finds life less enjoyable and more difficult than before. The evils attendant on our rapid progress have been so widely recognised that we need only summarise them here. Broadly speaking, there is but little doubt that advancing civilisation has multiplied our wants and desires more rapidly than it has supplied the means of satisfying

¹ We say *apparently*, for suicide is a *direct* offence to society where a man has a material responsibility in the shape of wife or children.

them. The perfection of mechanical appliances has created unmistakable disadvantages for the labouring classes, which have up till now outweighed the advantages of cheaper production.

Reduction in the cost of most commodities and the rise of wages have not compensated for the increased prices of food and house-rent.

The increase and extension of education has contributed in no small degree to the general *malaise*. The enlightened masses have become dissatisfied with their social condition ; in fact, it is a marked characteristic of the present epoch that a considerable increase of worldly ambition—or, to employ a useful expression, *social capillarity*—has pervaded every class of society. But the extension of knowledge—and especially in the domain of science—has exerted another and possibly greater impulse, inasmuch as it has weakened the religious sentiment. Not only has it thus increased the desire to profit by the things of this world, enhancing the force of social capillarity, but it has tended to remove a powerful influence towards the minimising or concealment of evils, which have now been magnified by contrast.² Here, then, we have some explanation of a kind of social disease of which we unhesitatingly affirm the increase of suicide to be a symptom.

Before entering on the statistics of suicide, we cannot refrain from mentioning another pregnant source of crime which the progress of this century has directly fostered ; we refer to the psychological factor—*vanity*. Its important influence in almost every branch of crime is universally admitted, and we would only emphasise the connection between this potent influence and that product of modern civilisation—the newspaper. We are far from asserting that the ubiquity of the newspaper is matter for regret, yet we must remember that it has created a prospect of celebrity for a really vile crime or pathetic suicide that is often a more powerful argument to the criminal mind than even the instinct of self-preservation.

Now let us see what are the facts in the civilised States of Europe. The figures in Table I. express the suicidal tendency in several countries over five series of years. Two remarkable facts are at once apparent : 1st, Our statement as to the increase of suicide is strongly confirmed in almost every part of Europe ; and 2nd, it is evident that suicidal tendency is apt to vary more from one country to another than it would be likely to do in a century in the same country.

² The decline of religious feeling has a direct bearing on the actual prevalence of suicide of an importance which it would be difficult to over-estimate. The fear of after-punishment or the hope of greater happiness in another world must have appealed to many a would-be suicide with a force of argument of which no other considerations would be capable.

TABLE I.—MEAN ANNUAL RATES OF SUICIDE PER 1,000,000 OF THE POPULATION *

—	1841-60	1861-70	1871-80	1881-84	1885-88
Saxony . . .	223	281	325	370	333
Denmark . . .	260	283	266	249	259
Switzerland . . .	—	—	240	233	220
France . . .	98	129	161	189	212
Prussia . . .	116	127	153	198	204
Bavaria . . .	66	85	107	136	144
Belgium . . .	54	61	81	107	116
Sweden . . .	65	80	86	96	110
England and Wales . .	—	66	70	74	78
Norway . . .	105	82	70	68	66
Scotland . . .	—	—	—	52	60
Italy . . .	—	27	37	48	48
Ireland . . .	—	—	(20)	(21)	(22)

Firstly, as to the general increase. This seems to have been most rapid in those countries relatively exempt from suicide, such as Bavaria, Belgium, and Sweden; while the high rates of suicide in Saxony, Denmark, Switzerland, and Prussia, show oscillations from year to year which probably tend to a definite decrease. In France, however, there is a high and rapidly increasing rate of suicide. While the population increased by only 18 per cent. between 1831 and 1888,⁴ the numbers of suicides for these years were 2,814 and 8,451⁵ respectively, an increase of more than 200 per cent.

This rapid increase, which was only interrupted during the Franco-Prussian war,⁶ must be regarded as a particularly serious problem for a country with an abnormally low birth-rate.

TABLE II.—MEAN ANNUAL RATES OF SUICIDE PER 1,000,000 OF THE POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES⁷

Period	Males	Females	Both sexes
1856-1860	—	—	65
1861-1865	—	—	65·2
1866-1870	—	—	66·4
1871-1875	—	—	66
1876-1880	114	36	73·6
1881-1885	115	36	74·8
1886-1890	123	39	79·4
1891-1896	136	44	86·5

The more recent statistics for Great Britain⁸ still show comparatively low rates of suicide, but from Table II. it is evident that

* Rehflsch, *Der Selbstmord*, Berlin 1893.

⁴ From 32·5 to 38·4 millions. Vide Levasseur, *La Population Française*, Paris 1892, book ii. p. 6.

⁵ Vide Maurice Block, *Statistique de la France*, Paris 1875.

⁶ M. Durkheim discusses the effects of national excitement on suicidal tendency in *Le Suicide*, pp. 218-222.

⁷ Vide Registrar-General for England and Wales, 1896, pp. 29, 81, 93 and 95.

⁸ We should observe that the number of suicides, unrecorded as such, is greater in England than elsewhere in Europe, our coroners' juries being always anxious to avoid a verdict of *felony de se* if there is any possibility of doing so. But we think that the error thus involved has been slightly overrated.

suicidal tendency has increased continuously in England and Wales. Average results down to 1896 show that the law of increase holds good in Scotland and Ireland,⁹ though the figures, taken year by year, fluctuate owing to the small actual numbers of suicides. In striking contrast with the rest of Europe is Norway with a decided diminution¹⁰ of suicide. This noteworthy exception to the prevailing increase is usually attributed to the energetic attack which the Norwegian Government has made against alcoholism. The actual *malaise* is certainly illustrated in the almost universal increase of alcoholism, and drunkenness is, as the newspapers daily testify, one of the most frequent causes of suicide among the poorer classes. The fact that Norway has succeeded in combining progress with sobriety is therefore very probably the sole cause of her decreasing tendency for suicide.¹⁰ The parallelism is shown in Table III.

TABLE III.—NORWAY. DECREASE OF SUICIDE AND OF CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL ¹¹

—	1831-35	1841-45	1851-60	1861-70	1871-80	1881-90
Mean annual consumption of absolute alcohol: litres per inhabitant	(5.5)	(5.5)	3.4	2.8	3.4	2.2
Annual number of suicides per million living	108	107	101	85	70	67

As to the variations in suicidal tendency from one country to another, the contrasts are so clearly shown in the table that it would be difficult to verbally emphasise them. Now it is at first sight a very singular fact that none of the known conditions of existence varying in nations can be shown to cause these decided national contrasts in suicidal tendency. When we see that the idea of self-destruction is viewed so very differently in countries separated by purely artificial boundaries, such as Saxony and Bavaria, Sweden and Norway, we are unable to entertain the obvious suggestion that these variations are due to racial or climatic differences, and if space would permit we could adduce similar statistical objections to every other explanation which has been offered, and this with one exception, viz. the emigration factor.

We are tempted to show how the extent of emigration applies to a few cases in point, because it serves as a typical example for our subsequent considerations.

⁹ The average annual rate of suicide in Scotland for 1889-95 was 58, and in Ireland for 1892-96 28 per million. *Vide Registrar-Generals' reports.*

¹⁰ Suggestive comparisons might be drawn between the rates of suicide, if such are ascertainable, in Canadian districts where the Scott law is and is not in force.

¹¹ *Temperance Problem and Social Reform*, Rowntree & Sherwell, 1899. The figures relating to the consumption of alcohol before 1850 are estimates. For suicidal statistics *vide* Levasseur, *op. cit.*, book ii. p. 181; also Rehfisch, p. 55.

The two countries in our list having the least proclivity for suicide are Ireland and Italy, and these supply more emigrants than any other country in Europe. The numbers of Irish emigrants were 15·06 per thousand of the population in 1888, 11·39 in 1892, and 8·6 per thousand in 1896. In the latter year, viz. 1896, 5·4 out of every thousand Italians left their country.

The rates of suicide in England are relatively low, while the emigration from this country is several times greater than that either from France or Germany, the figures for 1896 being 3·35, 0·7 and 0·5 per 1,000 respectively. Switzerland, on the other hand, shows a large immigration and a high rate of suicide; the same rule applies to Belgium, where emigration is well-nigh counterbalanced by immigration.

Generally speaking, therefore, we notice least suicidal tendency in those countries from which there is the largest emigration. Now what does this indicate? It is evident that emigration provides an outlet for a great deal of misery, and constitutes a hopeful alternative to suicide. But is this the true explanation of the inverse variation of suicide and emigration, or are they simultaneous results of some other national conditions, such, for example, as a certain buoyancy of spirit, or the reverse, in a particular people? In other words, do suicide and emigration vary jointly with some other phenomenon? Or, 2nd, is the parallelism purely accidental? Or, 3rd, it might be argued that the economic condition of those countries from which there is a large emigration is usually bad and favourable to suicide, so that the phenomena which we have indicated run parallel in spite of and not because of each other. It could easily be shown that each of these objections has a certain weight, but the mere statement of them is sufficient to illustrate the complexity of the task of determining the exact extent to which any given factor is favourable or unfavourable to suicide. All that we can at present assert, in view of the constant nature of suicidal phenomena, is that a large number of circumstances—social, economic, physical, moral, &c.—competent to exert either a favourable or unfavourable influence on suicidal tendency must attend different countries, seasons, the sexes, &c., in practically constant proportions, so that their sum and difference leave in each case a constant quantity in the shape of a greater or less tendency to commit suicide, this constant quantity being numerically manifested in our statistics.

Besides the different extent of self-destruction now and fifty years ago, in one country and in its neighbour, there are many varying circumstances, common to all countries and times, which everywhere tend to influence suicidal tendency in similar manner and degree. Those to which statistics give us some access are *season, sex, age, occupation, locality, civil condition, and religious creed*. We shall briefly discuss the more important of these.

Season.—Winter is a season of great difficulty for the poorer classes; the lowered temperature demands additional food, clothing, and fuel, and against this increased expenditure they have rarely had the foresight or the ability to make provision. There are, moreover, a large number of vagabond individuals whom the rigour of winter finds without shelter. We might therefore expect to find that suicide is most frequent in winter. But the figures of Table IV. show that this is far from being the case.

TABLE IV.¹²—MONTHLY DISTRIBUTION OF 1,200 SUICIDES OCCURRING YEARLY

January	79·8	July	127·2
February	79·2	August	108
March	105·6	September	92·4
April	114	October	90
May	125·8	November	80·4
June	125·6	December	72
Total yearly		1,200	

We see that there is an almost continuous increase in suicidal tendency from January to July, followed by a declining tendency till the end of the year. Equally noteworthy are the rapid changes in the numbers of suicides at the transition periods, February to March and July to September.

In view of the evidently strong influence of the season in the tendency for suicide we at once ask ourselves for an explanation. It is unfortunately impossible to advance any single supposition which is not open to destructive criticism. It is a well-established fact that the intelligence is keener, the mental faculties more active during the warmer season of the year.¹³

Now it seems clear that suicidal tendency should run fairly parallel with the degree of mental activity, and if we take this circumstance in conjunction with the physically depressing effect of the heat of summer, we certainly have a partial explanation of the greater prevalence of suicide in this part of the year. But, in reality, the value of this explanation is largely discounted by the following considerations: namely, that in attributing the increase of suicidal tendency in summer to the known increase of mental activity, we are simply launching into a correlative problem of equal complexity; for it must not be forgotten that where differences of temperature are climatic and not seasonal, they appear to have no such effect on either the mental faculties or on suicidal tendency; we do not find a maximum degree of intelligence or intensity of suicide in the equa-

¹² This Table is compiled from figures given by Dr. Rehfish, *Der Selbstmord*, p. 140, and represents the observation of 18,000 suicides committed in various parts of Europe.

¹³ Witness the fact that outbreaks of insanity are more numerous in summer than in winter, a circumstance which favours the popular notion that suicide is a proof of insanity. A direct and ingenious illustration of our statement has been afforded by Lombroso, who shows that the majority of a representative selection of works of genius were conceived in spring and summer.

torial regions. It must be conjectured from the constant nature of the latter phenomenon that it emanates from general seasonal circumstances, physiological and social, of constant reoccurrence; our knowledge of these circumstances and of their influence being of that negative kind which we have previously dwelt upon.

Sex.—When we ask ourselves which sex is the more likely to commit suicide, statistics serve rather to define conjecture, for the question is scarcely a difficult one. Though every woman has to traverse certain critical periods in her lifetime, which are dangerous both to her bodily and mental condition, yet she is exempt from many of the factors most favourable to suicide. Her affection for home and children is greater, and the religious sentiment has diminished less in woman than in man; her intellectual faculties are usually less developed, and hence also her sensibility to mental pain; ¹⁴ inured to continual petty troubles, her patience is fortified to resist greater ones. It is without surprise, therefore, that we learn that there are four times as many men as women suicides. In the large towns, however, these factors tending to the exemption of women from suicide largely disappear. Hence in Berlin we find a female percentage of 26·3 as against 19·7 in Prussia; in London 29 as against 25 in England; and in Paris the extraordinary proportion of 43·5 per cent.¹⁵ The sexual proportion varies in different countries, and, as we shall presently see, is subject to considerable divariation from youth to old age.

TABLE V.—THE MALE AND FEMALE PERCENTAGE OF ALL SUICIDES

—	Male	Female	—	Male	Female
Scotland (1881-90).	69·7	30·3	Denmark (1877-78)	79	21
England " "	75	25	Saxony (1851-79) .	79·4	20·6
Norway (1866-73) .	76·4	23·6	Russia (1870-74) .	79·8	20·2
Sweden (1870-74) .	76·8	23·2	Italy (1864-77) .	80	20
Ireland (1896) .	77·5	22·5	Austria (1873-77) .	82·1	17·9
Holland (1875-79) .	78·3	21·7	Belgium (1870-76) .	84·6	15·4
France (1871-76) .	78·7	21·3	Switzerland (") .	85·3	14·7

Table V. shows the sexual proportions of suicide in different countries. It is surprising to note that women in England and Scotland should have, relatively speaking, the greatest proclivity for suicide. In the latter country the proportion is absolutely exceptional. The percentage was greatest in 1883, when of 209 suicides women's share was eighty-four, a proportion of no less than 40·5 per cent.

In connection with the low proportion of female suicide in Switzerland it may be remembered that female employment in that country is limited by exceptionally stringent regulations.¹⁷

On the other hand, alcoholic excess among women is an unfor-

¹⁴ *Vide* Lombroso, *The Female Offender*, p. 287.

¹⁵ *Rehfsch*, *op. cit.* p. 71; *Legoyt*, *op. cit.* p. 152.

¹⁶ *Rehfsch*, *op. cit.* p. 71.

¹⁷ *Vide* the Federal law of the 23rd of March, 1877, &c.

tunate characteristic of this country. Of every hundred cases of drunkenness brought before English magistrates, nearly thirty are women; and the annual mortality from intemperance is more than fifty per million of the female population of this country.¹⁸

It may be noticed that women's proclivity for suicide relatively to that of men is, broadly speaking, greatest where the general tendency is least; but if female tendency in any country be compared, not with that of males in the same country, but with that of women of different nationality, the order of Table I. will not be reversed.

This is done by ascertaining the separate sexual rates of suicide, viz. the annual number of suicides in each country for either sex per million persons of the same sex. The results are exhibited in Table VI. The countries are arranged in their order as favourable to female suicide.

TABLE VI.—MALE AND FEMALE RATES OF SUICIDE

1881-88	Female	Male	Persons	1881-88	Female	Male	Persons
Saxony .	142	568	351	England and Wales	37	118	76
Denmark .	105	414	254	Belgium .	34	188	111
France .	85	319	201	Scotland .	32	80	56
Prussia .	73	324	200	Norway .	30	107	67
Switzerland	65	396	226	Italy .	19	75	47
Austria .	56	270	161	Ireland .	9	33	21
Sweden .	46	163	103				

The relative scarcity of female suicide in Switzerland is again clearly shown. Ranking third in suicidal tendency among males, Switzerland occupies fifth place in this table when we compare female rates of suicide. Comparing suicidal tendency in the same country with that of Scotland, we have ratios of five to one for males and only two to one for females.

TABLE VII.—SUICIDAL TENDENCY AT DIFFERENT AGES. ENGLAND AND WALES, 1861-90¹⁹

		All ages	-15	15-20	20-25	25-35	35-45	45-55	55-65	65-75	75-
Suicides for each age and sex per million living of same age and sex	Males	108	4	27	63	104	182	282	407	416	319
	Females	35	3	30	34	39	57	83	90	86	62
	Persons	71	3	28	48	70	116	178	240	237	173
Suicidal tendency at each age compared with that of same sex for all ages	Males	100	3.7	25	58	96	171	261	377	385	295
	Females	100	8.6	86	97	111	163	237	257	246	178
	Persons	100	4.2	42	68	99	163	251	338	334	244

¹⁸ *Temperance Problem and Social Reform*, pp. 89, 90. The mortality from intemperance is increasing by far the more rapidly among women. The rates per million were as follows:—1877-81, males 60, females 25; 1892-96, males 86, females 51—an increase of 40 per cent. among males and no less than 104 per cent. among females during the last twenty years.

¹⁹ *Vide Registrar-General, England and Wales, 1895*, p. 114.

Age.—In the first part of Table VII. the figures indicate in every case the actual suicidal tendency, the method adopted being that of Tables I. and VI. The latter half is derived from the former, and compares suicidal tendency at different ages with that of the same sex generally, the latter being represented by 100. We see that, contrary to popular superstition, suicidal tendency increases rapidly with age. After the age of 75 among men, and of 65 for women, suicidal tendency apparently declines—a fact which we readily attribute to the physical incapacity of extreme old age. Neglecting the fallacious notion that death is most dreaded when near at hand, we can feel but little surprise at our statistical results. The loss of a beloved helpmate, the estrangement of children, the eventual realisation that long-sustained ambitions are impossible, it may be financial ruin, all entail pain and change of habits which a waning vitality has no longer the force to resist.

The increasing tendency to suicide is a characteristic common to both sexes, but otherwise there are marked sexual contrasts in the effect of age.

The most salient feature is the precocity of female suicide. Up to the age of 35 women are relatively far more prone to self-destruction than the sterner sex. Table VII. shows that there are actually more female than male suicides from 15–20 years of age.²⁰

The process of development is more rapid in woman, and at the age to which we refer, viz. 15–20 years, her state of physiological development is not only in acute contrast with that of man, but she is exposed to physical difficulties peculiar to her organisation which are apt to engender nervous affections of dangerous nature. At the age of maturity female proclivity for suicide is still relatively greater. In this case a large number of female suicides are attributable to illegitimate child-birth.

In middle age there is a rapid increase in male tendency to suicide, and in old age the sexual contrast is strongly marked, the variation from youth to old age is considerably greater in the sterner sex.

Occupation.—The influence of occupation on suicidal tendency must certainly be a potent one; but the subject is from a statistical point of view so fraught with difficulties, and satisfactory data scarce, that we shall confine ourselves to a particular and important branch of occupation in which the statistical data leave less to be desired, viz. that of the army. From Table VIII. it is manifest that the soldier's peculiar profession is highly conducive to self-destruction. With the exception of France, the contrasts between the military and civil rates of suicide are truly appalling. They are

²⁰ We do not find an actual excess of female over male suicide in other countries but similar precocity of female suicide is universally manifested.

particularly so in the Austrian and Italian armies, and neither rate shows any pronounced diminution such as we find in other countries.

TABLE VIII.—MILITARY SUICIDE ²¹

—	Austria			Germany			Prussia		
	1869-73	1876-80	1892	1867-77	1878-88	1890	1867-72	1876-80	1893
Suicides per million (standing army) . .	866	1,253	1,209	630	870	550	608	607	457
—	Italy			France			England		
	1871-75	1876-80	1892	1862-67	1876-80	1890	1862-71	1875-88	1890
Suicides per million (standing army) . .	230	407	389	373	333	280	379	230	210

A plausible explanation for the high rates of military suicide will at once suggest itself to every mind: namely, the oppression and irritation of military discipline, but actualities largely disprove this supposition. Rigorous discipline should seem most irksome to the young soldier unaccustomed to subordination, and hence we should expect to find suicide committed in greatest measure by young recruits; a conclusion which is nullified when we see that suicidal tendency increases rapidly, according to the length of service undergone, and out of all proportion to the expected increase with age. Table IX. shows that the suicidal tendency of English soldiers 35-40 years of age is 5·7 times that of soldiers 20-25 years of age, while the corresponding proportion in the civil population is only 2·6 to 1.

TABLE IX.—MILITARY SUICIDE ²²

Age	20-25	25-30	30-35	35-40
Suicides per 100,000 Home service	20	39	51	71
Suicides per 100,000 Indian service	13	39	84	103
Average ratio of increase with service . . .	1	2·5	4·5	5·7
Average ratio of increase, civil population, male .	1	1·4	1·9	2·6

We see therefore, after elimination of the age-factor, that certain conditions result from the nature of military occupation which not only occasion a high mortality from suicide, but the influence of which becomes more powerful as the soldier accustoms himself to his environment. When we remember that soldiers are not only, physically speaking, the flower of every nation, but are exempt from the struggle for life, we are confronted with an anomaly in every

²¹ *Vide* Durkheim, *op. cit.* pp. 247, 249, 259; Legoyt, *op. cit.* p. 187; Rehfisch, *op. cit.* pp. 128, 131.

²² *Vide* Millar, *Statistics of Military Suicide*, 1874.

way deserving of elucidation. It is not to be assumed that the results of Table IX. demonstrate that soldiers either do not suffer under discipline or not sufficiently to drive them to suicide. If it be admitted that there are other factors favourable to suicide, increasing with habit and more influential than the irksomeness of discipline, we are free to assume that soldiers do greatly suffer from irritation, whether suicidal tendency from this cause is or is not lessened by custom. We have every reason to believe that the unreasoning obedience and the excessive submission which are the *sine quâ non* of an effective military instrument are apt to arouse feelings of rebellious irritation in the minds of most men. It is rational to admit that the soldier habituates himself to such discipline, though it is probable that the effect of custom is partly counteracted by the additional annoyance caused to a mature man at receiving reprimands, or what appear to him unreasonable orders, from a young officer. The more important cause of the intensity of military suicide remains to be ascertained. We believe that the explanation lies at the very root of military conditions. The soldier's training is essentially destructive of individualism; he learns to consider himself a mere unit in a huge aggregate of individuals, battalions of whom still constitute mere fighting units which must be prepared to sacrifice themselves if necessary to a particular stratagem. The soldier's very trade consists in placing at the disposal of others that of all possessions most valued by man—his life. Is it, then, surprising that he should have less hesitation than other men in removing it?

So long as the soldier's profession remains a necessary one, we must expect to find it the most productive of suicide; but there is no reason why increasingly intelligent and humane administration should not continue to reduce the present deplorable extent of military suicide to a much lower figure.

Locality.—The statistics of suicidal mortality in different parts of the same country incur but little danger of inaccuracy. They demonstrate a fact that we readily accept, viz. that suicide commits far greater ravages among those whose life is spent in large towns than among rural inhabitants. The healthy occupation of the peasant or agricultural labourer, his lesser intellectual development, his partial freedom from the feverish activity of life, must render him a much less likely subject for suicide than the man whose work is performed in the morally and physically unhealthy atmosphere of the factory. Thus in Berlin we²³ have an average for 1877 of 309 suicides per million, against 141 per million in the rural districts of Prussia; in Rome a rate of 123 as against 30 in the country. England and Scotland, however, offer some extraordinary exceptions. The statistics of London, in particular, are contrary to all expectation. Densely populated, centre of commerce and industry, and home of wealth

²³ Legoyt, *Le Suicide*, pp. 192-197.

and misery, London of all great towns should show the largest number of suicides. Actually suicidal tendency is less in London than in any other important city in the world. While in Paris and Vienna there are more than 400 suicides, and in C  penhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Brussels and Berlin ²⁴ an average of nearly 300 suicides per million, the annual rate of suicide in London is less than 100 per million.

In Table X. we give the rates of suicide for 1896 in the County Divisions of England and Wales, but we are unable to suggest any explanation of the anomalies which they illustrate. The mainly agricultural population of Surrey, Kent, Hampshire, Sussex, and Berkshire are more addicted to suicide than the inhabitants of London, the maximum intensity of suicide being found in Kent, with 104 suicides in 1896, or a rate of 119 per 1,000,000 of the population. The facts with regard to Scotland are no less at variance with the general laws of suicide, greater proclivity for self-destruction being found in the *mainland rural* than in either the *large town* or *principal town* districts.²⁵

TABLE X.—RATES OF SUICIDE PER MILLION INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY DIVISIONS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1896

London	95	North Midland Counties	93
South Eastern Counties	108	North Western Counties	91
South Midland Counties	74	Yorkshire	89
Eastern Counties	75	Northern Counties	64
South Western Counties	80	Monmouthshire and Wales	53
West Midland Counties	82	Total, England and Wales	86

Civil Condition.—In order to appreciate the true influence of varying civil condition on suicidal tendency unusual care is required. If we compare the rates of suicide per million of each class of persons suicidal tendency is shown to be least in marriage, somewhat greater in celibacy, and several times greater in widowhood and divorce.

But the mean age of widows and widowers is considerably greater than that of married persons, while the class of celibates includes a large proportion of the population too young to commit suicide.

Under these circumstances conclusive results can only be obtained by ascertaining the rates of suicide of married, celibate, and widowed persons of the same age.

Two such perfected tables are furnished by M. Durkheim ²⁶—the one based on the statistics for Oldenbourg 1871–85, the second on French statistics for 1889–91. The material in the former example is so small—1,369 suicides in all—that the results obtained are of little value.

²⁴ Mulhall, *Dictionary of Statistics*, article ‘Suicide.’

²⁵ *Vide* Registrar-General’s Report for 1895, part II.

²⁶ *Le Suicide*, pp. 182, 183.

The table for France, which is based on nearly 25,000 suicides, is less likely to give accidental results.

Neglecting the rates for persons 15-20 years old, we have, in each of the remaining cases, reduced the rates of suicide for single persons to 100. The average of these results is exhibited in Table XI. As far as M. Durkheim's figures are accurate, this table indicates the true influence of civil condition on French suicide.

TABLE XI.—COMPARATIVE INFLUENCE OF CIVIL CONDITION ON SUICIDAL TENDENCY, FRANCE 1889-91

—	Married	Unmarried	Widowed
Males	37.4	100	75.1
Females	67.0	100	116.4
Persons	52.7	100	95.8

Marriage is seen to exercise a most important beneficial influence, the probability of bachelors committing suicide being 2.7 times that of married men of the same age.

Marriage is less effectually preventive of female suicide, but married women still commit suicide far less often than spinsters of the same age.

We have stated that the total rate of suicide of widowed persons is several times that of either married or unmarried persons. The figures given serve to demonstrate that this high rate of suicide is due entirely to the usually advanced age of widows and widowers, and to no peculiarity of conditions resulting from widowhood in itself.

Great proclivity for suicide is universally attributed to divorced persons. Of the seven examples collected by Durkheim²⁷ and Legoyt,²⁸ the average rate of suicide of divorced males is 2,385 per million, while the corresponding rate for married males is only 450 per million—a proportion of no less than 5.3 to 1. The contrast for the weaker sex is less marked, the corresponding ratio being 3.3 to 1.

Our results may be summarised as follows:—

- (1) Marriage tends to restrain suicidal desire.
- (2) The influence of widowhood is not sensibly different from that of celibacy.
- (3) Divorce is highly conducive to suicide.
- (4) Difference in civil condition affects male more than female suicide.

Without entering on the much-discussed question as to the respective personal advantages of matrimony and celibacy, it is evident that marriage will tend to prohibit suicide. The knowledge

²⁷ Prussia, 1887-89; *ibid.* 1883-90; Baden, 1885-93; Saxony, 1847-58, p. 293.

²⁸ France, 1873; Saxony, 1876; Würtemberg, 1846-60.

that several lives are dependent on his own, and that his children will bear a name branded by suicide, must cause a man great reflection before destroying his existence. The mother's affection for her children will also form an obstacle to suicide, but she has not the moral responsibility of a husband and father; her death will not cast her children helpless into the world. Hence marriage does not confer on women the same relative immunity from suicide.

Widows and widowers, despite distress and grief at the loss of husband or wife, must often dismiss the idea of suicide, however alluring it may seem, from the same sense of responsibility. On the other hand, single individuals, especially when advanced in years, are usually responsible for no lives other than their own. If, at some moment, life seems to have lost its value to them, there is little but the instinct of life or fear of an hereafter to deter them from ending their existence.

The enormous extent of suicide among divorced persons is less easily explained. Theoretically, divorce is a relief to those who practise it, and should not, therefore, be more conducive to suicide than celibacy.

On the other hand, the conduct of applicants for divorce is usually far from irreproachable, and, except in countries where divorce legislation is exceptionally supple, we are bound to suppose that there is disordered life on one side at least; and whether this take the form of immorality, drunkenness, or cruelty, we must assume ungoverned passions—and hence deficient moral control.

Stigmatised by society, such persons must find their pleasure in life in intemperate pursuits. When these cease to attract, when unhealthy excitement has yielded to *ennui*, they have neither moral courage nor desire to resist the temptation of suicide.

Modes of Perpetration.—The mental attitude of which suicide is the consequent manifestation is usually of short duration,²⁹ and the intending suicide must employ such means as are readily attainable. The poorer classes, among whom destitution is the principal cause of suicide, are further limited in their choice to an inexpensive mode of self-destruction. Intending suicides presumably endeavour to select what appears to them the most speedy and least painful death, but ignorance³⁰ and lack of determination occasion much unnecessary suffering and many unsuccessful attempts. The means of suicide offering the greatest facilities are hanging and drowning, which together account for 70 per cent. of all suicides.

Strangulation is even more readily attainable than drowning, and

²⁹ An interesting exception was evinced by the American who is said to have spent two years in constructing a piece of apparatus which first put under chloroform and then decapitated its ingenious inventor.

³⁰ The effects of many poisonous substances are so agonising that persons committing suicide by such means must be assumed to ignore their properties.

this can be the sole explanation of the large proportion of suicides committed by such a repulsive means. Comparisons of the extent to which the principal modes of perpetration are employed in the sexes and in different countries are not without interest. Women naturally show a marked preference for the more passive forms of suicide. The percentages of female suicides committed by means of *drowning, poison, precipitation, and asphyxia*, are invariably greater than the male percentages, while the use of *sharp weapons, hanging, fire-arms*, and the *railway* are characteristic methods of male suicides.

Particular means of suicide are often adopted to an exceptional extent in different countries, and such peculiarities are invariably manifested by both sexes. Thus, the use of sharp weapons is characteristic of England and Scotland, fire-arms and precipitation of Italy, strangulation of Denmark.

These national variations are probably due less to difference in temperament than to the universal faculty of imitation.

Intending suicides will adopt the methods of other suicides with whom they have been brought in contact—either directly or by tradition. When the first person threw himself from the Monument in London, the method commended itself to other intending suicides, and similar fatalities followed in rapid succession until the actual railing was erected.

In all probability primary contrasts due to national characteristics are artificially intensified in similar manner.

Motive.—Official inquiry into the motives of suicide is not likely to furnish very satisfactory statistics.

Where the suicide has near relations, his family frequently have good reasons for wishing to conceal the motives for his action. If necessary, they will allege insanity, as least compromising to themselves or to the reputation of the deceased person. In other cases the police³¹ have to rely on the scanty evidence of strangers. The motives may be manifold, so that the suicide himself might not be able to give a precise reason for his action. The most apparent cause, again, may not be the true one. Even when the suicide has left a written statement, we cannot accord entire confidence to his own explanation. Vanity or a desire to conceal the true cause may have prompted him to assign a false one.

The cause to which suicide is most commonly attributed is insanity, and many medical men even insist that suicide is *invariably* the outcome of a disordered brain.³²

³¹ The motives of suicide are not recorded in this country, but our coroner system could certainly render more accurate results than those of other countries, where cases of violent death are investigated by the police.

³² The idea has probably been conversely derived from the fact that all lunatics are liable to attempt suicide.

If we are to accept such a view, even in a modified form, this statement must be made more precise; if we are to consider all extreme mental conditions, such as despair pushed to the verge of suicidal desire, as signs that cerebral equilibrium is wanting, there may then be a shadow of truth in the glib fallacy of 'temporary insanity.' But as the term insanity is at present understood, a man who seeks in death a refuge from misery or dishonour is no more necessarily insane than the perpetrator of any other form of homicide.³³ More forcible objections appear when we compare the statistics of suicide with those of insanity.

We find that the numbers of suicides in different countries, far from being proportional to the numbers of insane persons, almost vary inversely. It is true that the statistics relating to insanity differ in method and accuracy in different countries. But the results obtained, considered as approximations, show that from this point of view there is no connection between insanity and suicide.³⁴

It is an erroneous idea that insanity is much more prevalent among women than among men,³⁵ but the proportional numbers are nearly equal, while suicide may almost be considered a characteristic of the sterner sex.

A third objection lies in the fact that insanity is most frequent in both sexes in middle age, decreasing slightly but continuously after the age of forty-five.

Table XIII. illustrates the latter points: we see that insanity occurs in both sexes in almost equal measure. To a hundred male cases of

TABLE XIII.—COMPARISON OF THE RATES OF SUICIDE AND INSANITY IN THE SEXES AND AT DIFFERENT AGES³⁶

Mean annual		All ages	-15	-20	-25	-35	-45	-55	-65	more than 65
Mean annual number of admissions into lunatic asylums per 10,000 of population for each age and sex. 1884-86	Persons	5	·3	2·5	5·5	7·9	10·1	10	9·6	9 ³⁴
	Male	5	·4	2·5	5·7	7·9	10·2	10·1	10·1	9·9
	Female	4·9	·2	2·5	5·2	8	9·9	9·9	8·2	8·4

³³ It has often been argued that the instinct of self-preservation is so strong in man that its disappearance must indicate a condition of insanity. That this instinct has disappeared is, in itself, an assumption. It is quite conceivable that it may be overcome by reason, like all other instincts.

³⁴ *Vide* Durkheim, *op cit*, pp. 41, 42. He finds only 84 insane persons in Saxony per 100,000 of the population, against similar rates of 185 and 180 in Norway and Ireland respectively. No question of statistical accuracy can bridge the gulf between these results.

³⁵ It is to be noted that the proportion of women actually under restraint on account of insanity is greater than that of males, the actual numbers for England and Wales being 38,309 females in 1895 against 32,571 males; but outbreaks of insanity are, relatively to the male and female populations, more frequent among men. This apparent anomaly is caused by the greater mortality of male lunatics.

insanity, there are relatively ninety-eight female cases, but to a hundred male *suicides* only thirty-two female suicides.

After sixty-five years of age suicide is committed more than twice as much as for the age thirty-four to forty-five, while the latter gives the maximum number of insane persons for both sexes. The discrepancy is more strikingly illustrated by Table XIV. We have reduced the rates for persons of all ages of both suicide and insanity to 100. The numbers assigned to each age represent the relative suicidal or insane tendency at that age compared with the general tendency irrespective of age. Owing to the method of construction these relative numbers and the two curves which might be formed from them would be nearly coincidental if suicide were a form of insanity.

TABLE XIV.—RATES OF INSANITY AND SUICIDE AT DIFFERENT AGES
COMPARED WITH RATES FOR ALL AGES

	All ages	0-15	15-20	20-25	25-35	35-45	45-55	55-65	65-75	75-
Insanity.	100	6	51	109	159	201	199	192	181	
Suicide .	100	4	39	68	99	163	251	338	334	243

In presence of these facts we are forced to conclude not only that suicide is not a particular form of insanity, but also that insanity is less often the cause of suicide than is commonly supposed.

Whatever be its influence, we must suppose that there are other factors whose influence is so much greater as to be able to completely eclipse it.

The term *insanity* should only be applied to those cases of suicide where rational motive is absolutely wanting. It would be well to enumerate the forms of actual cerebral disease which most commonly occasion suicide. First and foremost, *melancholia*. This is to be distinguished from sane melancholy—the latter being a natural result of grief, the former a morbid depression of spirits, not necessarily caused by any mental pain, but frequently an after-consequence of illness. Most of its unhappy victims have suicidal tendencies. Secondly, some forms of *monomania*, and especially that of persecution. This form of insanity, which is so frequently productive of homicide, may also engender suicidal desires.³⁷ A few insane persons have committed suicide in response to an imaginary celestial summons. Thirdly, *obsessive suicide*. There is either a persistent suggestion of suicide—to which the victim, unless restrained, almost invariably succumbs³⁸—or a morbid contemplation or terror of death, which by a curious anomaly is often productive of

³⁸ *Vide* Special Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor on the alleged increase of insanity, 1897.

³⁷ Rousseau is probably a case in point.

suicide. Fourthly, *impulsive suicide*. Many sane persons confess that they never see a sharp weapon or precipice without the suggestion of suicide, while the insane are unable to resist the temptation when such means of self-destruction are seen.

These are the suicides which are really due to insanity, the reasons being purely imaginary; those caused by impulse are the only cases really due to temporary insanity, properly so called. But to designate a man insane because he has committed an immoral action for which he has rational motives is an inadmissible euphemism.

Heredity.—There is a prevailing impression that suicide is hereditary, probably based on a few instances where some form of insanity productive of suicidal desire has been transmitted from father to son.

It is certain that a large number of people destroy themselves because they are unable to control their passions, others because they are deficient in moral energy, and are unable to support adversity. Such peculiarities of temperament are likely to be hereditary.

We may therefore affirm that certain persons are, in a sense, predisposed to suicide, meaning that they are more likely to commit suicide than others, given the same temptation. But if the act of suicide be supposed hereditary, we are bound to assume that the external circumstances giving rise to the temptation are also capable of transmission.

There is, therefore, not sufficient evidence in favour of the current belief to acquit it of the charge of superstition.

Remedy.—We have seen no satisfactory suggestion for the arrest of increasing loss of life from suicide.

Punitive legislation is confined to this country,³⁹ and British juries evade its consequences by finding deceased to be insane. This seems to be its sole effect.

We are far from denying that prohibition of suicide would be a justifiable encroachment on individual liberty, but it is hardly probable that any legislation could be devised to repress self-homicide which would be simultaneously effective and equitable.

That suicide will ever become unknown is too much to be expected, but we regard the actual prevalence of suicide as one manifestation among others of a defective social organisation, which will largely disappear as society progresses, purging itself of much injustice and consequent misery and discontent.

³⁹ *Vide* the typical example quoted by Durkheim, *Le Suicide*, p. 29.

⁴⁰ The term *felo de se*, as defined in existing enactment, is not synonymous with the accepted notion of suicide. A person is guilty of *felo de se* if he commit any felonious act resulting in his own death: a definition which includes such anomalous cases as those of a person shooting at another with a gun which explodes and kills himself, or a fatal attempt at abortion.

THE BURDEN OF COAL

WHAT is broadly, somewhat vaguely, yet sufficiently comprehensively, called the Coal Question is one that comes home to the bosom and business of every member of the community. Alike in the busy haunts of men and on the spacious moors when two or three are gathered together—where merchants most do congregate and where matrons meet for gossip—the conversation may begin with China, but it invariably ends with Coal. There is good reason for this, because not only is it a material indispensable to each individual's comfort, but also because our industrial prosperity and national greatness are inseparably bound up with it. Nothing could be more unfortunate, economically speaking, than that the taxpayer's household expenditure should be increased at a time when the demands of the National Exchequer upon his pocket have increased, are increasing, and are not likely to be diminished for years to come. We may or may not get out of the Transvaal business for a hundred millions, but everybody knows that the mere cost of the war is not the whole burden to be borne by the taxpayer in the future. We may or may not be nearing the end of the present crisis in China, but everybody knows that with that ending will begin a new order of things involving further drains upon the national purse. And the taxpayer is already moaning in dule and sorrow over the costliness of the contents of his coal-scuttle, the growing dimensions of his gas-bill, and the inflated proportions of his local rates. Man, as Byron said, is an unfortunate fellow, and always will be. The burden of war is bad enough, though there is some sustaining quality about the sentiment of glory. The burden of coal is simply crushing.

It is crushing the life-blood out of our industries, for we have the fact, more serious than the woes of the householder, that the cost of production is going up, while the prices of finished products are coming down. One cannot imagine a worse economic position than a combination of advancing costs and lowering prices. Trade is on the wane, after a burst of prosperity extending over three years, only temporarily clouded by the great engineering strike of 1897-8. There has never in the history of the world been such industrial activity and such enormous productiveness as in the period between

1897 and 1900. In Europe as in America human effort has been strained to the utmost in the production of material wealth, and the economic mark of the greater portion of the period has been the comparative cheapness of fuel—the elemental sinew in industrial enterprise. With cheap coal manufactures flourished and multiplied, labour was in constant and pressing demand, wages were maintained at a higher level (in most occupations) than ever was known before, and the rewards of capital were large though not extravagant. This phenomenal activity naturally stimulated the production of coal, and it so happened that the colliers in the principal coalfields were under wage-contracts at good rates, which prevented them from stopping the output and striking for higher wages as they were wont to do in the past. The production, however, did not keep pace with the growth of consumption, and it began to abate in this country just when the need was greatest, and that through two causes—the withdrawal from the pits of Reservists and Militiamen for service at the front or at the depôts, and the slackening energy of the miners who remained. There is, it must be confessed, not much temptation for the collier to go down into the bowels of the earth six days a week, if in four days he can earn as much as will keep himself and family, not only in comfort, but in luxury compared with the short commons of recent years. And this he could do by the high rates which were attained last autumn. He can do so still better now, for the wage arrangements recently made in the Midlands, in the North of England, and in Scotland, reach the highest level previously recorded in the industry. It may be that in the feverish time following the Franco-German War, in 1872–3, some miners demanded and received a higher day-rate than all are now obtaining. But the importance of the present position as regards wages is that the advance is general up to the highest point, and that the maximum is now guaranteed to the men until February next. Therefore, the colliers never were so well off—not even in the ‘blooming seventies’—and one could rejoice heartily in their prosperity if they did not make it a reason for restricting the supply of coal. It is not necessary or reasonable to attribute to coalmasters a more than average dose of original sin; but they have taken the fullest advantage of the situation, and it is not pleasant to think that industries may die in order that colliery-owners may dine off gold plate. Have we not heard the wares of the fishwife characterised as ‘human creatures’ lives’? It is, no doubt, a worldly-wise policy to make hay while the sun shines, but Nemesis always follows the extortioner.

It has been alternately asserted and denied that one great cause, if not the chief cause, of the great rise in coal, which began with last autumn, has been the war in South Africa. The war has certainly been a contributory cause, although not to the extent taken for granted by

those who assume that war always causes an advance in the prices of commodities. It is true that the war affected the world's supply of coal by temporarily suspending the production of the South African coal-mines; but as the producing capacity of these mines has not yet reached 2,500,000 tons per annum, the greater portion of which is consumed in South Africa, and as industrial consumption has also been suspended there, the direct effect can only have been small. But the war has required the despatch to South Africa of a large quantity of steam coal to supply the immense fleet of troopships and transports engaged. These vessels have not consumed more coal than they would have consumed in their ordinary employment, but they have all had to be 'bunkered' with British coal in South Africa, or at the intermediate coaling-stations, whereas in other circumstances they would in the course of their voyages have consumed American, Indian, Japan, or Australian coal. This concentration of demand has undoubtedly had a considerable effect in increasing the scarcity, and raising the prices, of British coal. And it has been concurrent with an enormously increased industrial demand from Russia and Germany, France and Italy, at a time when all our own industries were working at high pressure. A few figures will serve to show the extent to which external demand is responsible for the comparative scarcity of coal. The following, for instance, were our

Coal Exports for Year¹

—	1897	1898	1899
	Tons	Tons	Tons
To foreign countries . . .	37,096,918	36,562,796	43,108,568
For the use of steamers in the foreign trade . . .	10,455,758	11,264,204	12,226,801
Total	47,552,676	47,827,000	55,335,369

-And the following shows that the drain is still going on, at a greater rate this year than last :

Coal Exports in Seven Months ending July¹

—	1898	1899	1900
	Tons	Tons	Tons
To foreign countries . . .	19,671,120	24,984,572	26,044,227
For the use of steamers in the foreign trade . . .	6,365,673	6,988,912	6,761,582
Total	26,036,802	31,973,484	32,805,809

It is tolerably well known in commercial circles that the total

¹ The Board of Trade figures include coke, patent fuel, and cinders. It is usual to consider 60 tons of coke as equal to 100 tons of coal. Patent fuel contains 90 per cent. of coal.

shipments for the seven months ending the 31st of July last would have been much larger had it not been for—first, a scarcity of available vessels; and second, for the long delays in loading caused by colliers' holidays. The total exports of 1900 will probably exceed those of 1899 by 3,000,000 tons, and those of 1899 exceeded those of 1898 by 7,500,000 tons. If the second of the above tables be examined it will be seen that in the last seven months the quantity shipped for the use of steamers in the foreign trade has decreased by 227,000 tons. This may be attributed to the larger supplies of cheaper American coal at the foreign stations.

The use of the word 'scarcity' seems rather absurd in relation to the enormous volume of production. The truth is that never before was there so much coal taken out of the world's veins. In a former number of this Review the present writer presented an estimate of the world's coal crop.² He accounted for a total production in 1897 of 574,532,600 tons. The returns now available for 1899 reveal a startling increase, especially in America. Not to multiply figures, we select the seven largest coal-producing countries in order to show their output in 1899 as compared with the period previously reviewed:

Principal Coal Outputs

	1897	1899
	Tons	Tons
United Kingdom	202,130,000	220,085,000
United States	178,000,000	225,000,000
Germany	91,000,000	101,622,000
" (Braunkohlen)	29,420,000	34,203,000
France	30,780,000	32,331,000
Belgium	22,500,000	21,918,000
Russian Empire	11,000,000	(1898) 12,185,000
Austria-Hungary	11,500,000	(1898) 12,500,000

The British and American ton is of 2,240 lb. That of the other countries is 2,204 lb.

The American output for 1899 is estimated by the United States Geological Survey at 230,838,973 tons, but is stated in the Board of Trade 'Coal Tables,' recently issued, at 218,376,000 tons, which, however, are non-official figures. We have adopted a mean figure as more nearly approximating what experts believe will be found to have been the real total. There is, at any rate, no room to doubt that the American output now considerably exceeds our own, and that it is still steadily increasing. In short, the United States is now the largest coal-producer in the world, and, moreover, is able to produce at a lower cost than any country in the world, excepting only India.

The comparative costs of production, based on the most recent returns, are: United Kingdom 6s. 4½d.; United States 4s. 5d.;

² The *Nineteenth Century*, July 1898: 'The Coal Supplies of the World.'

Germany 7s. 4½*d.*; France 9s.; Belgium 8s. 9½*d.*; Austria-Hungary 6s. 6½*d.*; Russia 7s. 4½*d.*; New South Wales 5s. 5*d.*; India 4s. 2*d.*—per ton at the pit head. These are based on the output and valuations of 1897 and 1898, but the average cost now is very much higher in the United Kingdom, and to some degree higher in Continental Europe and in the United States. At the same time, it is to be remembered that the striking of averages is rather a dangerous occupation, and the pursuit of it is very apt to lead one to wrong conclusions. We do not pin our faith to the above figures; indeed, although they are to some extent official, they may be regarded with a good deal of doubt; but they are interesting for purposes of comparison. And as for American coal it is being freely sold at a price, put on board vessels in an Atlantic seaport, many shillings per ton below what equal quality of coal can now be shipped at in this country, where is not only the lowest first-cost in Europe, but also the shortest and cheapest transport to the seaboard. The best American steam coal is said to be, to all intents and purposes, as good as the best Welsh, and at the present moment it is less than half the price per ton at the port of shipment!

This is one startling fact: let us now consider another. If to the output of the United States be added the imports (1,311,000 tons), and from the total be deducted the exports (5,267,446 tons), it will be seen that the consumption of coal in the United States last year must have reached the enormous total of 221,043,000 tons. One may with difficulty picture the tremendous volume of industrial energy developed from this, remembering also that in America there is a very large consumption of wood and other fuel, and very extensive use of water-power for machinery purposes. This consumption of coal in the United States compares with 164,277,000 tons in the United Kingdom, where a larger proportion of the products of the pits is consumed on the domestic hearth than is the case in America. Our point is this—that a moderate abatement of industrial energy in the United States will leave a very large proportion of the present yield of the coal-mines there to be sold in the world's markets. And the yield is being still steadily increased as coalmining extends.

It may be said that the output of American coal has doubled within twelve years, for the total was only 116,000,000 tons in 1887. One need not speculate here on what it may reach within the next ten years, but it is evident that the more it increases the larger will be the margin for export, and the larger the margin for export the more will American coal become a factor in the economics of Europe. Until recently British coal has met with the competition of American coal only in the bunkers of ocean steamships. The Austrian colliers' strike, however, brought many cargoes to the Mediterranean; the high prices in England stimulated shipments to

France, Germany, and the north of Europe; and at the present moment American coal is being delivered in London.

Reference has been made to the coal crop of 1897. We present now an estimate, based upon official returns and trade records, of the

<i>Coal Output of 1899</i>		
British Empire :		Tons
United Kingdom	220,000,000	Tons
Colonies and India	19,000,000	
		239,000,000
Foreign Countries		421,000,000
Total world		660,000,000

Compared with 1897, this shows the enormous addition to the world's annual coal supply of 85,500,000 tons. And, besides ordinary coal, there were last year mined 64,000,000 tons of 'brown coal,' or lignite. There never was such a provision of fuel in the world before, and yet rarely, if ever, has coal been so scarce as when this immense quantity was being mined. The only one of the great producing countries which does not import as well as export coal is Great Britain. The only coal-producing countries which last year increased their exports to any material extent were Great Britain and the United States. The only coal producer whose output last year was smaller than before was Belgium.

The initial cause of the scarcity may be traced to the requirements for industrial purposes of the Continent of Europe—inasmuch as both Britain and America had large and increased surpluses for export. Thus British pits put out 18 million tons more than in 1898, but we only consumed 11 million tons more, so that we had 7 million tons more to spare for shipment than we had in 1898. Now Germany, producing 88 million tons and exporting 14 million tons, had to import $6\frac{1}{2}$ million tons for her own factories. France, producing 41 million tons and exporting $2\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, had to import no less than 13 million tons—and will need still more this year. Belgium, producing $18\frac{1}{2}$ million tons and exporting $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions tons, had to import 3 million tons. And Russia, producing 12 million tons and exporting a mere trifle, had to import $3\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, in spite of tariffs designed to be prohibitive. The needs of Russia, indeed, have been very pressing both last year and this, and are due, as explained by Consul Cooke, to the great increase in industrial consumption, and in the extension of railways and navigation—an increase beyond the capacity of the Russian coal-mining industry to overtake—and to the high prices of naphtha and other fuels under the control of syndicates.

If these details are dry, they are necessary to a thorough understanding of a question of vital importance to each and all of us. All

the deficiency of all the European countries has not, of course, had to be made good by Great Britain, but she had to supply $6\frac{1}{2}$ million tons more than in 1898. Our entire shipments 'foreign' last year, including 'bunkers,' amounted to 55,335,369 tons, or rather more than one-fourth of our output. And in this connection has arisen the bold proposal to restrict, or prohibit, the export of coal. Such a proceeding would be suicidal, for it would destroy the best part of our maritime commerce. Coal is practically the only commodity we have to send away in any quantity sufficient to provide outward cargoes for the ships needed to bring foreign food-stuffs and material for our mills and factories. It constitutes something like four-fifths of the entire weight of stuff we export. Without it our ships would have to go away in ballast to obtain supplies of wheat, and cotton, and iron ore, and timber. Ballast costs money, whereas coal pays for its carriage. To stop, or even to arbitrarily restrict, the export of coal would be to so enormously increase the freight-cost of our imports as to raise both the cost of living and the cost of industrial production. We should quickly lose both our shipping and our foreign trade, and without the foreign trade half our factories would be idle.

The Select Committee of 1873 inclined to the opinion that an export duty on coal would not restrain the consumption, which, after all, is the real object in view; because, though a diminution of British exports of coal would diminish the production of iron abroad, it would at the same time stimulate the production of iron in this country. We can no longer lay this flattering unction to our souls, in view of the lead now taken by America as iron producer. On the contrary, if we restricted the exports of British coal we should thereby give another impetus to the American iron industry. And here it is necessary to note that it is mainly the great demand for iron and steel that has caused the dearness and scarcity of coal. A large part of our export of coal is, indeed, in the form of iron. Every ton of pig-iron smelted and exported represents the consumption of from two to two and a half tons of coal, and every ton of rolled iron and steel represents from six to eight tons of coal. The iron industry is the largest consumer of coal in the world, and a reduction of the appetite for fuel of that industry will be one of the first things to bring down the price of coal.

Another thing to be considered is the large proportion of our exports that is really for 'bunker,' not for foreign manufacturing, purposes. If a comparison be made between the recorded exports from British ports and the recorded imports at foreign ports, it will be found that a considerable difference exists, which difference represents the British coal supplied to British steamers at foreign ports. Last year the aggregate difference in the case of Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France amounted to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million tons. Could

we pursue the exports all over the world we should find that a very considerable portion of them make their way eventually into the bunkers of British steamers. Therefore, in another way would British shipping be smitten by the restriction or prohibition of the export of coal from these islands. And when we consider the advantage of the export trade to the nation at large, we are constrained to look elsewhere than to restrictive legislation for relief, even though our shipments by foreign-going vessels are now four times what the Royal Commission of 1871 regarded as the probable maximum. At the same time, it would be extremely interesting to know (and the inquiry which Mr. A. D. Provand, M.P., advocates should enable us to ascertain) how much of our exports of steam coal are for the bunkers of navies of foreign countries that are, or soon may be, at enmity with us. Few people will be disposed to doubt the wisdom of permanently controlling exports of that kind.

We have spoken of the comparative scarcity of coal, and, according to the shrewd wisdom of Mrs. Poyser, 'scarceness is what there's the biggest stock of in the country.' But a very little scarcity in coal produces a large effect. The Select Committee of 1873 were prompt to recognise this, and it is worth recalling their remarks in this connection.

In the case of coal, much of the demand is of such an urgent nature that the buyer would pay a very large price rather than be deprived of the supply he requires. Nor does the ratio of the increase of price necessarily bear any definite proportion to the ratio of diminution of supply. A comparatively small deficiency may produce a very large increase of price, if the eagerness of each buyer to secure his own supply, and to guard against deficiency in his own case, is coupled with the ability to pay for it whatever is demanded by the seller.

This Committee, be it noted, declared their opinion that in increased supply, rather than in diminished demand, would be found a practicable solution of the problem then presenting itself. The increased supply has come—but also an increased demand, and the problem is as acute as ever.

It has been said by persons in the coal trade that an unnecessary fuss is being made over the high prices, inasmuch as in 1872–3 they were much higher, and still the country prospered. It is true that prices in 1873 averaged about 9s. per ton higher in London than they are while these lines are being written, but this is only part of the truth and therefore misleading. It is the case, for instance, that the price of best coal rose in London in 1873 as high as 52s. (or say roughly about 30s. per ton more than to-day), but that was during the Welsh strike, when for a time there was actual famine. The average prices for house coal in London during the 'blooming seventies' were: 1870, 18s. 6d.; 1871, 19s. 3d.; 1872, 24s. 11d.; 1873, 32s. 6d. But then these prices are not to be judged in relation merely to the prices of coal

to-day. They must be measured by the contemporary range of prices for other commodities. For instance, if we take a Scotch pig-iron warrant as an index of the level of iron prices, we find it is 73s. to-day, and it was as high as 145s. 6d., and averaged nearly 120s., in 1873. The fact, we believe, is that coal is now dearer *in relation to other commodities* than ever it has been before—except in temporary periods of strike or accidental deprivation of supplies. And miners' wages are a great deal higher than ever they have been before, if measured by the cost of living. It is a matter for satisfaction—as also for the wonder and envy of Continental miners—that our colliers are now so well paid, while the risks of their calling are reduced to a minimum; but it is possible for both pitmen and coalmasters to make more profit than they are entitled to out of the brain and sinew of the nation.

Nor is it surprising that America has coal so much cheaper than we have, seeing that the output there is equal to 490 tons per annum per person employed at the pits, while the British output is only 290 tons per person employed per annum. America has not only more accessible coal, but also more industrious colliers—not by any means better workmen than ours, but working so many hours per week that they can turn out nearly 70 per cent. more coal per man in the year. This is one of the many striking facts revealed as one proceeds with an examination of the Coal Question—one of the many important facts the exact significance of which can best be laid before the country by means of a Royal Commission.

The Commission of 1871 estimated that by 1901 the home consumption would be 162,400,000 tons, and the exports 12,000,000 tons, equal to an output of 174,400,000 tons. But in 1899 the home consumption had reached 164,277,000 tons and the exports 55,808,000 tons, making an output of 220,085,000 tons, or 45,685,000 tons more than the estimate made thirty years ago. It does not follow, of course, that because the last Royal Commission erred in estimating the growth of consumption they also erred in measuring the extent of our coal resources. But it is obvious that these estimates now require re-examination in the light of the actual consumption. We are certainly nearer to the exhaustion of our coal seams than we were in 1871, not only by effluxion of time, but also by a more rapid process of depletion. And it is not very consolatory to be assured that cheaper coal need not be looked for until there is a material reduction in the demand for the production of the staple industries of the country—viz. those connected with iron and steel.

It may be taken for granted that no one wants to see a diminution in the national coal crop if that is only to be procured by restricting manufacturing industry and manacling shipping. From generation to generation the sober Briton has been accustomed to be warned that British industry, his country's pride, is doomed because the coal

supply is giving out. The number of years it will last has varied with that beautiful 'contrariness' for which scientists and statisticians are renowned. It was in 1863 that Lord (then Sir William) Armstrong agitated the British Association, as that learned and loquacious body delights to be agitated, by enlarging on the exhaustible nature of our coal-fields. Professor Stanley Jevons followed up two years later, and ever since there has been an active competition among experts to reduce the industrial supremacy of Britain, and therefore her national greatness, to coal-dust and engine-ashes. The last Royal Commission, which took five years to consider the subject, reported in 1871 that there was enough coal in the country to last us for 1,200 years if we did not increase the consumption, but only for 360 years if we went on consuming in an increasing ratio. That was thirty years ago, since when we have nearly doubled both production and consumption, and quadrupled the exports. This development has been coincident with development as great—in respect, at any rate, of production and consumption—in the other principal coal countries, although not one of them has increased its exports in anything like the proportion of Great Britain. The 'plain man' is not fond of figures, except when they are to his credit in his bank-book, but it is not difficult to grasp the significance of these: that while Britain has doubled her output in thirty years, Germany has doubled hers in twenty years, and in thirty years America has increased both her output and her consumption more than sixfold. It has been shown above that America (*pace* the Board of Trade, whose figures are somewhat lower than those taken from American sources) is now a larger producer and a very much larger consumer than Great Britain. And it may further be noted that we have not only quintupled our exports since 1870, but have also raised these exports from one-tenth to one-fourth of our output. The importance of these figures will not be questioned even by those to whom 'multiplication is vexation.' And they gain in interest when it is remembered that the Royal Commission of 1866–1871 were convinced that our exports would never exceed 13,000,000 tons per annum, and calculated that by 1901 the output would only reach 174,400,000 tons.

Facts have an awkward habit of upsetting theories, and facts are to be found in figures, notwithstanding the three degrees of mendacity—lies, damned lies, and statistics. And as the facts have run away so far from the theories of the Royal Commission, it is obvious that no comfort is to be got out of their estimate of the probable durability of the coal-fields, which estimate was about treble that of Jevons. Where are we, then? If there were really 146,800,000,000 tons of 'bottled sunshine' in the geological strata of the country (and more or less attainable) in 1871, as the Commissioners estimated, there ought to be, say, 140,000,000,000 tons still there. This seems a fairish quantity to burn, but the President of

the Institute of Mining Engineers (Mr. Longden) last year stated his belief that all the best seams will be exhausted within fifty years. 'Best,' however, is only a relative, although a superlative term, and within the next fifty years there will doubtless be better methods of mining. The present President of the Mining Institute (Mr. H. C. Peake) takes a more optimistic view than his predecessor. He says that our present output would last, if no further increase takes place in consumption, some 350 years, but that if the ratio of increase goes on increasing as it has been doing of late years our supplies will barely last 150 years.

A difference of a hundred years in the estimates of two experts is sufficiently remarkable to make one doubt if either estimate is worth much. Certainly both cannot be right, and it is probable that neither may be. That is how the easy man will be disposed to regard it. And if he is also reminded of what Mr. T. Forster Brown told the Society of Arts last year—'that in another fifty years, that is to say, within the lifetime of many now living, the dearth of cheap coal will begin to be felt'—he will probably reply that the dearth of cheap coal is already being felt, for never before, save in the temporary stress of strikes, has he had to pay so much for the contents of his coal-scuttle. Cheap coal? The average f.o.b. price of the coal exported in 1897 was 9s. per ton; in 1898, 10s. per ton; in 1899, close upon 11s. per ton; and in 1900, as far as it has gone, about 16s. per ton. Observe, however, that a dearth of *cheap* coal does not mean a failure of our coal supplies; and observe further that for several years past America has had coal about one-third cheaper than ours. The estimated average cost at the pit-head, according to the latest available returns, is, as we have said, 6s. 4½d. per ton in the United Kingdom and 4s. 5d. per ton in the United States. And as for quality, the average of American coal is fully as good as British, even 'best Cardiff' finding something like an equivalent in the 'Pocahontas' coal of West Virginia.

Now it seems to us that some points relating to the duration of the coal supplies have not been sufficiently considered. In the first place, the employment of electric energy for illuminating and motor purposes in this country is only in its infancy. In the further utilisation of this energy we shall not only reduce the consumption of coal for steam-raising purposes and gas-making, but we shall also learn to dispense, to a large extent at any rate, with coal for our dynamos by making use of the vast reserves of water-power stored up in the hills of Cumberland, Wales, Scotland, and elsewhere. In the next place, by the employment of electric machinery we shall be able to mine coal more cheaply than at present, to penetrate to greater depths, and to cut out seams that it does not pay to mine under present conditions. And in the third place, we shall greatly reduce the consumption of coal by the exercise of economies and the employment of other heat-giving material.

The 'plain man' would probably be hurt if he were told that he is the most shameful waster of the country's industrial food. About one-tenth of the coal yielded by our mines is consumed for domestic purposes, and it is computed that not more than about 1 per cent. of what is so consumed is used beneficially.³ The rest is lost in waste-heat, smoke, and ashes. In what is used industrially it is computed that not more than 10 per cent. of the theoretical power is actually obtained and utilised. It must be the work of science and of common-sense to prevent such enormous and sinful waste of a commodity that can never be replaced. And here we reach another point—waste is not confined to the consumer; it is very great on the part of the producer. In no colliery are the entire contents of the seam extracted, or at all events brought to bank. On some carefully worked pits the amount of wastage and leavings may be under 5 per cent., but in many other collieries it is as much as 25 and 30 per cent. There are collieries in which all the small coal is systematically left in the workings because the owners have not the machinery for dealing with it. It is probable that overhead fully 10 per cent. of the coal mined in this country is annually lost in the working—an enormous and continuous waste capable of immediate reduction, if not of perfect prevention.

Relief in the future, then, will be obtained in economical consumption, reduced absolute consumption, increased percentage of production, reduced cost of production, and utilisation of deposits at present unavailable. The reduction of consumption will be, as has been said, by economy and by the use of other power generators. One of these is oil fuel, of which comparatively little use has yet been made. It is worth while to consider for a moment the fields which exist for it. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the chief uses for oil fuel will be found in the furnaces of railway locomotives and of ocean steamers. Now, the railways of the United Kingdom used last year 10,636,172 tons of locomotive coal, and this year their great trouble is the enormous increase (5s. to 6s. per ton) which they are called upon to pay for engine power. The use of oil fuel, then, can potentially save 10 million tons of coal per annum on the railways alone. Again, of the coal sent oversea last year 12,226,801 tons were supplied to the 'bunkers' of steamers engaged in the foreign trade, and a very large proportion of the other 43,108,568 tons sent away was to places where our own steamers can replenish their 'bunkers.' Not less probably than 25 million tons of the 55,335,369 tons of exports last year would be for steamer consumption. Several of the large lines are now adapting the furnaces of their steamers to burn oil fuel, not only as cheaper in itself, but also as more profitable by enabling bunker space to be filled with freight-paying cargo. The high price of coal

³ *Vide* the Address of Mr. H. C. Peake to the last annual meeting of the Institution of Mining Engineers.

is directing the attention of all shipowners to the use of oil fuel, and the field for it, as we have seen, if fully utilised, might save 25 million tons per annum of British coal.

There is another consideration, mention of which brings one with a shock face to face with the greatest bugbear. The largest consumption of coal is, as we have seen, in the manufacture of iron. It is now highly improbable that this branch of home consumption will increase in the future in anything like the ratio of the past, because the United States is taking our place as iron manufacturer for the whole world. We shall, therefore, save our coal, because America will burn more of hers. When Jevons wrote on the Coal Question he said : ' While the export of coal is a vast and growing branch of our trade, a reversal of the trade and a future return current of coal is a commercial impossibility and absurdity.' Would he say that now—with American iron in the Black Country, with American steel in Sheffield, with American ship-plates in Scotland, and with American coal in London? If a return current of raw coal from America in persistent volume is not probable, though not a commercial impossibility, a permanent current of consumed coal in the shape of iron and steel may surely be looked for. This will gradually effect an industrial revolution, as we shall have to find employment for our energies in manufactures not so dependent on cheap fuel. This may be looking a long way ahead, yet the conditions of the problem of the immediate future relate rather to the development of the coal resources of the United States than to the exhaustion of those of Great Britain.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

P.S.—This article was in type before the strike began on the Taff Vale Railway. The circumstances of that strike afford another illustration of the abuses of Trade Unionism. The effects of that strike upon prices at the other coal-ports also afford an illustration of the influence of the foreign demand upon the economic situation.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Saturday, the 28th of July.—The air is full of rumours of a crisis in the Liberal party, due to the division of last Wednesday, when the Opposition was rent, not in twain, but into three distinct bodies. One section voted with Sir Wilfrid Lawson in favour of the reduction of the salary of the Colonial Secretary. Another section, headed by Sir Edward Grey, voted against Sir Wilfrid's amendment; while a third, in obedience to the suggestion of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, did not vote at all. It must be confessed that the spectacle which the Liberals in the House of Commons thus presented was not an edifying one; but for some time past it has been evident that a crisis of this kind was at hand. The extreme pro-Boers, on the one side, and the most advanced Imperialists on the other, are apparently irreconcilable, and they seem to hate each other more vehemently than they hate their common foe, the Government. Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, with the best will in the world, has been unable to maintain even an appearance of unity in the ranks of his party, and the open explosion of last Wednesday has revealed the existing state of things in the Opposition to the whole world.

Each side, of course, blames the other for the existence of a situation which is due rather to the irresistible force of circumstances than to any individual action. The men whose political creed seems to have for its first article, the duty of opposing Lord Rosebery, no matter what he does or says, declare that everything is due to an intrigue in his favour. I believe there is not a word of truth in this statement. Amid all the abuse which has been showered upon him during the past four years by a certain section of Liberals, Lord Rosebery has steadfastly maintained a consistent attitude so far as his relationship to the leadership of his own party is concerned. He has maintained throughout that his withdrawal from the leadership was a genuine withdrawal, and that the steps he took in 1896 could only be reversed either by the occurrence of a crisis which made it his clear duty to return to active political life, or by a summons of such a nature as to prove that the great majority of his own party really desired his resumption of his old position. In his opinion neither of these condi-

tions has, as yet, occurred, and he consequently maintains the position of independence which he gained by his retirement in 1896. If there have been intrigues, they have certainly not been confined to that section of the Liberal party that is friendly to Lord Rosebery, nor have any intrigues whatsoever received encouragement or countenance from the ex-Premier. But Tadpole and Taper—those representatives of the omniscience of the lobbies—insist that it is otherwise, and they are going about just now declaring in portentous whispers that the Liberal party has been honeycombed by some mysterious intrigue, the existence of which is believed in by nobody but themselves. It would all be amusing if it were not rather sad. The truth is that a real difference exists between the majority of Liberals and an active minority on questions connected with the war, and that the minority prefer to think that the notorious disunion of the party is due to anything rather than to their own attempt to make the world believe that they are the only true representatives of Liberal feeling and opinion.

Monday, the 30th of July.—This has been a day big with startling news. In the early morning came the tidings of the shocking crime at Monza yesterday, when the King of Italy fell beneath the pistol of an assassin. No more deplorable regicide than this could well be imagined. King Humbert was not only a man of fine courage and great kindness of heart, but of high principle. As a constitutional monarch he could not be held responsible for all the political incidents which have marked the history of Italy during his reign. What is certain is that he loved his country passionately, and that he was courageous enough to give his full support to those Ministers who, in his opinion, served her best. The announcement of his cruel death has caused a profound sensation in London. Everybody knew that his Majesty was one of the warmest friends of England, and it is an open secret that he was the link between this country and the other members of the Triple alliance. Indignation against the Anarchist fraternity runs high, and there are bitter complaints of the failure of the Italian police to guard the person of a monarch whose life was known to be threatened.

As some relief to the gloom caused by the news from Monza, we have had the announcement from Lord Roberts of the surrender of General Prinsloo and the Boer force under his command. This means that the keystone has been knocked out of the arch of Boer resistance in the Orange River Colony. From China the news is still conflicting, but the definite statement by Li Hung Chang that the Ministers at Peking are alive and safe encourages those who hope that after all the worst has not yet happened. The publication of the official correspondence on China does not furnish altogether pleasant reading. It shows, for one thing, how completely blind were the Governments of Europe, including our own, to the impending

catastrophe, while it confirms the rumours current some weeks ago as to Russian unwillingness to allow Japan to take the measures by which, if they had been carried out at the time, Pekin might long ago have been relieved.

Tuesday, the 31st of July.—The sudden death of the Duke of Coburg is a startling surprise to the public at large. It has, of course, been known for a long time past that the Duke was suffering from severe ill health, but outside the limits of his own family circle no one seemed to have any idea that his condition was so serious as it really was. Profound sympathy is felt, not only with his widow, but with the Queen, who has been fated to see another of her children taken from her by death. If it cannot be said that the event is one of political importance, it has nevertheless affected the English public far more deeply than the death of many a politician of the first eminence. Any event which brings sorrow to the Queen is regarded by her people as a blow to the nation as a whole.

At last we have authentic news from Pekin, and it begins to look as though, after all, the Chinese viceroys were not deceiving us in their assurances of the safety of the Ministers. At all events it is now certain that there was no massacre on the date on which, according to rumour, the resistance of the Legations was finally overcome by the Chinese. Sir Claude Macdonald's cipher message received by the Admiralty late last night proves that the members of the Legations were still safe on the 21st of July, and that the women and children were under protection in the British Legation on that date. That their condition was one of great danger is sufficiently evident, both from Sir Claude's message and from those received from other ministers. Indeed, the story that the Chinese Government mean to hold the Europeans as hostages seems to receive some confirmation from the latest news. But it is an immense relief to everybody that the long-drawn suspense of the last six weeks has been ended in this fashion, and that the dying century is as yet at all events free from the stain which would have been thrown upon it if the horrible crime that most persons believed had already happened had really occurred. The gravity of the political situation in China is not diminished even though the Legations have been saved, and there are some ominous signs of a possible rupture of the understanding hitherto maintained between the Powers.

Thursday, the 2nd of August.—The *Times* scores a brilliant triumph to-day with its long telegram from its Pekin correspondent, Dr. Morrison. It was but the other day that we counted Dr. Morrison among the slain, and that the *Times* itself paid what was regarded as a last tribute to the merits of its distinguished contributor. And now he addresses us in a message dated the 21st ult. when all hope of his survival had been abandoned here. It is a full, clear, and most interesting account of the incidents of the siege.

Once more, in short, the Pekin correspondent of the *Times* has outstripped the couriers of all the Governments of Europe. The news he gives us is eminently reassuring, so far as the past is concerned. But much may have happened since the 21st of July, and the relief for which the beleaguered Europeans in the British Legation were 'contentedly waiting' on that date has not yet reached them. The message brings full confirmation of the duplicity of the Chinese Government; from whose good faith nothing is to be hoped, though something may possibly be gleaned from their fears. One can only hope that we shall have many more messages from the *Times* correspondent in Pekin, and perhaps one may be permitted to congratulate the newspaper upon the admirable modesty with which it presents a document of almost unique interest and importance to its readers. It is refreshing in these days of universal newspaper self-puffing to find that there is one journal which can leave the achievements of its agents to speak for themselves.

Sir William Harcourt's speech in the House of Commons yesterday excited the wildest enthusiasm on the part of that section of the Opposition with which he is more especially identified, and at the same time won the approval of most Liberals of every shade. It was unquestionably a notable performance, and its vigorous handling of Mr. Chamberlain was admired even on that side of the House on which the Colonial Secretary sits. But though it has given some heart to the Little England section of the Liberal party, it is scarcely likely to affect the political situation as a whole. Its most striking feature was the fact that it was clearly intended—like the recent speech of Mr. Chamberlain—as an electioneering manifesto.

This afternoon comes the news of the attempt upon the life of the Shah in Paris. It has happily failed, and possibly it was never meant seriously. But in any case it is a deplorable incident. It will certainly not add to the popularity of the Paris Exhibition, and it may not impossibly aggravate the bitterness which Parisians already feel with regard to the failure of the world to respond, as they had expected it would do, to their hospitable invitation. That it will increase popular anger against the anarchist fraternity is not to be doubted. Two attacks upon crowned heads within one week are, indeed, quite sufficient to make men think seriously of the dangers attendant upon the Red Terror.

Saturday, the 4th of August.—The Shah's visit to this country has been abandoned, and the Prince of Wales, in going to Coburg to attend his brother's funeral, travelled by an unexpected route. Here are announcements that may well give cause for reflection to those who envy kings and their heirs. Of course, the reason given for the change in the Shah's plans, so far as his visit to England is concerned, is the national mourning, and in itself that reason is sufficient. But the world refuses to believe that the abandonment of the visit is

not in some way connected with the recent attempt upon the life of the Persian monarch, which is now proved to have been a serious affair. The sudden recrudescence of anarchist conspiracies against crowned heads all over Europe is an ugly sign of the times; and no one can be surprised at the sharp remonstrance addressed by this country to the Belgian Government for its supineness in allowing the would-be assassin of the Prince of Wales to escape all punishment. The 'universal unrest' which characterises the close of the century that Mr. Arthur Balfour does not admire, is showing itself in many ways; but none is more significant than this upheaval of the lowest stratum of human society.

Parliament is seeing the last sands in its glass of life run out with almost bewildering speed. Last night the business of supply for the year was brought to a close, the usual application of the guillotine having taken place on the previous day. The sitting was not without some indications of the fierce tumult of party passion that rages below the surface. The discovery of certain letters written by Members of Parliament to leading Boers before the outbreak of war has excited the Jingoës greatly, and the word 'treason' has been freely used in some quarters in connection with this correspondence. Mr. Chamberlain assured the House that in his opinion the letters were not treasonable but only improper. All manner of rumours are current as to the identity of the writers, but for the moment public curiosity must wait for its gratification. The probability is that when the documents are published they will tell us nothing that we did not know before.

In the House of Lords there was a debate that, considering the time of year, might almost be called exciting. Lord Rosebery, determined to justify the strong line he has taken up with regard to the organisation of our national defences, made a speech in which he dexterously contrasted the absolute silence maintained by Lord Wolseley in the House of Lords with the frequent intervention of other commanders-in-chief in military debates in that assembly. It was evident that the ex-Premier caught both the Secretary of State for War and Lord Salisbury on the raw. This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, considering the stories that are current as to the relations between the Commander-in-Chief and some of his political superiors. Both Lord Lansdowne and the Prime Minister strove to turn the course of the debate into a different channel, but they scarcely succeeded in effacing the effect of Lord Rosebery's criticism. The truth is that the public is profoundly dissatisfied with the military proposals of the Government, and this dissatisfaction tends to swell the undercurrent of uneasiness as to the state of our national defences and our preparedness for a crisis that many believe to be at hand, and that may eclipse in gravity any of those through which we have recently passed. It is not my business here to record mere rumours, but it is

impossible for any political observer to shut his ears to the talk which goes on all round one as to the possibilities of the coming winter, and the steps that are even now being taken to meet them.

Monday, the 6th of August.—The news from China is both disappointing and bewildering. It is disappointing to know that practically no progress has been made with the expedition for the relief of the Europeans in Peking, and the average person is bewildered by the conflicting reasons given for the delay. Nearly every Power in turn is made responsible for it. To-day the correspondents of certain of the London newspapers insist that England is the culprit. From various quarters abroad come statements which show that, even under the pressure of the Peking crisis, the old jealousy of this country has been in no degree abated. Our action on the Yang-tze, where British interests have so overwhelming a preponderance, is apparently resented both in Paris and Washington, and elsewhere there are signs that ill-will towards us is accumulating. If this is the case while the Legations are still unrelieved and the lives of the Europeans in Peking are yet in the direst peril, what will happen when the Powers are no longer bound by the necessity of united action in face of a common foe? The anxiety that is felt by all statesmen with regard to the future in the Far East naturally intensifies the desire to see the war in South Africa brought to a close as speedily as possible. It is now degenerating on the side of the Boers into a mere guerrilla conflict, in which treachery and trickery have a leading part. The sympathisers with Mr. Kruger find that public feeling in this country runs more strongly against the Boer cause than ever, now that the struggle has lapsed into this hopeless but costly resistance to the inevitable.

Tuesday, the 7th of August.—There is a telegram in this morning's *Standard* from its correspondent at Pretoria which shows that at the head-quarters of the British Army in South Africa there prevails a similar feeling of uneasiness with regard to the military position in the Transvaal to that which exists in this country. The news received of late from the seat of war has been scanty, and by no means entirely satisfactory. Great as is the confidence in Lord Roberts, some uneasiness unquestionably prevails at his failure to crush the opposition of the Boers at all events in the neighbourhood of Pretoria, and there have been manifest signs of a growing impatience on the part of the public. Now we learn from the responsible correspondent of the *Standard* that 'the position of affairs in the neighbourhood of Pretoria shows no sign of improvement,' and that 'there is growing dissatisfaction at the want of energy in dealing with marauding expeditions.' This from so trustworthy an authority, who is on the spot, is serious reading, and the general uneasiness is increased by the private advices which come to hand telling of the sufferings of large bodies of our troops from the break-down of the commissariat

arrangements and the consequent insufficiency of the food supply. On the other hand, fresh evidence is forthcoming as to the exhaustion and demoralisation of the Boers in the neighbourhood of Machadodorp, and men still hope that Lord Roberts by some carefully prepared *coup* may redeem the later stages of the campaign from the reproach which has undoubtedly fallen upon them.

Mr. Balfour's extraordinary outburst against Mr. Burdett-Coutts last night has furnished a fruitful theme for the gossips of the lobby. It is difficult to account for the unreasonable irritation which the leader of the House has displayed over the whole business of the Hospital Enquiries Commission, and for his manifest desire to treat the matter as a personal controversy between himself and the member for Westminster. Once more we see Ministerial newspapers to-day condemning and deploring Mr. Balfour's action. Perhaps the truest interpretation of conduct that has excited so much comment is the simplest one. The strain of the Session and of the work of the Cabinet has been severe, and it has told upon the First Lord of the Treasury as well as upon other members of the Government. It is well that the prorogation is at hand.

Thursday, the 9th of August.—The end of the Session is come at last, and London awoke to-day to the consciousness that it has no more Parliamentary news to expect for six months to come. As a truthful chronicler I am bound to say that London has accepted the situation with apparent equanimity, and that there is at least no open repining over the dispensation which has hushed the contentious voices of St. Stephen's. When the history of these latest years of the nineteenth century comes to be written, it will be surprising if the historian has not something to say about the decay—temporary only, let us hope—of Parliamentary institutions which the period has witnessed. It would be the wildest affectation to pretend that during the Session which is now happily ended, the country has hung in breathless suspense upon the proceedings of its law-givers at Westminster. Most of us remember the time when 'breathless suspense' would have been the *exact* phrase in which to describe the feeling of the nation in awaiting the decisions of Parliament. But for the present those times have ceased to exist, and it is with the mildest indifference that the public acquiesces in the closing of the doors at Westminster. The subject which interests it far more is the weather, which has been detestable beyond description all through this holiday week.

Yet the closing scene in the House of Commons yesterday was not uninteresting. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, as the leader of the anti-war party, once more delivered his soul in a sort of valedictory address to the House of which he has so long been an esteemed member, and Mr. Chamberlain got into a fierce wrangle with certain Welsh and Irish members over a variety of personal topics. It cannot be pretended that his mode of dealing with the letters of certain Radical

M.P.s found at Bloemfontein has been very wise, and there is some justice in the complaint that he is using them in a fashion not usual in political life. His refusal to promise that they shall be published is clearly unfair to the politicians whom he seeks to discredit by associating them as a body with the acts of one or two of their number. But the whole Session has been marked by the persistent refusal of Ministers to produce documents the publication of which the public has eagerly demanded. We are still without the most important of the South African despatches; we are without the information, repeatedly asked for, which would make clear to us the extent of the unpreparedness of the Government for the war when it broke out. It seems a comparatively small thing in these circumstances that we should be asked to condemn the Radical members on the strength of documents which Ministers will not promise to produce.

In leaving the precincts of Westminster the topic that appeared to engross the attention of members yesterday was the date of the dissolution. Something like a panic seemed to prevail, and the belief in a September or October election was all but universal. To-day calmer counsels have come into play, and the speech of Sir Michael Hicks Beach has dealt a rude blow to the speculations of the quid-nuncs and paragraph writers of the lobby. It is clear that the date of the dissolution has not yet been fixed, and that it may be much later than the mass of Members of Parliament seem to suppose. The battle has, however, already begun, and one of its first symptoms is the statement published by Mr. Perks in the *Daily Mail* of this morning defining the position of the Imperialist section of the Liberal party. If the truth must be told, all sections of the Opposition are going to the country at the end of the Session very much dispirited. Ministers have not made a success of their Parliamentary year, and the war—though it has for the moment won for them the support of the multitude—cannot be said to have enhanced their reputation as a Government. As Sir Michael Hicks Beach frankly confessed yesterday, the law of the pendulum ought to be telling severely against them. Yet in spite of all their failures, and the admitted deficiencies of their military preparations, they seem to be made secure in their position of supremacy by the weakness of the Opposition—a weakness due wholly to the notorious divisions which exist in the Liberal ranks. But whatever may be the merits of the internecine war, the result is to leave the Opposition in a state of weakness which bids fair to give the present Government, in despite of its admitted blunders and in defiance of the law of the pendulum, a new lease of power. No wonder that the Opposition is disheartened, and that even some staunch Conservatives shake their heads over a prospect which is without precedent in the political history of the last thirty years.

The *Daily Chronicle* has done good service this morning by its

exposure of the shameful exaggerations and misrepresentations of certain of our 'yellow' journals with regard to the beleaguered captives of Pekin. So far back as the 6th of July, the *Daily Express* published a telegram which gave an account of the way in which the British Legation had been stormed, and the men and women in it put to death. This was but the first of many similar messages, full of details of the most horrible character as to the sufferings inflicted upon the people in the Legation, including the women and children. All these stories, to which the utmost prominence was given, are now known to have been not mere exaggerations, but absolute falsehoods. English journalists have been accustomed to hold up their hands in pious horror at the sensational lies which form the staple produce of the American yellow press. They must now sorrowfully admit that there is, after all, but little to distinguish a yellow journal in London from one in New York.

Friday, the 10th of August.—It was with positive consternation that the legal world heard, on this the last day of term before the Long Vacation, of the sudden death of Lord Russell of Killowen. Nor was the feeling confined to lawyers. All who knew the Lord Chief Justice were shocked to hear that he had been taken from us. This morning's papers contained the first announcement of his serious illness, and before they were in the hands of their earliest readers he was dead. Of his great abilities as an advocate, it is unnecessary to speak. The English bar has had few members of whom it had greater reason to be proud. But as a judge he had even eclipsed his reputation as counsel. His death leaves a blank that cannot be filled. Next to his indomitable strength of will, a strength that sometimes, perhaps, manifested itself in ways of speech that were strikingly out of the common, his leading characteristic was his passionate love of justice. This great quality was displayed long before he sat upon the bench, and in other arenas besides that in which his professional life was passed. To have been the victim of injustice was at all times the surest passport to Charles Russell's favour, and many a man and woman who never paid him a fee has had reason to be thankful that it was so. This passion of his, combined with his brilliant intellectual qualities and his absolute fearlessness, made him when he was called to the bench an almost ideal holder of the historic post in possession of which he was privileged to die. It is no exaggeration to say that the noble title of Lord Chief Justice of England—surely the noblest of all the titles that can be borne by Englishmen—was never more worthily held than by the illustrious and remarkable man whose untimely end has been so bitterly and so widely mourned to-day.

Monday, the 13th of August.—The plot to carry off Lord Roberts and kill the British officers in Pretoria, of which so much was made a day or two since in the sensational papers, seems after all to have had something in it. At all events Lord Roberts reports that

he has arrested the ringleaders, and we may consequently expect before long to receive a circumstantial account of a scheme that smacks of melodrama rather than real life. Unfortunately together with the account of the frustration of this ridiculous plot we have fresh accounts of De Wet's cleverness in outwitting the forces sent in pursuit of him, while in some quarters our soldiers are positively having to retreat before the Boers. These incidents are aggravating the popular impatience with regard to the war. It has now ceased to be the absorbing theme that it was in the spring and early summer. In the newspapers, China, the inauguration of the new reign in Italy, and the sporting events of the season, seem to put South African affairs into the background, and our fine army, which has done its duty so well and borne itself so bravely, has ceased to command the unfailing interest of the community at large. It is true that too many English homes have a deep interest in the present struggle to allow of its being relegated to obscurity. Yet if popular enthusiasm for the war continues to evaporate at the present rate we might almost expect on the return of our troops a repetition of the scene, described by the late Lord Albemarle, when the soldiers returned from the great war after Waterloo. Their coming back was a matter of indifference to the nation for which they had fought and bled so freely, and in some cases they were even hooted as, footsore and ragged, they landed again upon English soil. It cannot come to this in the case of our South African army; but nothing can be more remarkable than the changed tone of the man in the street regarding a struggle which six months ago absorbed his thoughts.

From China the news is still conflicting and ominous, and we dare not reckon on the safety of the Europeans in Peking until they have actually reached the sanctuary of the international camp. In the meantime there is food for reflection in the fact which now leaks out, that the German Emperor's nomination of Field Marshal von Waldersee as Generalissimo of the European Army was made before he had consulted anybody outside Germany except the Czar. The appointment is unexceptionable, and all the Powers have readily acquiesced in it. But it is somewhat startling to find that the Emperor William acted in this matter as though the Imperial will prevailed not merely in Germany but throughout the civilised world. Probably he considers that audacity furnishes the short-cut to success. If this is his belief it will be confirmed by the alacrity of Europe and the United States in accepting his nomination.

Tuesday, the 14th of August.—Lord Salisbury's sudden departure from England, though no one can complain of it, has caused a certain degree of uneasiness. The fact that at a time like the present—when the news from China continues to be so grave and

menacing—the country should be left without its Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary is not one that is likely to reassure nervous persons. That Lord Salisbury must need a rest and the change that is ordered for him by his medical attendant no one will deny, and everybody will hope that he may soon return to us restored to strength. But the misfortune is that, under the present arrangement, when the Foreign Secretary goes the Prime Minister goes also ; and it is a distinct disadvantage to the country to be left, at a time like the present, with no one in either position at hand. Day by day the evidence as to the unwisdom of the arrangement which permitted the concentration of these two great offices in the hands of one man accumulates.

Thursday, the 16th of August.—The Ministerial papers are very angry with Ministers this morning, and not without reason. The announcement that, after a specific declaration on the part of the Government that English troops would be landed at Shanghai, these troops are being kept on board ship owing to the objections raised to their landing by some of the Powers, is naturally disconcerting to the *Times* and other organs of high politics. They are full of fear that Ministers are once more going to show weakness in their Chinese policy. And now, this afternoon, comes the news that the troops are positively not to be landed, and that they are to be sent north to Wei-hai-wei instead. One may expect a storm to-morrow. It is the old story of Port Arthur over again. It was but last night that Mr. George Brodrick was announcing with much emphasis that Ministers meant to land these troops for the protection of Shanghai, and lo ! at the first breath of remonstrance from France or some other Power, the landing is countermanded, and the soldiers are sent ignominiously away ! The most ardent friend of the Ministry cannot pretend to approve of a transaction of this kind. It may be a wise step not to land the troops in face of the opposition of the Powers ; but if that be the case it was certainly most unwise to state that they were to be landed, and to send them into the port for that purpose. It is hardly surprising that the excited correspondents at Shanghai use the word pusillanimous when they speak of what has happened. Some curious fatality seems to dog the steps of Lord Salisbury in all his Chinese policy. We have not yet forgotten the removal of our men-of-war from Port Arthur ; and now a still more humiliating rebuff has been needlessly incurred by those whose duty it is to represent the might and honour of England. I imagine that after this unpleasant episode there will not be quite so much eagerness for a ‘ khaki ’ dissolution as recently prevailed.

From Peking there comes no authentic news ; but we know that by this time the allied forces must have reached the city, and a few hours ought to bring us tidings of the fate of the beleaguered Europeans. Naturally great anxiety prevails, but the general belief is that the

members of the Legations, though sorely beset, have been saved. It would be too cruel, after our long suspense, if it were otherwise.

Friday, the 17th of August.—Lord Rosebery must feel to-day that the fates have done him another good turn. The censorious girded at him but recently because of his demand that something should be said by the Commander-in-Chief as to the state of the army, and Lord Lansdowne and other members of the Government ridiculed the idea that Lord Wolseley, if he were to speak, would modify their optimistic utterances regarding the state of the national defences. Now Lord Wolseley himself has spoken, and has 'done so to some purpose. There are not many public men left in London just now, but all who are here are eagerly discussing to-day the remarkable speech of the Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot yesterday. More outspoken criticism of the imperfections of our troops was never heard from any of Lord Wolseley's predecessors. Even the Duke of Wellington never blurted out the truth in blunter phrase. It is not a bad thing that our soldiers and their leaders should be told the truth as to their shortcomings, but it is disquieting to the nation which has been fed upon the comfortable assurances of the Secretary for War to learn that the Aldershot Division—the picked division of the army at home—is not in a condition which would warrant its being sent abroad as an army corps. If this is the case with regard to Aldershot, what can be the state of our troops at less advanced positions? We have been told that there is no reason for alarm with regard to the national defences, seeing that our barracks are overflowing with troops, and that we have more than two hundred thousand men under arms in the United Kingdom at the present moment. And now the Commander-in-Chief himself tells us that the best division in the country is wholly unfit for active service. Those who advocate the reconstruction of our army system upon business principles can hardly desire a more complete justification of the movement in which they have taken part than this speech from the Commander-in-Chief. But Parliament is not sitting, and, even if it were, Mr. Powell Williams or some other underling at the War Office would probably tell any inquisitive member of the House of Commons that a speech from Lord Wolseley was not a matter with which the Secretary of State for War felt it to be his duty to concern himself.

Saturday, the 18th of August.—Last night it was generally believed that the relief of Peking, or rather of the beleaguered Legations, had really taken place, and there was in consequence much rejoicing. This morning, the fact that neither the Foreign Office nor the Chinese Legation has received any confirmation of the news occasions some anxiety. The mystery with regard to the Legations has been maintained for an unprecedented length of time, and even now there are some persons who profess to be sceptical as

to the genuineness of any news received from the Ministers in Pekin for more than a month past. This idea seems to spring from an unwarrantable pessimism. There can be no doubt that the allied force has really reached Pekin, and we ought to have almost immediately trustworthy news as to the fate of the Europeans there. In the meantime the comedy of errors at Shanghai has been carried a step further. The English troops, which had gone north to Wei-hai-wei, have been recalled, and are, after all, to be landed for the protection of the European settlement at Shanghai. Presumably Lord Salisbury's absence at Schlucht has been the cause of the indecision of the Foreign Office. Its effect cannot have been to increase the prestige of this country in the Far East.

From South Africa the news is not cheerful. De Wet has again given us striking proof of his extraordinary power of evading pursuit, and seems to have got clean off from the force which was said the other day to be on the point of surrounding him. Were it not for the accumulating evidence of the demoralisation of the majority of the Boers, the prospect of the termination of the war would be a remote one. As it is, military judges congratulate themselves upon the fact that De Wet's daring and brilliant exploits do not, after all, materially affect the course of the campaign.

Sunday, the 19th of August.—At last the long-expected official news has reached us, and yesterday afternoon we were told authoritatively that on Wednesday night the allied forces, with the Japanese in the leading place, had entered Pekin and rescued the residents in the Legations. It is a curious illustration of the extent to which wholly untrustworthy and lying rumours have been foisted upon the European public during the past six weeks, that until official intelligence of the relief of the Legations had actually arrived, nobody would believe even the most circumstantial reports from Tieu-tsin and Shanghai. When we hear the story of the siege of the foreign ministers we shall undoubtedly listen to a thrilling tale. On their part the besieged will come back to a world which weeks ago gave them up as lost. Sir Claude Macdonald, Sir Robert Hart, and Dr. Morrison in particular will have the novel experience of reading that page in the *Times* in which, more than a month ago, the story of their lives was told and a last eulogy pronounced above their graves. It is sad to think that young Oliphant, the writer of the letter from Pekin which attracted so much attention when it was published in the *Times*, is not among those over whose return to life those who loved them are rejoicing to-day.

Monday, the 20th of August.—The most important news this morning is the announcement that Lord Roberts has at last found himself forced to take off the gloves and to make known to the Boers of the Transvaal that they will have to face the realities of war in future. His attempt to deal with the people of the occupied

districts in the most humane and forbearing manner possible was excellent, and everybody must deplore its failure. But seeing that the failure has taken place, and that in innumerable instances Boers who have profited by our leniency and taken the oath of neutrality have subsequently taken up arms against us, Lord Roberts had no alternative but to proclaim his determination to resort to more stringent measures. It remains to be seen how severity will succeed where leniency has failed. Unfortunately, even success in the field hardly seems at present to offer the promise of peace in our relations with the conquered States, and it becomes increasingly evident that there is no probability of the return to England of a large portion of the army in South Africa for months to come. The calculations of the Government on this point have miscarried gravely. Some weeks ago the belief in official circles was that by the end of September a large body of troops would have returned home. So far from this being now possible—except in the case of soldiers who have been invalided—we are still sending out reinforcements for the African field force.

WEMYSS REID.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR HOSPITALS

SINCE my return from South Africa, where I had the opportunity of visiting most of the hospitals in the Colony, Free State, and Transvaal, I have been frequently asked my opinion of how these institutions were managed, and if everything that was possible under the circumstances had been done for the sick and wounded. It is difficult to answer these questions in a few words; so I have decided to accept the Editor's invitation to give a plain account of what I saw, and thus enable those desirous of information to judge for themselves whether more might have been done than was done by the authorities. At first I felt some hesitation in complying with this request, as I had already given evidence before the Royal Commission, and the matter is to some extent *sub judice*; but owing to circumstances which I would ask leave to explain, I left untouched several subjects that were pertinent to the inquiry. I had gone to Burlington House immediately after my arrival from South Africa in order to listen to the proceedings, and with no intention of appearing myself before the Commission that day. I found the sittings were not open to the public; but on communicating with the President, Sir Robert Romer, he asked me if I would go into the witness chair at once. I told him that with no notes with me, it would be impossible for me to give many facts and figures which I should be glad to place at the disposal of the Commission, and that I should prefer to have my examination postponed. The President, however, informed me that an expected witness had not arrived, and that, owing to their early departure for the Cape, unless I chose to take advantage of the occasion, I should not be able to appear before the Commission before it left. I therefore fell in with the suggestion, with the result that I had no chance of preparing a statement of my evidence, and my examination was in many respects incomplete. Nor am I very certain as to which subjects I brought to the notice of the Commissioners, and which I neglected, as the Commission has in my case departed from a custom that usually prevails in Government enquiries, namely, that of sending a transcript of evidence to the witnesses for revision. It is now a month since I appeared as a witness, and no proof or transcript of my evidence has been sent me; nor could I rely on the newspaper reports, which were short and somewhat

garbled. I propose also to draw certain conclusions as to who was to blame in the matter : whether they are right or wrong will be a matter of opinion ; but concerning the actual facts there can be no dispute, as I can produce evidence to prove all the statements I shall make.

I will say nothing about the base hospitals at Capetown, Naauwpoort, De Aar, and Kimberley, as I visited them casually, and am therefore not in a position to discuss their circumstances. But I must pay a tribute to the Yeomanry Hospital at Driefontein, the brilliant success of which was due to the organising power and energy of Lady Georgiana Curzon, assisted on the spot by the tact and experience of the commanding officer, Colonel Slogget ; nor will I venture to criticise the field hospital at Driefontein, which contained well over 400 patients, though only equipped for 100 ; there were in this case peculiar difficulties, and any shortcomings should be overlooked when one remembers that it was established towards the end of the brilliant forced march that culminated in the capture of Bloemfontein, that supplies for the living were at that moment at the lowest ebb, and that the transport facilities had been strained to the utmost.

I will pass on to my arrival at Bloemfontein, where sickness was soon to prevail to an alarming extent, and which was no doubt partly the result of the hardships the troops had endured during the past month. It is idle to suggest that precautions could have been taken to prevent the men on the march from risking their lives by drinking unboiled or unfiltered water ; filters did not exist, fuel was scarce, and what water there was was putrid owing to the bodies of dead animals, whose corpses were as plentiful in the streams between Kimberley and Bloemfontein as omnibuses in Piccadilly.

I do not propose to harrow feelings with accounts of the many terrible scenes that I saw in the hospitals, but I will relate one incident that came under my notice, as attention was specially drawn to it by Mr. Balfour in his speech in the House of Commons on the 29th of June last. Mr. Balfour is reported to have said :

My hon. friend (Mr. Burdett-Coutts) had a harrowing story of eight wounded men left on the platform nine hours at Bloemfontein. It is a horrible thing to contemplate. It makes one's blood run cold. But before we condemn the doctors—and I suppose they were the responsible persons for that at Bloemfontein—I think we ought to hear their case, and, the more so, as it is manifestly difficult to get at the truth in these matters. . . .

That it was true I can vouch for, and I have by me the note that I made at the time, and which I read over to the Rev. J. Almerid, Chaplain to the Royal Canadian Regiment, who was a witness of what had occurred. I asked him if I had stated the case fairly, and he answered that in his opinion I had, so far from exaggerating the circumstances, minimised the sad condition of the men concerned, one of whom was, by the way, a Canadian. I have by me the names and regiments of the men whose experiences I propose to tell, but I do not

give them for obvious reasons. This is the story as I heard it from the private in charge of the party, and corroborated by those of the party who were in a condition to speak. A convoy of sick from Kroonstadt and other places arrived in ox wagons at Virginia Siding some time on a Monday evening. They were put into an open truck, and left for Bloemfontein early the next morning, where they arrived during the small hours of Wednesday morning. Among them were eight cases of fever, mostly enteric. They were in charge of two privates, themselves invalids who had volunteered to look after the party; they were sent off without any provisions for the journey, the men in charge being told that they would be given milk at Smaldeel, a station lower down the line. On arriving there they were given two tins of condensed milk, and told that they could not have more, as the milk was reserved for the men in covered trucks who were considered worse cases. Luckily, two nursing sisters who saw the truck early on the morning of the 23rd, lying on a siding outside Bloemfontein, gave the men a bottle of brandy, two tins of condensed milk, and two tins of extract of beef, which were shared by the eight cases mentioned above and seven other patients. At six o'clock that morning I noticed the truck lying outside the station just beyond my office, and at 6.30 it was shunted alongside the platform. I admit that I paid little attention to them, as sick men in trucks were unfortunately a common everyday sight. At eight o'clock I went to my breakfast, and on my return saw the truck in the same position, the men still lying in the bottom of it. At about ten o'clock, nothing having been done, I drew the attention of the Railway Staff officer to the fact, and between us we got the men lifted out and placed in a row on the platform, where they were given some milk and bovril that I secured from the neighbouring tea hut; the Railway Staff officer then sent a messenger to the Principal Medical Officer (General Wilson), who, it is only fair to state, had just arrived in Bloemfontein from the south and was in no way responsible for the arrangements, or rather lack of arrangements, at the station, to advise him of the circumstances. I then went back to my office, and at one o'clock to my luncheon. On returning to the station at about a quarter to two, I found the men still there—most of them in a state of utter collapse, their lips black and swollen, and several of them in a semi-unconscious condition. I immediately jumped on my pony and rode off to the P.M.O.'s office, where I saw General Wilson. I told him what had occurred, and he, while admitting that it was very deplorable, argued that it was unavoidable in this case, as the medical officer, a civilian, who had despatched the convoy, had neglected, contrary to his strict orders, to advise the authorities at Bloemfontein when he sent the train off. He admitted that he had received the message from the R.S.O. that morning, and that he had taken immediate steps to have the men fetched away, but owing to the difficulty of procuring ambulances

this delay had occurred. I owned at once that he was not to blame, as I knew how short the hospitals were of transport; but I suggested to him that it would have been an easy matter to have had an orderly on duty day and night at the railway station with a supply of condensed milk, bovril, &c., whose duty it would have been to have met all trains bringing sick men, with refreshments, and then to have advised the authorities of their arrival in case it had not been previously notified, as in this case. General Wilson thought my idea a good one, and promised to consider it. I do not know if he did so or not; at all events, my plan was not adopted.

I stated just now that much sickness was due to drinking bad water, but, in my opinion, the epidemic was brought about by the want of sanitary precautions—concerning which I shall have something more to say presently—by overcrowding, mixing of cases, and by lack of doctors, nurses, and orderlies.

I visited No. 8 General Hospital at the height of the epidemic, when there were some 1,400 cases under treatment. To the ordinary observer and the casual visitor everything seemed satisfactory, but when I came to inquire how many cases each doctor had under his charge, how many patients each nurse would have to look after if all the sick were to receive attention, and when I visited the bell tents, where the men were lying on the ground with the same clothes on that they had worn for months—covered with vermin and some fouled beyond description owing to the nature of their diseases—it was not difficult to understand why enteric was on the increase; nor could I resist likening the hospital to a whitened sepulchre, with its rows of neat white tents and marquees, which contained, alas, this mass of foul disease! I remember one man who was suffering from fever appealing to the sister who was showing me round for the medicine the doctor had prescribed for him that morning. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon. 'Sister,' he said, 'if only I could get my medicine I think I should feel better.' We went in search of the orderly who was in charge of that row of tents, and asked him to take the man his draught. He promised to try, explaining that he had barely had time to get the patients their food, but that he would do his best. They all did their best—doctors, sisters, and orderlies. Their hours were long, just short enough to allow them to snatch a much-needed sleep once in twenty-four hours—not always that—but not short enough to allow of recreation, fresh air, change of scene, and exercise. How many of them have sacrificed their lives by their devotion to the sick I know not, but I do know that the saddest sight I saw in South Africa was the funeral of a nursing sister as it passed me on the way to the cemetery, the coffin covered with a Union Jack.

From Bloemfontein I proceeded to Pretoria, and there perhaps I learnt more concerning the hospitals of the Army than elsewhere.

I arrived with the main column on the 5th of June, and just a week later I happened to meet Sir William Thomson, President of the College of Surgeons in Dublin, and chief surgeon of the Irish Hospital, an institution, by the way, which commanded the admiration of all. I asked him how he was getting on, and he explained to me that he had only brought up half his hospital to Pretoria, the remaining fifty beds, necessary staff and equipment, having been left at Bloemfontein; that he was overcrowded, as the authorities had asked him to take in fifty extra cases, as they were themselves short of hospital accommodation. He complained that these fifty extra men, some of whom were seriously ill, were lying on the ground, and that consequently it was impossible to look after them properly. He had tried in vain to get mattresses out of the authorities. I suggested to him that it would be an easy matter to buy the necessary mattresses in the town, and volunteered to get them for him; he accepted my offer, and I thereupon called on Mr. Leigh Wood—a gentleman who rendered great services to our prisoners, which I trust the Government will recognise—who immediately ordered what was needed by Sir William. I was much struck by the fact that a scarcity of necessaries should exist in the hospitals amidst the plenty all around, and asked Mr. Wood if he would form a small committee of townspeople who knew where to buy what was wanted, if I could get leave from Lord Roberts for him to do so. He willingly agreed to do this, and I went to headquarters, where my scheme was placed before the Commander-in-Chief, who immediately sanctioned it. The result was the formation of what became known as the Pretoria Medical Commission, of which body both Sir William Thomson and I were members. Before setting to work it was necessary to know the exact state of affairs, so that afternoon I visited the hospitals then established in Pretoria, and this is what I jotted down in my note-book concerning them. This was on the 14th of June, nine days after the occupation of Pretoria:

Irish Hospital: ninety-eight patients, though there was only equipment for fifty, including thirty stretchers, twenty mattresses, thirty pillows, and a hundred blankets. They received no fresh milk, though over fifty of their cases were enteric cases.

The Racecourse Hospital contained 265 patients, 95 of which were fever cases and at least 180 were on milk diet. They possessed 130 blankets, 120 cots, no spare mattresses, 50 pillows, 40 sheets.

In the 14th Brigade Field Hospital, which was supposed to be equipped for 100 men, I found 197 cases, of whom 106 were diagnosed as 'slow continuous fever,' 5 dysentery, 13 rheumatism, 1 pneumonia, and 5 wounds. They were in receipt of 14 pints of fresh milk a day, and possessed 100 blankets, no beds, mattresses, sheets, or any requisites whatever.

The Volks Hospital, which was a local Dutch hospital, contained 108 cases, of which 78 were English patients and the remainder

Boers. This hospital was apparently excellently managed, the senior medical officer in charge reporting to me that he had sufficient milk supply for the whole of his patients, and sufficient blankets, beds, &c. The staff consisted of one English doctor, one corporal, three men, one Boer doctor, eleven nursing sisters, and one matron. The patients were all well looked after, and seemed comfortable.

The 18th Brigade Field Hospital had just been set up. It had been divided into two halves, one half being with the Brigade, and the other in the town. They had no blankets or waterproof sheets, but had not begun to take in patients.

Burke's Hospital, a hospital established by a Mr. Burke during the occupation of Pretoria by the Boers, contained twenty-eight English officers and sixteen Boer patients. They were extremely comfortable, and had a sufficient quantity of beds, blankets, and all other necessaries. Their staff consisted of one doctor, two students, eight sisters, and one matron. There were eight vacancies the day I called there.

At the Boys' School, which had been converted into a hospital, there were 142 beds and 140 patients. Each patient was provided with two blankets, and the staff included five untrained local ladies, who were doing admirable work.

The Girls' School, which was next door, had accommodation for 257 cases. There were only 107 patients, though 100 wounded were expected that night. They had blankets for only 100 patients, but in other respects were fairly well off.

At some of the hospitals I visited, such necessaries as brooms, cups, cooking utensils, bedpans, urinating bottles, plates, spoons, mugs, were practically non-existent. For instance, in the Race-course Hospital the men were feeding out of empty condensed-milk tins, or any sort of vessel they could get hold of. Most of the hospitals were in urgent need, not of luxuries, but of absolute necessaries, as their list of requisitions will show when produced before the Government Commission, as I trust it will be.

On that day (May 14) there were 929 patients under treatment in the various hospitals at Pretoria. This number had increased to about 1,500 a week later, and yet practically no attempt had been made by the authorities to buy the necessaries that were so urgently needed for the welfare of these patients. It would not be an exaggeration to say that, excluding the hospitals that had been equipped by the Boers, there was not one clinical thermometer to every forty patients, or one bedpan to every seventy-five, and yet half of these patients, or more than half, were fever cases. They were equally short of all other things that were needed for the successful treatment of typhoid and dysentery cases; in fact, half the men were lying in the same clothes that they had worn for the last three months, and were crawling with vermin.

It must be remembered that not only were the nights extremely

cold, but frequently the days were wet and chilly, which made it all the more unpleasant for the patients under canvas.

I submitted my report to the Pretoria Medical Commission, and it was decided to send out a circular to the medical officers in charge of the various hospitals, informing them that the Commission was prepared to supply on demand all hospital necessities and luxuries of whatever nature. A commandeering order was obtained from General Maxwell, the Governor of Pretoria, who throughout took the liveliest interest in the matter and rendered invaluable assistance, and everything in Pretoria that was likely to be of use in the hospitals was ordered to be sent in to our store in the basement of the Law Courts. Mr. Maitland Kersey, formerly agent in New York of the White Star Line, 'a man of business,' volunteered to go to Johannesburg and to act as our agent there, which he did with great success, sending us ten truck loads of beds, blankets, &c., within three days.

The commission also decided to ask leave to take over the Palace of Justice—a magnificent new building that had never been used, and that must have cost a quarter of a million to build—and to convert it into a hospital, Sir William Thomson agreeing to manage it, on condition that he should bring the staff of the Irish Hospital and be absolutely independent of the R.A.M.C.

It was then thought desirable that our progress should be reported to Lord Roberts. I therefore called upon him, and was assured that money was no object so long as it was well spent; in fact, we were given *carte blanche*. He also agreed to our starting the hospital, and sent for Sir William Thomson, to whom he gave a free hand, but insisted on the hospital remaining under the control of the P.M.O., Colonel, now Surgeon-General, Stevenson. The control was purely nominal, this officer never interfering with the hospital board, which was presided over by Sir William.

The question of the sanitary arrangements of the hospitals and towns where our troops are quartered is one of great importance, and one that was greatly neglected. I can only speak from personal knowledge of the system in vogue in Pretoria.

It was one commonly known as the bucket system, and was operated in the following manner. A contractor was engaged by the municipality to cart away every night the full buckets throughout the town and replace them with those that he had emptied the previous night. The full buckets were taken some few miles out of the town and there emptied into pits, which, when full, were closed up. This is the most primitive system of 'drainage.' I am not qualified to say whether under normal circumstances it is a satisfactory one. But certainly under the conditions prevailing in Pretoria at the time, and from the manner in which the operations were carried out, it appeared to the most uninstructed mind a serious source of both immediate and future danger. Enteric was rife in the town, and

present in every military hospital. There was no separate service of the above system arranged for the hospitals. The same carts that visited the latter visited the houses in the town. It might easily happen that hospital buckets were replaced in private houses and *vice versa*. The contents of all were buried together. Those 'contents' were permeated with countless enteric bacilli, and the pits became nurseries of this deadly germ. If the theory is correct that the germ of enteric fever retains its vitality for years under favourable circumstances, it does not need much foresight to prophesy a series of outbreaks of this disease as soon as the rain has succeeded in soaking through those pits and eventually drained itself into the watercourses, carrying with it the still animate bacilli.

Were no other means of sewage-disposal possible, owing to the exigencies of war, I should not call attention to these unpleasant facts, which, by the way, will not be very encouraging reading to intending colonists. Absolutely no difficulties, however, presented themselves at Pretoria to the effectual isolation and destruction of the hospital excreta. I discussed the question with the sanitary contractor, who agreed that it would be perfectly easy to have a separate service of carts for the hospitals. Nor would there have been the slightest difficulty in erecting a furnace where the contents of the hospital buckets could have been destroyed after being previously rendered solid and ignitable by a mixture of ashes and sawdust, both of which articles were to be had in abundance for practically the cost of cartage.

I trust that this state of affairs no longer prevails at Pretoria, as the attention of the authorities was drawn to the gravity of the situation by the Board of the Palace of Justice Hospital; but I should be surprised to learn that the same negligence that existed in regard to sanitation in that town had not existed and did not still exist in Bloemfontein and many of the other large standing camps in the vicinity of towns throughout South Africa.

The moral that I trust the authorities will draw from the above, after they have taken immediate steps to ameliorate this state of affairs, is that in future campaigns one or more sanitarians of high scientific attainments should be appointed to advise the military authorities on all sanitary questions relating to camps and hospitals. The case of Pretoria affords an instructive comment on the wisdom of leaving the responsibility for such matters in the hands of Army Medical Officers.

I notice that Mr. Wyndham, in his admirable and temperate speech in the House of Commons on the 29th of June, said that in anticipation of the outbreak of hostilities, recommendations were made that each unit of 100 men should be supplied with a sterilising filter; and it was laid down that quicklime should be stored in quantities of 1 ton to every 1,000 men wherever standing camps were formed, and that it should be constantly issued.

I do not believe that either of these recommendations was carried out, or even that it was possible to carry them out. Quicklime was

not always available, and the transport did not allow of such things as filters being carried.

There are many other points of sanitation on which the advice of a competent officer would have been valuable, such as the selection of camping grounds, the location of standing hospitals, of hospitals for sick horses, &c. The position of the last in Pretoria constituted a grave danger to the community by reason of its propinquity to the town, and of the many deaths occurring among the animals, which, owing to the lack of quicklime, were merely buried where they fell.

Now, the obvious questions arise, 'Why was the method of supply by civilians, which I have been describing, necessary? Would the supply ever have been forthcoming if the Army Medical Officers had been left to themselves?' Either more initiative is wanted on their part, or more power should be given to them to requisition and pay for what they require. It should not be left to the chance intervention of a self-constituted body of civilians to supply the hospitals with necessaries.

I do not believe that it was lack of power that prevented the authorities from securing supplies locally. Had the P.M.O. asked the Commander-in-Chief for this power, supposing he did not already possess it, would it have been refused? Surely not, as it was given when asked for to private individuals. Regulations and red tape do not interfere with Lord Roberts's actions when he knows that the breach of the one and the destruction of the other is for the advantage of the army. As illustrating this, the following incident, related to me by the P.M.O. himself, is to the point. Lord Roberts had gone down to Johannesburg to inspect the hospital there, and found it in an unsatisfactory condition, lacking several things that ought to have been there; the officer in charge excused their absence by producing the R.A.M.C. book of regulations in which these articles were not included as necessaries. The Chief's answer was brief and to the point, and conveyed a meaning, *most concisely put*, that the things in question were to be obtained at once, regulations permitting or not.

The lists of all articles, including drugs, clothing, furniture, and other hospital necessaries and comforts, supplied to the military hospitals are in the hands of the civilian organisation in Pretoria, and I hope the Royal Commission will call for them. It will be very interesting if these Pretoria lists are compared with the requisitions made by medical officers to the authorities at Bloemfontein, where no such civilian organisation existed, but where there were four times as many sick, and consequently far greater necessity. Such a comparison would show that in Bloemfontein, where supplies were entirely in the hands of the medical authorities, the Army Medical Officers were reluctant to bring their needs forward; while in Pretoria they displayed the same reluctance until a civil agency was established, whereupon they requisitioned to the full extent of their wants. It is hardly pertinent to the question of initiative to consider whether the supplies existed at Bloemfontein or not. That is hardly the affair of medical officers in hospitals. What is required from them is a clear

statement of what is necessary for the treatment and comfort of their patients. If it cannot be supplied, we can then pass on to examine why it was lacking.

I suggested the other day to the Royal Commission that a table should be prepared showing the mortality in the private hospitals from all causes, as compared with that in the purely military hospitals throughout South Africa. I have no exact information on this point, but my impression is that the death-rate of the former would compare most favourably with that of the latter, and I would beforehand meet the objection that is likely to be raised by the authorities, who may say that a selection of cases was made which placed the private hospitals at an advantage over the military ones, by asserting that the rule of 'First come first served' was the prevailing method of locating patients both in Government and private hospitals.

I asked also that information should be obtained of the average number of patients which each doctor had to look after in the military hospitals in Bloemfontein during the month of May, and how many trained orderlies and nurses he had to assist him in his duties. If these figures are given, it will be shown that the Army hospitals were lamentably under-staffed, a fact to which I attribute the excessive number of deaths that occurred. No one can suggest that lack of transport was responsible for this state of affairs, as there would never have been the slightest difficulty in bringing doctors and orderlies up from Capetown once the railway communication was established, had they been on hand.

I include in the term trained orderlies men of the St. John's Ambulance Corps whose intelligence enabled them to acquire rapidly the knowledge essential to a qualified male nurse, but I exclude the untrained soldiers, who for want of better material were in constant employment at the hospitals: these men, often convalescents, were practically useless; their places could have been filled by coloured men without detriment to the hospitals; and though they were not in any way intentionally brutal or rough, their manner of treating patients was not all that could be desired; for instance, personal cleanliness was not their strong point, and their sense of humour was sometimes out of place, as illustrated by the following incident of which I was a witness.

A convoy of sick had just arrived at the Palace of Justice Hospital in charge of a regimental corporal, and I was directing their removal to a ward, when halfway up the staircase we met a party carrying down from the mortuary the bodies of some half-dozen men who had died during the previous night.

I halted the stretcher-bearers on a broad landing to allow the stairs to be free for those descending, and as soon as they had passed told the corporal in charge to proceed. He gave the order, and the bearers of the first stretcher, on which was lying a man in the last stages of disease, and evidently dying, proceeded to pick up their

load and carry him upstairs at an awkward angle, feet foremost. 'Turn him round the other way, you — fools,' said the corporal; 'that is how he will be carried out to-morrow, like them blokes that 'ave just gone by.' This sally was met with roars of laughter by his audience; there was, however, one exception.

Had I space I should like to prove, which would not be difficult, that the St. John's Ambulance men, against whom a prejudice seemed to exist in the minds of the authorities of the R.A.M.C., were as a class capable, industrious, and sympathetic. True they were not masters of the R.A.M.C. system of returns that had to be compiled daily and weekly, and perhaps that may account for the lack of appreciation of them displayed by the authorities; but I am convinced from what I saw that they were as useful in the wards as the R.A.M.C. men. The St. John's Ambulance Corps is perhaps the branch of the Red Cross Society that was the most useful of any of the organisations of that admirable institution, and it would be unbecoming to criticise the good work done by it; but I would venture to assert that had an intelligent agent of the Society, with power to spend money, been allowed to accompany the various columns on their march, much that would have been beneficial to the sick might have been done. As it was, the Red Cross depôt was not established at Bloemfontein for some time after the occupation of that city, and there were no signs of the Society in Pretoria five weeks after the arrival of the troops there. It is hardly necessary to point out that early aid to the hospitals is of the greatest value, and that consequently its absence at a critical time was a matter of regret.

It can scarcely be questioned that the Government and Lord Roberts did everything in their power to meet and even to foresee the difficulties that occurred, fulfilling every demand that was made upon them in the most generous spirit, and even giving more than they were asked for. I am therefore compelled to argue that the deficiency of doctors, orderlies, and nursing sisters was due to a lack of foresight, and that the blame rests on the heads of the Medical Department in South Africa. This being so, one is reluctantly brought to the conclusion that the local military and medical authorities were unfitted for the task they had to perform—a task, I admit, of the greatest difficulty and magnitude, and one which I do not think their previous training in any way fitted them to cope with. There was apparent at headquarters, where most of the sickness prevailed, an obvious lack of energy and organisation; initiative was non-existent. Had the Royal Army Medical Corps had at headquarters some man of capacity and determination who would have grasped the whole problem and worked it out in time, I believe there would have been no occasion for a Royal Commission.

MURRAY GUTHRIE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

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A NATION OF AMATEURS

It is no longer necessary for Englishmen to repel the charge of being 'a nation of shopkeepers.' Soon after that phrase was first invented, the people so designated stood alone in Europe as the only people which never bowed the knee to Napoleon Bonaparte, sustained all the rest by its desperate tenacity in a war of twenty years, lavished upon that war enormous revenues which no other nation could have raised, and emerged from it the foremost, if not the strongest, of the great military Powers. It has since been recognised, and often proved during the present century, that Great Britain, like the United States, has a reserve of warlike force not to be measured by its military armaments, though amply revealed in the unchallenged supremacy of the British Fleet. Moreover, Great Britain has ceased to share with Holland the reproach, if it be a reproach, of being, *par excellence*, a shopkeeping or trading nation. Germany, for instance, has combined in a remarkable degree the commercial with the military spirit, and, while it maintains a most formidable army, competes with us on equal terms in the markets of the world. But, though our neighbours may now be more disposed to rival than to ridicule our energy in trading, and do full justice to our fighting capacity, it is to be feared that they have formed a much lower estimate of our military organisation, especially as illustrated by the events of the South African War. When maps of our own territory were found to be fatally defective; when masses of troops were hurled persistently and recklessly against almost impregnable positions imperfectly reconnoitred; when scouting was habitually and scandalously neglected; when regiment after

regiment fell into some trap easy to foresee; when isolated bodies of soldiers were constantly left out of touch with the main army, and surrendered for want of ammunition or support; when British guns were captured wholesale, and Boer guns were carried off within sight of our cavalry by ox-teams travelling but two or three miles an hour; when Boer 'commandos,' supposed to be flying and demoralised, turned again and again on their pursuers, cut off our supplies, broke up our line of railway communication, and escaped to renew their attacks in some new quarter—when many of these blunders were actually witnessed by foreign observers, and all were not only reported but exaggerated by the Continental press—when, too, it was remembered that we had a numerical superiority of four to one over our enemies, who had no military discipline or experience—we cannot wonder that our national reputation, not for military courage, but for military resource and skill in the art of war, has suffered greatly in the eyes of hostile, if not of friendly, critics. Not that any of these, unless blinded by prejudice, could fail to acknowledge the many disadvantages under which the campaign conducted on our side at a distance of nearly 7,000 miles, the was intrepid gallantry shown in so many hopeless frontal attacks, the admirable fortitude of those who defended Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, the excellent strategy of Lord Roberts, the heroic obstinacy of General Baden-Powell, and all the brilliant incidents which have gone far to redeem our military prestige from the sinister effect of all the 'regrettable incidents' recorded in the despatches. No competent foreign critic would disparage the virtues of British soldiers or British officers, but he would assuredly say, and not without reason, that, conspicuous as they are, these virtues are essentially the virtues of the amateur, and not of the professional, arising from the native vigour of our national temperament, and not from intelligent education or training. It is certainly worth our while to consider how far this judgment is true, whether the weakness thus disclosed is confined to our military system or extends to other departments of national life, whether, in short, we might not be called 'A Nation of Amateurs' with more justice than 'A Nation of Shopkeepers,' and, if so, what are the causes of this national characteristic, and what (if any) the remedy.

Of course, the word 'amateur,' in its original sense, denotes one who does work for love and not for money—because he enjoys it, and not because it is his professional duty, or his means of livelihood. But it would be easy to show that so rigorous a definition would not cover all the popular conceptions of what may be called, for the sake of brevity, 'amateurism,' the essence of which lies in the spirit, rather than in the motive, of action. Professionals may enjoy the work for which they are paid; amateurs may be as earnest and patient in their labours as if their daily bread depended on them.

Cricketers qualified to represent the 'Gentlemen' against the 'Players' are picked from thousands, and must have taken almost as much pains in practising the game as if they were professionals; workmen, imbued with the doctrines of the New Trades Unionism, may potter over their work just as if they were the merest amateurs. Upon the whole, however, those who adopt a calling as their business in life, who know that neglect of it may entail the loss of their employment, and for whom conscientious energy is the road to promotion, will have been prepared for it by a more careful training, and will devote their best powers to it with a more painstaking zeal, than if they had no other incentive than natural inclination and a hope of honourable distinction. In the larger and more important sense, then, amateurs are men who are not braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may involve ruin, who seldom fully realise the difficulties of success against trained competitors, and who therefore rebel against the drudgery of professional drill and methodical instruction.

If a nation is to be judged by the character and habits of its upper classes, Great Britain has surely a unique claim to be entitled 'A Nation of Amateurs.' There may be more great millionaires in America, but in no country of the world is there a 'leisure-class' to be compared in numbers or influence with that which overspreads this country. It is represented not only by all the parks and other 'gentlemen's places' thickly dotted over every county, but still more by the miles upon miles of London houses in which no one could live on less than some three thousand a year, and by the handsome villas encircling so many provincial towns, or fringing the French and Italian Riviera. No doubt, many of these residences belong to owners still actively engaged in lucrative professions or trades, but myriads upon myriads of them belong to dormant partners, or people deriving their whole income from investments. In fact, we are no less a nation of annuitants than a nation of amateurs, for in no other country is there an equal, or nearly equal, proportion of citizens living on the proceeds of accumulated wealth. These are the people who, if they do not keep yachts or packs of hounds or racing stables, can indulge in every luxury that heart could wish, including that of paying some two hundred a year for each son at a public school and somewhat more for each son at college. It is but fair to say that no leisure-class ever used its wealth and privileges with so little selfishness and so much public spirit. The amount of unpaid public service rendered by volunteers in this country is beyond all precedent and exceeds all calculation. It is the more remarkable, because a great part of it is rendered by country gentlemen, whose powers and prerogatives have been greatly curtailed of late by legislation. We may justly be proud of the fact that 'amateurs' carry on, without remuneration, the entire work of

Parliament in both Houses (not to mention the preliminaries of canvassing), as well as that of County Councils, Municipal Councils, and School Boards ; that criminal justice is largely and well administered by amateur magistrates, not, however, without the aid of professional clerks ; that amateur members of commissions and committees supersede the necessity of keeping an army of salaried officials ; that hospitals, no less than religious and philanthropic societies, are chiefly managed by amateurs ; that amateur enthusiasm initiates and inspires almost every sound measure for the public good. It is doubtless the spirit of independence and self-reliance fostered by all this amateur energy that fits Englishmen to act for themselves in distant lands among alien populations, and has done much to build up our Colonial Empire. And yet we must not shut our eyes to 'the defects of our virtues.' The young Englishman of this great leisure-class is no dandy and no coward, but he is an amateur born and bred, with an amateur's lack of training, an amateur's contempt for method, and an amateur's ideal of life. The struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest are unknown to him. He may have learned valuable lessons in the schoolroom under a well-trained governess, but at a preparatory school and a public school he finds himself under untrained masters, and among schoolfellows who are mostly amateurs, and hardly that, in their studies, while they are almost professionals in their games. If he is destined for Oxford or Cambridge, he discovers that no examination-test whatever is required by either University for admission, and that at most Colleges the entrance examination is such as any well-taught boy of fifteen could pass with ease. As for Responsions, the intermediate examinations, and the final examinations, a *minimum* of industry will suffice to obtain a pass-degree, and, if tolerably well conducted, he may get creditably through a University course on the maxim of 'pleasure first, and duty afterwards.' Then comes the question of his future career, but this has no terrors for him. If he is an eldest son, he often looks for his maintenance to a liberal allowance, and perhaps to a *mariage de convenance* ; if he is a younger son, he knows that no 'learned' profession, except the medical, is barred against incompetence. The competition for the Home and Indian Civil Service is severe enough to demand real mental exertion and skilful cramming, and this, it may be remarked, is not conducted on amateur principles. But there is now an infinite variety of openings for candidates of good antecedents but with no qualifications. One of the widest of these is tuition, in all its branches, and I have sometimes remarked that a young man's eagerness to teach seemed to be in direct proportion to his incapacity of learning. The Colonies, though somewhat overstocked with graduates, still absorb a good many residual products of the University, and 'the City' swarms with youths of refined manners and breeding who have never

dreamed of preparing themselves for any form of commercial business. In short, the immense magnitude and influence of the leisure-class in this country—of men who can afford to be amateurs from the cradle to the grave—infuses with the amateur spirit the much larger class between the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie*, many of whom are sons and brothers of men with large fortunes, and most of whom borrow their sentiments and tone from those whom they envy.

Of no profession is this so true as it is of the Army, and it is to be feared that recent Army reforms have left the British officer almost as much an amateur as ever. Under the old purchase-system, he could hardly be otherwise. Owing his original nomination to favour, having bought his commission, having to pay for each successive step of his promotion, and well knowing that his profession was deliberately guarded against the intrusion of poor men, he could not be seriously blamed for regarding it from an amateur point of view. The actual introduction of competitive examination, the nominal introduction of Promotion by Merit, and the institution of Autumn Manœuvres, have done something to raise the standard of culture among officers, and even to inspire them with a certain appreciation of military science. But these improvements have failed to eradicate their hereditary and traditional spirit of 'amateurism.' Few civilians are competent to criticise the defects of our military system, and I have certainly no claim to be one of them. But there are many signs of weakness in it which are matters of common knowledge, and others which have been forced upon public attention by the humiliating experience of the South African War. I do not include among the sources of this weakness the fact that a civilian, and not a soldier, is usually Minister of War, for the same may be said of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and a contrary rule would be difficult to reconcile with the essential conditions of Parliamentary government. The present outcry against the War Office is natural enough, and may prove to be well founded, when the promised inquiry takes effect; but it is by no means self-evident that our recent shortcomings have been mainly due to civilian mismanagement, and I, for one, shall be surprised if they are not traced directly to errors of judgment on the part of military experts in high places. But the constitution of the so-called Committee of Defence within the Cabinet is assuredly open to grave objection. Considering that it is this body, rarely summoned and qualified only by general ability and good intentions, which is solely responsible for organising and even directing the defence of the Empire, it may well be regarded as a supreme and typical example of amateur administration. In the highest rank of the Army, there is happily no want of men like the late Sir Donald Stewart, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, and Lord Kitchener, who, whatever their original gifts or education, have been trained in the school of actual warfare, have learned every detail of the military

art in the field, and are equal in practical knowledge of it to the ablest veterans of foreign armies. If, however, we look a little below this highest rank, can it be said that favouritism has nothing to do with the distribution of commands, or that most of the deplorable mistakes which have cost us so dear have not been precisely the mistakes which amateur commanders would be likely to commit and which professional training would have taught them to avoid? Not that professional training or even military experience is absolutely necessary to make a cautious and masterful general, so long as he is desperately in earnest, and is not tainted with the *amateur spirit*. The most successful Boer leaders had received little education, had undergone no competitive examinations, had passed through no Staff College, had never studied the history of great campaigns and sieges, would have been hopelessly unable to 'get an army out of Hyde Park,' and had never commanded a body of regular soldiers in the field. Yet they out-generalled and outwitted, again and again, British officers of high reputation who had enjoyed all these advantages—and that, with small forces of undisciplined men, rather farmers than soldiers, and often encumbered with their wives and families. The causes of their success, and of our frequent reverses, have not yet been fully explained. But one thing is certain—that, while they were not professionals in training, they were not amateurs in spirit. Having for their single object the defeat of their enemy, they were hampered by no rules of military etiquette and few scruples of military honour, exercising the utmost ingenuity and sparing no pains to inflict the greatest possible injury upon our troops with the least possible injury to themselves, allowing us to claim barren victories so long as their own losses were much smaller, and retreating shamelessly from strong positions if by so doing they could draw us on to assault still more formidable positions in the rear. For once, they met their match in Baden-Powell; but who can say that, when the history of the war comes to be written, their improvised but scientific generalship will not be the most striking feature of it?

This efficiency of Boer generalship could not have been foreseen, but the deficiency of our own in the vigilance which is the better part of strategical valour is just what might have been expected. The British officer is made out of the best materials to be found in all Christendom. He is usually of gentle birth, and of sound *physique*, fortified by the athletic exercises and animated by the honourable traditions of English public schools, brave, courteous, self-respecting, careful of his men, willing to share their hardships, and ready, at a pinch, to bear their burdens. But, at all events in the earlier stages of his career, he seldom takes his profession seriously, and is hardly encouraged to do so. There is little enough 'shop' talked in mess-rooms, and little real enthusiasm except for sporting

and social amusements; military duties are not evaded, but they are regarded by most as a 'bore;' the young officer is impatient to put off his uniform, and 'leave' occupies a much larger space in his mind than opportunities of smart and useful service. He is not indolent, or he would not be a typical Englishman; on the contrary, he is full of sportsmanlike energy, and slack only in that which concerns the daily routine of his vocation—and ought to bear on his advancement. To him, even Autumn Manœuvres are not so much a means of learning his craft and earning credit with his superiors, as a laborious game in which neither success will bring reward nor failure entail the loss of his trip to Scotland. The prospect of active service, it is true, rouses the nobler qualities of his nature, and no Englishman of middle age, or past middle age, whatever may be his private opinions about war, can help being proud of the modest but gallant spirit in which hundreds and thousands of his juniors have gone out to uphold the honour of the flag in South Africa. But it must be confessed, with sadness, that amateur habits and ideas cannot be shaken off at will on a toilsome march or on a field of battle. There is a deplorable family likeness among our many disasters in South Africa which is highly suggestive of a common origin, that origin being the self-confidence and carelessness of 'amateurism.' The officer who has never been punished for grave blunders, and has thought it a joke to fall into an ambush on Salisbury Plain, is only too likely to be out-manœuvred by an astute Boer farmer, ignorant of regular tactics, but always on the alert, and possessed by the grim earnestness of Cromwell. Manly games are an excellent preparation for military training, but they are no substitute for it, and no *esprit de corps* will make up for the invaluable habit of being always on the *qui vive*. It may be that in the Peninsula a bayonet-charge like a rush at football might prevail against a visible line of infantry, armed only with muskets, and standing in the open a hundred yards off. But it ought surely to have been realised that a similar charge directed against invisible enemies, armed with rifles, and lying in pits a thousand yards off, would probably result in an unavoidable repulse. Yet Quixotic attacks of this kind, as well as inexplicable surprises and retreats, have been of constant recurrence, and some of the mild censures which have appeared, as issued from headquarters, have been rather those of an umpire commenting upon Autumn Manœuvres than of a general commanding an army in presence of the enemy. Perhaps, if the real truth were known, part of the blame which seems to rest upon our officers ought to be shared by the private soldiers. On the other hand, it can never be known how much commissioned officers owe to non-commissioned officers, who since the days of Wellington have been the backbone of British regiments, and often do much to supply the want of professional capacity in their superiors.

The exception is said to prove the rule, and certainly the fine performances of our Artillery and Engineers in South Africa constitute a very marked and suggestive exception to the general conduct of military operations. For these branches of the Army are precisely those which owe most to professional training, and which display most of the professional spirit. Moreover, the former had the assistance of highly trained Volunteer Engineers drafted in from the service of railway companies. But the contrast between the general type of our military officers and that of our naval officers, is still more significant. Naval cadets and midshipmen are chiefly drawn from the same classes as subalterns in the Army, but they have received from an early age a far more special training, and—what is all important—they have been accustomed to individual responsibility from the very outset of their careers. There is no lounging in barracks for sailors; even in harbour they are never idle, and, when their ships are at sea, they are always practically on active service. In the daily and nightly conflict with the elements, and the constant exigencies of nautical life, the sailor learns a readiness and resource which do not fail him on shore as a member of a Naval Brigade, and if his nerve is no longer strung up by the perils of the rigging in times of storm, a perpetual demand is made on his intelligence by all the modern complications of naval equipment. The youngest midshipman cannot escape these practical tests of aptitude for his profession; though a mere boy, he must at least be able to command a boat, and even now may have to lead a boarding party up the side of an enemy's vessel. When he attains the rank of lieutenant and commander, an ever-increasing burden of responsibility is laid upon him, and, as captain, he is made to feel the solitary weight of Empire. It should be added that selection by merit governs the higher appointments in the Navy far more effectively than those in the Army, of which the whole Service is quite well aware. The result is that a British naval officer, whatever his virtues or faults, is certainly no amateur. The proverbial heartiness of his bearing conceals not only a keen sense of professional duty, but a deep self-reliance, and a conscious ability to face unforeseen emergencies. The highest gifts of tactical skill may of course be as rare among admirals as among generals, but few will dispute that, if our soldiers had been like our sailors, and our military officers like our naval officers, the course of the late war might have been very different.

The same amateur spirit which cripples the Army pervades nearly the whole of what is called professional and public life in this country. Let us first look at the Bar. While the young law student who is destined to be a solicitor has long been subjected to a tolerably severe training, tested by strict examinations, a young law student 'reading' for the Bar used to be qualified by no

test whatever, and, until quite lately, might obtain his call on producing evidence of having attended lectures (perhaps half asleep), or having been given 'the run' of a barrister's chambers. Even now, legal education is in its infancy, and the Bar-examination, though compulsory, is notoriously worthless as a proof of learning or professional competence. Those students who have studied law at the University possess at least a basis for their subsequent apprenticeship, and may, if they choose, pick up a great deal of practical law in the chambers of a conveyancer or barrister in good practice. But to go into the chambers of a conveyancer, for instance, without having mastered the Law of Real Property, is like being turned loose on the classics without dictionary or grammar, for very few lawyers undertake to instruct their pupils, who are mostly dependent on help from their fellow-novices. So far as training is concerned, nine-tenths of young barristers are essentially amateurs at starting. It might be supposed that competition would soon convert them into professionals, in spirit at least, and so it does in many cases. But the absolute predominance of interest in the distribution of briefs among juniors, and the knowledge that no degree of merit will command success without interest, has a sensible effect in perpetuating the amateur spirit. It is true that in the higher stages of a barrister's career, incompetence is pretty sure to be found out and punished by a loss of practice; it is true, also, that a rising barrister's efforts are stimulated by enormous fees and the prospect of splendid prizes, but it is then too late to make himself an accomplished lawyer, and the flagrantly unscientific character of the English Law is not unconnected with the amateur education of those who, as counsel, draftsmen, or judges, ultimately frame and mould it.

The clerical profession is still more evidently the profession of amateurs, because there is still less pretence of training for it, and the influence of competition among those who embrace it is far weaker. The instruction given in Theology at the Universities is, no doubt, much better than it was, and a much larger number of University candidates for Holy Orders are glad to avail themselves of it. But an ever-increasing number of young curates have not received a University education at all, nor is Theology, after all, the main qualification for parochial work. This can only be learnt in large parishes under such men as the late Dean Vaughan. Unhappily, very few young curates have been so trained, while a large proportion have passed through so-called Theological Training Colleges, where they often imbibe a spirit of priestly freemasonry only too professional, and a Ritualistic bias quite inconsistent with the broad and sober principles of the National Church. On the other hand, if ministers of that Church have seldom cultivated pastoral attainments, they surpass any other class in this country or abroad in their general superiority to mercenary conceptions of duty. Let

the actual work of thousands among our clergy be compared with the minimum which they are officially bound to perform, or could be censured for neglecting, and we shall find reason to admire them, as true representatives of English public spirit in its noblest aspect.

Strange to say, the higher branches of the great educational profession are strongholds of amateurism. The masters and mistresses of elementary schools are now well trained, and even when they teach mechanically, they teach as persons who have grasped the difficulties of teaching, and mean business, as most professionals do. But what of masters at the great public schools, grammar schools, and private academies, or of the great multitude of private tutors who keep boarding houses or 'coach' pupils in their own homes? Not a twentieth of them have received any training whatever, or have the smallest idea that anything beyond a certain amount of scholarship and a certain power of commanding attention is required for teaching young people. A good scholar, with a good athletic record, and a good manner with boys, may notoriously aspire to win the highest prizes of the educational profession, without a tincture of 'pædagogy.' Now, it must be granted that 'pædagogy' is a repulsive phrase, and, what is more, that much is to be said for looking upon good teaching as a gift rather than as an art. Probably there are no better teachers in England than university 'coaches,' especially at Cambridge, who are often little older than their disciples and perfectly innocent of 'pædagogy,' but extremely competent to deal sympathetically with difficulties which they have recently felt and overcome for themselves. Almost the same may be said of the much-abused 'crammers,' who have seldom been professionally trained, but teach a great deal in a very short time, and whose methods their rivals at schools and colleges would do well to imitate, instead of abusing. But then coaches and crammers are usually very clever men; they give their pupils a great deal of individual attention, and their pupils have very strong motives for industry. It is teachers of average ability instructing pupils of average industry, not individually but in classes, who specially need training—not of necessity in training colleges, but through close attendance at lessons given by masters of tried experience. A good beginning of such training has already been made at the Universities, and if it were once known not only that certificates of teaching capacity would be a passport to educational appointments, but that approved teaching capacity would earn educational promotion, there would be far less of the amateur spirit in our secondary schools.

The prevalence of this spirit in British Agriculture and British Commerce is equally difficult to explain, for here it might be supposed that self-interest would effectually banish it. Yet so it

is. The British farmer has been more or less an amateur from time immemorial, disdainful of agricultural education, obstinately addicted to old-fashioned practices, and seldom looking upon his business as one in which he may possibly make his fortune. It is true, he does better on the whole than squires who take up with farming as a pastime, or even than purely scientific agriculturists, because he is a shrewd master of small economies and hard bargains, risking little or nothing in speculative expenditure. But he is too much of a squireen at heart to be an expert in account-keeping, allows middlemen to run away with a great part of his profits, and is incorrigibly slow in adapting himself to the exigencies of the market. Gardeners, on the contrary, are true professionals, and if our farmers would only imitate the energy and ingenuity which have enriched our public and private gardens, we might hear less of agricultural depression. (Of course, the vast mercantile class in this country, from the merchant-prince to the retail shopkeeper, is business-like and far-sighted, compared with the agricultural class, yet even here the amateur spirit makes itself injuriously felt. Special branches of business, like those of actuaries, chartered accountants, and engineers, are guarded against incompetence by strict professional tests, but with the great mass of traders it is far otherwise. How many English manufacturers or merchants, for instance, dealing with foreign countries, have a thorough knowledge of commercial geography, or of the requirements of native customers in various parts of the world? I have been informed, on good authority, that in the hardware trade with Spain, the correspondence is mainly conducted by German clerks, simply because English clerks will not trouble themselves to learn the Spanish language. At all events, it is admitted that our German rivals, actuated by an exclusively professional spirit, shrinking from no drudgery, and satisfied with very few holidays and luxuries, are successfully challenging our commercial supremacy. Nor can we forget the modern intrusion of 'amateurism' in its worst form and on the largest scale into the management of the greatest commercial undertakings. The disclosures in the Hooley case must have opened the eyes of simple investors and of the innocent public to the gross abuses connected with the amateur direction of companies. It has been clearly proved that men of the highest rank or position, wholly ignorant of business and seeking only to make an income, are willing not only to accept gratuitous qualifications—which in itself is a fraud upon shareholders—but to sell their names as decoys for large sums of money. In such practices we have a complete exposure of 'amateurism.' For, if the presence of amateur directors on a Board has any value whatever, it lies in the security which it is supposed to afford against dishonest speculations with shareholders' money, inasmuch as these directors are bound over, so

to speak, in heavy recognisances of honour to insist on straightforward dealings. What are these recognisances worth, and what are we to think of the City men who choose and welcome these West-end colleagues, as if their names were worth everything and knowledge of City business (which they hardly profess) were worth nothing? Can it be that our City men are in their hearts amateurs also?

If we prosecute the same inquiry into the Home Civil Service and into political life, we shall be led to a similar conclusion. Until quite lately, Bright's description of the Civil Service as a gigantic system of outdoor relief for younger sons of the landed aristocracy was not as extravagant as it sounds to us, now that appointments have been thrown open to competitive examination. Yet even now, whatever may be said against commercial morality in the administration of companies, no one would think of comparing the standard and atmosphere of work in a merchant's office with the languor prevailing among most junior clerks in public offices. The late Mr. Herman Merivale, who had been transferred from the Bar to the Civil Service, used to say that he was greatly struck by the comparative sickliness of Civil Service clerks, who could go off duty at the expense of the public, whereas the barrister puts himself on the sick list at his own expense, and at the further risk of losing his practice. It would be interesting to know how many Civil Service clerks are still employed to do the work of copying-machines, and how much encouragement the abler of them receive to attempt tasks requiring a high order of intelligence. However this may be, most of the heads of departments are no amateurs, either in training or in spirit. Long experience and the sense of responsibility have developed in them an ability, energy, and public spirit, which is constantly acknowledged by their Parliamentary chiefs, and ought in itself to produce a greater impression than it does on their juniors. As for Parliamentary life, it has always been a paradise of amateur ambition. Not to speak of the Upper House, how few candidates for a seat in the House of Commons have the smallest notion of qualifying themselves for it by professional training, or of treating politics as a serious and lifelong career! Some, indeed, belonging to privileged families, have thus imbibed a considerable knowledge of political affairs; some have gained experience as private secretaries; some have travelled widely, not without the hope of learning something of foreign and colonial institutions; many more, being experts in law, commercial business, or other branches of national activity, make valuable contributions to Parliamentary debates on subjects within their cognisance. As legislators and statesmen, however, nearly all are essentially amateurs, and would probably reject the idea of being anything else. If, for instance, the *Paris École Libre des Sciences Politiques* had a counterpart in England, hardly any of our future legislators would care to attend its courses; few even

think of travelling about Great Britain, in the spirit of an inquiring foreigner, to study the various institutions and industries of their own country. The best of them, however, acquire something like a political education in the House of Commons itself, and those who have risen to political offices often show the finer qualities of the amateur tempered by association with professionals. The dualism of Parliamentary and Permanent Secretaries and Under-Secretaries is not, on the whole, a defect, but a merit, of our constitutional system. For it ensures that a blind adherence to routine, which is the bane of bureaucracy, shall be corrected by the force of Parliamentary and public opinion, while it strengthens Ministers against impulsive pressure and ignorant criticism by giving them the support of professional knowledge and a settled official policy.

It would be possible, if space admitted, to follow out the prevalence of the amateur spirit in many other vocations and occupations, such as the Diplomatic and Consular Service, the musical profession, and the artistic profession. In the first of these, no doubt, good breeding and social tact must always be valuable qualifications; in the last two the necessity of professional training is fully recognised, yet some of our most promising young musicians are fain to seek it in the schools of Germany, and some of our most promising young painters in the schools of Paris. Public speaking is often regarded as a specially English accomplishment, and probably Englishmen have more occasions for speaking in public than the citizens of any other country, unless it be the United States of America. Now, it must be allowed that effectiveness, still more eloquence, in public speaking depends upon many elements which professional training cannot supply, and which the professional spirit might actually impair. But one element, at least—that of clear and powerful elocution—can be taught, and ought to have been learned from a master by more than half of our best-known speakers, who, however, would have scorned any such discipline as humiliating. The fact is that faith in native commonsense and cleverness is almost a part of our national creed—too often resulting in a system of make-shift and make-believe which fails under a heavy strain. Let it be granted that in many serious pursuits, as in many games, natural gifts count for much, and mechanical practice for comparatively little. Riding may be learned in the hunting-field as well as in the riding-school; difficult handicrafts may be learned by rule of thumb as well as in technical schools. Still, in most arts, the superiority of professional skill, however acquired, is more than justified. The huntsman of a pack is seldom the most brilliant rider in the field, and hardly ever the best mounted, but he gets over the country, as no one else does, controlling the hounds, and never far behind them. The amateur mountaineer may be equal to a guide (though he seldom is) in activity, endurance, judgment of weather, and knowledge of the ice-world, but

he will never be equal to a guide in the traditional, and often hereditary, habit of caution, upon which the guide's livelihood, and the safety of his party, so largely depends. The same may be said of the amateur as compared with the professional sailor, and a well-known yachtsman, who had actually received a master's certificate, owned to me that he would be quite incompetent to set up rigging or superintend the various equipments and repairs which fall within the province of a trained sea-captain. So, again, some amateurs make excellent and tender nurses, but very few can be trusted, like professional nurses, to carry out a doctor's orders relentlessly, as, for instance, by waking a beloved patient out of a refreshing sleep to administer food, against his will, lest he should unconsciously sink from exhaustion. Amateur travellers conceive and execute explorations far beyond the ken of their native followers, and the Royal Geographical Society has lately provided the means of instructing them in the use of scientific instruments. Still, they are very inferior to natives in some humble accomplishments, the knowledge of which may become a matter of life or death to a travelling party—in the art of producing fire by rubbing sticks, in finding water or even extracting it from the roots of trees, in following an invisible track through a desert or jungle. But it is needless to multiply illustrations of this kind, for the inference to be drawn from them is little more than a truism, though a neglected truism—'Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus.' The amateur only half believes this; he is almost always 'above his work,' and fails exactly where close attention to it is a vital necessity. The professional, with all his faults, respects his work; to him it is everything, he is not distracted from it by other (perhaps higher) interests, and he is seldom clever enough to look down upon it. Herein lies the secret of his success.

If this be so, to prescribe a specific cure for national 'amateurism' would indeed be the veriest quackery of amateur presumption. It is a law of human nature that men will instinctively shrink from trouble, and move along the line of least resistance. Nothing but a sense of stern necessity, or habits originally engendered by that sense, will quench the inclination to 'amateurism.' It is not a characteristic vice of the working classes in any age or country, simply because they live under the daily stress, if not of a strife for subsistence, yet of the obligation to reach a certain standard and to satisfy their employers, on pain of pauperism or destitution. Nor is it the characteristic vice of the upper classes in nations like the Scotch and the North Germans, who have passed through 'hard times' for many generations, and whose national temperament has been stiffened and steeled into a somewhat harsh but robust mould—in the one case, by the discipline of poverty; in the other, by the discipline of war. England, on the contrary, has been spared these purifying ordeals. It has been 'Merry England' for the upper and

middle classes ever since the days of Elizabeth, except during the short reign of Puritanism, and the pride of national prosperity, surviving brief periods of depression, has penetrated downwards to classes whose share of that prosperity has been too small. It is partly the example of their betters that makes our poor less thrifty and resourceful than the peasantry of less favoured countries, and if amateur tendencies could be checked in our landed and commercial aristocracy, it would have a beneficial effect on the whole population. But how is this to be done? Only, it may be feared, by a repetition in other spheres of such object-lessons in the failure of 'amateurism' as we have received in South Africa. But the first step towards abating a besetting weakness is to discern it clearly and lay it to heart seriously. There is such a thing as a change of national convictions, an enlightenment of national conscience, and an improvement of national habits. After all, 'amateurism' is not in the blood, and therefore all but incurable, but a fatally widespread fashion, and therefore capable of being corrected. Within the last two or three generations, swearing, hard drinking, and duelling, though inveterate practices, have gone out of fashion in good society; more recently, philanthropy, almost a saintly attribute in the days of John Howard, has actually come into fashion. One could almost believe that practical Christianity might be made fashionable, if its root did not lie so deep in spiritual religion. It may seem too much to expect sustained and disciplined industry from those who have no selfish motive for exerting themselves, but the majority of English gentlemen have such motives, and there are, happily, many eminent examples in the very highest ranks, from the Queen downwards, of persons scorning delights and living laborious days, without any selfish motives, in the gratuitous but well-regulated discharge of public duty. Let us take courage, then, and, without forming a league or entering upon a crusade against national 'amateurism,' let us combat it, each in his own circle, by quietly 'insisting on the fact.' The nation which realises and confesses to itself that it is 'a nation of amateurs' is in a fair way of ceasing to deserve the title.

GEORGE C. BRODRICK.

RITUALISM AND THE GENERAL ELECTION

Two years ago, in an article entitled 'The Ritualist Conspiracy,' I attempted to call attention to the condition of the Church of England, to disclose the attitude of a certain party of prominent Churchmen, to show that their position was subversive of the essential doctrines of the Reformed Faith, and to trace the links which connected them with the Oxford Movement as the logical outcome and development of the policy adopted by its leaders. That the aim of the Oxford Movement was the gradual extirpation of Protestantism is now admitted by any impartial student of its history to be established beyond a shadow of doubt. The leaders saw clearly that the principles of Protestantism—viz. the right of private judgment, the reference of every doctrine to Scripture as a test of its claim to acceptance, the unimpeded access of every soul to his Maker—were incompatible with the ideal they had conceived, and which, however much they might disguise it to themselves and others under the specious and attractive title of the Re-union of Christendom, was in truth but the reassertion of the ancient principle of Rome—the right of the Church to control the beliefs, to regulate the affairs, and to decide the eternal destiny of man. The triumph of Sacerdotalism could not be effected as long as Protestantism retained its hold on the people, and therefore to uproot all these instincts was the laborious task which they took in hand. The *Church Times*, the organ of the Ritualist party, of the 24th of March, 1871, thus expresses their aim :

We are contending, as our adversaries know full well, for the extirpation of Protestant opinion and practice, not merely within the Church itself, but throughout all England. We do not care one solitary straw whether a man preaches in surplice, gown, coat, or shirt-sleeves, so long as he does not preach any sort of Protestantism.

This policy, not always so clearly enunciated, but ever kept well in view, has been the inspiration of all the Ritualist party from that day till now, and the measure of success which has attended it is evidenced by the situation with which we are confronted to-day. For many

years they carried on the work with the greatest secrecy and in a manner so calculated to allay suspicion that little opposition was aroused. The following extract from an article on the Ritualist plan of campaign, in the *Church Times* of the 30th of March, 1867, fairly exemplifies this statement:—

This, then, is the thing to do. Let the advanced posts remain as they are. Let each of those which is a little behind, and only a little, gradually take up the same position, and let this process be carried on (only without haste or wavering) down to the last in the chain. *A story is told of a dishonest baker who kept himself and his family in meat at a nominal cost by purchasing the very smallest leg of mutton to be had, and exchanging this for the next in size sent him by his customers, and repeating the process until he had succeeded in obtaining nearly twenty pounds of meat for his original six or seven, without any one customer being able to detect the fraud in his own case. The cheating baker may point a parable, as the Unjust Steward has done* Where there is only the ordinary parish routine, but where the preaching is honest and sound, let a *gradual change be brought in*. A choral service, so far as Psalms and Canticles are concerned, on some week-day evening, will train people to like a more ornate worship, and that which began as an occasional luxury will soon be felt a regular want. Where there is monthly Communion, let it be fortnightly; where it is fortnightly, let it be weekly; where it is weekly, let a Thursday office be added. Where all this is already existing, candlesticks with unlighted candles may be introduced. Where these are already found, they might be lighted at Evensong. Where so much is attained, the step to lighting them for the Eucharistic Office is not a long one. Where the black gown is in use in the pulpit on Sundays, let it disappear in the week. The surplice will soon be preferred, and will oust its rival. It is easy for each reader to see how some advance, all in the same direction, can be made, and that without any offence taken. Only two things should be most carefully observed as a rule. First of all, nothing should be introduced without a plain and frank statement to the people. Secondly, *the innovations ought to be confined at first to extra services put on for this very purpose.*¹

Such a plan of campaign needs no comment on our part, but it perhaps forms some excuse for the blindness which has possessed most people as to the settled aims of the Ritualists. The extirpation of Protestantism and the undoing of the work of the Reformation is still the watchword of the party. The *Church Review* of the 3rd of May, 1900, writes thus in discussing the effect of the Anglican movement on the conversion of the English people to Catholicism:—

Now the part that the Anglican Revival will in the end be found to have taken in the conversion of the English people from the Protestantism which they practically as yet hold to a practising Catholicism will depend on the measure in which Catholics enter into the fulness of their heritage and fearlessly propagate it. Any divergence into insularity, nationalism, or acquiescence in any part of the Protestant system will be the death-blow of the whole movement.

Undeterred by the outcry which the open Romanism practised in our churches has evoked, the campaign is still carried on with unabated vigour, and now with no attempt at concealment. Two years have elapsed since our thoughts were directed to this question,

¹ Leading article from the *Church Times*, the acknowledged organ of the Ritualists, March 30, 1867.

and they have taught us much. They have at least brought two facts into prominence. One is that the Romanising movement in our Church has gone far deeper, and is far more widely spread, and is being carried on by a far larger organisation, than the world in general had any idea of when first it awoke to the existence of a Church crisis; and the other is that the forces of Protestantism in the country are of a character so earnest and so profound, that the struggle before us is one which must go to the very heart of the nation. For those who realise that religion is to a nation, as to an individual, the most vital of all questions, underlying our manner of dealing with all the problems of our complex relations with each other and with the world around us, it is not surprising that the struggle should be of such a nature. Two forces are striving for the mastery in the Church of England to-day—on the one hand, the Romanising party, who aim at obliterating the Reformation, at restoring our beliefs and practices to what they were before that event, and who claim the right to hold every dogma which was held by the Catholic Church in mediæval times, composed mainly, though not exclusively, of the clergy; and, on the other hand, the Protestant party, those who adhere firmly to the Reformed faith, comprising a considerable section of the clergy, but backed up by the vast majority of the laity of the country.

Without entering into the merits of the particular religious views held by these two parties, it cannot be denied that legally the Protestants are in an unassailable position. The Reformation is an historic fact which cannot be got over, and its work is embodied for us in our Liturgy, our Articles, and our Act of Uniformity; and before Ritualism can hope to occupy an equally legal and logical position it must procure the repeal of the Acts of Parliament which form the basis of our National Church, and alter the terms on which her ministers took office.

These two forces, the Romanising and the Protestant, represent those who are most deeply in earnest on this question. But it would be a great mistake to assume that all the members of the Church of England are divided into these two camps only. There exists besides them a very large number of people who are deeply interested in this all-important subject, who, while their sympathies are mainly if not entirely with Protestantism, yet find themselves unable to join those whose zeal tends to lead them into an attitude of uncompromising hostility to those higher and wider views on doctrinal questions which have always found a place in the Church of England, and which have made it to differ from the character which Protestantism has assumed abroad. These higher views, notably on the nature of the Sacraments, together with a deeper appreciation of the value of Church organisation and of the position of the ministry, have been held by divines in our Church who were the most firmly opposed to

the sacerdotal pretensions of the Romish clergy, as well as to the doctrines on which those pretensions are built; and it is the fear of seeing such opinions and teaching completely excluded which prevents large numbers of people from taking any active part on the Protestant side of this controversy. Such broader views are perfectly compatible with loyalty to our Reformation teaching. We have but to read the works of some of our High Church divines, such as Cosin, Jeremy Taylor, and others, to see that these men were as strong in their reprobation of the Romish sacramental doctrine as any Evangelical to-day could be, and, were they among us now, they would have been the first to protest against the declaration put forth by the English Church Union on the doctrine of the Eucharist. Dr. Ince, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, in a pamphlet on this subject, proves this conclusively from their writings. In a valuable work entitled *Liturgical Right and National Wrong*, by Mr. M. Archdall, the writer deals exhaustively with these questions, and supplies extracts from many divines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, showing their perfect loyalty to the Reformation settlement. That those who represent such views as these should refrain from throwing the weight of their influence on the Protestant side is the more deplorable, because they represent a very large amount of the culture and intelligence of the nation, as well as the opinion of vast numbers of people who, without going profoundly into doctrinal questions, appreciate beauty and dignity in our services, a feature which is sometimes wanting, and which is apt to be looked upon with suspicion by the more extreme school. To limit the comprehensiveness of our Church would be nothing short of a national disaster; and even those to whom the Evangelical interpretation of doctrinal truth appeals with the greatest force admit that up to a limit the Church has been the richer and the better for possessing men within her fold whose minds assimilated another and an equally important aspect of the same doctrines, and that it is the balance of the two schools of thought which has made it possible for our Church to be a genuinely national one. The question therefore resolves itself into the point when the limit of comprehensiveness has been overstepped, and there can be no doubt that a large section of the clergy have done so and by a very long way. If this were realised it would be impossible for the moderate party to continue in their attitude of aloofness towards the present crisis. The great work of the Reformation was, as the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed it in his recent decision on incense and lights, to put prominently forward the supremacy of the Bible, and therefore to model the ceremonial of the Eucharist as closely as possible on the Biblical account of the original institution; or, to quote the Bishop of London's words in a recent Charge, 'to turn the Mass into a Communion;' and to this end every word in our Communion Office is calculated to do away with the notion of a repetition

of the sacrifice 'once offered ;' of a miraculous change in the Elements ; or of a sacerdotal act on the part of the priest. The one aim and object of the Ritualist party, on the other hand, is the restoration of the Mass in all its original significance.

As one of the correspondents in the *Church Review* expressed it recently, Catholicism is the Mass, and the Mass is Catholicism, and a society has recently been formed by Father Ommanney, a Church of England clergyman at Sheffield, entitled the League of Holy Mass, all the members of which undertake to hear from one to six Masses a week.

Another correspondent in the same journal writes to declare his satisfaction that no less than eighteen Masses had taken place in one church in one day, and urges what a grand object-lesson this is to the faithful, and what an argument for the multiplication of altars in the churches.

Amongst the many manuals issued by the Ritualist party is one entitled *The Book of the Mass* for English Catholics. The object of the book is to guide the Catholic worshipper through the long maze of prayers which the priest is instructed to offer secretly, and which are interpolated between those in our Prayer-book. Without this guide the performance of the Communion would be to any worshipper in such churches unintelligible. These prayers express every doctrine which our Communion Office has carefully excluded. The priest and server begin by confessing not only to Almighty God, but to the Virgin and many saints by name, and pleading for their prayers. The words of our Prayer-book giving the sacred elements are omitted, and instead of them the priest, after he has placed, according to instructions, a portion of the host in the chalice, pronounces the following words: 'Let this commixture and consecration of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ be to us that partake thereof effectual unto eternal life ;' while the 'Sacrifice is offered for the living and the dead.' If more proof were needed of the deliberate design of the Ritualists to restore the Mass in our Church, it will be found in the Declaration of the English Church Union of last July. That document states :

We, the members of the English Church Union, holding fast to the faith and teaching of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Bread and Wine, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, become, in and by consecration, according to our Lord's institution, verily and indeed the Body and Blood of Christ, and that Christ our Lord, present in the same Most Holy Sacrament of the altar under the form of Bread and Wine, is to be worshipped and adored, desire, in view of present circumstances, to re-affirm, in accordance with the teaching of the Church, our belief in this verity of the Christian Faith, and to declare that we shall abide by all such teaching and practice as follow from this doctrine of the whole Catholic Church of Christ.

It is surely needless to point out that such a view of the Sacrament differs but little from that of the Church of Rome ; and when we

consider that out of 6,000 clergy who belong to that Society only some 200 have been willing to sign the protest against it, we ought to be convinced of the extent to which the Mass has replaced the Communion in the Church of England; while the contrast between the Biblical account of the original institution and the actual performance of it in the churches of these clergy is so great that the original spirit seems wholly gone.

The other great evil dealt with at the Reformation was the practice of private confession, which, except in extreme cases of mental distress, is wholly excluded from our Prayer-book. On the strength of the few very guarded words dealing with the subject in the Prayer-book, which are indicative more of a desire to wean people from the practice than to urge them to it, the Ritualist priests have built up the whole superstructure of the Confessional in our midst, and it were hard to over-estimate the harm which it is doing in our country. It is not too much to say that it is threatening the happiness and joy of home life, it is loosening parental authority by bringing in an arbiter between parent and child, it is instilling deceit and undermining truthfulness in the child by encouraging the secret practice of it without the knowledge and permission of the parent, and, where it is practised with that full knowledge and consent, as it is in many cases, it places the young under the complete power and dominion of the priest. It cannot be necessary at this stage of the world's history to urge the dangers and the perils of the Confessional—the weakening of moral fibre in the character, the inevitable tendency to view sin as a matter to be settled by the performance of a penance and by a man-granted absolution, not to speak of the graver but none the less certain dangers which have in every country been connected with it. One would think that, once having rooted out such a cancer from our land, no power on earth would induce English people to tolerate it again; but the practice is growing to an alarming extent. Thousands of women frequent it, and many are leaning on it as the greatest need in their religious life. One would speak tenderly of such souls, but the poison is such that it cannot be played with or imbibed as a narcotic without destroying the life of the nation. No legislation can touch this evil; nothing can do it but the public opinion of the country and the moral pressure of the episcopate, which must be expressed without delay if the youth of the present day are to be saved from the teaching of the present Ritualist clergy on the subject, who are making use of the enormous influence they can exercise in Confirmation and in school life, where the young are wholly in their hands, to induce them to believe that in no other way can the religious life be attained.

Together with the Mass and the Confessional established in our National Church, we have also a ritual and a ceremonial which is completing the process of assimilation with the Church of Rome, and

so exact is the imitation that Roman Catholics themselves can detect no difference. Surely this is a condition of things which ought to make Churchmen of all shades of opinion combine. Moderate Church people as well as the more decided Protestants are equally alarmed, and unite in deploring it. But yet the former hesitate to come forward. Their influence is doubly needed, not only to increase the strength of the anti-Romanist movement, but to retain it in wise lines and prevent it from assuming a narrow or an intolerant spirit. But there is another and equally serious result from this development of Ritualism in our Church, namely, that it is tending to create a great cleavage between the clergy and laity of the country, to erect the clergy into a caste, out of harmony and out of touch with the mind and life of the people. The old-fashioned country parson, the friend of the squire, welcomed at every family gathering, interested in all details of rural life, visiting the cottages of the poor, following the lives of his flock often from the cradle to the grave, and exercising in his parish the quiet sober influence of a refined and cultivated home, is rapidly becoming a feature of the past, and is being replaced by a man of an entirely different type. Trained in the narrow groove of the theological college, breathing the atmosphere of monasticism rather than the free spirit of University life, the modern priest emerges from thence with exalted notions of power and authority conferred on him by the dignity of his office; he is then further developed in the pressure of some densely populated parish, where an elaborate organisation tends to reduce all religious work to the mechanism of a vast machine, and where the evidence of the greatest activity is held to be shown by the largest number of services which can be crowded into the day or week. With every hour of the day filled in with services and parochial duties, to which are now added the hearing of confessions and the saying of Masses, this modern priest has no time for study, no leisure for intercourse with his fellow-men. His ideas on the priesthood, as conferring sacrificial and absolving powers, entirely alter his position towards his flock, who are often not disposed to view his claims in the light in which they present themselves to him; and the result we witness is a class who are getting out of touch with the vast majority of the people, and are losing that close and sympathetic relationship which, till recently, distinguished the clergy and laity of the country. The effect of a man of this type being placed in charge of a country parish can readily be imagined, and is one which forms an object-lesson in many districts in England to-day. He follows perhaps on some man of moderate opinions, who has thought the old-fashioned personal intercourse with his people was more important to their welfare than the multiplication of services which they could not attend, and he at once revolutionises the place, to the astonishment and bewilderment of the inhabitants. He inculcates fasting

Communion, he instructs in the value of Confession, he teaches that the Mass is the central service of the Sunday, and that the Morning Prayer, now termed 'Mattins,' which, from their infancy, his parishioners have been in the habit of attending, is of minor importance, and may be performed with the utmost bareness at any hour when it can be squeezed in ; while he urges that attendance at the Holy Eucharist is a duty obligatory on every Christian. And since he maintains that to partake of the Holy Communion without fasting is to commit a mortal sin, non-communicating attendance becomes a necessity if the Communion is to occupy the chief position in the services of the day ; and the very thing which our Rubric guards against in the most explicit terms—viz. the sacrifice of the Mass without communicants—is becoming now the established custom and the rule in most of these modern churches. In short, both in phraseology, as in practice, the saying and hearing of Mass has taken the place of the Communion service as laid down in our Prayer-book.

One who styles himself a Canon Residentiary has lately written a short pamphlet on this subject, and he enumerates five methods by which the change can be brought about of substituting the Eucharist for the Morning Service as the chief service of the Sunday ; but he confesses the matter is one of the greatest difficulty owing to what he terms 'the extent to which the eleven o'clock Mattins is stamped on the British mind, added to the difficulty of enforcing both on celebrant and people the fasting Communion.' To minds trained in the habits and thoughts of the Church of England and the teaching of our Prayer-book, such proposals may well be deemed incomprehensible. To them the Morning and Evening Prayer (framed by men who may be held to have been little less than inspired for the work which they accomplished) is endeared by the associations of years, and offers the most beautiful expression of the devotion and worship of their hearts ; and, deeply as earnest souls must ever value that closer approach to and living union with their Divine Lord which the service of the Holy Communion affords, they feel that its benefit to their inner life is perhaps greater when its solemnity is duly recognised by a less frequent reception and a more special preparation. That this view of our services was the mind and intention of our Reformers, and forms the basis and groundwork of the Prayer-book, no one can deny. The change which the Ritualist party are attempting to make in regard to this is, as the same authority states, nothing less than 'a revolutionary measure,' only to be accomplished gradually and with great caution, and, we conclude, in the same manner as the other changes of ritual described by the *Church Times*, to which I have already referred, which have rendered our churches and services in many places practically indistinguishable from those in Roman Catholic countries.

It is not wonderful, then, that the people in such parishes sadly

lament the old ways, that they betake themselves to the neighbouring chapel, or, as I know to be a fact, read the service in their own homes; whilst many, alas! disgusted with this mimicry of Rome, abstain from public worship altogether. At the same time, the feelings of indignation in the nation are growing deep and strong, and men are loudly asking by what right a body of men within the Church should have it in their power to deprive them of the worship which the law of the land guarantees. This argument seems undeniable in country parishes. In towns the question is somewhat different. The injustice to the individual in depriving him of his accustomed mode of worship does not exist to the same extent. Various churches may be said to afford opportunities for the indulgence of different tastes in ceremonial and ritual. It is sometimes urged that where the churches and endowments owe their existence to the convictions and energy of a congregation, they have a right to determine the character of the service which is performed, and that we ought not to coerce them into a rigid uniformity. But what these advocates of Congregationalism fail to perceive is that the edifice which they claim is not theirs, they have handed it over to the Church of England, of which it now forms an integral part, their clergy are clergy of the Church of England, they themselves are incorporated in that body, and therefore their whole argument falls to the ground. Moreover, the whole movement, of which they themselves are the outcome, has grown up under the power and prestige which the Church of England has afforded it, and, divested of these credentials, it would have been shorn of half its proselytising influence. The clergy have been licensed by the Mother Church or by the bishop to take charge of some district, nominally in the interests of the Church of England. Their position has installed them as the religious teachers in the schools of the Church, and has admitted them into the confidence of the people, and they have not hesitated to make use of these opportunities to undermine the tenets which the Church holds, and which at their ordination they pledged themselves to maintain. Furthermore, the ægis of the Church being thrown over all the vast organisation of the Ritualist party (every institution of which is inaugurated by some bishop or dignitary of our Church, and claims to be started on lines of what they are wont to call 'Definite Church teaching') has procured for them support, both in names and in money, which would never have been given could the real drift and tendency of the work have been foretold. Boundless activity has characterised this party, and with a population increasing at a rate which seems to defy all efforts on the part of the Church to cope with it, it is perhaps not surprising that those who, like our bishops, must realise the tremendous needs of the day, have been slow to discourage an energy so untiring. But one is tempted to ask, Could they not, by the exercise of their

almost unlimited moral influence, as well as by the disposal of the vast sums at their command and of the patronage in their hands, have endeavoured to check the Romeward tendency of men whose zeal they could not but appreciate? As long as human nature is what it is, the approval or censure of a bishop, the hope of preferment, the opening or closing of a career, must have a potent influence on young men at an age when opinions are necessarily immature; while, to go to the root of the evil, the character of the theological colleges is one which the bishops could, if they would, profoundly modify. As long as the present tone of mind in teaching and doctrine continues unchecked in the theological colleges, there is no likelihood of any change in the stamp of men who come from them.

An idea may be formed of the teaching now given to students in some of these colleges from the opinions of those who occupy the positions of principal and lecturers in certain of them. For the most part these are men who belong to the extreme societies in the Church, and their views are expressed in many of the works they have written.

Several of these works have been issued in late years, such as *An Introduction to the Articles of the Church of England*, by the Rev. G. F. Maclear; *The Thirty-nine Articles and the Age of the Reformation*, by the Rev. E. Tyrrell Green—in both of which doctrine is expounded from a standpoint which is certainly not true to Reformation teaching; but a notable addition has been lately made in a book entitled *Outlines of Christian Dogma*, by the Rev. Darwell Stone, Principal of Dorchester Missionary College, Oxon., of which it is not too much to say that it denies the whole Protestant position, and if it does not entirely assume the Roman one, it at any rate leads its readers so far on the way that the short step thitherward is the only logical one to be taken. In this particular instance the fact is all the more melancholy, because, if missionaries trained at Dorchester repeat in the field the teaching acquired at home, they must exhibit before the heathen and Mohammedan world something like a schism in the English Church. They must, in effect, contradict the message of missionaries faithful to that Church. The main object of all these writers seems to be not to show what the Church of England teaching is on all the great doctrines of our Faith, but rather how far it can be ignored or set aside in order to bring us into line with the doctrines defined by the Church of Rome at the Council of Trent. The fruit of all this instruction is seen in the clergy of the present day.

Another feature of the time, and one which illustrates the cravings in the mind of the Ritualists for a return to mediæval life and habits, is to be found in an effort which is being made to re-establish the monastic life, with a view of training men for the ministry. An

example of this is furnished in the Institution of Mildenhall, which has now been granted by the Bishop of Ely the status of a theological college, and of which the bishop is the visitor. In a small volume entitled *The History of a Religious Idea*, the author, who is styled *Father Kelly*, describes the origin and scope of this work. A threefold promise is exacted from the young men who receive training—(1) that the service should be for life and unpaid; (2) that the members should be celibate; (3) that they should take no work except such as is assigned to them under authority. Boys as young as fifteen are taken. The garb of a monk is worn, and life appears to be entirely regulated on the monastic system. Attendance is compulsory at eight services in the day at different hours between 6 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. Except on festivals, meals are taken in silence, and silence is enforced up to noon and after nine. The trend of thought encouraged may be gathered from the course of study prescribed: Latin, the language of the Roman Church, by means of which all the Roman claims were established, is preferred to Greek, the recovery of which demolished them by first giving to the world the New Testament in the original. Mediæval takes the place of English Church history; and as regards methods, to quote *Father Kelly's* own words: 'We have endeavoured to base our course upon the rigid exactitude of the scholastics, especially of St. Thomas Aquinas.' A curious similarity may be detected in all this to the instruction given by the Pope in a recent Encyclical. The Pope is alluding to the education of the young in the *petits séminaires* established in every French diocese.

Such children must be made to study Latin, which is as the key to sacred science and must be guarded from the perils of revolutionist and empiristic philosophy of foreign and Protestant origin. Above all, they must become well versed in Church history, in the scholastic theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, and in the Catechism of the Council of Trent. Implicit obedience to the authority of superiors and unity in combating the enemies of religion are indispensable.

The recognition of such an establishment as this as a college for training clergy for the Church of England is a matter of very grave import, for it indicates a very wide departure from the education which has given us the cultivated liberal-minded men who have adorned our Church, who in thought and mind have been English Churchmen, and threatens us with a type more familiar to our imaginations under the garb of the Roman priest, subtle and astute, himself, however, only a cog in the vast machine of ecclesiasticism which aims at dominating the world. We can hardly believe that such an ideal as this, represented by the life at Mildenhall, will ever find favour amongst us, but that it should even be conceived in the brains of Englishmen, and that it should be viewed with favour by more than one bishop in our Church, is sufficient to rouse anxious thoughts in many minds.

Such being the condition of things in the Church of England, people are everywhere anxiously seeking a remedy. The nation is, in the main, determined to arrest the Romeward movement. The instinct of the people is and has ever been opposed to priestcraft, and all that follows from it. The strong common-sense of Englishmen and their knowledge of the Bible have long since rejected the notion that forgiveness of sins depends upon priestly absolution, or that religion consists in a gorgeous ceremonial, which tends to become a theatrical display with little reality or meaning. Potent and mighty as the ecclesiastical organisation of Ritualism may be, it will never achieve a victory on English soil; rather will it rouse the nation to a reaction, which will, while rooting out the evil, destroy much which has enriched and beautified the religious life of our land.

This feeling is being demonstrated by the work now being carried on in the constituencies in view of the coming General Election. It is a movement which neither of the political parties can afford to ignore, and which will profoundly affect the fate of any Government. From both a religious as well as a party point of view we cannot but view with anxiety the placing of so grave an issue in the hands of an electorate who, to a large extent, must be unfitted and unqualified to deal with it, and many of whom will be actuated by political rather than religious motives in recording their votes in the polling-booths. The issue is none other than the fate of the Established Church; and the situation created by the appeal to the electorate is one full of anomalies, and one which runs counter to party lines. A glance at the state of things in the constituencies will convince us of this. We find an organisation at work which has secured a pledge from a large body of electors, large enough in many cases to turn the scale in an election, to give their votes irrespective of party to that candidate who will support a Bill of a strong Protestant character in Parliament. It is not difficult to foresee how this will operate. Owing to the attitude of the Conservative Party towards this question, many Conservative seats will be imperilled, if not lost, and many Liberal seats will be won, and the men who, from tradition, are the natural defenders of the Establishment will be in many cases replaced by men with whom disestablishment is an article of the political creed. The reason of this is that Conservative members, even when opposed to Ritualism, fail to recognise the true state of the case with regard to it, and the extent to which it has stirred the feelings of the nation. They persist in regarding it as the work of a few well-meaning but misguided individuals, and the outcry against it as the expression of a bigoted and intolerant party. They forget that the very fact of the enormous response to the electoral rolls proves the strength of public opinion on the subject. Is it too late to urge on Conservative candidates to

realise all this, and save the situation by publicly expressing their intention of supporting any well-considered measure for checking the persistent growth of illegalities? In this manner only can they prevent the return of men to Parliament who will be tempted to use the present dilemma in which Churchmen find themselves to pursue their own political ends. To Churchmen this dilemma is a very serious one. The maintenance of the Reformed Faith they regard as vital to the continued existence of an Established Church, but they cannot fail to see that the policy of placing Protestantism before party is a hazardous one. The disestablishment of the Church, together with the disposal of its vast revenues, is an alluring bait, and may serve as a rallying cry to a party which stands sadly in need of one to draw together its scattered fragments; and if this movement came to be supported by any large section of the extreme party, of which there is abundant evidence, then we can but fear that the days of the Establishment are numbered. In face of such considerations as these, there are many who urge that it is unjustifiable to have had recourse to the electorate; but it is hard to see, failing all other resources, how the laity could make their voices heard, or how they could safeguard their rights in the Church except by an appeal to Parliament to uphold the law under which the Church holds her charter. In any case the blame for this action lies at the door of those who have shut their eyes to what has been going on in the Church, and to the strong feelings of resentment which it has aroused in the country. Had the bishops dealt with their clergy, and had the leaders of the Conservative Party realised that this is no passing wave of popular feeling, but a stern resolve on the part of the people to uproot a national evil and to arrest a national wrong, it had been better for our Church and party. The country, despairing of redress from those who alone, without danger to the Church, could have dealt with the evil, has now taken the issue into its own hands. May we not reiterate the appeal to the Conservative Party not to mistake the supreme importance of this question, but to respond to the desire of the people, and thus to keep in their hands the solution of a difficulty which is pregnant of such tremendous changes?

The Church of England is a heritage of which we may well be proud. With its roots deeply implanted in the heart of the people and its history interwoven with that of the nation; with a ritual which in dignity and simplicity is unequalled in any country and an apostolic ministry which has adorned it with some of the brightest examples of both piety and learning; with its cathedrals, which are the glory of the land—it appeals to every instinct of our nature, and is entwined in the sacred memories of the past. But it is a heritage which can only be retained by the Church being true to the religious feeling of the people. It belongs, in a sense, not only to its own members, but to the nation at large, and that nation is Protestant to

the backbone. Parliament must find means of retaining this character. Whether the remedy be a Church Discipline Bill or Church Reform which will secure to the laity ample voice in the government of the Church, or whether it be by a wiser disposal of the patronage of the Crown, are matters which must be left for others who are versed in these matters to decide. The moment is a critical one for the Church ; all the more so because few except those who have been drawn into this controversy realise the strength and the determination of the party we are opposing. We may smile incredulously, or shut our eyes to the fact, but it is none the less patent to those who will see that the Vatican, with all its far-reaching, inscrutable, and unscrupulous designs, and with all its Jesuitical and baneful power, is behind the movement which we call Ritualism. Rome may treat the Ritualist leaders with scant courtesy, she may repudiate our orders, and demand unconditional surrender to her claims, but she does not hesitate to accept the movement as one calculated to advance her designs, and announces by the mouth of Cardinal Vaughan 'that the ritualistic clergy of this country are the real fishers of men who are bringing England back again to the true faith, and that this is the direct answer to the prayers of holy men throughout the last three centuries.'¹ To place the laity under the heel of the Church is the avowed object of Romanist and Ritualist alike, and it is to attain this result that every wheel in the vast machine is constructed. Compare the utterances of both, and what difference is to be found ? The *Church Review* of the 23rd of August, 1900, in discussing the proposed Church Reform Bill, writes :

Houses of Laymen in connection with sacred Synods are, of course, clean contrary to all Catholic rule and precedent. In the Catholic Church it is for the clergy to teach and govern, and for the people to obey.

Cardinal Vaughan, in the *Times* of the 7th of August, 1900, speaking to the delegates of the Roman Catholic Young Men's Society, is thus reported :

There are Catholics who permit themselves to read and discuss whatever is printed if it only falls under their notice and is written in an attractive style. They criticise the conduct of the Holy See, as though they had a mission to rescue the Government of the Church from failure. These public criticisms and attacks upon the Church by children professing to belong to her are proofs of an uncatholic and disloyal spirit. The shepherds are over the sheep, and not the sheep over the shepherds.

That submissive and obedient laity are found to further this work is no answer to the charge. The Church of Rome has always had such. She has her agents in the highest and the lowest walks of life, and the Ritualists, though often unconsciously, are her tools. The triumph of their system is the deathblow to progress, mental, moral,

¹ Sermon of Cardinal Vaughan, Franciscan Church, Upton Park, June 18, 1899.

and intellectual, and the annihilation of national and patriotic feeling; as anyone who takes the trouble to read the Ritualist or Romish Press cannot fail to perceive. We know it, but we will not admit the fact, and act as if it were not so.

Protestantism represents the other side of the picture, and is synonymous with growth, expansion, and development for the race as for the individual. It is to the character of its religion that the Anglo-Saxon race owes the position it occupies in the world to-day; and so deeply ingrained is the principle of freedom in the English nature—freedom which asserts and includes the right of private judgment and unimpeded access to the Throne of Grace—that the stars in their course must change before the English nation yields to priestly sway. We cannot believe in the Romanising of the nation, but we tremble for the fate of the Church. Unless the tide of Ritualism, which is now flowing with unabated force through its channels, can be stemmed and arrested, unless those reformed doctrines which our ancestors died to vindicate can be maintained, the Protestant feeling of the country will declare her unworthy of the proud position she occupies to-day, and those who love her most will only be able to mourn a ruin so great, and sadly own that if the Establishment and Protestantism are found incompatible with each other, there is no question as to the side on which their lot must be cast.

CORNELIA WIMBORNE.

CONCERNING PETITIONS AND ELECTIONEERING PLEDGES

WE all know the power of Petitions. We know how the unlucky M.P. is moved by the massive budgets with thousands of signatures which press on him in connection with some desired, or dreaded, Bill. That is, we know how he is supposed to be moved by these petitions. The assumption apparently is that some members of Parliament have no convictions at all apart from the conviction that they are called to sit in the House of Commons. It is even said that there are members of the House who profess that they have no convictions. It is quite certain that some members are bored by being in Parliament. Then why on earth do they stand? We respect the member who stands because of his convictions, though he loathes the business and the whole atmosphere of the House. The self-sacrifice of the member who without convictions immolates himself on the altar of duty in the House of Commons, leaves us with somewhat the same sense of ingratitude and lack of appreciation as does the well-known society lady who is bored by London, and would give anything to be done with society. 'But one must, you know, dear; it's one's duty.'

However, to return to petitions. They probably owe their importance to the lack of independent convictions on the part of some members, and possibly also to some ignorance as to the genesis and history of the majority of petitions.

It may interest some of the uninitiated to hear a few experiences as to the making of petitions which I will give haphazard as they occurred to me, only vouching for their absolute accuracy.

I shall not attempt to apologise for the crudity of thought or, in some cases, roughness of expression, which is betrayed in these anecdotes. I offer them as they were expressed.

In certain midland and southern counties petitions were circulating *against* a bill to allow of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, and in villages well known to me the following answers were received in response to the invitation to sign :

* 'Sign? Of course I will. There's none I'd sooner see in my shoes when I'm gone, than my own sister, being what she is, I'd say.'

'Sign my name? Not if I know it. John Baptist lost his head for that. I'll have nothing to do with it.'

'I sign? Of course I will, only I can't write; but if a cross will do I am more than willing. I never did see, and never shall, your own sister putting you aside.'

'My husband says he won't have it—there's no saying what anyone will expect if you once pass a law to give sisters-in-law a chance.'

The last instance represents an exception in sense and fairness:

'Yes, I'll sign. Whatever some says, it's only here and there any of us wants it—and for the good it might do to one, I'll be bound it would upset dozens.'

Now for another subject—Vaccination (for).—(The preamble having been read)—

'I sign against being vaccinated? Just what I'll do. It gives you a crying baby, even if it didn't cry before.'

'Yes, with pleasure. I never took to it since I heard as how a neighbour—Mrs. Robinson that was—lost a child by it. Not that it died of it—but when it was born'd it was as healthy a child as ever I see'd—and so it was for a year after it was vaccinated; but after that, just a year, mind you, it began to pine and pine and never got on with its mother—Mrs. Robinson that was—nor the bottle, nor even they fancy foods (not that I ever held with they) nor nothing; and two years from being vaccinated that child took and died. Yes, I'll sign with pleasure.'

Subject—Disestablishment and Disendowment (against).

'Sign against it? Well, I hardly know, you see. I'm for a spiritual church. I belong to Jerusalem that is above. I was always one for a consistent life, so I hardly sees how I can sign for Establishment.'

'Yes, I'll sign. I signed only last week for a Liberator—not *the* Liberator, but a spiritual Liberator, none of they Jabez Balfour lot, but for a gentleman who come round to free us, and our pockets, and the parsons, and the Government, all of a go. I was washing and could not go into it, but I saw no harm in putting my name, and I like to be fair all round, so I give my name to you just as easy—whatever's best will turn up.'

'Well, if you can give me your word that there is nothing behind, and that the Church is all it should be, and no more rates coming, and that we shan't be in pocket by disestablishment, I'll sign.'

Now I say frankly that for these few pearls I have had an overwhelming number of experiences which left nothing to be desired in their propriety, sense, and appreciation of the issues at stake; and until some other way is found of supplying a political thermometer to the popular temperature on such questions, we must not only resign ourselves to, but even use, petitions. But with a general election not far off, it is well to keep in mind that a very considerable proportion of the electorate are not much more up in the real pros and cons of Parliamentary measures than are those we have quoted. This is far more serious when pressure is brought to bear upon the electors in a general election than in a by-election; as it is rare that a

by-election offers the same opportunities for misleading and canvassing ignorant victims.

There is only one subject which is, as yet, on the boards for the general election.

We are all waiting, our eyes and ears wide open, to know how the combatants will range themselves, and what will be their standards when the Dissolution is declared. But one subject, as I said, is already before the country—the new Religious Test.

The first half of the nineteenth century saw the last of the religious tests abrogated. Is this enigmatical year which coyly stands 'where the brook and river meet,' between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, to see a new religious test successfully applied to candidates for the next Parliament, by means of unwary electors, the cat's-paws of a very zealous, determined, and conglomerate section of Protestants: Conglomerate I say, since it is impossible to describe the section as Churchmen or Nonconformists—it being a rally of some of all sorts and conditions of Protestants. Not of all Protestants: I for one, as a Protestant, protest earnestly, nay passionately, against this travesty of Protestantism—this effort to impose a yoke on our necks which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. Surely the genius of history must weep at the fruitlessness of her lessons, unless indeed she partakes of the tone of the day and merely shrugs her shoulders with a cynical smile.

For in this appeal for 20,000*l.* to work the Protestant caucus—to send men into Parliament tied and bound by a so-called Protestant pledge, we find repeated again the spirit of the Inquisition—of Henry the Eighth—of the unhappy queen popularly named Bloody Mary, and of her horrid husband, as regards Protestants—of Queen Elizabeth's reign as regards Roman Catholics (but in her case surely political complications had most to answer for it)—of the persecutions, under the Stewarts, of Recusants and Separatists or Nonconformists, and lastly persecution by Nonconformists who had left this country and all they held most precious for conscience' sake, but who, when in a reverse position, settling in a new country, in a free land, *for conscience' sake* imposed as hard a yoke, as terrible penalties, as hopeless disabilities, on all who would not conform to their own religious doctrine and tests, as ever they themselves had suffered in England at the hands of the Government in its desire to ensure uniformity.

I have yet to recall with shame the treatment of that noble race the Jews—and the galling disabilities under which the Roman Catholics suffered, long after active persecution had ceased. It is enough—the pathos is complete when we sum it up in the words, that all this record of persecution of religion for religion has been done under the inspiration, power, and protection of honest belief on the part of some that, in so doing, they were doing God service!

They were the instruments of others possibly less spiritual in their intentions.

Once more, as Protestants, let those who rejoice in the nineteenth-century record of religious toleration and emancipation protest against this intrusion of a new religious test into the arena of politics. Let English Churchmen and Nonconformists, Roman Catholics and Jews, live their faith, hold their faith, if need be die for their faith; let each do his utmost as an elector and as a member to guard the trusts and interests connected with his faith; but let none attempt to impose his own opinions, by any machinery whatever, on his neighbours or on the country.

Some of the arguments used by those working on behalf of the new test movement will bring back my paper to the lighter vein in which I began. These are entirely given from my own experiences—and it must be remembered that, though I give these quotations exactly as I heard them, it does not follow that my authorities understood their instructors much better than those who signed the petitions I have before mentioned. I have often delighted in tracing the changes to which a statement has been subjected; and, with less educated hearers, their particular mode of apprehension often acts like a smelting furnace and the original material is discharged in a surprisingly changed condition.

Well, as regards the coming elections. I regret to say that in all the four cases I shall cite the trap had been successful. My informants live in different parts of England, and in each case were good enough to ask my co-operation. I felt obliged to refuse.

No. 1 gave this account of his enlistment:

‘He asked me if I would like to see burning back again—burning of honest Protestants, Bloody Mary over again. I said not I’ (should we not all agree?); ‘so I gave my name against it and will vote for who they tells me.’

No. 2. ‘Your eyes want opening to this conspiracy to restore Rome in our very midst. Read Walsh carefully; it will teach you about the Oxford Movement and that Jesuitical party called the Tractarians—just the part of history you may have missed, before your time. But the Protestant spirit is not dead. The people who rose and drove out the monks and nuns and destroyed all the religious houses in Henry the Eighth’s time will do it over again, now their eyes are opened.’ I have never before gone into it, but Walsh is splendid—so clear—and I shall do my best to put it all down.’

‘What first roused your interest in the subject?’

‘The very name, Conspiracy; it roused me at once.’ *

No. 3. ‘When he asked me if I wished the Confessional and the Mass back again, and my wife and girls, let alone myself, driven to the priests, I said, “Of course not,” and I shouldn’t have thought such things could ever be again in England. In France and Italy you would expect it of course, but over here I own I had not looked for it; but after I read the papers he left me and pamphlets,

¹ See *Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green, chapter vi.: The Dissolution of the Monasteries, the Terror, and at the end of the chapter the account of the Pilgrimage of Grace.

backed up by some private instances I promised not to repeat, I have no doubt we are in some danger of the priests and confessional back again, and if to keep free of priests and the confession box we must pull the strings tighter and get a bill through to stop such practices, the sooner we do it the better. We want no priests trampling on us.'—'No, most certainly not, but—perhaps I have been fortunate—but I have not yet met any Englishman who does, and I should like to see the priests or parsons or ministers, whichever name you prefer, who would try to trample on an Englishman. Some clergy are very pig-headed and autocratic, and such men would have been just as pig-headed and autocratic in the Army or Navy, in an office, or even in the House of Commons had they a chance; but, fortunately for the clergy, we lay people are always anxious to correct the clergy and help them against the purely clerical snare of domineering, self-assertion, obstinacy, and narrowmindedness, so personally I have no fear of being trampled on by priests or ministers, nor of being driven anywhere, not even into a confessional.'

No. 4. 'Don't misunderstand me—I am by no means a bigoted Protestant. I am as keen a Churchman as you can be yourself. I am not what you would call High Church, but neither am I Low Church—certainly not; rather Broad I should say, if anything; but it is in the interest of the Established Church, it is because I attach so much importance to religion that I do not oppose—well, I give a certain amount of support to this movement of Lord Portsmouth's and Lord Wimborne's and of the Church Association. You must do them justice—it is solely to strengthen the hands of the Bishops. The Archbishops are well enough—I think we are singularly fortunate in our Bench of Bishops on the whole; but either they can't act or they won't act—I should be very sorry to think they *won't* act—and so I am all for pushing a bill through Parliament to enable them to act.'

'By taking away their veto?'

'Well, I don't know about that. I have not gone into the details. I was asked if I would help in pushing this movement, which is really to strengthen the Bishops and restore law and order.'

To wind up—for fear of misconception—I am not for allowing marriage with a deceased wife's sister under any circumstances!

I am for vaccination (with good calf-lymph).

I am against disestablishment and endowment so long as we have no new Parliamentary interference.

I am a Protestant, being a member of the Church of England, and I protest as heartily as any Protestant can wish against ritualistic fidgets and hankerings after foreign customs. I am English to the backbone. I have never been able to believe that spiritual guidance and enlightenment were mainly vouchsafed to the Church during the dark ages and the mediæval centuries, any more than I have been able, from my unfortunately ignorant point of view, to believe the period of the Maccabeans to have been almost solely responsible for the riches of the Old Testament. But neither have I been able to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, nor of the Reformation, nor of the English Church Union, nor even of the Church Association or the Ladies' or Laymen's Leagues.

So I protest against either or any of these imposing their interpretations of the Book of Common Prayer, which is the Magna Carta of the English Church, on our free English Church—living branch that it is of the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of

Christ; and I would urge on my fellow-Protestants a more careful study of the whole of the Book of Common Prayer.

What we want is a reform of Convocation—powers of legislation for the Church—real representation of laymen and clergy; we can then elect laymen who shall express the wishes of the English people through the proper organs. We do not want to reimpose a yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear—the bitter yoke of religious intolerance, persecution, and interference of the State with matters of faith.

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SOPHIA M. PALMER.

*NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS FROM
A TOUR IN CHINA*

WHEN our party started from Hong Kong in April for a tour in China, Korea, and Japan, we little thought that much of the country through which we proposed to travel would within three months have become closed to foreigners; that the Imperial railway from Peking to Shan-hai-kwan, over which we travelled in special cars courteously placed at our disposal by the Chinese Directors, would within three weeks be practically destroyed, its bridges broken, and its great workshops burnt; that the European settlement of Tientsin, given over at the time of our visit to the joyous excitement of the annual races, would have been twice besieged and bombarded; that the arid country from Taku to Peking, blasted by drought and dust-storms, would be reddened by the blood of thousands of men slain in battle; and that in Peking itself, through which we rode, and drove, and prowled about the Chinese quarter, now in ashes, meeting with civility and courtesy everywhere, the members of every Legation of Europe would be standing at bay, surrounded by attacking hordes of Chinese soldiery and Chinese rabble carried away by the tornado of mad fanaticism that as these lines are written is sweeping over Northern China and filling with the fury of combat possibly the last days of an expiring dynasty. During our tour we visited Shanghai, Ningpo, Haining, Hangchow, Hankow, and Soochow, travelling by the network of magnificent canals that supply the only means of communication in that portion of the provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang. The whole country was green with splendid growing crops of corn, rape, and beans. To the south the fresh green leaves of the mulberries promised ample food for the silkworms, while in the corn-growing districts the numbers of large stacks of the last crop standing near the well-built farmhouses gave evidence of prosperity. The canals over which our houseboats were towed for eight days were crowded with craft of all kinds. The passenger traffic is immense, and it appears to me that the passenger traffic alone will pay a handsome dividend on the projected railway lines from Shanghai to Soochow and to Ningpo respectively.

From Hankow, three trains consisting each of six large houseboats towed by a steam launch start each day for Soochow and Shanghai, along the Grand Canal, the finest artificial waterway in the world. In the fields as in the towns, everybody was busily engaged, and so far as one could judge the people were contented and happy. From Shanghai, to which we returned by the Soochow Creek, we steamed up the mud-laden waters of the Yellow Yangtze, calling at all the ports up to Hankow, where we spent three days.

During our stay the Viceroy, Chang Chi Tung, kindly invited me to witness the last of three days' manœuvres in which his army was engaged. His Excellency's Yamen is in the town of Wu-chang on the opposite bank of the river, which is here about a mile wide. Here Chang Chi Tung has established a Naval College, also colleges for the teaching of agriculture, geography, history, and mathematics. But he recognises that until the army is led by a good stamp of officers it can never be efficient and China cannot be strong. The difficulty is that the *litterati* all look upon the military profession as degrading, to counteract which he has turned all the students into a cadet corps, and very smart and well turned out these young fellows looked in the field. There were eight regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and about one hundred cavalry on the ground—about eight thousand men. Their physique was excellent, and the arms and equipment good and in perfect order.

The knapsack was of the Japanese pattern, and seemed to fit well and to be carried with ease. Some regiments were in khaki-coloured uniforms, others in blue of various shades. The belt worn outside the loose Chinese jacket made the uniform comfortable and workmanlike. The horses of the cavalry were small and to European eyes unkempt, but they looked hardy and up to slow rough work. The men are armed with lances, but on this day they carried carbines only.

The attack began just as we arrived on the ground. The defending force occupied the top of a hill over which the attack developed. All Wu-chang seemed to have gone out to see the manœuvres, and all Wu-chang swarmed over the ground between the attack and defence. However, the crowd was good-humouredly moved away by men carrying red flags. The defence fired by word of command, and when in position were well under control. The attack came on waving banners, and walking leisurely under a heavy fire. The men fired from the hip a great deal, and sometimes in the air. They knew that this was not real business, and that when they had reached a certain point the defence would be withdrawn, as it duly was, retiring slowly in close formation under a withering infantry and artillery fire, while the attack was equally oblivious of the necessity for cover with modern arms of precision. The operations were under the direction of Japanese officers, with whom it is

believed to be the intention of Chang Chi Tung to replace the German instructors hitherto employed. As Japan is herself at her wits' end for good officers in consequence of the large augmentation of her army, it is not likely that the best men will be spared for service in China. It is difficult to judge of troops from manoeuvres with all the working factors in real warfare left out ; but, given proper leading, the army of Chang Chi Tung, if supplied with a due proportion of artillery, would be an effective fighting force.

About half-past two his Excellency rode on to the ground. A man held his bridle ; two others ran beside, who guarded him from the possible consequences of an unwonted movement of his horse ; a fourth attendant ran behind.

Chang Chi Tung, with whom I had a short conversation, is about five feet six, with a broad intelligent forehead, clear dark eyes and rather large and mobile mouth. His moustache is dark, while his long scanty beard is white. He is regarded as China's most progressive viceroy. He has accumulated no fortune, every dollar of his revenue being devoted to the development of his province. He is a great road-maker, and the streets of Wu-chang are carefully metalled and scavenged. He has started mines, foundries, and factories, which so far have not been remunerative, but they afford evidence of his determination to prove that his principle of 'China for the Chinese' is no mere reactionary formula, but a worthy and patriotic ambition. His literary acquirements are of a high order, and on the whole he stands out in the hierarchy of Chinese officialism as one of the purest and ablest of her sons.

If Shanghai is to be the New York of China, Hankow ought to be its Chicago. In the very heart of the Yangtze Valley, it has splendid water communication, north, south, east, and west. The British Concession stretches for half a mile along the river-front, its fine bund being the great feature of Hankow. The French, Russians, Germans, and Japanese have been granted concessions which extend for two miles further, and on the opposite side a concession has been demanded by the United States on which the northern terminus of the Hankow-Canton line will be placed. When this line and that to Peking have been completed, Hankow must be a very important distributing centre. The tea trade is almost entirely in the hands of Russian houses, while the large trade in hides is mainly in German hands. We visited the well-conducted mission hospital erected by Dr. Griffith John in memory of his wife. So far as it goes it leaves nothing to be desired.

Nanking, where we stopped for a night on the return journey, has never recovered from the desolation that followed its occupation by the Taipings. Situated as it is, in a beautiful and fertile country and on the bank of the noble Yangtze with its thirty-six thousand miles of affluents, Nanking is the natural capital of China. The

circuit of its walls is twenty-two miles, but the city has dwindled to comparatively small limits, and large areas are waste and cumbered with the ruins of palaces and buildings. During the Taiping rebellion twenty millions of people were destroyed, the vanquished having always been annihilated. This result was not brought about by the mere fury of destructive brutality, but in some cases by stern necessity. A civilised army has its commissariat, a barbarian horde has none, so the mouths for which the food was grown must be got rid of, else victors and vanquished must perish of starvation.

The approach to the city from the north gate was over three miles of excellent road with raised footpaths on either side, and bordered by triple rows of willows. This road was made by Chang Chi Tung when Viceroy, and is kept in repair by his worthy successor Liu K'un Yi, whose return from a visit to Peking we witnessed on the day of our departure. As we passed along the road the troops were assembling, among them being a small corps of archers. These troops are Hunanese, and supposed to be the most difficult to manage in all China, but neither the men nor the arms were so well turned out as in Chang Chi Tung's army. Banners there were in large numbers, but the arms were dirty and the men slovenly. The American Mission Hospital is eagerly availed of by the Chinese, 33,000 patients having been treated during the past year. A curious feature of the hospital was the preaching-room, where the patients are preached to while awaiting their turn for medical treatment. Patients in actual pain are absolved from this preliminary and receive the first attention of the doctor.

The famous porcelain tower has entirely disappeared, save a portion of its copper cupola, which stands just outside the extensive arsenal near the south-west gate, and forms a basin twelve feet in diameter.

Here we heard the first mention of the Boxers as a sect that was likely to give trouble in the north. We had no idea that the trouble would come so soon.

At Wei-hai-wei, where we landed for a short time, the new Chinese regiment was on parade, and looked very smart in its uniform of grey long tunic with scarlet cummerbund, and black turban. The men were a fine-looking lot, well set up, and very smart in their movements. The officers were loud in their praises of their steadiness on the first occasion on which they were called upon to face their countrymen. This was when a hostile meeting of about eight hundred people, including some Boxers, assembled in the leased territory. They were surrounded by the Chinese Regiment under Colonel Bower, who on advancing to parley with the leader was ordered by them in an insolent manner to dismount if he wished to speak with them. He ordered the regiment to fix bayonets, an operation that cowed the assembly, who were then disarmed and

their leaders arrested and detained at Wei-hai-wei until they gave security to the amount of 7,000 dollars for the good behaviour of their districts. The regiment has since been engaged in some very hard fighting at Tientsin and acquitted itself well.

At Taku we found only ten and a half feet on the bar. We waited for an hour as the tide was rising, then we essayed to cross it, but stuck hopelessly on its soft mud, and so remained until morning. Two ships of war were lying outside. No land was visible except the top of a fort to the westward. In the morning we landed, passing between the lines of forts, which looked as if they ought to be practically impregnable, and also the new torpedo destroyers so gallantly taken by Lieutenants Keyes and Mackenzie with Her Majesty's ships *Fume* and *Whiting* six weeks later. Had the forts before the attack on that occasion received the large reinforcements sent down to occupy them, the losses of the allied forces must have been very great. Thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson & Co., the ramifications of which great house extend to every treaty port in China, we found a special train awaiting us and every arrangement made for our comfort. The long train was crowded, large numbers of Chinese travelling in open flat trucks, each traveller using his baggage as a seat or reclining on the bales of merchandise with which the trucks were laden. At Tientsin we were joined by our friend Dr. Morrison, the *Times'* correspondent at Peking, who travelled with us to the capital, full as usual of anecdote and of accurate information on the affairs of the East. At every station on the line there were numbers of travellers, and whatever objections the Chinese may have to the construction of a railway, it is evident that they are prepared to take full advantage of its facilities when made.

From Tongku to Tientsin and thence to Peking no green thing was to be seen. The country is almost flat and was blasted by drought. The crops had not come up and starvation stared the population in the face. Close to Peking there was some water procurable from wells and the crops were growing.

The railway ends about three miles from Peking, and from the terminus an electric train is taken to a point close to the south gate. The entrance to Peking through the south gate of the Chinese city is very striking: an immense oblong space immediately within the wall, in which an army could assemble, and a broad flagged road running straight down the centre to the T'sien Men or south gate of the Tartar city. For half a mile this wide road runs through the crowded Chinese city, and the dense throng of carts drawn by mules, asses, or bullocks. Rickshaws, camels, with their wild-looking drivers, Chinese on horseback dressed in brilliant colours, and men of every nationality north of the Yellow River formed a sight never to be forgotten. This Chinese town has since been burnt down

by the Boxers, but entrance to this portion of the city brings one no nearer to the forcing of the Tartar city if its splendid gates are held by a hostile force.

That evening at the *Hôtel de Peking*, the landlord spoke of the intense dissatisfaction existing among all classes of Chinese in Peking. The day before a young mandarin had said to him, 'The Emperor has ko-towed four or five times for rain, and no rain has come. What good is he or the Dowager Empress for the Empire?' Food had gone up over 50 per cent., and the people were beginning to be very restless. He thought a revolution probable if the drought continued, in which case the malcontents would probably replace a Ming upon the throne. Having regard to later events, the opinions expressed at the time by people on the spot are interesting. The 'boys' in the hotel were all soldiers. Asked why they came to the hotel for employment, they replied that their pay of five and a half dollars per month became two dollars and twenty cents when the officers and non-commissioned officers had taken their squeeze, so they worked for their living, turning out for inspection when a superior officer came round.

Next day we accepted an invitation to stay at the British Legation, where for a week we enjoyed the charming hospitality of Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald, and had the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of many members of the diplomatic circle at Peking, a circle in which, whatever diplomatic divergence of views and aspirations may possibly have existed, they were certainly not reproduced in the personal relations of the *Corps Diplomatique*, which were delightfully cordial. A visit to the Tsung li Yamen showed how easily such a crime as the murder of Baron von Ketteler, a month later, could have been accomplished. That most modest office in which official visits are received by the body of very astute old gentlemen who convey foreign representations to the Grand Council—the really governing body—is approached from Legation Street by tortuous lanes so narrow in many places that a foot passenger must stand aside in a doorway to admit of the passage of a chair, and from any one of those doorways the occupant could be shot with certainty. His safety could only be secured by having all doors closed and the streets cleared before he passed. The principal streets of the Tartar city, in which all the Legations are situated, are straight and wide—so wide that the practicable part of the street is an embankment in the centre almost twenty feet wide and seven feet high, constructed from 'borrow pits' that run along the embankment on either side, and become deep and dangerous pools in the rainy season, as well as being the dumping-ground for all house refuse. The mixture, which becomes more and more foul as the dry weather advances, is ladled over the embankment to lay the dust, while the ruts are filled with the mud scooped from the

bottom. The system, if nasty, is cheap, and with the springless Peking cart the embankments, soft with mud in wet weather and dust in drought, are decidedly easier going than the flagged or macadamised roads, a few of which are to be found. The shops no longer present the elaborate ornamentation of the southern cities, nor are they open. Here the frequent dust-storms necessitate the shops being closed and protected by windows of paper, oyster-shells, or glass. The Boxer movement had so far developed that two attacks had been made upon British forces on the borders of Wei-hai-wei, and the Chinese delimitation commissioners had been carried off by them into Chinese territory. At the request of the Chinese Governor, British troops had proceeded to their rescue, which they duly effected, and the general impression was that if the government could be induced to show a determined front the Boxer must soon collapse.

While in Peking we moved about the Tartar and Chinese cities and the environs freely, and twice I went into the crowded Chinese city alone. We found everywhere the most perfect civility, nor did we see a symptom either in Peking or in any one of the many towns visited by us of any anti-foreign feeling. Into the native city of Tientsin indeed we did not enter, as we were warned that in the settlement it was not considered safe in consequence of the proximity of a large camp of Chinese troops. But at Shan-hai-kwan, where a week after we left Peking we stayed for two days to examine the Great Wall, we met numbers of the soldiers of General Fung's army, who were all civil and well behaved; and on the morning of our departure, wishing to see the troops on parade, I walked out alone to see the drill at 6 A.M., and stood close by a number of buglers who had fallen out and who took no further notice than an apparently friendly interest. Yet this army supplied a portion of the force that afterwards joined the Boxers in attacking Admiral Sir Edward Seymour's column. It is difficult to judge of the feelings of a people in repose. There were about five thousand men on parade, with fifty or sixty breech-loading field guns. The infantry had evidently been drilled by German officers, and so far as parade-ground drill went they appeared to be smart and efficient. I was not close enough to observe the state of their arms, but they were all breech-loading rifles.

The day before we left Peking I had afternoon tea with Baron and Baroness von Ketteler. A few days previously anti-foreign placards had been found posted in Peking, but while the posting of such placards in China is always a reason for careful observation, neither the German Minister nor, so far as we could hear, the Ministers of any foreign Legation had any idea of the storm that was so soon to burst over the north-eastern provinces.

We left Peking on the 11th of May, and were accompanied to the

station by Messrs. Dering and Tours, of the British Legation, and Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, and after a hot and dusty journey found Tientsin in all the excitement of its annual race meeting. Here the confidence was not quite so absolute. Two or three mysterious fires had taken place, and there were whispers of possible incendiarism; but this was apparently all forgotten as Europeans and Chinese streamed out along the road to the racecourse, where West and East met to watch the racing, in which we seemed to take an equal interest. But one of the oldest inhabitants who had special means of knowing the real feelings of the Chinese said among all classes there is a strong Anti-foreign feeling. They know that foreigners come to China and make money, seriously disturbing their ways and customs in the process. They do not realise the mutual benefit of foreign trade, and assume that all money made by foreigners is lost by China. Their political economy is on a par with that of the Irishman who took comfort that the hated Scotchman could not come and buy large quantities of potatoes for exportation in the scarce year of 1879 'because they weren't in it.'

The country from Tientsin to Tang Shan is the same flat plain as that from Peking. From Tang Shan to Shan-hai-kwan is diversified by hills of apparently disintegrated granite. But no rain had fallen and the country was bare of vegetation. All farming operations were suspended, clouds of dust swept seaward before the strong land-breeze that here, after the manner of Chinese contrariety, sets in each morning at about ten o'clock, and it was evident that the population must be in immediate danger of destitution, if not of famine. But here so far there was absolutely no symptom of unrest. The coal-mines of Tang Shan were in full work close to the railway station, where extensive ranges of workshops were being erected by Mr. Kinder, whose indomitable energy has made the Chinese Imperial Railway, and whose uncompromising integrity and ability have saved its revenue from the tortuous finance of a portion of the Board of Directors. Here was preserved the 'Rocket' of China, the first locomotive constructed. It was built by Mr. Kinder for the purpose of getting the coal from the mine to a little distance. He bought the wheels in Hong Kong for five dollars, and made the other parts out of odds and ends. When it was put to work the Chinese were, or affected to be, frightened at this dragon moving about and were afraid of its effect upon *Fung Shui*. So at length a complaint was made, and an official was sent from Peking to inquire into this uncanny innovation. Mr. Kinder got timely warning, so he took the engine to pieces and scattered the parts about the yard. The commissioner remained for a time and was well treated. He reported that there was nothing to be found of the dragon. Li Hung Chang gave the hint that it might be quietly put to work again, and little by little the work was extended until the line reached the wharf on

the river, a distance of five miles. Here it stuck for several years before the extension was entered upon. The 600 miles that are now working were carried through by the support of Li Hung Chang, who in this respect has been a consistent advocate of progress. In the workshops at present existing at Tang Shan, engines are being repaired and rolling stock built entirely by Chinese labour and with Chinese foremen. The cars can be built twenty per cent. cheaper than they can be imported, but on the completion of the new ranges of workshops Mr. Kinder hoped to build his engines, getting the raw material from England, and with the command of intelligent Chinese labour he expected that they would be built very much cheaper than they could be imported. Unhappily the Boxer upheaval has partially destroyed the railway, and the workshops, plant, and rolling stock at Tang Shan have been given to the flames.

The Boxer movement is the most serious that has arisen in China since the Taiping rebellion. It is not many years since it began by the instruction of a few men in the arts of boxing and fencing, ostensibly for the purpose of enabling them to preserve order in their villages. The professors of this Chinese art of self-defence lived in the mountains in the neighbourhood of Tai San, the principal one of the five sacred mountains of China, which is annually visited by great numbers of pilgrims. After a time it was found that the teachers claimed supernatural powers: possibly they may have been able to produce mesmeric phenomena, which would deeply impress the pupils. Anyhow, the members formed themselves into a secret society which practised incantations the effect of which they firmly believe is to render them invulnerable. Nor does the ocular demonstration of death by violence affect this belief, as in that event a second body is waiting for their spirit to enter, these auxiliary bodies residing in the stars and coming down when required. They adopted certain signs of brotherhood, and each member wears a charm composed of shells at his waist-belt.

The society has spread with amazing rapidity, its watchword being 'China for the Chinese.' Its existence has been known for more than two years, but in a country where nine-tenths of the people belong to some secret society it attracted no particular notice. It first became militant in its attacks upon missionaries in Shantung, where probably the Chinese officials had gauged the real strength of the movement.

When the foreign Ministers demanded that steps should be taken for the suppression of the society, the protection of the Empress Dowager was given to it. A great movement of 'China for the Chinese' might be in the north, as it is in the south, a real danger to the Manchu dynasty; but if the dynasty made common cause against the Western barbarians it might be saved, hence the unconcealed approval of the movement. Prince Tuan, the father of

the selected Heir Apparent, is stated to be a prominent member of the society, and it is believed that a great number of Manchu nobles have joined it. Murders of missionaries were condoned by gentle chiding and feeble requests for good behaviour, and when at length in the early part of June the Boxer thousands engaged in the destruction of the Imperial railway were met and defeated by General Nieh with severe loss, the mask was thrown off and the General was reprimanded for undue severity.

From that moment matters assumed a much graver aspect. Hitherto the Boxer propaganda had not been openly espoused by the Imperial troops, although their sympathy was strongly suspected; but when Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, with an allied force of two thousand men, made his unsuccessful attempt to force his way to Peking for the relief of the Legations, he was confronted by Imperial troops who had joined the Boxers *en masse* or had been ordered to support them. In the meantime, and after the return of the column, the foreign settlement of Tientsin was besieged, bombarded by Chinese artillery, and day by day attacked by Chinese regular troops and Boxers. Had the Taku forts not been taken by the allied forces on the 17th of June, they would have been occupied in great force by reinforcements then proceeding for that purpose. It is improbable that they could then have been reduced by the small number of men available from the allied fleets, from which the Peking relief column had been drawn, and while awaiting the advent of troops, the forces with Sir Edward Seymour and at Tientsin, with the foreign community of that settlement, would have been completely cut off from the possibility of obtaining supplies or ammunition. In the meantime impenetrable mystery surrounds Peking, and now, in the last days of July, we know not if the eight or nine hundred foreigners are safe or if the allied armies will only arrive in Peking to find that the horrors of Cawnpore have been repeated.

That the movement should have culminated so rapidly in Shantung and Chi-li is not surprising to those who have observed the hysterical side of the Chinese character. The long drought had ruined their crops and reduced the large population of those provinces to a state of desperation. Rinderpest had attacked the cattle in Shantung, and put a stop to the export of 900 head per month hitherto supplied from Chefoo to the Russian garrison at Port Arthur. Agitators were clever enough to seize the opportunity, and placards were posted declaring that they were visited with these accumulated misfortunes as a punishment for permitting the presence of the foreigners.

But the outbreak of violence in the two north-eastern provinces has been followed by an apparently concerted movement against Christians in every part of China. From Chi-li in the north to

Hainan in the south, from Chekiang in the east to Yunnan in the west, the missionaries are flocking to the ports for safety. Many have been murdered, some with circumstances of horrible atrocity. Mission stations have been burnt or destroyed, and evidence accumulates that Christian missionary effort has not succeeded in winning the good will, or even the toleration, of a people who have in the past shown themselves singularly tolerant of other faiths. Taoism has joined hands with Buddhism, and Mahomedanism has many thousands of votaries who follow the tenets of their faith without let or hindrance. The subject is ably treated in a pamphlet entitled *Missionaries in China*, by Alexander Michie, published in Tientsin in 1893 and reviewed in the *Times* and other English papers. In China it is freely stated that the principal cause of the widespread dislike to missionaries, especially the Roman Catholic, is their interference in law suits and practical coercion of the Yamens on behalf of their converts. But such statements must be received with reserve in a country where such assertions are not easily verified, and missionary jealousies are not unknown. Among the 2,500 foreign missionaries spread over the length and breadth of China are doubtless many instances of noble and devoted self-sacrifice, but the missionary body is not without its leaven of tactless aggressiveness. This must be remembered when judging of the attitude of the Chinese. It is questionable whether a foreign missionary, or a native, engaged in proselytising in the South or West of Ireland would be as safe without constant armed protection as the great majority of missionaries have been in China under ordinary circumstances. But among the exciting causes of an intensified anti-foreign sentiment throughout China one of the most potent has been the earlier writings of Kang Yu Wei the reformer. His earlier writings, in which he uses every argument to compel his countrymen to adopt Western methods to the end that China shall free herself from the trammels of the foreigner and become the most powerful nation in the world, are brilliant literary productions. Every square mile of territory torn from ancient China by aggression or obtained by diplomatic pressure is recapitulated, and the despoilment denounced with passionate force, while the possibilities of the future recovery of lost possessions by an awakened and instructed nation of 400 millions are reiterated in glowing and vigorous periods. The writings of Kang Yu Wei are disfigured by the open advocacy of assassination of all those whom he holds responsible for the suppression of the reform movement, but they have exercised a serious influence upon the literati, among whom his disciples are numbered by thousands, and prepared the ground for a possible anti-foreign struggle.

His later writings advocate progress and reform by the aid of foreigners, and the same freedom for foreigners in China as they

enjoy in Western countries. His violent denunciations of the Dowager, Empress, Prince Tuan, Jung Lu, and others, caused his book to be suppressed and publicly burnt, but the book and early memorials have been extensively read and have profoundly affected the opinions of educated China. It remains to be seen what the modifying effect may be of his later and more matured convictions.

With the visit to Shan-hai-kwan and Tang Shan the interest of our tour in China ended. Back to Tientsin we found no apparent symptom of disturbance, and on the morning of our departure for Taku, *en route* for Korea, we found at the railway station, since the scene of so much hard fighting, Dr. Tong, the Chinese director, who came to see us off. I have heard since with regret that his wife and child were killed by a Chinese shell in the bombardment of Tientsin.

And now, as I write, we stand face to face with one of the gravest problems of the century. From the ends of the earth, tens of thousands of the armies of Europe and America are hurrying to rescue the Legations of the Great Powers, or to exact a stern retribution. For over six weeks nearly one thousand foreigners have been shut up in Peking, and for a month no word has come from them. The Allied Powers will go to Peking, and, should the worst have happened, what then? It may not be without profit to remember that there are two Chinas—the China of the north of the Yangtze, and the China of the south: two Chinas speaking different languages, and entertaining for each other a mutual antipathy hardly less than that with which each regards the foreigner. At this moment the Chinese of Hong Kong have collected 10,000 dollars to assist the Cantonese employed in Tientsin to escape to the south. Leaving out the great province of Szechuen, with its sixty-eight millions, which lies midway on the west, the population of the north and south of the Yangtze is in each case between 145 and 146 millions. But forecasts are vanity. When the wise men are gathered together to discuss the political future of one-third of the human race, who can foretell the solution of the problem? .

HENRY A. BLAKE.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA

2. TAOISM

THE next home-grown religion in China is Taoism, ascribed to Lâo-tzé. Of him and of his life, if we exclude mere legends, even less is known than of Confucius. Some have, indeed, gone so far as to deny his existence altogether, and though his reported interview with Confucius has been generally considered as establishing once for all the historical character of both these sages, even that meeting, fixed as having taken place about 517 B.C., might well be the product of tradition only. Something like it has happened, indeed, to most founders of religion. Tradition adds so many fanciful and miraculous traits to the real story of their lives that, like a tree smothered and killed by ivy, the subject of all these fables, the stem round which the ivy clusters, becomes almost invisible, and seems at last to be fabulous itself. Still the trunk must have been there, and must have been real in order to serve as the support of that luxuriant ivy. It is said, for instance, of Lâo-tzé that his mother bore him for seventy-two years, and that, when he was born at last, in 604 B.C., he had already white hair. Is it not palpable how this tradition arose? Lâo-tzé was the name given to him, and that name signifies Old Child, or Old Boy. This name being once given, everything else followed. He was born with white hair, and spoke words of wisdom like an old man. Even the very widely spread idea that the fathers of these wonderful heroes were old men recurs in this instance, for the father of Confucius also was said to have been well stricken in years. But, after all, the parents and what was fabled or believed about them in China are nothing to us. What we want to know is what the Old Boy thought and taught, and this is what we find in the *Tâo-teh-King*. Nor does it help us much if we read of the modern state of Taoism, in which the sublime ideas of Lâo-tzé seem entirely swamped by superstitions, jugglery, foolish ceremonies, and idolatry. On the contrary, we shall have to forget all that Taoism has become in later times, and what it is at the present day, if we want to understand the ideas of the old philosopher. We are told that at present those who profess Taoism belong to the lowest and most degraded classes of

society in China, nor do we ever hear of the spreading of Taoism beyond its national frontiers or of any attempts to spread it abroad by means of missionary efforts. In fact, we can hardly doubt that Taoism, in this respect at least, resembled Confucianism. Both were home-grown national forms of religious and mythological faith, both sprang up from a confused and ill-defined mass of local customs and popular legends, sacrificial traditions, medical and hygienic observances—with this difference, however, that the teaching of Confucius acted from the very first prohibitively against the mass of existing superstitious beliefs and practices of the common people, and laid the strongest stress on ethical and political principles, excluded polytheism and all talk about transcendent matters, while Taoism excluded little or nothing, but was ready to accept whatever the people had believed in for centuries, only adding what must always have been a philosophy first and a religion afterwards—the belief in *Tão*. In 140 B.C. a learned scholar of the name of Tung Chung-shî recommended to the Emperor Wû that all studies not found in the six departments of knowledge and in other arts sanctioned by Confucius should be strictly forbidden, so that the people should know what to follow, and that the depraved and perverse talk which was heard at that time should cease once for all. But the Emperor, though aware of the evil, threw himself for many years into the arms of the charlatans, mostly Taoists, much as he afterwards repented of his folly. What made Taoism so popular was that the Taoists preferred to practise ever so many of the black arts. They professed to change baser metals into gold, to brew the elixir of immortality, to produce manifestations of the spirits, and to perform similar tricks which have found credence at all times and in all countries among the ignorant masses, sometimes even at Courts and among people who ought to have known better.

When Confucius warned his people to keep aloof from spirits, this warning, which looks at first very like a warning against all spiritual beliefs, may possibly refer to the motley worship of the so-called spirits only, with which Taoism was deeply infested. It may be said that Confucianism was later than Taoism, and could therefore avoid the dangers on which Taoism was wrecked. But the background of the two religions was evidently the same. Only while Confucius tried to discard whatever seemed to him hurtful, Taoism seems never to have been strong enough for so unpopular a task. We ought not to make *Lão-tzé*, the author of Taoism, responsible for the national substratum of his religion, nor for the rubbish that entered into its construction. Though he was raised in later times to be one of the chief gods and spirits of the Taoists, *Lão-tzé* himself was far too sensible to aspire to such an honour.

The corruption of Taoism, owing to the vitiated elements which it had admitted into its system, seems to have been very rapid. If

we look first at the degraded state of those who profess Taoism in China, and examine the popular beliefs and the public worship in which they rejoice, we can hardly trust our eyes when we come to read the *T'ao-teh-King*, the only book which L'ao-tzé has left behind, and on which his real teaching, whether we call it philosophy or religion, was founded. In early times, and even in China itself, L'ao-tzé is spoken of as the superior of Confucius in his sublime flights of speculation and fancy. Certainly Confucius must have been a man of great humility. He is said to have exclaimed, 'Alas! there is no one that knows me!' adding, however, 'But there is Heaven—He knows me.' A man who can say that must be a man of independent thought and of a strongly marked religious character. But, though he dare not admit it himself, he was known, and was known even during his lifetime, as one of the so called 'superior men,' far superior even to Y'ao and Shun, the phoenix among birds, the T'ai mountain among mounds and ant-hills. Still, as he was the younger, being thirty-five when L'ao-tzé was eighty-eight years of age, Confucius, having heard of L'ao-tzé's fame, went to see him in 517 B.C. L'ao-tzé received Confucius with a certain air of superiority, but Confucius, after his interview with L'ao-tzé was over, was evidently full of admiration for the old philosopher. He is reported to have said to his own disciples: 'I know how birds can fly, fishes swim, and animals run; but the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon; I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen L'ao-tzé, and can only compare him to the dragon.'¹ The followers of Confucius and L'ao-tzé, however, did not remain united in friendship and admiration, like their respective teachers. In the first century, as Sze-mâ Chien relates, the believers in T'ao had become a separate school, opposed to the adherents of Confucius and opposed by them. Many more legends gathered round L'ao-tzé. He was deified, he was believed to have existed in a former life, and, what has often been repeated, as pointing to Christianity, he was believed to have predicted a coming teacher—a teacher that would come from the west. This is, no doubt, a curious prophecy; the difficulty is only to find out at what time it arose and by whom it was first mentioned. The earlier legend speaks only of L'ao-tzé as leaving his home in disgust and going to the north-west. Here the keeper of the gate is said to have asked him to compose a book. He agreed, wrote the book, the *T'ao-teh-King*, and then proceeded alone on his distant journey and disappeared, no one knowing whither he had gone and how he died.

But, though we are told that during all his life he had been teaching the doctrine of the T'ao, it seems almost impossible, in spite of all that has been written on the subject by Chinese

¹ Legge, *Religion of China*, p. 206.

and European *savants*, to say what Tào really meant. We have now many translations of *Tào-teh-King*, but even they do not throw much real light on this mysterious being. It is clear, however, that Tào was not a man, nor a visible or palpable thing. But if it was a concept, we ask again whence that concept arose, what it comprehended, and how it ever sprang up in the mind of man. We are accustomed to find concepts in every language to which there is no word corresponding in other languages. Concepts such as *revelation* and *inspiration* mean very different things in different languages, and there is no word so difficult to render into any language as Logos, the Word. Still, we can generally define the category of thoughts to which such names belong; but even that seems impossible with Tào. Hence some philosophers—and it is clearly a subject for philosophers rather than for Chinese scholars—speak with open contempt of Láo-tzé and his Tào, while others, particularly those who first discovered the *Tào-teh-King* and translated it, are rapturous in their admiration of that ancient philosophy. The first who published a translation of the *Tào-teh-King* was Rémusat, a member of the French Institute, and certainly a man thoroughly inured to the hardest philosophical speculations. In 1825 Rémusat wrote in the first volume of his *Asiatic Miscellanies*, p. 8 :

The current traditions regarding this philosopher (Láo-Tseu), the knowledge of which is due to the missionaries, were not of a character to encourage the first inquirers. The study of his book altered all the ideas which I had been able to form about him. Instead of the originator of a set of jugglers, professors of the black art, and astrologers, who seek for immortality and the means of raising themselves through the sky to heaven, I found a genuine philosopher, a single-eyed moralist, an eloquent theologian, and a subtle metaphysician. His style has the sublimity of the Platonic, and also, we must say, something of its obscurity. He produces quite similar thoughts in nearly the same words. Moreover, his whole philosophy breathes mildness and goodwill. His condemnation is directed only against hard hearts and violent men. His opinions on the origin and constitution of the universe show neither ridiculous fables nor a scandalous want of sense; they bear the stamp of a noble and high spirit; and in the sublime views which they disclose show a remarkable and incontestable agreement with the teaching which the schools of Pythagoras and Plato exhibited a little later.²

Professor Legge uses much more sober language when speaking of the *Tào-teh-King*, yet he also calls it a *κρῆμα ἐς ἀεί*. In Rémusat's words we see an expression of the same surprise of which we spoke just now, and which everybody must feel who compares the so-called religion of the Taoists in China with the *Tào-teh-King* of their founder. The two are different things, though they go by the same name. Professor Legge, who knew the Chinese mind and Chinese literature in all its branches, from long familiarity with China and the Chinese, seems far less surprised at this treasure found in ancient

² See also *Mémoire sur la Vie et les Opinions de Láo-Tseu, Philosophe Chinois du VI^{me} Siècle avant notre Ère, qui a professé les Opinions attribuées communément à Pythagore, à Platon et à leurs Disciples*. Paris, 1823.

China. It may be true, as Legge and other Chinese scholars maintain, that Taoism, though known long before the introduction of Buddhism into China in the first century after our era, became an established religion with a fully developed system of ceremonial worship, chiefly through the influence of that foreign religion. It may have been a perfectly natural wish on the part of the followers of Lâo-tzé, who stood in a kind of opposition to the orthodox and conservative Confucianism, to assume a more settled form, and particularly to adopt something like the elaborate worship of the Buddhists, with their monasteries, their public processions, their vestments, their statues and idols. If Professor Legge is right, the existing religion of Taoism was begotten by Buddhism out of the old superstitions of the country, and it was not till after statues of Buddha had been brought to China that statues of Confucius and other great men of the past began to be made, nor was any image ever fashioned of the Confucian God of the old classics.³ But now, if you go into a Taoist temple, you are immediately confronted by three vast images, looking exactly like Buddhas. They are, however, the great gods of the Taoists, the three Pure Holy Ones—the Perfect Holy, the Highest Holy, and the Great Holy One. They actually are called Shang Ti, the Confucian name for God, the Supreme Lord. The second is meant for Lâo-tzé, here called the Most High Prince Lâo. The third is the Gemmeous sovereign God, who is supposed to exercise control over the physical world and to superintend all human affairs. Many legends are told about these three Pure or Holy Ones. The first, who is also called P'an-ku, is the first man who opened up heaven and earth. He is sometimes represented as a shaggy, dwarfish Hercules, developing from a bear rather than from an ape, and wielding an immense hammer and chisel, with which he is breaking the chaotic rocks and fashioning the earth. There are ever so many legends told about the third of these popular idols, who is represented as the ruler of the world. Yet the original of that idol, too, is said to have been a magician of the family of Lâo-tzé, and the story is told of him that he and another magician, called Liû, rode a race on waggons up to heaven, a novel position for the ruler of the world to find himself in. This is a fair specimen of the vulgar Taoism, with its grotesque fancies and its unbeautiful art. It is true that Buddhism also had a very fanciful mythology and collection of legends, but we can generally discover a meaning in them, while in Taoism everything is a kind of dumb show. The three Precious Ones of Buddhism, often represented by statues and images, are said to be emblematic of the intelligence personified by Buddha, the Law, and the Community or Church, or, as the people thought, the Buddha Past, Present, and To Come. We shall see that the Buddhism which found most favour in China was not only the

³ *Religions of China*, p. 167.

purely ethical and at the same time historical Buddhism of India, as represented in Pāli, the Tripitaka, the so-called Hīnayāna, the Little-go, but the Mahāyāna, the Great-go, a system of Buddhism the origin of which is still enveloped in great obscurity, and which may have borrowed from tribes beyond the Himalayan chain as much as it gave to them. Neither Buddha, who died 477 B.C., nor Confucius, who died 478 B.C., nor Lāo-tzé, the older contemporary of Confucius, cared about any of these purely external embellishments of religion. In one instance we can almost watch an exchange of opinion between Confucius and Lāo-tzé. All three agreed on the principle that we should treat others as we wish that they should treat ourselves. Lāo-tzé, however, went even a step beyond, and commanded his followers to return good for evil. One of the school of Confucius, we are told, heard this maxim, and, being puzzled by it, consulted the master. Confucius thought for a moment and then replied, 'What, then, will you return for good?' And his decision was, 'Recompense injury with justice, and return good for good!' Lāo-tzé's sentiment may seem more sublime, but the answer of Confucius was certainly more logical.

But what is Tāo which Lāo-tzé proclaimed, and on which the whole of his philosophy was founded? If we once know this, we shall be able to judge for ourselves whether, as Samuel Johnson observes, this ancient book contains really 'water from unseen wells and life from original fountains,' or whether what we find there is muddy water only, of which the very spring, the Tāo, defies all accurate definition, nay, even translation. If we take the title *Tāo-teh-King* we find that *King* means 'book,' particularly a classical book; *Teh* means 'virtue' or 'outcome'; and if we consult Lāo-tzé himself, he says, 'If I were suddenly to become known, and (put into a position) to conduct (a government according to the Great Tāo), what I should be most afraid of would be a boastful display. The great Tāo (or way) is very level and easy; but people love the by-ways.' This shows, though not very clearly, that with him Tāo was the straight path, the right tendency; but in what sense he meant this straight path to be understood remains uncertain. The old Latin translator uses *Ratio*. Rémusat says, 'Ce mot me semble ne pas pouvoir être bien traduit si ce n'est par le mot λόγος dans le triple sens de souverain Etre, de Raison et de Parole.'

In many respects Logos would certainly seem a good substitute for Tāo, though not in all. If, however, Professor Legge thinks it could not be rendered by Logos, because it had a father and was believed to have pre-existed, he should have remembered that some early theologians claimed pre-existence for the Logos also, though conceived as the Son. He even seems to admit that people would not be far wrong if they took Tāo in the sense of Nature, when by

a metonymy of the effect for the cause the word is used for the Creator, Author, or Producer of things, or for the powers that produce them. Dr. Hardwick, again, took Tào for an abstract cause, or the initial principle of life and order. Watters and Balfour agree that Tào is best matched by the word 'Nature,' if used in the sense of *Natura naturans*, while all that exists (in Chinese, *Tiên te wao wù*) denotes the *Natura naturata*. Still Professor Legge is not quite satisfied with any of these renderings, because the Tào was not of a visible nature, but was the quiet, orderly course, the unseen but admirable method, in which nature developed into that Kosmos which we see.

Strauss boldly translates Tào by God; but this, again, is impossible, because there is very little that is personal in the Tào, and the old name for God was there already in Chinese—namely, Tien. When Láo-tzé says, 'I do not know whose son Tào is; it might seem to be before God,' he certainly seems to give a personal character to Tào; but even in this connection 'son' has been understood to mean no more than product, while what seems to be before God cannot well be the son of God. Again he says, 'Before there were heaven and earth, from of old, there It was, securely existing. From It came the mysterious existence of spirits; from It the mysterious existence of God (Tì).' What wonder that missionaries thought they discovered in the *Tào-teh-King sanctissimæ Trinitatis et Dei incarnati mysteria*? It is very strange that, different as these various renderings of Tào are, yet we find while reading the various translations of the *Tào-teh-King* that now one, now the other, seems to fit best into the context of words and the context of thoughts with which the author is dealing. Translators, however, seem to forget that mere words, such as Nature, God, Reason, Logos, and all the rest, require themselves a definition before they can be declared adequate for the purpose of translation. One thing seems quite clear—that in the philosophical and religious development of early humanity there is nothing that had the same origin and the same development as the Chinese Tào. All agree that it meant originally the path or course, and that afterwards it came to mean something quite different, such as nature, God, or reason, though they do not explain by what stages this transition took place.

But though there is no word and no concept in any other language, the historical development of which runs parallel with that of Tào, I venture to point out one occurring in Vedic, though almost forgotten in classical Sanskrit, which seems to me to fulfil those conditions better than any other word. I mentioned it years ago to Professor Legge, but, as he was unacquainted with the language and the growth of philosophy of the Veda and the Upanishads, he was afraid that my explanation would only be explaining the *ignotum per ignotius*—a mere addition of a new translation—with-

out any addition of new light on the hidden origin of the Tào. I see that I even mentioned my idea in a note to my *Lectures on the Origin of Religion*—that is to say, in 1878—p. 251. My conviction has, however, become stronger and stronger the more I studied Láo-tzé's *Tào-teh-King*, and the more I watched the application of Tào to natural, psychological, moral, and political developments, supposed to have originated in and to be ruled by the Tào. For it must not be forgotten that Tào rules, or is meant to rule, not only in nature, but in the government of States also, and in the actions of each individual. One thing only I must guard against at once—namely, the idea that I look upon Tào as a Vedic idea, transferred in ancient times, like many other things, from India to China. Not even among the Buddhists of India does such an idea occur, though there may possibly have been earlier communications between India and China than we are aware of. The parallelism between the Vedic and the Chinese courses of thought need, therefore, prove no more than a natural coincidence, showing, it may be, that the conception of the Tào was by no means so peculiar to the Chinese as it seemed to Chinese scholars.⁴

Rîta, from *ri*, to go, would mean originally the going, the moving forward, the path, particularly the straight or direct path. Thus we read in the *Rig-Veda*, i. 105, 12, 'The rivers go the Rîta'—i.e. the right way; or, *RV.* ii. 28, 4, 'The rivers go the right way of Varuna.' Here 'Rîta' may mean no more than the right or proper way, and the same meaning would apply when Varuna and other gods are called the guardians of Rîta—that is, of the right way, or of the right. But when Varuna and Mitra and other gods are said to be born of Rîta, to know the Rîta, or to increase the Rîta, Rîta has evidently the meaning of something prior to the gods, a something from which even the gods may be said to proceed. The Way is used in the sense of that which caused the movement or gave the first impulse, and likewise the first direction to all movement—the *κινούν ἀκίνητον*, or *primum mobile*—in fact, the very Tào, as we shall see. Rîta may first have been suggested by the visible path of the sun and other heavenly luminaries, but it soon left that special meaning behind, and came then to signify movement and course in general—that is to say, in a larger sense—including the movements of sun and moon and stars, of day and night, of the seasons and of the year. On the other hand Rîta came to mean the point from which a movement proceeded, the starting-point, or the cause of any movement, more particularly of the great cosmic movement. When the sun rises the path of Rîta is said to be surrounded by rays, and it was used for the place from whence the movement originated, and sometimes

⁴ See what Le Page Renouf says about the Egyptian Maât (*Hibbert Lectures*, p. 169 *et seq.*)

also of the originator of such movement. The sun is actually called the bright face of *Ṛita*. The dawn is said to 'dwell in the abyſs of *Ṛita*. The god *Varuṇa* (*Uranus*) is introduced as saying, 'I supported the sky in the seat of *Ṛita*,' and later on *Ṛita* is conceived as the eternal foundation of all that exists.

When *Ṛita*, or the path of *Ṛita*, had once been conceived as the path on which the gods overpowered the darkness of the night, it was but a small step for their worshippers to pray that they also might be allowed to follow that right path. In this connection it is often doubtful whether we should translate the path of *Ṛita* or the right path. And we can from this point of view better understand how *Ṛita*, after meaning what was straight, right, and good, came to mean law. 'O *Indra*,' the god exclaims, *RV.* x. 133, 6, 'lead us on the path of *Ṛita*, or on the right path, over all evils.'

At all events, we can see now how many ideas may and do cluster round this one word *Ṛita*, with its original concept of path changed into movement, impulse, origin, disposition, tendency, bent, law, &c. Divergent as these concepts are, they can all be shown to converge towards one primitive concept, of something first perceived in the movements of the heavenly bodies, day and night, summer and winter, and in the end experience of the law and even the law-giver that rules the world and rules ourselves. When there are no mythological gods, such as *Agni* or *Indra*, the God, whether *Tien* or *Varuṇa*, became naturally the Law or the Lawgiver. The mental process is the same, however much the words may differ.

Anyhow we can clearly see from the Vedic word *ṛita* that the ancestors of our race in India did not only believe in divine powers, manifested in nature, but that their senses likewise suggested to them the concept of order and law as revealed in the daily path of the sun, and of other heavenly bodies, in the succession of day and night and of the seasons.

Let us now see whether the Chinese *T'ao*, the origin of which, as a concept, has puzzled so many Chinese scholars, may not be rendered intelligible by being compared with the Vedic *Ṛita*. Each by itself is obscure, *Ṛita* as well as *T'ao*, but for all that they may throw light on each other; only we must remember that the one has grown up on the mental soil of India, the other on that of China.

That *T'ao* is not meant for a personal being, though it sometimes comes very near to it, may be gathered from such passages as 'the *T'ao* is devoid of action, of thought, of judgment, of intelligence.' When *L'ao-tzé* speaks of the *T'ao* in nature, it means nothing but the order of nature. The *T'ao* of nature is no doubt the spontaneous life and action of nature; it is that which changes the chaos into a kosmos, and represents the law and order visible in nature, in the growth of animals and plants, in the course of the seasons, the movements of the stars, in the birth and death of all animals. In all of

these there is Tào, an innate force, sometimes also something very like Providence, only not like a personal God. If water by itself finds its level, runs lower by its own gravity as long as it can, and then remains stagnant, that again is due to its Tào, its inherent qualities, we should say, or its character, its very being (*svabhāva*), as Hindu philosophers would call it.

So much for Tào in nature. As to the Tào in the individual, who is considered a part of nature, it becomes manifest in all actions which are spontaneous, and, as Láo-tzé requires, show no cause and no purpose. If the individual acts as he acts because he cannot help it, he acts in conformity with his Tào. He lets himself go and act as his nature moves him. If the heart is empty of all design and of all motives, then the Tào has its free course. This leads to the glorification of perfect quietude, and of allowing perfect freedom to the Tào. Láo-tzé actually maintains 'that by laziness and doing nothing there is nothing that is not done.' 'All things,' he adds, 'shoot up in spring without a word spoken, and grow without a claim to their production. They accomplish their development without any display of pride, and the results are reached without any assumption of ownership.'

So it is or should be with man, who, while the Tào has free play, remains perfectly humble and never strives. The water too is a pattern of humility. It abases itself as low as it can and finds its lowest level. Thus we read (p. 104):

What makes a great State? Its being like a low-lying, down-flowing stream; it becomes the centre to which tend all the small States under heaven. To illustrate from the case of all females: the female always overcomes the male by her stillness, and the process may be considered a sort of abasement.⁵

On p. 52 Láo-tzé says:

The highest excellence is that of water. That excellence appears in its benefiting all things, and in its occupying, without striving to the contrary, the low place which all men dislike. Hence its way is near to that of Tào.

'There are three precious things,' Láo-tzé says, 'which I prize and hold. The first is gentle kindness, the second is economy, the third is humility, not daring to take precedence of others. With gentleness I can be brave, with economy I can be liberal, not presuming to take precedence of others. I can make myself a vessel or means of the most distinguished services.'

All this may be perfectly true; the only question is whether it can be obtained by simply letting the Course (Tào) have free course, by being good-natured without being aware of it, aye, as he says in conclusion, by loving even our enemies. He goes a step further, and maintains that by following this course men may acquire 'mysterious power,' may become inviolable, enjoying freedom of all

⁵ *Taoteh King*, translated by Legge.

danger, even the risk of death. Poisonous insects will not sting him, wild beasts will not seize him, birds of prey will not strike him. This is, of course, sheer fatalism, and it might seem that Tào could in this connection be translated by *fatum*. And this is the point where a good deal of the superstitious practices of the Taoists comes in. They do not see the metaphorical significance of these words, but profess by a symbolism of the breath and other hypnotic practices to act as physicians and to be able to brew even the elixir of life. Death does not seem to exist for them as an extinction of life. Anyhow, dying means to them no more than the perishing of the body, while the soul is immortal. A Taoist of the eleventh century writes: 'The human body is like the covering of the caterpillar or the skin of the snake, as occupying it but for a passing sojourn. When the covering is dried up the caterpillar is still alive, and so is the snake when the skin has decomposed and disappears. But he who knows the permanence of things becomes a sharer of the Tào, and while his body may disappear his life will not be extinguished.'

In this way the exoteric and the esoteric meaning of Lâu-tzé's doctrines show themselves, as professed either by the *vulgus profundum* or by the sage.

We can easily imagine what this doctrine of the Tào may become when applied to the government of political society, though Lâu-tzé certainly went beyond our wildest imaginations. The ethics of political life are the chief interest of Confucius, and they are so, though in a different form, in the system of Lâu-tzé. Confucius goes back to very primitive times when he imagines that a State could be governed by Hsiào, or Filial Piety, but Lâu-tzé goes far beyond when he looks upon Tào as the true principle of all government. Confucius also speaks of the way of Heaven, which we ought to follow. Both the ruler and the ruled are to act without purpose, without striving, in fact without any activity except what is suggested by the Tào, perfect quietude and unselfishness. 'As soon as a sage exercises government he would seek to empty the hearts of his people from all desires, he would fill their bellies, weaken their ambition, and strengthen their bones. He would try to keep them without knowledge, oppose the advancement of all knowledge, and free them from all desires.' One can hardly trust one's eyes, but this is Professor Legge's translation of the *T'ao-teh-K'ing*, and I believe he may be implicitly trusted. There are covert hits at the Filial Piety preached by Confucius. It was only when the great Tào method fell into disuse, and there came in its room benevolence and righteousness, very inferior to the Tào, and afterwards shrewdness and sagacity, and at last hypocrisy, that Filial Piety was considered a panacea for all defects of government. 'When harmony ceased to characterise the six nearest relations of kindred there arose Filial Sons; when States and clans became involved in disorder loyal

ministers came into notice.' Láo-tzé's remarks sound almost like a satire on Confucius, but he repeats his accusation, and says: 'When the Táo was lost goodness appeared again as inferior to Táo. When goodness was lost benevolence appeared. When benevolence was lost righteousness appeared. When righteousness was lost propriety appeared. Now, propriety is the attenuated form of leal-heartedness and sincerity, and the commencement of disorder. Every member of a State should act as the Táo or, it may be, his nature compels him, and this Táo is supposed to be better than goodness, benevolence, righteousness, and propriety.' Knowledge, too, does not fare better. Not to value men for their superior talent is the way to keep people from contentious rivalry; not to prize articles difficult to obtain is the way to keep them from stealing; not to show them the example of seeking after things that excite the desires is the way to keep their hearts from disorder.

Láo-tzé seems to have believed that such a paradisiacal State once existed, and that there were rulers then under whom their subjects simply knew that they existed. They all said: 'We are as we are ourselves.' The great object of the governors was to keep people simple, and one only wonders how the ancients ever forfeited such a paradise. Knowledge seems to have been considered as the chief cause of all mischief. 'The difficulty of governing the people arises from their having too much knowledge; and therefore he who seeks to govern a State by wisdom is a scourge to it, while he who does not seek to govern it thereby is a blessing.' It is but natural that Láo-tzé should, on account of such sentiments, have been looked upon as an enemy to all knowledge and a believer in the blessings of ignorance. But we ought not to forget that his description of what a political system ought to be, or even had been, was a Utopia only, and we should remember that in another Paradise also the fruit of the tree of knowledge was a forbidden fruit. I cannot bring myself to believe that a man of Láo-tzé's genius would have wished to revive that state of paradisiacal ignorance and innocence in modern States, though it is certainly true that superstitious ignorance flourished more among the Taoists than real knowledge. Yet he says in so many words: 'Though the people had boats and carriages they should have no occasion to use them. Though they had mail coats and sharp weapons they should not don them. I would make them return to the use of knotted cords (an important passage, as showing the former use of knotted cords, *quippos*, instead of written characters, in ancient China also). They should think their coarse food sweet, their plain clothing beautiful, their poor houses places of rest, and their common ways places of enjoyment.'

Much more is to be found in the *Táo-teh-King* as to the power and the workings of Táo, but what has been said may suffice for our purpose. We see in Taoism a system of philosophy and religion,

sometimes the one, sometimes the other, which has sprung up on purely Chinese soil, though at a later time it was evidently far more influenced than Confucianism by the newly introduced system of Buddhism. Taoism and Confucianism both point back to an immeasurable antiquity, and they certainly made no secret of having taken anything that seemed useful from the treasures or from the rubbish of ancient folklore that had accumulated in times long before the days of Láo-tzé and Confucius. Those who have known the present class of Táo priests and who have witnessed their religious services form a very low opinion of a religion which has lasted for twenty-four centuries, and, though formerly professed by much larger numbers in China, is even now, while the number of its adherents is considerably reduced, a powerful element for evil as well as for good in China. As an historical phenomenon it deserves the careful study of the historian, if only to teach us how even a religion supported by the State may do its work by the side of other religions without the constant shouts of anathema to which we are accustomed in other countries. No one seems a heretic in the eyes of the Chinese Government excepting always the hated foreigner; and while one Taoist may grovel in the meanest religious practices and another soar high into regions which even the best disciplined of Christian philosophers hesitates to venture into, the two will not curse each other as infidels, but try to carry out the highest Christian principle of loving our enemies, or at least of doing justice to them.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE WORKING MAN AND THE WAR CHARGES

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Robert Lowe fell in with Mr. Gladstone's view that indirect taxation should be abolished or reduced as much as possible, and this opinion he acted upon—not, of course, to please Mr. Gladstone, but by conviction of its wisdom—at every opportunity. It was he who did most to untax sugar amongst other things, and he it was who took off the last shilling on corn; a mistake which, even in the eyes of the most convinced Free Traders, equalled the later folly of abolishing the City coal and wine dues. Nor was Lowe a man little versed in finance; finance was his special study as a politician from his first Australian days, and he brought to it an intellect singularly fit. But the wisdom of the closet may be foolish in affairs, and that Robert Lowe saw for himself when, looking out of window one fine afternoon, he beheld thousands of match-girls trooping down to Westminster to prove his favourite Budget ridiculous: which they did. He was greatly surprised. Never in his life before had he been so much surprised. And it is no mere guess that from this moment he began to consider more deeply the important fact that the finance of the study, the counting-house, even the finance of the first-class Treasury clerk, will not do for statesmanship—will not do till much is brought into it of which science is commonly ignorant and often contemptuous.

At any rate, the truth is that after a little more experience in affairs, a little more consideration of the duties and the arts of government, Lowe repented of his taxation reforms. That he ever recanted publicly I do not know. But on a certain Sunday morning, sitting with him in Sir John Pender's country house when perhaps we should have been at church, I heard this confession: he regretted nothing in his official life so much as the part he had played in cutting off indirect taxation. The error, he went on to say, was not in the economic argument, but in following its guidance too exclusively. Within its own limits, and considered as a piece of Treasury work without regard to other functions of government, abolishing indirect taxation in all but a few cases is right enough; the fault was in not regarding those other functions, or in doing so with insufficient forethought. From that he went on to make himself

clearer by repeating an argument which, though not infrequently heard in the later sixties and seventies when Lowe committed his crimes, was quite out of favour with the political philosophers of that day. An old song, it returns to mind pretty often in these changed times, though usually to the tune of 'Too late!' It is this: Considering that even in the most tranquil and prosperous days there is no security that the nation may not presently descend into a long period of wasting and yet inextricable calamity, it is wise to keep open more than one or two sources of indirect revenue on that account alone. That is to say, it is politic to do so for the mere sake of keeping them open; drawing from them so little in peace time that the tax is unfelt, and accepting the cost of collection as a manufacturer accepts the expense of having an extra machine ready in case of a breakdown or other sudden emergency.

This was the consideration that turned Lowe to repentance, in but a little while after he had offended against the larger wisdom. Sound reasoning was his guide, but it could not appeal to an England which imagined that it had no further use for it. That other nations had still to reckon with the recurrence of exhausting wars we could readily believe; but with England—with England it was different. The persuasions of the Manchester School were yet in effective existence; and great amongst them was the notion that England, an island people, an eminently progressive people, and the first commercial nation in the world, had fared beyond the track of such dangers, and by the aid of the new common-sense could always keep out of it. It was a flattering prospect, heightened by belief (this being the grand delusion of all) that war itself was retiring before commerce, as night before dawn and the black before the white man. It was useless therefore to raise the supposition of an England involved in a desperate, long-lasting fight; for though the possibility of such a thing could of course be admitted by hypothesis, the new common-sense rejected it for practical purposes as an expiring probability.

To a nation and its rulers in that state of mind it was natural to go boldly on and cut off these small reserve-sources of revenue altogether. There were two reasons for doing so, besides the economy of abolishing the disproportionate expense of collecting petty rivulets of taxation. It was thought that to keep them in existence as acknowledged reserves for war-time was to chill the spirit of progress by open mistrust of it, and to give to wars of the old type, on the old scale, the homage of expectation as belonging to the natural order of things. And, further, it was thought that, since it is much more difficult to impose new taxes or re-impose old ones than to increase those which the people are accustomed to, closing up the channels of indirect supplies would discourage the thought of war in Tory minds, put off its beginnings, embarrass its continuance, and so assist the precious influences of Trade to abolish war altogether.

It may be admitted that, in practice, these calculations were harmless enough for a time, though there was never a moment when they could be considered more than plausible. Nor did any moment pass, even in the days of their most confident acceptance, without helping on the changes and developments that were to prove them unsound. These changes are now pretty complete; and no more need be said of them in this place than that they show us a world turned back by the beneficent strivings of commerce—and by well-nigh everything else that was to superannuate fleets and reduce armies to constabulary—into its most violent ambitions and contentions. The dream was that one by one the best-taught nations would withdraw from the arena, intent on peace; the darker peoples coming meanwhile, and in like order, under the pleasing yoke of civilisation. The waking day shows us a different spectacle. The best-taught nations pour into the field increasing hosts of fighting-men, intent on empire; others join them who till now had forsworn the gauds of conquest; while as to the darker peoples, they are learning everywhere to ease 'the white man's burden' by the use of his choicest weapons. It is *thus* that a new era begins, and not in the other way. The long era of commercial harmony was nothing but a fancy and a hope. It could be reasoned into a strong semblance of probability, and it was; but it had no foundation on fact, old or new, nor upon any visible change in the constituents of human nature, or in the conditions which have led to the rise and fall of empires times and times beyond intelligible record. And of course it had none but an imagined beginning. But for a new era of trade-bred wars it can be said that the contrary of all this is true. Substantial signs of its coming appear in every quarter. It has an actual beginning too active and general to be mistaken. We know its starting-points, and that they are neither new nor strange. Its approach, which commenced in our own time, was explained to us years ago by a sudden ferment of the commonest aspirations and needs of Governments and peoples; and though we might hesitate to say that such long seasons of conflict as that which threatens the world pertain to the nature of things, as do atmospheric storms, we know of their recurrence as among the most constant facts in the history of mankind.

Now there is far more in all this to build policies upon, financial policies included, than the boldest Manchester imagination could find in its era of commercial pacification. That was of theory all compact, and of such theory as can be made to work in more ways than one. Here the whole bulk of promise is made up of facts; of which, indeed, a great part is less promise than fulfilment. And the whole of them (this we should fix our minds upon)—the whole of these facts and portents concern ourselves as Englishmen. All the greater nations beyond our seas being in aggressive or acquisitive

movement, some may threaten others or seem to do so ; but, whatever the upshot in particular instances, *nearly all will clash with England*. If this could not happen in any case without malice its anticipation might appear extravagant, true as it is that a vague general hatred of England has condensed into a hatred with particulars. But neither malice nor intention need be assumed ; the sufficient truth being that England is too much in the way—too much in the way bodily, or else as a nation with rights to defend—upon almost every path of conquest. Rival ambitions for empire and trade cannot push far on any line without striking upon some British possession or some British interest. That fact alone is enough to show the singularity of England's position and her danger, if it be true that the nations of the world are at the start of a mighty urging of forces for prey and dominion. Of course if they are not they are not, and there's an end on't. But to doubt is to doubt in the face of the most positive signs without a single contradictory, and to do so, I can but think, for no better reason than that the magnitude of the portent forbids belief in it. This is to give way to a weakness, mistaking it for something different. It is really intellectual timidity ; it passes for sturdiness of mind.

However, there must be plenty of Englishmen who have not this pernicious fear of understanding in their hearts, and who see for themselves how likely it is that a long period of strife and change begins at the close of the nineteenth century. Usually the last of us to avow such perceptions, even when really disturbed by them, are our rulers ; for which there are reasons both bad and good, but mostly bad. Yet with affairs in their present aspect, even 'the Government,' even the heads of Government, can break into the language of poignant alarm. With all this for justification, then, we may boldly say that the times which Robert Lowe foresaw as convicting him of bad stewardship have arrived. They are here ; and his uneasiness must have been very sincere indeed if they appeared to his fancy as they present themselves to our vision.

Then what should we now do who, not being afraid to look upon a future that faces us from nearly all points abroad, have the courage of our perceptions ? It seems to me that the first thing to do is to turn our eyes in-board, in the direction indicated by Lowe's remorse ; or rather to turn one eye in that direction (that is to say, to the Treasury, the Revenue Office) and the other toward the chamber where Cabinet Councils are held. I have heard tell that to glance round you at one of these political conferences at a time of crisis is to see most faces dimly etched with thoughts which are not to have further utterance. It is very likely. And therefore we may imagine that even now when Ministers meet in council—which, however, they never do at inconvenient seasons of the year

—we might behold in half their countenances meditation on the advantage of indirect taxation in times of prolonged agonism. That such thought should have further utterance at present is more than should be expected. It is true that all the Ministers, all who are of the Cabinet, have before them the steady prospect of an England compelled to enter on a long fight for independent and uncrippled existence. And it is not for them, as for so many of us, a veiled prospect. They see it plain; but then we must reckon that here, too, may be found men who reject as incredible whatever they find barely endurable. Yet even these members of the Government know how many millions have been spent upon the opening conflict of the new era, that a large account remains outstanding, that more yet will be wanted for South Africa when the war dies down and its enthusiasms are cold, and that meanwhile Strife takes arms in another and a wider scene. Therefore even the immediate prospect is disturbing from the financial point of view, without looking farther afield for probable absorbents of revenue.

And there is one other call for money which is allowed on all hands to be instant and imperative. If other States are not worse supplied than the Boers, it appears that the defenders of Great and Greater Britain have to work with guns of unique inferiority, and therefore that the whole of these outclassed weapons will have to be replaced. If the use of a rifle-bullet is not only to stop an oncoming foe, but to put him out of the field for a few weeks, it is an unavoidable conclusion that our rifle gives advantages to the enemy. (If his weapon is no better, we *lose* an advantage—which is much the same thing.) Other deficiencies and needs of equipment have declared themselves; but, taken all together, they are of small account with another clear discovery. The soldiery is not only in need of re-arming—there is not enough of the soldiery. And still we speak of settled and immediate wants—nothing dubious, nothing contingent or prospective; and still we speak of them as Budgetary matters. Forty or fifty thousand men must be kept in a distant place, whence they must not be drafted in case of war, but where others will have to join them in that event. This is an instant charge of no small weight, however managed; especially as any considerable addition to our volunteer Army must raise the pay of the soldiery, already insufficient to draw the right recruits. And while the Navy and the manning of it is an increasing charge it is clearly made out that, apart from the 40,000 necessary for *garrison* as well as police duty in South Africa, a larger army is wanted for the day-to-day security of these islands themselves, and the prodigious booty that lies within them.

Considering therefore that such financial cares as these already beset attention, it would appear that even the most departmental of Cabinet Ministers, such as are resolved not to look beyond the

demands of to-day, cannot sit down to the affairs of the country without feeling the simmer of revenue problems in an anxious breast. These, however, are the inferior men—politicians with whom the greater statesmen of England compare as the forest giants do with a Japanese fir-tree in a 12-inch pot. But there are others of larger make, of broader apprehension, of a deeper and more historic sense of responsibility: or such is our hope and belief. To these, of course, the immediate needs of the State are equally apparent—the exigencies that lie beyond little more so than they are to every seeing eye. Where the efficient political intelligence differs from the inefficient is that it cannot for mere comfort's sake slight as 'bogeys' what it knows to be realities, or play Nelson's trick with the telescope—not to do, but to leave undone. There must be (or such is our belief and hope) enough of this intelligence at the head of affairs in England; and if so, then I know one thought which, if it has never yet been uttered at the Council table, nor ever yet been seen 'dimly etched' on any face there, must be working outward all the same. It is that indirect taxation has already become expedient, because there is every likelihood that it will soon be compulsory.

Why it is already expedient we shall presently see. That it must soon be compulsory may be called an assumption, but it is an assumption from the manifest fact that though the improved system of taxation which did so much for Mr. Gladstone's renown was good for its day, its day is gone. Another day begins—not a day of Advance, but the day of Defence; and with that change the fiscal improvements of a past time change their character. Good for the era of advance, they are bad for the long spell of defence which England has so plainly to go through. Nothing like the existing balance of direct and indirect taxation can be maintained if resistance to the attack prepared by circumstance and our neighbours is to begin hopefully, and if it is to continue sturdily. A change of system by reopening some indirect sources of revenue was talked of when this year's ways and means were discussed. We are now but a few months older, yet in that short interval we have slipped back into conditions which, had they continued from the earlier decades of the century, would have put every argument for limiting the means of war expenditure quite out of consideration.

The direct method of taxation has only one substantial point of superiority over the indirect process: its simpler and cheaper machinery of collection. No one will deny that this is a great advantage, and one that should be worked to its utmost limits. For there are bounds beyond which it becomes inapplicable or intolerable, which accounts for the mixed system being continued by Finance Ministers who would have gladly carried the direct method farther. The other advantages claimed for that method are all theoretical

checks on the folly of Governments; or, rather, on certain follies (for they are capable of others) to which the natural man is subject in high places. The sum of these theoretical checks is—that since headstrong, ambitious, vainglorious Ministers will reappear from time to time, the means they find at hand for plunging into war should be kept low and made difficult. It is the same wisdom which decides that Governments provided with strong fleets and armies must be perilously tempted to use them. Translated as signifying that nations should be kept in a constant state of danger because their rulers will sometimes be fools, this is not so agreeable an argument as they thought who invented it; but we need not dwell upon it. For whatever meaning it may have held for us when England had few or no rivals for strength and resource, it has none now: the case is altered by about as much as it well could be in every direction. Add to England's naval power the army she ought to have, and no Minister with a remnant of his natural wits could be tempted into a war of attack in the changed state of the world. An England ringed about by powerful unfriendly States is not an invisible picture; and if there be any danger in this country of great wars rashly forced on, look for it rather to a now omnipotent democracy easily aroused by injured pride and accustomed to consider war expenses the care of patriots with a certain amount of income.

It appears therefore that the supposed safeguards afforded by direct taxation have dropped out of use, and that they are now to be found, for all that they were ever worth, in the system of taxation which touches the whole community though in various degrees. The economical advantage of the direct system remains to it; and as, of course, it is well understood that the richer classes must take an increasing share of increasing burdens, it is an advantage that will still commend such imposts as income tax. But if, as we needs must think, the time has come for enlarging again the narrowed basis of taxation, it is a comfort to reflect that the inferior cheapness of indirect methods of collection is richly compensated. In every respect but one, indeed, the system which must be extended if we are to withstand the ousting and elbowing appointed for England is by far the better; so much the better that many and many a contributory to income tax would gladly pay to come under its more clement practice. Properly, taxing a people is an art, and not a mechanical operation. It is an art which, to approach perfection, should take full account of human nature—even its weaknesses; as the surgeon does when he administers an anæsthetic which we readily pay him extra for. Assuming that much money is honestly wanted for the safety of the country or some other of its primal needs, the best means of taxation is that which draws the fullest supply with the least consciousness of being yielded, and therefore at the lowest cost of discontent. Experience proves that, wisely applied

(a condition which it is reasonable to presuppose), indirect taxation can gather in much that its contributors are quite insensible of parting with; and though science may object that nevertheless it *has* been parted with, and more also, the answer is of small consequence in the conditions assumed. For loss and the sense of loss are different and separable things. In the assumed conditions the loss is just and necessary, and so far is right as can be. There remains the sense of loss, which might be very disturbing. Reduce this feeling to a minimum, and the best has been done that can possibly be done in the circumstances that entangle us, that have already established and will certainly continue a state of war as onerous as it ever can be short of actual conflict, and which therefore calls for the reopening of sources of income closed as if upon a bet that nothing of the sort would ever recur. And be it understood that when the payers of income tax cry for this reform, it is not only because they feel that all Englishmen should begin to take a larger share in the war charges of the country. They have that feeling strongly, we may be sure; but they are also moved by the expectation of greater demands upon themselves, while they are under an impost by direct taxation which weighs upon them like nightmare. They, too—thousands and thousands of struggling small-income men—would choose to bear their burden unawares, or all of it beyond the reasonable limit of special imposition, which the shilling in the pound so much exceeds. It is an unscientific preference, no doubt—so much so as to be scarcely comprehensible by the higher financial intellects, and therefore not at the Treasury. But it exists; it operates; and to understand and measure its actual working, the higher financial intellects might profitably ask themselves how many copies of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would have been sold at the *Times* office, at the same price, for money down.

But why insist upon such arguments? Because there is infinite reason for believing that the body of doctrine of which the suppression of indirect taxing is part still reigns with all the authority of superstition in Downing Street. Or, rather, it is accepted there as a popular superstition which no Government can hope to disturb with impunity. That some courage is needed for disturbing it we all know. The times have changed. The calculations are falsified upon which certain fountains of revenue, indispensable in long years of stress, were not merely limited to their feeblest runnings, as they might have been wisely, but choked up and their machinery of service destroyed. The need of them returns; and though the faith that decreed their abolition has died the death of things that have no right to live nor even the wherewithal of life, the 'hant' of it exists to make restoration fearsome to the country's rulers. So it is. But the country's rulers are not forbidden to explain the case. These are matters upon which they are listened to with the

ready attention which is half assent ; and we have been living in a rogues' paradise for twelve long months at least if the 'masses' are not willing to hear that there are times when every man should pay his extra penny, in one metal or another, to keep the country from going under.

Perhaps they will have some instruction on the matter after the elections. But how much better would it be administered in the election speeches, and how little likely it is that the 'hant' would prevail against the lesson honestly conveyed ! Truth would require the statement that though there is still much talk of 'expansion' and the march of empire, nothing of the kind appears in the present look-out. A veracious report of it would tell of nought but the need of defence within our own lines. I do not say defence against projects of direct conquest, but against a consentaneous determination to hustle, squeeze, drive back, bring down this too-spreading and monopolising British Empire ; and this determination being a menace of impoverishment as well as humiliation to England and to every man in it, therefore the duty arises which every man owes to his native land. I believe that speech to this effect, delivered by the right authorities in the right way, would be heard by the people with conviction, and that very few politicians would be permitted by their judgment and their sense of responsibility to contradict it. That the new party of Liberal Imperialism should do so might have been conceivable without the Chinese troubles and the revelation they bring ; but here are the troubles and the revelation. If it was possible a year ago to represent England's danger as chimerical, it cannot be done now. Nobody even whispers the word 'chimera' ; and I remember that when, in the spring of last year, three millions were wanted for the better protection of the country, there was no party opposition to the drawing of the money, but the Government was upbraided for its cowardice in drawing two millions from the Sinking Fund instead of providing all three by taxing commodities of general consumption. And it is not as if there were any need now, when scolding for political cowardice would be yet more deserved, to impose any such tax in a measure or a manner that would be sensibly felt. But it is necessary—and, beyond that, just and politic for reasons drawn from the whole field of government—to reopen sources of income which should never have been entirely closed. And when that is proposed, it should profit to dwell upon an argument which has been advanced in these words. The war charges of to-day are almost entirely devoted to the defence and acquisition of trade. It is to seize markets, keep markets, fill workshops and factories, that all the world is at strife—the nations eager to trample each other down. And the most urgent and direct of these endeavours is the contentment of the people—the supplying of wages and the storing of cupboards. The

statesmen who have nations in charge are conscious at every hour of their lives that this is true. And if true, when should the working men of this country begin to take their share of its extraordinary war charges if not now?

A denying answer to this question cannot be expected at a time when so much hostility to England has passed or is passing from likelihood into full activity. It is an answer that might have retained an air of decency, perhaps, as long as the enormous armaments of Continental Europe were kept in stillness, as if through fear of vast uncontrollable consequences from the first stir of them. Unmoving, they might yet have had their use as a silent menace by States formally or informally agreed to put the 'squeeze' on England. But while aware of that, we English had a snug suspicion that our foreign friends dreaded everything that might loose their magnificent forces. This dread was to work like a charm. But the spell has been broken. All these forces are on the move, and our own soldiery are called to a scene of operations where already, and plainly, the armed rivalries of two or three great States club and combine. Partly through faults of her own, not one effective friendship has England among all these Powers, nor any present likelihood of a sound combination, except the combination of all classes and conditions at home. This is the actual state of things; and it has only to be seen and believed (or, being seen, has only to be credited) and there will be no saying in any workshop that the question raised in these pages is raised too soon. Wherever it is discussed financially, be it remembered how greatly direct taxation has been increased of late, as by such imposts as the School Board rate. The workman should not forget this, now that the Treasury has to make such heavy demands upon the nation. The State financiers know well, as another reason for adding to our sources of revenue, that while imperial taxation mounts up, local taxation still increases. Though national debt has been much reduced, municipal debt has been piling up enormously meanwhile. The one is no more public debt than the other; and if the country is to remain long at these war charges the immense mass of local (direct) taxation will make its weight painfully known.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

NIETZSCHE: AN APPRECIATION

If the greatness of a thinker and writer be in proportion to the amount of controversy he arouses, directly and indirectly, then Friedrich Nietzsche, who has just passed away at the age of 56 in Weimar, deserves to be ranked among the greater men of the ending century. Compared with his very considerable influence upon the thought and spirit of modern Germany, his writings and his views can scarcely be said to have touched contemporary British thought, except at secondhand, and what applies to Great Britain applies, I think, with still greater truth to France.

Perhaps the time has not yet come for dealing with the evangel of Nietzsche as a whole. He was a writer for the few, and, in Germany and, so far as I can learn, in the Scandinavian countries, the many have taken hold of his doctrine and interpreted it in contradictory ways. In this article I am making no attempt to deal with Nietzsche's philosophy as a whole, or to arbitrate between contending opinions. I can do no more than try to give a short personal appreciation of some of his views on life. When the time comes for a disentanglement of Nietzsche's own views, at their fullest and clearest, from the subsequent distortion they have suffered, sometimes at his own hands and more often at those of his disciples, the task will perhaps be confided to the hands of a foreigner. A prophet has either no honour in his own country, or he has too much, and for one or the other of these reasons students of Nietzsche's philosophy will probably look for help and elucidation rather to an impartial foreigner than to a German. If it is an Englishman who is to write Nietzsche's life I, for one, hope the writer will be Mr. Havelock Ellis, from whose admirable and enlightening essay on Nietzsche's life-work I here confess I have derived far the best interpretation of Nietzsche's teaching I have met with.

Though Nietzsche was born at Rükken, near Lützen, in Saxony, he was not a pure Saxon, nor even a pure German. His father was partly of Polish origin. Nietzsche's very physiognomy was strikingly Polish, and he always considered himself as essentially a Pole, not German. He was born in 1844, the son of a clergyman. Both his father and mother were persons of exceptional gifts of mind and

body. He inherited a musical taste from his father, and as early as in his fifteenth year, having come across the score of *Tristan*, he became straightway an enthusiastic Wagnerian; at school he interested himself seriously in philology. It was remarked of him that in mathematics he showed no liking and no capacity. At the University of Bonn he was so un-Teutonic as to avoid beer and tobacco. In after life he considered that heavy beer-drinkers and tobacco-smokers could not possess that clarity of vision required to grasp complex intellectual problems. It was after he had left Bonn that he came across a copy of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, and for several years Schopenhauer's influence was strong upon him. In after life this influence waned, and he seems to have valued Schopenhauer chiefly as one who was in happy opposition to Kant, and who opposed the general heaviness and tortuous obscurity of contemporary German thought-processes with writings expressed in a strong, bright, and lucid style. Chopin, the Pole, and Schumann had in his view wrought in music in the same direction with Schopenhauer, both composers seeming to him to be deliverers of German music from dulness and heaviness. It was not till 1868 that Nietzsche encountered Wagner in person, after having heard the overture of the *Meistersinger*. He was at once carried away by both music and master, and soon after began a friendship between the two men, which had its root in profound admiration on Nietzsche's part and the sympathy of both, and an almost tragic termination, which I will presently relate. After leaving Bonn he was at work in two directions: he continued his study in philology, and, to use his own words, he was learning the use of his own language, as a man learns the use of a musical instrument. In his 26th year he accepted the chair of Classical Philology at Basel, and in 1880 ill-health forced him to resign. He was known to his pupils of the University as a courteous gentleman with great personal charm, but the graduates and undergraduates never seem to have suspected that their modest philological professor was a master-mind, even an arrogant revolutionary thinker, who would one day stir German thought to its depths. The next nine or ten years—well pensioned by the University, whom he had served faithfully—he spent at various health resorts, chiefly in Italy. It was during this period and the last four years of his residence at Basel that he published his greatest works. In 1889 his mental health, which had long been threatened, broke down, and he became hopelessly insane. So he remained till the day of his death, tended by his mother and sister.

The starting-point of the philosophy of Nietzsche, so far as it is a philosophy at all, and not a congeries of luminous glances at the mystery of our existence, is, as with Schopenhauer, the will-energy—the energy and will to play out the game of life fitly and fully. It is obvious that the *absolute*, the great first cause, lies beyond this

energy to live, which is deep-planted in all living organisms, but beyond the will to live Nietzsche does not care in his earlier writings to look. On that phenomenon of will he follows Schopenhauer in basing his cosmogony, such as it is, and whereas from that basis Schopenhauer deduced pessimism, from that same basis Nietzsche rises to a kind of optimism; yet there is no real contradiction, as some critics of Nietzsche aver, between the philosophy of Nietzsche and that of Schopenhauer. Every philosophy is toned and tinted by the temperament of the man who puts it forth. Schopenhauer, by the accounts of his biographers, was a misanthrope and, so far as women of culture are concerned, a misogynist, a man of morose disposition, bad address, a harsh voice and rude speech, mean and plain in face, with an ape-like distortion of feature—in fact, a selfish and disagreeable man all round, who found nothing delightful in the passage from the cradle to the grave, who saw in life only a fruitless and incessant effort to arrive through suffering to a goal that is annihilation. Nietzsche, looking at first through Schopenhauer's telescope, also saw this terrible goal that lies before us all, but he was in disposition and character the very reverse of Schopenhauer, and he persuaded himself to contemplate the final goal bravely through a vista of the delights and joys of this world. That is a far more human, a more poetical view than Schopenhauer's, and happily, since hope is inexorably implanted in nearly all of us, a more natural and rational habit of opinion. Schopenhauer was a pessimist and, as we all know, some of our more advanced countrymen have, of late years, followed him in being sad, cynical, and despairing. But a brighter way of thought is coming into fashion with Nietzsche's influence. Pessimism will perhaps enter the limbo of departed modes, and presently we may hope to see our very decadents and degenerates gay and cheerful. With Nietzsche it is no longer the philosophy of restraint and sullen negation that Schopenhauer taught. He finds relief to the almost intolerable burden of life in life itself, in that very *joie de vivre* which Zola and other apostles of pessimism present ironically as the most pathetic evidence of the real misery of humanity; and I must ask the reader's patience for a moment to enable me to explain how Nietzsche arrives from these premisses at this rather unexpected conclusion.

It was very early in Nietzsche's literary life that he gave us his famous doctrine of what I will call the dithyrambic theory of life. Till the year 1871 Nietzsche had been known only as a writer on philology. In that year he published a treatise on the origin of music and of the drama entitled *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik*. Here he broached his conception of primitive Hellenic culture, a very different thing from the Greek culture of the later Greek age, that sedate, unemotional, correct, and coldly æsthetic and literary culture that we now speak of as Greek and

classical. This treatise of the Basel professor horrified his learned friends and electrified the advanced thinkers of Germany. Nietzsche never departed from the view he then put forward, and in his very last work, the *Götzendämmerung*, he confirmed it in a remarkable passage which I shall presently quote.

As these early opinions and their outgrowth are what in my opinion have chiefly wrought upon and influenced the best contemporary thought, and as upon them also is based the chief objections which have been made to Nietzsche's doctrine, I will try to put them before the reader clearly and briefly, and I will then show how he bases his case for optimism upon his theory.

Nietzsche has in this treatise only to deal with the birth and growth of tragedy and music, but his theory presently grows and evolves into a philosophy which touches and embraces almost all the destinies of our race.

First, looking into primitive human nature, he sees two impulses or inspirations which lead to art production—that is, which lead us out of the routine task of merely satisfying our physical needs into the upper region of spiritual and æsthetic movement. Nietzsche conceives that the first inspiration towards art is through dreams. The man who dreams is straightway lifted above the beaten, sordid track of daily life. He becomes a new being; the imaginative, the formative, the creative, the co-ordinative faculties are awakened in him; the critical and, so to say, the retarding faculties remain in abeyance. What wonder that, in an age of faith, such a man should consider himself under the direct influence of a god—of the god of poetry and eloquence, of song and music, of Phæbus-Apollo himself? The man who dreams is still, when he awakes, energised by the train of thought that has so held him in his sleep. We may imagine him continuing in a half day-dream to combine his new fancies into artistic shape, to create, to be a poet, to set down the words and actions of gods and heroes, to produce an epic, to indite a play, to recompose on the lyre the strains he has heard in his dreams. This, in Nietzsche's phrase, is the Apollonian impulse. It is a divine impulse. Tasso had already said as much for the dreamer poet. The only creators, he says, are God and the poet—*Iddio ed il poeta*. Tasso means not the mere rhymers but the maker-poet, the dream poet, the creating poet, and there are but few of them. This Apollonian impulse is in Nietzsche's view for the few only.

There is another art impulse which fits the many. Nietzsche calls it the Dionysiac impulse, coining his word from Dionysos, the god of the vital forces of nature, the god who presides over the springing corn, the opening leaf-bud, the breaking blossom, and all the productive and reproductive mysteries of nature. Dionysos stands with Nietzsche, as he stood with the early Greeks, for the gladness that men feel when they are in touch with the overflowing

and intoxicating power of nature, and, by extension, with the intoxicating effect of wine. Under these two influences the Apollonian, or creative, the Dionysiac, or the enjoying and receptive, impulse arose, in Nietzsche's view, in primitive Hellas, song, epic poetry, the drama, and the audiences fit and apt to listen to the poet and dramatist.

Schopenhauer discovered, or perhaps only emphasised, the doctrine of the will to live. He deduced from it, as we know, the hollowness and the emptiness of life, and he concluded that the best that could come of it was misery and disappointment, *le néant*, the negation of all possibility of happiness or content. He preached as the noblest policy a voluntary surrender of all the privileges of life, a *nirvana*. Because life is not progressive in happiness, because it cannot be stretched to an eternity and to perfectability, he proposed to sit sullen, idle, and despairing. He proposed to abstain from drinking the cup of life because of the drop of bitterness, the *amari aliquid* of Lucretius, which lurks at the bottom of all the spring waters of enjoyment. Not so Nietzsche; he is with Herrick, who would gather rosebuds while he might, and in this very Apollonian and Dionysiac doctrine of art he finds the solution of the problem how to baffle the evil fate that hangs over mankind. In the creative, the Apollonian energy of art there is a force that can reconstruct the phenomena of life in a presentment far more fair, more complete, more swift in action, more subtle in form, more wholly delightful, than real life itself. Thus does he transcend realism and the sorry doctrine of the realists.

As the mingled discordances and half-harmonies of nature sounds, as the bird's song, the river's flow, the murmur of the sea, the sound of the wind in forests and in mountains, and the voice of thunder, may through the composer's art be combined in a composition, say, of Handel or of Beethoven, or of Wagner, more exquisitely harmonious, more absolutely delightful, and more utterly satisfying than any mere nature music to be heard on earth; as the speech and actions of men and women, and of all the powers and principalities of heaven and earth, may be concentrated into a tragedy or an epic of Æschylus or Shakespeare, Homer or Dante, or Milton, that shall be nobler and higher than any speech or action of living men or heroes—so Nietzsche showed that we have in us the faculty, through art, of raising for our enjoyment and our elevation, an art life far higher and more enthralling than actual, real life itself. This, to be sure, is sound doctrine, for can any one suppose that the real doings at the actual siege of Troy Town were as great, as strange, as moving, as important to the world, as dramatically vivid, even as intrinsically true as they are in Homer's *Iliad*? Does any one imagine that the princes and courtiers at Elsinore really spoke so eloquently and behaved with such tragic force as they do in

Hamlet, or that the Duke of Illyria and his courtiers, and the women they loved, ever debated so convincingly and made love so wittily and so well as they do in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*? Certainly no, and, by so much as art exceeds nature by so much the dream-life we can make for ourselves is greater, higher, and nobler than the dull routine of existence we should lead but for art. Along some such lines as these Nietzsche triumphantly works out the doctrine of the will to live into a doctrine of the will to enjoy life, and he bids us put off the cowardly, pessimistic theory of existence and call ourselves optimists.

This new evangel embraces something besides a new doctrine in life; it includes a new doctrine in art and literature. No more violent revolutionary than Nietzsche has come into the field since Zola and his disciples at Médan preached realism and naturalism. I will not say anything so foolish as that the downfall of realism is at hand—for realism is a sound and honest horse that will always run into a good place in the literary race—but this I venture to predict: that, chiefly through the promulgation of Nietzsche's doctrine among those lesser lights of criticism who follow the attraction of the greater luminaries, realism and naturalism of the more grovelling kind will be out of fashion for a time.

Looking back, quite early in his literary life, along the historical records of human nature, Nietzsche found, in primitive Greece and in the cultus of Dionysos, a religion wholly consonant with his own philosophy. I promised that I would quote from his latest work, the *Götzendämmerung*, a passage confirming and explaining his interpretation of the Dionysiac cultus. Here it is, and I do not profess to translate him literally. 'The Hellenic spirit,' says Nietzsche, 'shows itself in the Dionysiac mysteries. What is the key of these famous mysteries? Life, the continuous renewal of life, the future promised and fulfilled in the present, the triumphant affirmation of life over death . . . all this is signified by the word Dionysos and by the symbol of creation. I know,' adds Nietzsche, 'no higher symbolism than this Greek Dionysiac symbolism.'

This pagan cultus, this insistence on the force and joyfulness of life, was preached by Nietzsche first and last and continuously, and may be taken to be the pivot round which his whole philosophy centres.

Of course a man of genius, with an evangel like Nietzsche's, does not fail to find violent opponents and detractors. Was there ever a seer and a philosopher who did not meet with detractors? The new and advanced in thought always find enemies in the hearts and minds of those who love to stand on the ancient ways, who are too slow to move with the times. The conservatives, and the reactionaries who lag behind, love to accuse the vanguard of self-contradiction, and it must be admitted that in the case of Nietzsche there is a good deal to be said for this unkind view of him. He does

certainly in his later writings contradict much that he had said in his earlier ones; but can something not be said for the thinker and seer and poet who does this? Is not such a man like one who might awaken at the bottom of a deep well before dawn and see, of the world about him, only a black disc sprinkled with a dozen star prints? As he climbs slowly up he would gaze upon an enlarging disc with more stars, and, as he rises, he would proclaim each step of his discoveries; but it would not be till he should reach the mouth of the well, and the dawn had come, that he could see round him the full, far-reaching horizon of plain and forest and mountain, and look upward and see the light and glory of the firmament. Would you expect that man's verdict on the world, in the light of day, to be the same as when he was groping his way upwards in the darkness? Some consideration of that kind will, I think, teach us tolerance of a philosopher's self-contradiction; for we all of us have our time of groping in the dark and feeling upward for the light.

From 1875 to 1876 Nietzsche put forward four very important essays, and I think that, among these works of his unclouded youth and early manhood, we are dealing with the truer aspects of this seer's insight into contemporary life and thought. In the first of these essays he deals with Strauss. No one, I believe, bows the knee nowadays to Strauss, that metaphysical Jingo, but in the early seventies this intensely German philosopher was much approved—in Germany.

Nietzsche, unlike Strauss, was in no respect a German of the sixties and seventies. The man who has, so to say, *Slavised* modern German thought, or one important section of it, was shocked by the Philistinism of Strauss and Strauss's praise, which found a ready echo in the Germany of that day, of German culture. German culture, German art, German learning, in Nietzsche's view, is false culture, barbaric art and learning which is exuberant without being scientific and discriminating. There is, of course, something eminently unphilosophic, unscientific, and even vulgar in such intolerance as Nietzsche's, which finds fault with thought-methods and forms of culture outside his own and upholds his own opinions as the only right and good ones. One may contrast with such intolerance and scorn of others the far nobler mental attitude of the great thinker and Pantheist of the seventeenth century. 'It is my aim,' says Spinoza, 'to hold no man in hatred, contempt, or derision, neither to mock, to bewail, or to denounce any one, but to understand them.' That was not Nietzsche's attitude. He certainly abuses to his Slavonic heart's content everything that the German of those days most prided himself upon—the German's dress, his house, his habits, and his manners—and Strauss, the high priest of this worship of a mistaken civilisation, he contemptuously calls a typical 'Culture-Philistine.'

Another early essay of Nietzsche's is on Schopenhauer. I have already mentioned Schopenhauer's influence over Nietzsche. Nietzsche always regarded Schopenhauer with great respect—not indeed so much as a metaphysician, as a leader in the army of reformed thought, as a man of admirable clarity of idea and expression, and as a thinker, a philosopher who was a man, not a bookman or a mere bundle of formulæ and accepted opinions; a man who saw with his own eyes, felt with his own heart, judged with his own reason, and spoke with his own voice.

His early enthusiastic essay on his friend Richard Wagner, entitled *Wagner in Bayreuth*, and the subsequent split and antagonism between these two great men, is on the whole, in my opinion, the most interesting episode in Nietzsche's life. Up to the year 1876 Nietzsche's profound admiration for Wagner, his intimate intercourse with this greatest figure in the German world of art, had been the chief fact in Nietzsche's life. All those views and ideals of art which I have described as being peculiarly Nietzschean had concentrated themselves round and been embodied in the person of Wagner. Here is a striking passage from Nietzsche dealing with what we may call the Wagner ideals—the ideals set forth to the world by this great composer and dramatist. 'The strivings,' says Nietzsche—and, as before, I am not translating literally—'which art offers us are in the direction of a simplification, an intensification, and an interpretation of the battle of existence; the problems set by art are in brief the problems offered by human motives, human action, and human aspirations, and it is because art abbreviates and simplifies, and, as it were, lucidifies, these problems that it is great and valuable. No sufferer in the struggle of life can dispense with art, just as no one can dispense with sleep.' So far Nietzsche—and he considered Wagner's mission the greatest and grandest that the world could know, for he says—and I am again rather interpreting the idea than Englishing the actual words—'The man who gives us art, dramatically set forth, is he who renews morality, purifies the State, reforms culture, and sets the relations of man to man upon a nobler basis.' It was the man who could speak thus of Wagner who, later on, was utterly to break away from him in friendship, and lose all his early sympathy and enthusiastic admiration of Wagner's genius and person.

This radical change is by some ascribed to incipient insanity. I do not so ascribe it. I have already mentioned Nietzsche's early theory of the Dionysiac culture and mysteries. In Wagner's music he had heard something of this noble Dionysiac rage. He hastened generously to find in the turbulent choruses of the great composer a primitive German culture akin to what he had found and had praised in Hellenic primitive culture, but there is a world of difference between Germanism and Hellenism, and Nietzsche was essentially an early Greek. The whirl, the storm, the passion of Wagner's drama

and music had deafened Nietzsche to this difference, but presently he perceived it.

I mention that Nietzsche is not a pure German in race. He is partly a Slav, and it is noticeable how very great is the influence of even a very little mingling of the blood of a more dominant, or rather I should say in this case of a more mercurial and emotional, race. No doubt there is a large admixture of German blood in Nietzsche, but his temperament is absolutely non-Teutonic; the tastes, the sympathies, and, so to say, the culture-basis are all non-German. So it was, I believe, that the assimilation of the purely Teutonic Wagnerian music and drama into a nature so marked by non-Germanic elements was due in part to the enthusiasm of youth, and in part to the triumphant bigness and force of the Wagnerian characteristics; but in time the divergence of the Slav and Teuton caused first a rift, then a separation, then, finally, an impassable gulf between two men and their art ideals. To put it plainly Wagner grew to seem too German to Nietzsche. His own leaning had always been towards the more delicately joyous spirit of ancient Hellas, and the spirit of the Nibelung Cycle was too purely Teutonic, too medieval, too barbaric for him. Thus again his own nature, sensitised by latent race influences, and still more, perhaps, by study and the aloofness of the literary man and philosopher from the rougher side of humanity, was jarred by Wagner's Luther-like humour. 'Your brother,' said Wagner to Nietzsche's sister, 'is a rather uncomfortable fellow. I often see how put out he is by my jokes, and then I crack them more madly than ever.' Poor Nietzsche! One takes in the whole melancholy situation at a glance. One understands how the glorious harmonies of the Trilogy would make a discord with these homely and overpowering jests of the master. Perhaps it was when these terrible jokes were still rankling in the memory of Nietzsche that he wrote *Der Fall Wagner*. In this work the admired master dramatist and master musician of earlier days is treated with very scant respect. Wagner is now a mummer, a cabotin, a rhetorician, a weaver ofrodomontade, a mouther of big phrases with little behind them. Of course this is terrible heresy for us Anglo-Teutons, for whom Wagner is a musical and dramatic demi-god. And this, if no other evidence were at hand, proves, I think, my case when I claim Nietzsche for the Slavonic race with Tolstoi and Turgénief. He is of the Halcyonians, and, to a Halcyonian, Germany, to say nothing of Teutonic England, is steeped in barbarism.

What Nietzsche wants in Wagner is just what Matthew Arnold wanted in his countrymen, sweetness and light and some share of sweet reasonableness. Nietzsche asked for a certain levity, a tone of not always being on one's oath, a touch of gay recklessness, a Latin lucidity, a clearing away of mists and mystery; a temperament, in short, which some Englishmen, many Scotsmen, and most Germans

find it difficult to sustain for any long period. I will quote Nietzsche himself, lest it be thought I am not speaking by the card. 'How,' he says, 'could the Germans find lacking in Wagner what we Halcyonians find lacking in him—*la gaja scienza*, the light feet, wit, fire, grace, reasonableness, the dance of the stars, arrogant intellectuality, the quivering light of the south, the smooth sea—perfection?' That sentence is characteristic of the man. 'Arrogant intellectuality!' In that last phrase you have the life-note of Nietzsche.

Did Nietzsche arrive at this attitude towards Wagner by a process of development or a process of declension? Or was it, perhaps, that his own soul was so overwhelmed by the whirl of new and strange thought and the near overthrow of his reason that he had no leisure to listen to those great harmonies of sound that once had so delighted him? By whatever process of mind he had arrived at this attitude towards the master, I cannot but think, in the forum of my own semi-Teutonic temperament, that Nietzsche's situation was profoundly tragic, for this is what he once had thought and said of Wagner: 'Wagner's music seemed to me the expression of Dionysiac mightiness of soul in which I seemed to hear, as in an earthquake, the upheaval of the primitive powers of life after ages of long repression.' This is what Nietzsche had said and thought, and now the change had come, and he wanted nothing so little as the grand storm-music of Wagner; he needed now, he himself tells us, to soothe the leaden weight of life, only tender, golden, oily melodies, and such melodies and such relief Nietzsche found—where?—in Bizet's opera of *Curmen*! What a coming down! What a terrible, tragic declension from the greater to the less!

In the year 1889 Nietzsche's mental health broke down utterly; the rest for him and for us has been silence, but long before that there had been in his life times when, to say the least of it, he was not sane.

Now, the question is this, and it is one which Nietzsche's disciples have not always met fairly: What has his insanity done to his philosophy? What does insanity always do? It twists legitimate deductions from given premisses into absurdity. But Nietzsche was more than a philosopher, he was a great literary artist, and his madness also did this: it took away that which Tasso has called *il freno dell' arte*, the bit, the bridle of art, the controlling power which is in the hands of every great artist, that which, tells him when to slacken his pace, when to turn to the right, when to the left, and when to stop altogether. When Nietzsche wrote his famous work *Zarathustra*, that his more advanced pupils so love and so follow, the reins of the bridle were, as it seems to me, no longer between his fingers; he had lost hold of *il freno dell' arte*.

But we must not push our sane intolerance of insanity so far as

to incur the reproach, which the Nietzscheans address to some of their critics, of being Philistines and reactionaries. For my own part if a madman says a wise, a profound, or a pregnant thing I will not reject it because his mind is unhinged. If we go on the principle of an absolute intolerance of anything that comes from a brain once disordered we can hardly listen to Nietzsche at all, for there are streaks of madness in him almost from the first. After all a seer is valuable to the rest of us not because he repeats true things—the Philistines can do that—but because he says new things. No philosopher is worth anything unless he clears our outlook towards truth, or places us at a point of view whence we can gain a fresh outlook upon life and whence we can discern that latent truth which underlies life. It is certainly a dangerous thing to accept a madman as a guide in one's search for truth. In the eyes of many sensible people to do so constitutes madness in the disciple. Yet if the madman be likewise a genius and a seer the very vagaries of that seer's insanity may throw light upon and reveal, as by a flash, truth that reasoning and plodding sanity may never attain. A madman may guide you to heights whence you may look down and contemplate unsuspected things, whence you may get a 'Pisgah View' of truths undreamt of; but have a care lest, when he gets you there, your guide may precipitate you into the abyss below!

In the opinions of the ultra-Nietzscheans his greatest work is *Zarathustra*. An English friend of mine and a *littérateur* of much insight, who failed to discover the great beauty, convincingness, and profundity of *Zarathustra*, asked a devoted disciple of Nietzsche to mark a few passages in *Zarathustra* which he considered of essential excellence and lucidity. The book was returned in a few days unmarked, the disciple thereby signifying that the book throughout was good, deep, true, lucid!

Many of Nietzsche's sounder critics pass over his later utterances altogether as little important. It is among them and chiefly in his 'Antichrist' that his very subversive opinions on Christianity, and on our accepted code of morals, make themselves heard. On Christianity in particular Nietzsche writes with so much unbalanced heat and rancour that his opinions carry with them neither weight nor value, and I only mention them in order to make as little breach as may be in my statement of his doctrine. Confirmed Nietzscheans will perhaps take it ill if I say that Nietzsche's antagonism to Christianity carried with it a profound personal reverence for Christ. Nietzsche's contention is that Christ's preaching is not the Christian's practice. 'The only Christian,' he says, 'died on the cross.' Christianity was born, he considered, when the old order of paganism and polytheism was in hopeless decay. Its basis is purely egotistical, as it rests upon the hope of personal salvation and the fear of personal damnation. The Christian doctrine of love, charity, benevolence, with the large promises of future life, came, he thinks, at the moment when

the world was in a condition of utter degeneration, degradation, and decay, and it soothed the wretchedness of mankind into a new hopefulness. Nothing can exceed the bitterness of Nietzsche's attack on early mediæval and modern Christianity, but it is not a part of my scheme to do more than touch upon Nietzsche's later deliverances. They are the less important, in my opinion, as they have this in common with the incoherence of other lunatics: that an opinion given with all the fervour of conviction one day is often contradicted by an opposing statement delivered with equal fervour on the morrow. The pity is that the advanced Nietzschiens accept all Nietzsche's later deliverances with as full a faith as the early ones. To say the very least of it, that is not a scientific attitude.

With Nietzsche's ethics I am a good deal more concerned than with his views of a creed from which he was an apostate, and with which he had never any strong sympathies whatever. The thinking world of northern Europe, outside England, is at this moment busied not with Nietzsche's negation of Christianity, but with his affirmation of an ethical basis which is so far original and startling that it is in direct contradiction to every code of morals current during the last 3,000 years, whether Christian, Mahomedan, Buddhist, or pagan. In plain words, when Nietzsche lost his mind he preached the doctrine of non-morality, and the strange thing is that a large body of his followers have reverently accepted this teaching. What Nietzsche liked least in Christianity was Christian morality—that is, altruism. 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' 'Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.' These injunctions had got to be abhorrent to Nietzsche, and I think his reasons may be stated thus: Pity and sympathy, from which existing morality springs, are the most ignoble of so-called virtues, inasmuch as they are founded on a selfish fear of evil for ourselves; and the religion of love, pity, and altruism, therefore, rests upon the fear of pain. It may very rationally be objected that a man's own conscience is a pretty safe guide in these matters, and that every man has within him an innate consciousness of justice, truth, courage, honour, and mercy, which serves as a common basis for that code of morals which, in point of fact, is not confined to one region or one religion, but prevails universally. But Nietzsche replies to this contention that there is no such thing in the natural man as innate conceptions of right and wrong; that these ideals and this conscience are but traditional opinions instilled into us in childhood by our parents and our grandparents, and are unworthy of consideration as not belonging to the natural man.

Nietzsche divides the conventionally moral evolution of mankind into three periods: the primitive, pre-moral period, when primitive man killed his enemy by stratagem, cheated his friend, ran away from

his foe, tortured his captive, stole his neighbour's wife and goods, and lied all round; and the man so behaving was reckoned and thought himself a good and pious person. Then came what Nietzsche terms the slave morality, the morality of the horde, when the timid, slavish majority of weaklings in the tribe began to fear and to envy the success of the pious, and energetic, and cunning few, who stole from them, murdered them, cheated, lied to them, tortured and compulsorily divorced them. The timid horde, accordingly, established a new morality in accordance with their own sordid interests, and by virtue of which robbery, lying, cheating, prudent cowardice, murder, and marriage by capture were no longer to be considered pious acts. This slave morality, according to Nietzsche, taught from father to son, prevails with modifications and extensions to the present day; and it is high time, Herr Nietzsche and his disciples think, to abolish it and to recur to more heroic ideals. It is very easy to state Nietzsche's pronouncements upon ethics, but it is quite another matter to trace the processes of eccentric cerebration—for they are not in the line of ordinary thought—by which Nietzsche arrived at his ethical conceptions. The truth is that, during the later years of his free life, Nietzsche did not reason, and argue, and convince himself by any ordinary methods of ratiocination. His mind seemed to form a series of concrete pictures, which he could interpret in exquisite language, and which, to him and to those disciples who thought and think with him, have all the convincing power of complete syllogistic reasoning.

We have now at last, says Nietzsche, arrived at the brink of a period when wickedness shall prevail again, as it did in the good old heroic times when the strong man scalped, and stole, and lied, and cheated, and abducted. The day has now come for the strong man who can rule himself to do just what he likes; goodness and wickedness are as one to him, and to him nothing is to be forbidden. The man strong enough to take this original line is, of course, the *Übermensch*—the master-man—of whom we have been hearing so much recently. He is to profess no mock modesty; he is to assert himself fearlessly, to take his own and to hold his own; he is to be to common men what the demigods of Greek mythology were to ordinary mortals.

Two or three difficulties occur at once in the way of any general acceptance of the theory of the *Übermensch*. First, who is to decide when a man is an *Übermensch*, with the privileges to ride rough-shod over us?

In the comedy of life we are all more anxious to play the part of lion than of lamb; and one is not surprised to hear that many young men in Germany have not waited for any appointment from the outside, but have already elected themselves to the office of *Übermensch*. I have heard of one gentleman, well under twenty-five, so convinced that he has all the marks of the *Übermensch* about him that he insists upon going out of the room before ladies, and, in other ways,

making himself unmannerly and insupportable. When remonstrated with by his female relatives and others for his bad manners he answers with a brutal sentence of Nietzsche's, 'Wenn du zum Weibe gehst, vergiss die Peitsche nicht' (*When you go among women don't forget the whip*). Then, again, what are the poor timid, over-ridden non-*Übermenschen* to do? What is to prevent them, the superiors in mere numbers, from continuing in the observance of the accepted code of morals, which make any violent assertion of the *Übermenschen* privileges a question for the policeman and the law-courts? On these points Nietzsche and the Nietzscheans say not a word.

Let us concede to the Nietzscheans the doctrine of the *Übermensch*. The fact which underlies this doctrine has been patent from the very beginnings of human society. The few strong men have always ruled the many weak. No doubt the *Peitsche*—the whip of the Nietzscheans—was a prevailing instrument in ruder times, but that overbearing insolence which Nietzsche's disciples recommend the modern *Übermensch* to assume, as the visible symbol of his power and his ascendancy, is no longer the method by which overlordship can be attained. The strong, masterful man may have superior moral, mental, and physical muscle to the crowd, but a modern crowd will not allow him to hustle and bully them into subserviency. He must not crack the Nietzschean whip in their faces. He must convert his moral and mental muscle into more current form, into a persuasive courtesy, into suavity of manner, into winning rhetoric, into eloquence—spoken or written. In these days the *Übermensch* must have more than the *fortiter in re*; he must also have the *suaviter in modo*.

Nietzsche without his disciples would be a force in the world of thought for whose help in the solution of the problems of life thinkers would be grateful. They would benefit by his utterances, and leave the wild and whirling words spoken during his semi-insanity alone, but this is just what his disciples refrain from doing.

It is impossible to exaggerate the extravagances of the Nietzscheans in the Germany of to-day. It is true they are confined to a section of the artistic and literary classes, but these classes are in every country those who have their hands on the lever that moves the intellectual advancement of nations. Fortunately it is not a very large section of the artistic and literary classes who run into these extravagances, but those who do go a long way.

There is little warrant in Nietzsche's saner writings for the excesses of his disciples. The practisers and apologists of them base themselves, of course, on the later utterances, when his mind was unbalanced, his reason wholly unhinged, and, if they are twitted with founding a policy of life and action upon the ravings of a madman

they have an answer which is at least ingenious and plausible and yet absolutely and in fact preposterous: they claim to know that Nietzsche in the latter years of his life was not mad at all—no more mad than Hamlet himself, only under the stress of an intellectual resolve to save mankind from the mental bondage under which it is labouring—that his later extravagances of language are the sane interpretation of sane reasoning, too deep, too intense, too subtle and too true for the apprehension of ordinary minds—in short, that Nietzsche has been playing Hamlet to the nations on the stage of modern Europe! Unfortunately the evidence of facts the other way is quite overwhelming.

One factor in the propagation of Nietzsche's influence among the Teutonic people has undoubtedly been his admirable style, a faculty of speech unfortunately not too common in Germany. On this point a highly non-Teutonic foreigner must take his opinion at second hand from Germans themselves, who unanimously assert that Nietzsche is an artist in words of the highest class.

In these days of vast and increasing population, spread over the distant continents, the written word is preponderating in value over the spoken one. Eloquence by the voice is no longer the only promulgator of ideas and opinions, as it once was in ancient Greece; and two great stirrers of modern thought, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, could never have had the influence they have enjoyed had they not both possessed notable powers of expression—in other words, of style. Like Schopenhauer, Nietzsche arrived at his mastery in the art of expression by refusing to consider language as a mere scientific exponent of thought, but rather as an artistic instrument through which, as through a violin or an organ, the hearts as well as the understandings of others could be reached. This is not always the Teutonic method of writing, it is not always the English method, but of course it is the best and the highest method. Such a style Nietzsche seems to have possessed, and this style, together with his strange magnetic personality, has helped to spread his views and tenets in the world of thoughtful men. Whether as a seer his work will live on and grow and develop as a true seer's work deserves to do by the handling of adequate disciples is doubtful, for unfortunately his reputation is for the moment in the mouths mainly of fanatics who confound his later visions and obscurities with the keen insight, the wide outlook, the large, clear utterance of his early years.

I believe though that *non omnis moriar* may truly be said of him, that the better part of him will survive, and that Nietzsche will in the future day be counted among the world's great men whose influence is immortal.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND ECONOMY IN THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD

THE air of London is already full of the sounds of the preparations for the Parliamentary contest ; and these will shortly be followed by elections for the County Council, for the School Board, and for the new Municipal Boroughs ; and though the School Board election does not excite the same political passions as the others, yet the choice of a body of men who will for the next three years control the educational policy affecting half a million of the London children, and in behalf of whom on the last occasion over one million votes were polled, is a matter of no small importance. There does not seem at present much prospect that the contest will call out very lively interest, or that party feeling will run high ; but the struggle will lie, as before, between the two bodies into which the School Board is divided, and which, for want of a better name, call themselves Moderates and Progressives.

At the last election the Progressives, for the first time for many years, gained a large majority. It is rumoured that those who are behind the scenes, and are best acquainted with the state of local feeling, believe that the Moderates are likely to recover the lost ground at the end of November. It appears that the question of religious instruction will not, as on former occasions, be brought prominently forward this time, and the two main points on which the contest will be fought will probably be Voluntary Schools and Economy. It is anticipated that those who support the Moderate candidates with their votes will do so in the belief (1) that they will foster and retain the Voluntary Denominational schools, to which the Progressives have shown their hostility by putting down Board Schools where additional accommodation was not required, in order to compete with Voluntary Schools, and by superior attractiveness to draw the children away from them, as well as by stirring up the parents to object to the payment of the fees which some of the Voluntary schools still demand ; (2) that they will oppose the extravagance of finance and the great rise in expenditure, and in the School Board rate, which have been the result of the Progressive administration during the last three years.

It is with the latter of these considerations that I propose to deal in this article. My aim is to show how far the charge of extravagance is justified in the present case, and what prospect there is of a reduction of expenditure if a Moderate majority come into power; and also to discuss the general question of the extent to which, and the limitations under which, economy can and should be studied by a School Board, under whatever flag it is enrolled.

The broad fact on which the charge of extravagance is based is that the annual expenditure of the School Board has increased in three years by 430,000*l.*, and the incidence of the school rate has risen from 12½*d.* to 14*d.* in the pound. The charge must be dealt with in different ways, according to the two meanings attached to it by the two classes of people from whose mouths it comes. There are those who have more or less carefully looked into the details of the expenditure, and who consider that in certain portions of it, and as regards certain definite items, the School Board has exceeded the limits of a wise economy; and there is a much larger number who simply maintain the view that the school rate has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. To each of these a separate answer is due.

There are some conditions under which all will agree that increase of expenditure is inevitable, though it is doubtful if many people realise how large a portion of the total is accounted for by these cases. The gradual rise in the number of the child population, combined with the occasional shutting down of Voluntary schools, entails the employment of more teachers and the building of more schools, and the need for the latter is accentuated by the extensive shifting of the population from the more crowded centres to the vacant parts of the suburbs. The great rise in wages and in the price of materials in the building trade has added nearly fifty per cent. to the cost of constructing schools, and this is felt in the larger sums payable annually for interest and sinking fund on the loan account. The law has imposed new and expensive liabilities on the School Board by transferring to it, from the Poor Law guardians, the care of the blind, the deaf, the defective, epileptic, and crippled children. The system of incremental salaries entails a growing rate of increase until the time comes when the majority of the employés have reached their maximum, and the efflux at the top balances the influx at the bottom. These are the main causes which may be classed as automatic or inevitable, and it has been shown in the financial statements which I have published for the last three years, when introducing the Budget, that they account for about five-sevenths of the entire increase in the annual expenditure, or 300,000*l.* out of 430,000*l.*

The rest of the increase is due either to the Board's deliberate policy in sanctioning a larger outlay, in order to secure results which

are thought to be commensurate with that outlay, or else to carelessness in little things, which, though almost infinitesimal in themselves, mount up by reason of their great number to considerable totals. The chief instances of the first set of cases are the increase in the scale of teachers' salaries and the employment of a larger number of teachers in order to bring down the size of the classes. It is wonderful to see how the teachers do secure discipline and attention in large classes of sixty or more children, but every educationist will agree that such classes are too large for every child to receive the amount of individual attention which it requires, and that the gradual process by which the average proportion between children and teachers has been brought down from about fifty to one to forty-five to one is well worth the amount of money which it has cost. Again, the outgoing Board is responsible for the new scale of salaries by which male teachers of classes rise to 175*l.* instead of 155*l.*, and females to 140*l.* instead of 115*l.* This rise may seem to savour of extravagance, but the principle of it was accepted by both parties alike (some of the Moderates even thinking that a larger enhancement was called for), and it may be defended on strict economic principles by the fact that the old scale did not attract a sufficient number of capable persons into the teaching profession. When we consider what qualities are required to make a successful teacher of the rough children in a London elementary school, the firmness and self-reliance necessary for maintaining discipline, the kindness and power of sympathy for attracting the affections, the gift of discriminating observation which enables them to judge character, to watch the development of intelligence, and to diagnose the threatenings of disease, who can wonder that men and women who are conscious of possessing these qualities know that many walks of life are open in which they can obtain distinction, and hesitate to commit themselves to the teaching profession unless they are convinced that its emoluments are such as to secure them at least domestic comfort and provision for old age?

Another source of expenditure during the last three years has been the enlarged provision of teaching in cookery and laundry work for girls and in wood-work for boys. Those who complain most of School Board extravagance are apt to say that their education unfits them for practical work and makes them discontented with their rank in life, and it does not lie in their mouths to object to training which prepares girls for domestic service and boys for the work of mechanics.

Then there are the evening schools, in the number and also in the cost of which there has been a great development, and the fees for attendance at which have been abolished. Hardly any spending department has been so hotly attacked within the School Board as this, and the attack has mainly come from the Moderate side.

I cannot think that in all respects the expenditure has been wise and necessary, but it must be borne in mind that the School Board is in a different relation to these classes from what it occupies in regard to day schools. There attendance is compulsory, here it is optional; there we can employ the rigour of the law, here we can only attract; and if the attraction consists not only in offering teaching in solid subjects but also in lighter and more recreative branches, such as gymnastics, swimming, and even dancing, there is some excuse for it. When we consider how little a child learns by the age of thirteen, how soon that little is forgotten unless the self-education is continued, and how vastly important it is that the young men and women of London should be growing up with some opportunities for cultivating their powers and improving their knowledge, I do not feel sure that even the strictest censor will hold that an outlay of 85,000*l.* is altogether unjustifiable when it has secured the presence in our schools of over 50,000 students, for the most part between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

There is one class of expenditure which has been a good deal criticised of late—namely, that incurred in the Science and Art classes, on chemical and physical laboratories, and so forth. I am debarred from saying much on this head by the fact that the legality of this expenditure is still before the Law Courts, the Local Government Awards' auditor having objected to certain items in the accounts, in order to test the principle. But whatever the technical and legal position may be, it may fairly be alleged that some teaching in chemical and physical science and in advanced drawing is contemplated and sanctioned in the Education Code, and if the fine border-line is held to have been transgressed it can only have been by a hair's-breadth.

There remains the other class of optional expenditure, in which, as I hold, there has been a certain degree of excess, arising from over-liberality in meeting innumerable small requisitions for library books, for Kindergarten apparatus, for materials in drawing classes, for school furniture, and so forth. Every one who has had to deal with public expenditure knows how insidious and persistent these claims are, how reasonable and desirable each one seems when taken in detail, and yet to what large sums they amount when the year's figures are added up, and what stern and vigilant economy is required to keep them down.

But, after all, to what do the admissions that I have made amount? Grant that there are some things which a strict educational economist might object to, and that there is a want of the economical atmosphere in little things which is needed to keep down expenditure. But how small a part of the total outlay is affected by this admission! The outgoing Board has spent in its last year 430,000*l.* more than its predecessor spent in its last year. Of this

about 300,000*l.* was inevitable, about 100,000*l.* was optional, but incurred to obtain reforms and expansions of the highest value, and possibly about 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* was attributable to a want of strict vigilance in little things. If this amount had been saved it would have effected a reduction of half a farthing in the school rate. This is hardly a sum sufficient to constitute a party question to go to the poll upon.

There is, however, another line of attack made upon School Board expenditure which it would not be wise to ignore. It does not examine into details or challenge particular items in the figures, but it asserts broadly that the London School Board has exceeded its duty by giving too high an education to its children and exceeding the limits of what can fairly be called Elementary teaching. Those who make this assertion are prone to confine Elementary teaching to the three R's, and are often ignorant that the Education Department's Code itself has sanctioned and made legal the teaching of many other subjects which are not ordinarily considered as 'elementary,' but which the gradual improvement in the learning capacity of the children has made it possible, and even necessary, to impart in order that their time may be fully occupied up to the age of fourteen.

This great improvement is an important factor in deciding the question what amount of instruction an Elementary School is bound to include in its course. A valuable light has been thrown upon it by an interesting report prepared by Mr. T. A. Spalding, under Lord Reay's direction, on 'The Work of the London School Board,' for presentation at the Paris Exhibition. He shows how, when the School Board was created in 1870, a vast number of uneducated, undisciplined children who had never been to school at all, or who had received most inefficient teaching, were swept into the new schools. 'Standard IV.' represented then, and represents still, the minimum acquirements which a child must possess in order to obtain exemption from school attendance below the age of fourteen. In the first three years of the Board's existence 97·6 per cent. of the children were below Standard IV. Now only 60 per cent. are below that standard. The improvement has been steady and continuous, and there are now twice as many children in and above Standard VII. as there were in 1870-3 in all the Standards above III. Surely a fact like this must have an influence on the curriculum of studies which the children are enabled to pursue.

Mr. Spalding further shows that the objection which is now taken to the 'extravagance' of the School Board's tuition is not new, but made itself heard at a very early stage. The code of 1871 allowed the teaching, in addition to the 'three R's,' of 'history, geography, and grammar, algebra and geometry, the natural sciences, political economy, languages, and any definite subject of

instruction of which the inspector can report that it is well adapted to 'the capacity of the children.' The first Board adopted a curriculum based on this Code, classifying some of the subjects as 'essential' and some as 'discretionary.' Immediately opposition was aroused, and protests against extravagance began to pour in, in 1872, though the school rate was then under one penny in the pound. The Board's reply was that they had not exceeded the limits sanctioned by the Code and that their schools were not at present up to the average level of other efficient schools. 'Many of the subjects enumerated are optional, and the programme itself may be regarded as setting forth what is ultimately desirable rather than what is at present attainable.' This modest aspiration was well suited to a time when 96 per cent. of the children were below Standard IV.; but now that only 60 per cent. are below that standard, that 85 per cent. of the schools take three or more than three of the 'discretionary' subjects, and 10 per cent. of the children pass successful examinations in the higher or 'specific' subjects, what was only desirable and hardly attainable in 1872 may safely be pronounced to have been attained. As a matter of fact the curriculum of the present day differs from that of 1872 only in the greater development of the teaching of chemistry and physics in a few of the schools, and generally in the inclusion of singing and drill for all children, cookery and laundry work for girls, and woodwork for boys, the latter being subjects of which those who are most opposed to higher intellectual training may be expected to approve.

I turn now to the second and more numerous body of our critics, who do not trouble themselves with details or with causes, but who feel the pinch of taxation and condemn the whole financial management of the School Board in the lump. They see that the School Rate was only 40,000*l.* in 1871 and has grown to 2,172,000*l.* in 1900. The incidence of the rate was a halfpenny in the pound in 1871, when the assessable value of London was eighteen millions and a penny rate brought in about 75,000*l.* Now that the assessable value has risen to thirty-seven millions and the penny rate to 150,000*l.* the incidence of the school rate is fourteen pence in the pound. They argue broadly that nothing can justify the imposition of so heavy a burden on the ratepayers, and they look back longingly to the Golden Age when Mr. Forster pronounced that it did not seem possible that a school rate should ever exceed threepence in the pound. The only answer that I can suggest to such an argument is to say that the onus lies on the objector to prove the charge of extravagance, and to ask him to lay his finger on the items which he would cut down in order to produce a saving. To me it seems that the idea of carrying on the education of London children at any considerable reduction below the present cost—any

reduction, that is, which would give a sensible relief to the ratepayer—is chimerical. Take the theory that a threepenny rate should be sufficient for all purposes, and examine what it means. A threepenny rate in London would produce 450,000*l.*, or less than one pound per head for each child on the school registers. The Government grants from the Education Department amount to 1*l.* 12*s.* per head; so that, adding the school rate to them, we should have about 2*l.* 12*s.* at our disposal for each child. But if you have a class of fifty children to one teacher, whose salary is 150*l.*, that works out at once to three pounds a head for teaching alone; and as a matter of fact the accounts show that the entire sum paid on account of teachers' salaries amounts to 3*l.* 3*s.* per head; and I have tried in the earlier part of this article to show that the teachers' salaries are not excessive and should not be cut down. Then we have the cost of inspection, which comes to 5*s.* 6*d.* per head; repairs to buildings, over 5*s.*; books and apparatus, 4*s.*; and rates (which are a repayment into the pocket of the ratepayer), 5*s.* 4*d.* This makes up a total of nearly 4*l.* 9*s.* per child, against which only 1*l.* 12*s.* is paid by the Government, and to meet the rest a rate of 8½*d.* would have to be levied. And this is only for the maintenance of the day schools. In addition we have a large number of other branches of expenditure to provide for. By throwing on the School Board the care of the deaf, blind, and defective children the State has added a farthing to the rates, and we are only at the beginning of this class of expenditure. The industrial schools and the salaries of the staff who enforce attendance add each one-third of a penny to the rates; the expenses of the head office and the cost of buildings not charged to loan add about a halfpenny; while it takes a fourpenny rate to meet the interest and sinking fund on loans, which swallow up 600,000*l.* In this way the total incidence of 14*d.* in the pound is made up.

It is only by making such a close examination as this into the component parts of expenditure that it can be seen whether there is or is not room for economy, and if the persons who bring the charge of extravagance will take the trouble to do this I am confident that they will see that there are good excuses to be made for all or almost all the outlay of the School Board, and that the most ruthless economist would not find much play for his shears. I have admitted that there are some items in which I think the Board has been somewhat too lax and liberal; but the largest allowance that can be made for this would not bring down the rate by a halfpenny. Even with respect to such items as I refer to, I doubt if there has been any evidence that the Moderates as a whole have been on the side of resisting the increased outlay which has been incurred; individuals have raised protests, with more or less support from both sides, but I do not think the division lists show any signs of party

cleavage. But, however this may be with regard to this particular class of cases, it is certain that the greater part of the increased expenditure has been the work of the School Board as a whole, not of the predominant party overriding the scruples and resistance of the minority, and I do not see therefore how either party can go to the poll on a financial platform, or how ratepayers can hope that by voting for Moderate candidates they will ensure any material reduction in the growth of expenditure.

Apart from attacks on specific items of expenditure one general proposal, and, as far as I know, only one, in favour of economical administration has been made during the last three years. It was drawn from my experience in the bitter school of Indian finance, where every member of the Civil Service learns as his earliest lesson that, however desirable for the good of the country numerous schemes may be, the one fundamental rule to ensure the safety of the Government and the content of the people is to impose no new taxation. Accordingly, under what is known as the scheme of Provincial Contracts, each province has had made over to it certain sources of revenue and certain departments of expenditure, and can incur no increase in that expenditure, except it can be met by the natural and gradual growth of revenue. This system I proposed to apply, with some modifications, to the chief spending departments of the School Board. The automatic or inevitable growth of expenditure might be met by a new rate; but the 'optional' expenditure, one-third of the whole, should, it was suggested, be confined to the natural growth of the productiveness of the old rate. The assessable value of London increases about 600,000*l.* each year on an average, and a 14*l.* rate on that amount produces 35,000*l.* a year. This amount should be handed over to the spending departments, to be utilised to the best of their ability for the benefit of the schools, but not to be exceeded. The proposal, however, met with the approval of neither party and fell almost still-born; but I still think that if a School Board wished to pass a self-denying ordinance, limiting its own power to sanction outlay, this would be a fairly wise and appropriate method of doing it.

This leads us to the further question whether any such self-denying ordinance is an object to be aimed at; and how far any member of a School Board can or should be a convinced economist in matters relating to the management and equipment of schools. What are the limits within which it is possible or right to advocate the practice of economy without injury to efficiency? An enthusiast in education sets his heart on many reforms; one wishes for larger playgrounds, one for more cubic accommodation in the schools, one for smaller classes, one for more specialised teachers to take the higher subjects, one for larger lending libraries or more pictures to hang on the walls, one for a swimming-bath for each group of

schools, one for a larger staff of attendance officers, one for more truant schools, and so forth. Each and all of these would, we may assume, be genuine improvements, tending to benefit the children and to increase their happiness while at the school and the advantages they derive from it, or to better their chances in the struggle for life after leaving school; but each and all would cost money and would assist in sending up the rate. Can any canon be laid down to guide a School Board member as to which of them he should press for and which he should abandon, where his regard for the children's welfare should outweigh his fear of the ratepayer and where it should take the second place and allow that fear to dominate the procedure? It is hard to see what rule or principle should be laid down to govern his action, and there seems to be some danger lest the progress of a School Board should become something like a switch-back railway, the gradient falling when an election is near and the vision of the wrathful ratepayer looms threateningly, and rising again rapidly when that crisis is over and the new Board safely launched on its three-years' career.

The economist in private life has a simple rule to go to: he looks at his banker's book and is guided by what he finds there. However much he may desire a new conservatory for his drawing-room, or an extension to his stables, if his balance at the bank will not run to it he resigns himself and postpones the realisation of his wish till he can afford it. He appreciates Mr. Micawber's sound reasoning, 'Income twenty shillings, expenditure twenty-one shillings, result bankruptcy.' But the School Board member is subject to no such restrictions. If he wants a new laboratory, or art room, or domestic economy centre, he dips his hand into the ratepayers' bottomless purse and gets it. If his expenditure is twenty-one shillings he makes his income balance it, and for the time at least he hears no more about it.

The Government official again, accustomed to the 'eternal want of pence' which vexes public men, finds himself strangely disillusioned when he enters the School Board. Instead of having the greatest difficulty in obtaining funds for any special purpose he stands, like Clive in the Nawab Nazim's Treasury, able to take what he pleases, and astonished at his own moderation. Indeed, though the problem of the ratepayer seems in most respects to correspond closely to that of the general taxpayer there is in one respect a wide difference between them. The Government in its dealings with the taxpayer enjoys abundant light as to what he wishes or what he will stand. If the public is keen about a war, for instance, Government can incur immense war expenditure, which it would not dare to do, however convinced of its necessity, unless the tide of popular feeling were in its favour. New schemes are constantly being laid before Government, new objects of expenditure urged upon it, which the

different departments may know to be sound and beneficial to the country; but behind the departments stands the Treasury, grim and watchful in its guard over the public purse, and always prone to refuse or to cut down a grant. If the Government propose to add a penny to the income tax it is made to know at once what the public think of it, and eager deputations assail members with the threat that if they do not vote against the rise they will lose their seat. But no such light envelops the finance of local taxation; nobody stands, like the Treasury, in an attitude of stern resistance to all increase of expenditure; no deputations of ratepayers threaten any School Board member with the loss of his seat. He has to grope darkly for any hint of what they are feeling, and to watch for indications of a coming storm. It is small wonder if he should deceive himself into the idea that discontent which does not appear on the surface does not really exist. He admits as an abstract proposition that no one likes to be called on to pay enhanced rates, and yet he is told that there are large parts of London where the mass of the people are reconciled to the disagreeable process by the conviction that they get their full money's worth. Take the East End, for instance, from Whitechapel to Poplar, or Southwark, or a large part of Greenwich; it is demonstrable that most of the residents, being parents of children in elementary schools, receive more than the value of the rate they pay for education. In the richer parts of London the case is reversed; but even from these there has come little or no articulate expression during the last three years of opposition to the scale on which expenditure has gone on, certainly nothing corresponding to the eager and vehement protests of 1872. Till some grave and imperative expression is given to such opposition it is not likely that School Board members, of whatever party, will feel sufficiently assured of its existence to resist their natural desire to perfect to the uttermost the machinery which they control. The utmost that can be expected of them is to see that what they get is not unduly expensive and bears a reasonable proportion to what they pay for it.

What is chiefly needed is some means by which the members and the electors may be brought into closer touch with each other from time to time, and that the ratepayers should clearly know and declare their own minds on the subject. Nothing could be more desirable than that they should consider such facts as those which have been brought forward in this article, and come to the deliberate conclusion that they will grudge no money spent on the children's education which can be shown to be well and wisely laid out. Nothing could be more undesirable than that discontent should smoulder and swell unheeded, till we are all waked from a fool's paradise by an explosion of indignation which should refuse the

supplies and insist on reducing the school rate to an extent which would destroy the efficiency of the elementary schools.

So that it seems to me that the only rule of conduct which can be laid down for any member is this: he should oppose no expenditure for which he is satisfied that good and commensurate value will be received as regards the efficiency of the schools, subject to the proviso that the patience of the ratepayer must not be strained to the breaking point; and to assure himself on this point he must be in constant touch with his constituents, and endeavour to ascertain their feelings, and above all to carry them with him and convince them that the expenditure of the School Board is on the whole wise, fruitful, and not excessive. I am not without hope that this article may assist in producing such a conviction.

I will only add one argument to indicate to those who are clamorous for economy how their contention should lead them to vote in the coming election. I have already referred to the vast increase in the number of the children educated in the London Board schools. The average attendance has risen from 20,000 in 1872 to 450,000 in 1900, and this of itself has necessitated a great and inevitable rise in expenditure, independent of any increase in salaries or reform in administration and procedure. But besides these 450,000 children in Board schools there are 175,000 children in attendance in Voluntary schools. If those schools were closed, and the whole number of children were thrown on to the hands of the Board, there would be a necessary rise in the expenditure, corresponding to the rise in the numbers; and if a school rate of 14*l.* is required for the education of 450,000 children it would have to be levied at the rate of 19½*d.* to meet the needs of 625,000. It seems clear, therefore, that those who desire to keep down the rate should vote for Moderate candidates, who are pledged to support and encourage Voluntary schools, and to protect them from the undue competition and harassment to which they are liable at the hands of the Progressive party.

C. A. ELLIOTT.

AN AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

AN American Presidential Campaign has no prototype—there is nothing like it in any other political system. It is a somewhat startling statement to say that an American Presidential Election is, in practice, opposed to the theory of the framers of the Constitution. Yet it is true. The framers of the Constitution of the United States never intended that the people should directly elect their President or Vice-President. The Constitution of the United States is conspicuous for its many safeguards in the interest of conservatism. This feature of the Constitution is nowhere made more manifest than in the complicated scheme provided for the election of a President. The intention of the framers of the Constitution was to remove the election of President from the turmoil and passion of party strife and popular prejudice, and to leave it to a representative but select body of citizens who should be absolutely free to choose whom they pleased. Theoretically, the people of the United States do not directly elect their President; but practically they do, although the forms of the Constitution are punctiliously observed. All the citizens of the new Republic wanted Washington for the first President. He was also the universal choice for the second term. From that time, however, politics began to have its influence in the selection of the President, and for one hundred years the President has been selected by popular ballot—although indirectly in theory; that is, the people have chosen their President by vote, while at the same time they have observed the forms of the Constitution, especially designed to avoid the choice of the President by direct popular vote. An understanding of the method of a Presidential campaign and election necessitates, therefore, an understanding of both the Constitutional theory and the actual practice.

Under the Constitution, the President is elected by representative bodies of men, known as the 'Electoral Colleges,' one 'College' in each State. In providing for the selection of a President and Vice-President the Constitution of the United States says: 'Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress.' For example: Take the State of Ohio. It has two United States

Senators (and each State, irrespective of size and population, is entitled to two Senators in the Congress of the United States); and Ohio sends twenty-one members to the House of Representatives of Congress. The Ohio Electoral College therefore consists of twenty-three members. There have been four different methods of appointing, or selecting, these electors throughout the different States, but now they are all elected by the people direct, on one general ticket in each State; and it is in voting for these electors that the people practically vote for the President direct, as I shall explain further on. What is known as the Presidential election is really the election of the electors who elect the President. The election of the electors takes place in all the States on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November every four years. Practically, it is this election that settles the Presidency; but under the forms of the Constitution the President is not legally elected until the second Monday of January following. On that day the electors of all the States meet at the respective State capitols. Under the intention of the framers of the Constitution these gentlemen were to calmly and coolly, as 'select men' or 'fathers in Israel,' deliberate upon and cast their votes for a person for President of the United States untrammelled by, and independent of, any partisan or outside pressure. As a matter of fact, the Electoral Colleges merely meet to register a decree already made—viz. when the members were elected in November. Let me still further explain.

Each political party selects in representative National Convention its candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. Each party also selects candidates for Presidential electors—a candidate being named from each Congressional District in each State, and two at large in each State. These candidates' names are placed upon the ballot sheet, generally underneath a party emblem. The voter does not declare in form, say, for instance, that he votes for Mr. McKinley for President, or for Mr. Bryan for President, but he votes for the electors of his party choice. In so doing he is practically voting directly for Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley, for the reason that he absolutely knows that if the Democratic electors are elected, they will when they meet at the Electoral College of their State, on the second Monday of January, vote for the Democratic candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency; while he is also absolutely certain that if the Republican electors are elected they will vote for the Republican nominees for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. A great deal is often said the world over as to the lack of honour among politicians, and yet it is a fact that the only guarantee the voters of the United States have that the Presidential electors will fulfil the trust reposed in them is the honour of the electors. Legally speaking, an elector has the right to vote for whom he pleases in the Electoral College. He gives no bond in writing;

takes no oath ; he subscribes to no form ; and yet he is bound by an unwritten law in an understanding and obligation as strong and as unbreakable as any sacred obligation ever taken by mortal man ; and it is an overwhelming testimony to the integrity of American manhood that there is not one instance in the century during which the electoral system has prevailed in which an elector has violated this obligation. There is never a suspicion that he would do such a thing—there is never even a suspicion that anybody would tempt him to do such a thing, although there have been times in the history of the United States when the country seemed on the verge of even civil war, owing to the passionate contentions growing out of Presidential elections. The declaration of the result is made at a joint meeting of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States on the second Wednesday of February, when the certificates are opened and counted. For there to be an election there must be a majority of the total votes of the electors. If no person has received a majority, then the election is, as it is called, ‘thrown’ into the House of Representatives of Congress. This has only happened twice. The most serious controversy that ever arose as to the election of a President was in connection with the election of 1876. This was during the period of reconstruction growing out of the civil war. Two sets of electoral ballot-sheets were received at Washington from the States of Florida, Oregon, South Carolina, and Louisiana. The Republican candidate, Mr. Hayes, required all the twenty-one votes from all these four States to secure election. The Democratic candidate, Mr. Tilden, was only short of one vote, exclusive of the vote from these States. The Constitution never contemplated such a situation, and there was no provision to meet it. It seemed for a time as if the country would again be plunged into civil war ; but patriotism was triumphant, and a body known as the ‘Electoral Commission’—composed equally of members of the Senate, the House, and of the Supreme Court—was created, and although there was much party bitterness over the matter the country acquiesced in the decision of the Commission. This dangerous contention led to the enactment of a law designed to prevent a recurrence of the difficulty.

Now I come to an explanation of the way a President is elected by popular choice. There is a preliminary campaign in regard to the selection by each party of a candidate. Occasionally party sentiment is so well defined beforehand that it can be foretold with tolerable certainty who will be nominated. Generally, however, this preliminary campaign is very warmly conducted, and leaves the issue at the time of the Convention in great doubt. There have been instances of the nomination of a candidate who previously had not been thought of, let alone having had a preliminary canvass made in his behalf.

There is nothing in the British party system to be compared in any way with an American Presidential National Convention. It is the highest development of the party caucus. It is purely voluntary, and yet in its details of organisation and mechanism it is as formal and well regulated, and governed by as clearly-defined rules and as punctilious ceremony as any hereditary function of a European Government. There has, indeed, of recent years been a tendency to protect the purity of party nominations by throwing around the procedure the safeguards of the law; but still in its essence the system of making a party nomination must always be voluntary. In the composition of a National Convention, the Electoral College and the Congressional system of representation is followed. Within well-defined limitations the political organisation of each State manages the details of the system of securing representation. In its general features, however, the system is uniform throughout the whole country. Each State in a National Convention is entitled to just double its representation in the Congress of the United States, or in the Electoral College. Thus, Ohio is entitled to forty-six delegates to the National Convention. Ohio has twenty-one Congressional districts, each district sending two delegates to the National Convention. This leaves four 'delegates-at-large,' as they are called—that is, double the number of the State's representation in the Federal Senate. These delegates-at-large are elected from each State at a State Convention. The position of a delegate-at-large to a National Convention of one of the great political parties is held to be one of the most distinguished honours that can be paid a citizen, and oftentimes the struggle for these places is secondary only to that for the Presidential nomination. It is generally considered that the known preference of the four delegates-at-large from a State is indicative of the predominating preference for President of the voters of the party within that State. There is one fundamental and characteristic difference between a Republican and a Democratic National Convention. In a Republican Convention a majority of all votes cast make a nomination, but in a Democratic National Convention it requires a two-thirds vote to nominate. In a Republican Convention the individual district delegates vote as they please. A Republican State Convention, however, generally reserves to itself the right to instruct the four delegates-at-large as to how they shall vote on choice for President. In a Democratic Convention the majority of the delegates from each State can decree that the entire vote of the State shall be cast for one particular candidate. This is called 'enforcing the unit rule.' Without entering unnecessarily into party controversy, I think I am justified in saying that the Republican method gives the greatest satisfaction.

There are, I believe, few public functions in a free country more impressive than an American National Convention. Very often

there is an active rivalry among the chief cities of the country to secure the Convention. The place of meeting is decided upon by the National Committee of the party, composed of representatives from all the States and Territories. This decision is arrived at months before the holding of the Convention. Few cities in the Union have halls large enough to accommodate a National Convention, and so a special building has sometimes to be erected for the purpose.

In the various stages of the process of nominating, electing, and installing a President of the United States, nothing is taken for granted, but there is the most punctilious observance of certain forms and ceremonies. This characteristic is strongly illustrated in the next order of procedure. A committee composed of a leading politician from every State and Territory is appointed, and, on an agreed date, this committee calls upon the nominee (generally at his home), and then with eloquence and ceremony he is notified of the honour that has been conferred upon him. To this address the nominee makes a short response. Subsequently, however, he makes a formal acknowledgment, in which he gives his adhesion to the platform or principles declared at the Convention, and expresses himself at length upon the issues of the day. This document is always considered one of great importance, and is known as the 'letter of acceptance,' and is generally recognised as the nominee's 'key-note of the campaign.' From now on the campaign wages in earnest, getting more exciting, and enthusiastic, and engrossing, the nearer the day of election approaches.

In American politics there are two exceptions to the rule of candidates 'taking the stump.' One of these exceptions applies to judges of the courts; for, except as to judges of the Federal Courts, nearly all the judiciary of the States are elected by the people. The other exception applies to the President, the rule being for the Presidential nominee to stay at home and deliver short addresses to such delegations as call upon him. There have been, however, two noted cases recently in which this rule as to the Presidency has been violated—the first in the case of Mr. Blaine, and the second in the case of Mr. Bryan, who was the Democratic nominee against Mr. McKinley four years ago, and is again this year. Mr. McKinley decided from the start that he would not travel over the country to make speeches, and his decision met with the very general approval, not only of his close personal and political friends and the managers of the party, but of the great mass of Republicans throughout the country, although at the latter end of the campaign, when the issue appeared to be doubtful, there was some pressure to induce Mr. McKinley to make a tour. He resisted it, however, and I believe it is generally conceded now that he was wise in remaining at home.

The National Committee, which is composed of a member from

every State and Territory, has head-quarters, say, at New York and Chicago. Every State also has its own head-quarters, as has every county in every State. All these centres of political activity are in constant and instant touch with each other. Thousands of speakers 'take the stump.' There are parades and demonstrations without number; party literature, in the form of books, pamphlets, leaflets, is circulated by the ton; a mania for button and badge-wearing springs up; clubs are organised in every corner of the land; the highways and byways are plastered with cartoons, many of them in colours and some of them of real artistic merit; and the newspaper columns are crowded with reports of speeches, descriptions of meetings and demonstrations, and 'booms,' and reports of accessions and defections.

Some foreign critics and even some cynics in the United States have protested against all this; they have complained of the interruption to business, and of the time and money spent, and have argued that a quadrennial Presidential election is an evil and nothing but an evil, and that some way ought to be provided to avoid it. There are some extravagances of expression and of sentiment at a Presidential election, but for my own part I cannot subscribe to the claim that an election by a free people ought to be conducted on the same method and in the same spirit as generally prevails in the election of a board of directors of a joint-stock company. The government of a free people is something more than a mere matter of administration of a big business concern. Mr. James Bryce, who is a sympathetic but discriminating critic, in his great work *The American Commonwealth*, says:

The election is a solemn periodical appeal to the nation to review its condition—the way in which its business has been carried on, the conduct of the two great parties. It stirs and rouses the nation as nothing else does, forces everyone not merely to think about public affairs, but to decide how he judges the parties. It is a direct expression of the will of 10,000,000 of voters, a force before which everything must bow. It refreshes the sense of national duty; and at great crises it intensifies national patriotism.

Mr. Bryce then goes on to liken it to a general election of the House of Commons in England, and adds:

A Presidential election, which purports to be merely the selection of a man, is often in reality a decision upon issues of policy, a condemnation of the course taken by one party, a mandate to the other to follow some different course.

This is not the place to discuss the question of which is the best system of government for the nations of the world. Probably we all can assent to the principle expressed by Pope:

For forms of government let fools contest;
What e'er is best administered is best.

But, as an American citizen, I may be excused for expressing a preference for the American system of government, not only as a matter of theory but as a matter of practice ; and of one thing I am sure, and that is, that no system of government could give as great satisfaction to the American people and would be as well administered in their interests as that system laid down by the Immortal Constitution of 1787. And the genius, the central idea of that Constitution, is the right of representation—the right of every citizen to have a voice in the framing of laws to govern him, and in the selection of men to administer those laws. The very core and heart and soul of free government is a free and pure and equal ballot. President McKinley himself has given noble expression to this idea. In one of his speeches he said :

‘ We must never lose sight of the fact that citizen suffrage—constitutional suffrage—is the basis of all power and authority in a free government like ours. That suffrage must be free—free from corruption, free from bribery and venality, free from force and intimidation. It must express the untrammelled judgment of the citizens. . . . It is the most sacred privilege of the citizen, and its sanctity is the citadel of our security and power. Nothing but the pollution of the ballot can withhold from this favoured people the highest possibilities in civilisation and destiny.’

There is something even solemn in the realisation of the majestic potentiality and import of the casting of the ballot by millions of free men on one day to decide upon their choice of a chief magistrate. It is :

‘ A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod ;
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God.’

JAMES BOYLE.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE: A REPLY

IN an article in this Review of last July Mr. L. Gell asserts, or rather implies, the necessity of administrative improvement in the Public Service of this country, and, following Lord Lansdowne's saying in the House of Lords that nobody is justified in criticising unless he is prepared with an alternative to the existing state of things, he lays down a plan for the reform he advocates.

The Civil Service of this country needs no apologist to protect it from statements and insinuations as vague and as absolutely unsupported by any evidence as those put forward by Mr. Gell, who asserts 'that among the merits and weaknesses of the profession there is possibly the characteristic failing of all bureaucracies, the tendency to lose touch with the workaday world outside, to develop an esoteric orthodoxy, to assume that the daily work and traditional system of a department are ends in themselves, and forget that it is after all a mere implement to attain definite results for the commonwealth.' I should be one of the first to admit that all administrations are capable of improvement; but I do contend that nothing has been proved to verify the statement of Mr. Gell, who seems to be enamoured of the word 'Imperialism,' that 'Imperial administration falls short of what Imperial interests demand.'

Now I am old enough to recollect that when the British public who is now called the Man in the Street discovered through the agency of the Press all the disasters and failures of the Crimean war, the Duke of Newcastle was sent out as the scapegoat into the wilderness to bear the sins of the people; but I can see no reason why Mr. Gell is so ready to make the Civil Service the scapegoat for what he calls our 'egregious waverings in our past dealings with the Transvaal, the outcome of a Colonial Office without a Colonial policy, the gallant lives offered to their country to retrieve the disasters brought upon us by a War Office without a military policy.' At any rate, it was not responsible for 'the ridiculous toys' which no less an authority than Captain Hedworth Lambton says were sent out to South Africa in the place of artillery.

The strain and the stress which suddenly came upon the civil

departments of the State at the commencement of the Boer war were prodigious, and I maintain that they were not found wanting, and Mr. Gell has not shown what their shortcomings, if they existed at all, were. There are doubtless many points on which praise and blame can only be fairly apportioned when we know more; the Royal Commission which is now investigating the alleged breakdown in the hospital arrangements at the seat of war will tell us if there were failures, and what branches of the Service will be held responsible for them. But, without prejudging the verdict of the Commission, it appears that there were plenty of hospital stores sent from this country, and that the failure to get them up the country, however accounted for by the necessities of war, cannot reasonably be attributable to the civil side of the Service.

But there are a few points perhaps worthy of notice as being as far as I know undisputed—the immediate calling out of the Reserves and their prompt response, their food and clothing, were essentially the work of civil administration. But for the sake of argument let it be assumed that Mr. Gell has substantiated a case for administrative reform. He tells us that there is in Government offices a system of ‘watertight compartments,’ by which I suppose he means that no new blood can be infused into them. Out of his own lips can the statement be confuted, for he mentions cases whereby outside men have been imported into the watertight compartments of the State: Lord Loch, Sir Alfred Milner, Sir Arthur Godley, and Sir Robert Herbert, to whom might be added Sir Nigel Kingscote, Mr. Horner, Mr. Stafford Howard, and Lord Esher. These men, managing, and managing with marked success, great departments, are not, as we shall see, to be entrusted under Mr. Gell’s proposed scheme with the organisation, promotion, and discipline in the offices over which they preside.

Mr. Gell, in his apparent ignorance of the existing practice in the Civil Service, points out to us as something new that if a worthy official is left unpromoted in some less important post suited to his capacity, he ought to be entitled to certain increments of salary as the reward of long experience and faithful service; and he then indulges in some well-worn platitudes as to the danger of promotion by merit which may deviate, he tells us, into nepotism or even jobbery—though why jobbery is worse than nepotism he does not tell us. I do not know whether Mr. Gell’s experience is greater in official or commercial life, but his comparison of the two is, if he will forgive me for saying so, somewhat amusing to one who, like myself, has had some experience in both. ‘The inherent weakness,’ he says, ‘of every public office is that it breeds in and in. In large commercial concerns, on the other hand, there is a ceaseless evolution of improved methods, a constant change of men and ideas, and an instructive economy of effort’—whatever that may mean.

Now if these words have any meaning at all, are they true? What and where are these commercial houses where juniors pass from one firm to another always bringing in fresh methods; if they exist, I can imagine no surer method of securing maladministration. But I am fighting shadows; such things, I will venture to say, do not exist in the City.

Mr. Gell evidently imagines that in contrast to the Civil Service success is the inherent birthright of all commercial undertakings, well or ill administered, and I cannot but think it would be well were he to devote a quarter of an hour to the study of a very interesting report of the Board of Trade just issued on the Bankruptcy Act of 1883, where he would find that in London alone in one year (1889) there were over seven hundred bankruptcies.

I think we may assume, however, that from a service so greatly in want of reform the City still gladly receives men nurtured in its arms. Let me quote a few of them: Lord Loch, Sir Robert Herbert, Lord Welby, Sir C. Rivers Wilson, Sir Charles Fremantle, Sir Charles Ryan, Sir Ralph Thompson, Mr. Harvey, of Glyn, Mills, & Co., Mr. Dawkins, partner in Messrs. Morgans, Sir John Purcell, and last, and not least, the writer of this article, while Mr. Stewart of the Board of Trade was elected from an unnumbered list of candidates as Clerk to the County Council of London, and has since resigned that office to be chairman of a large industrial company. I mention these names for the purpose of showing the value attached to the training of civil servants in the City. Mr. Gell's proposals for effecting administrative reform are to be found in the creation of a small Board of Administrative Control, 'which is to be independent, and is to report confidentially to a committee of the House of Commons'! I fear that no number of marks of surprise could adequately express the astonishment of any man of ordinary experience or common sense at such a proposal, but it is eclipsed by Mr. Gell's recipe for its construction.

This small board is to consist of three paid commissioners, one civil servant and two men of experience in the industrial or commercial world, four or six great shipowners, railway managers, or provincial manufacturers—and the First Civil Service Commissioner as an *ex-officio* member! Of course, none of these magnates would have any business of their own to transact, and would gladly occupy their idle hours administering the public service gratuitously.

The services of such men having been easily engaged, it is to be arranged that they retire by rotation, and are not to be eligible for these coveted appointments until the expiration of a year. One can easily imagine the tremendous competition that would arise for these coveted posts.

All the great bankers of Lombard Street, all the managers of our great railways, all the princes of commerce in London, would be

besieging the Prime Minister for a seat on this small board of ten members.

Let us for a moment imagine the first meeting of the board, Mr. Gell of course being present to instruct them in the duties to be performed. He would tell them that, after due and careful consideration, all questions of administrative reorganisation, selection, transfer, and promotion in all our offices—the members of which number over a hundred thousand—would be referred to them, throwing in incidentally that of course the duties of the Civil Service Commissioners would naturally be affiliated to the new board. This meeting would be the era of a new reign of peace. No dissatisfied postmen, no aggrieved telegraphists, no clerks with a grievance, would ever be heard of again; for Mr. Gell informs us that the new board of his creation would excite no departmental jealousies and would enlist outside ability and experience. All the questions submitted to their consideration and decision would of course be as child's play to these Admirable Crichtons, and Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Gell says, would be relieved from turning aside from affairs of State to consider details of departmental organisation, to overcome the passive resistance of overworked men to the introduction of new blood, or to argue with a reluctant Treasury. He would only have to send a memorandum to this superior body to settle all these matters for him.

Was ever such a proposal laid before a reasonable public? It is almost impossible to deal seriously with it.

The Civil Service of this country should court every form of publicity, should welcome any suggestions for its improvement, should try and assimilate itself to a state of things which is ever becoming new; but I do very humbly protest against attacks upon it utterly unsupported, and suggestions for its improvement which could not approve themselves to any reasonable man.

ALGERNON WEST.

THE DUTCH-BELGIANS AT WATERLOO

THE last year of the nineteenth century has seen a fresh outbreak of Waterloo literature, to which Sir Herbert Maxwell has been not the least contributor. Having read both his book on Wellington and his article of September last in this Review, I am constrained to make a few remarks on his curious mental attitude towards the British officers who fought at Waterloo. If there is any fact certain about the feelings of the veterans of 1815, it is that the majority of them were gravely dissatisfied with the conduct of certain of their allies during the eventful 16th, 17th, 18th of June. I am not alluding to the Prussians, to whom our debt is hard to overstate, nor to the Hanoverian Landwehr infantry who fought so staunchly beside the British brigades, nor to the Brunswickers and Nassau men, who did their very best, but to another contingent—that which stood next highest in numbers to our own native troops in the motley host of Wellington.

‘Nine Englishmen out of ten think,’ says Sir Herbert Maxwell, ‘that the Netherlander contingent in the Duke’s army acted a negligible and even an injurious part.’ He goes on to give what purports to be an analysis of its action during the Waterloo campaign. This analysis seems to me so replete with erroneous figures, mis-statements, and false inferences, that I purpose to go through it in detail, with the aid of the evidence of the best British eye-witnesses of 1815, and of the official statistics vouchsafed by the Dutch-Belgian Government. It will be noted that I have left modern authors and third-hand evidence alone.

It would be absurd for an English writer of the year 1900 to say a word against the courage of the people of the Netherlands. We know that, when their heart was in the cause for which they struck, they have always been among the most stubborn fighters that the world has seen. This I fully acknowledge; but it is a wrong inference to conclude that all Dutch-Belgian armies under all political and personal conditions must necessarily fight up to their best average. I should be sorry, at least, to make any such statement as to British troops.

Now the political state of Belgium and Holland in 1815 was so

abnormal, and the condition of their regiments so peculiar, that I cannot see any reason for doubting the evidence of the hundreds of English eye-witnesses who state that, taken as a whole, they gave their allies the gravest cause for dissatisfaction.

It would be just as absurd to blame the Dutch-Belgians overmuch for their conduct during the campaign of 1815, as it is to adopt the strange views of Sir Herbert Maxwell, and give them positive praise for their very indifferent performance. The Netherland army was an affair of yesterday; the regulars only differed from the militia in having been a little longer under arms, and in having a larger proportion of veteran officers. There were seventeen battalions which came under fire in 1815—eight from the line, nine from the militia. In both alike the rank and file consisted of two elements—raw recruits of eighteen, and men who had served under Napoleon, during the years when Belgium and Holland were departments of the French Empire. Of males above their nineteenth year living in the Netherlands in 1815, every man had been through the ranks of Bonaparte's army, save the few who had been 'refractories,' and the still smaller number who had slipped through the net by paying for substitutes. The terrible conscriptions of the winters of 1811-12 and 1812-13 had swept every available youth to the front, even down to those who were two years under the legal age. Both in the line, then, and in the militia the majority of the Dutch-Belgian rank and file had actually served under the commander whom they were now invited to resist. It was natural that the prestige of his name should be great among them, and the sight of the well-known eagles advancing against them should trouble their minds. Nor was this all; there can be no doubt that a certain proportion of the Belgians wished well to Napoleon. The moment that the army was moved to the southern frontier individuals began to desert and to join the French colours. Marbot, writing from St. Amand, opposite Tournay, on the 8th of May, observes that '*la désertion est au dernier degré dans les troupes étrangères. Les soldats belges . . . arrivent par bandes de quinze à vingt.*'¹ The facts bear him out; the influx of deserters grew so appreciable in May that Napoleon ordered them to be formed into a separate Belgian corps. Within three weeks (by the 5th of June) it counted 378 bayonets, and was doing garrison duty in Lille. This fact throws a sinister light on the melting away from the colours which was such a marked feature among the Netherlanders on the 16th, 17th, 18th of June.

The officers were far more trustworthy than the privates. They fell into two sections; one consisted of young men of the families which had always remained true in heart to the house of Orange; they had

¹ Marbot's *Memoirs*, iii. 402.

regarded the events of 1814 as the triumph of their party, and, when Napoleon returned, gladly bore arms against him, to fight for the newly created Kingdom of the Netherlands. The other section was composed of many old soldiers who had fought under Bonaparte, but had rallied to the new régime, like Chassé, who had distinguished himself so much against the Austrians at Arcis-sur-Aube. These officers behaved extremely well, considering the temptation that lay before them. The best proof of it is that among the 1627 'disparus' of the three days' fighting on the 16th, 17th, 18th of June only fifteen held a commission. It is to be remembered that the sincere military partisans of Napoleon in the Low Countries had refused to join the new army. Some of them, like Colonel Duuring, had followed the exile to Elba. Others had retired to France, and joined the eagles in April 1815. There were an appreciable number of them in Napoleon's ranks at Waterloo.

I think therefore that it is clear that, when the campaign began, the Netherland officers were all of them ready, and some of them eager, to play the game properly. But the men were not; a third were raw recruits, a considerable percentage were ill-disposed; the majority were hypnotised by the very name of the great Napoleon, under whom they themselves had served. The regiments in which they were embodied had been created only a few months—in the case of the militia only a few weeks—before. The internal condition of the corps may be gathered from the fact that their establishment had been raised from 10,000 to 29,000 men between the 1st of April and the 1st of June. In short, the army was not one which any commander would willingly have taken into the field.

To proceed to details. The Dutch-Belgian troops first came under fire at Quatre Bras. They were not present at the commencement of the action, all Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar's regiments, which opened the fight, being Nassau troops. But before the engagement grew hot there came on the field four battalions of infantry from Bylandt's brigade,² and two regiments of light horse under Van Merlen. When the French attack grew serious the Nassau troops and one solitary Dutch corps, which was (oddly enough) a militia regiment,³ made a creditable resistance. The rest did not, falling back hastily into the wood of Bossu and abandoning their guns. When pressed in the wood by the advance of Jerome Bonaparte's division they went off to the rear. Almost every English narrator of Quatre Bras speaks of meeting droves of them behind the battle. A description of their appearance by an officer of the Guards is enough to show the situation.

On a near approach to the field the latter [Maitland's brigade] fell in with various groups of Dutch-Belgian infantry, retiring in great disorder and precipita-

² The fifth had been left at Nivelles.

³ No. 5 Dutch Militia.

tion. Perceiving that they were neither wounded nor dispossessed of their arms, they questioned some of them as to the cause of their retiring. From one party they received a reply that their commanding officer was killed, and therefore it was useless to remain; from another, that they did not come there to fight, but merely to witness the advance of the French; and from a third that 'Napoleon would certainly be victorious, and that it would be absurd to contend against him.'⁴

Van Merlen's cavalry brigade was led by its commander against Piré's *Chasseurs à Cheval*. It tried one charge, was beaten, and went scouring down the high road, carrying away with it the Duke of Wellington and his staff, who had been watching the attack from the rear. There is no discredit to the brigade in having been repulsed, but it is an unfortunate fact that it could never be rallied sufficiently to make it possible to conduct it to a second charge. Out of the 1,080 sabres which it contained, only 22 had been killed and 146 wounded, but there was a dreadful deficit of 203 'missing,' i.e. nearly a fifth of the men had absconded to the rear. I am inclined to think that a far greater proportion was dispersed, but rallied after the battle was over. For British officers, questioned as to the amount of Belgian cavalry visible behind Quatre Bras in the late afternoon, state that the number was infinitesimal. 'We met,' writes Colonel Standen of the Scots Fusilier Guards, 'some cavalry (*Belges*) with lots of "Good Samaritan" infantry taking care of them, perhaps *sixty* at the outside.'⁵ This looks as if the officers of Van Merlen's two regiments had not been able to collect more than a handful of their men. One thing is certain—viz. that Wellington, though at his wits' end for cavalry, never tried to get a second advance out of the two Netherland regiments. What was left of them lay behind Quatre Bras for the whole of the rest of the day.

It will astonish those who know the figures of losses in the campaign of 1815 to see that Sir Herbert Maxwell states that Van Merlen's brigade lost enormously at Quatre Bras—225 killed and 146 wounded. He has not seen that the Dutch report added the 'disparus' to the 'tués,' a sufficiently simple method of disguising the number of the former, yet one that the Netherland Government had the face to adopt in publishing the first draft of the Waterloo losses. Instead of 225 killed, the brigade lost precisely two officers and twenty men, a very different figure. But adding the 203 'disparus' to the twenty-two killed, we get the 225 which Sir Herbert Maxwell quotes. Any one acquainted with percentages of killed and wounded should have seen that 225 of the former to 146 of the latter was an absolutely impossible result of a single cavalry charge.

Nothing is more certain than that fugitives from Van Merlen's

⁴ From evidence of 'officers of the 1st Division' given to Captain Siborne.—*Waterloo Campaign*, i. p. 161, note.

⁵ *Waterloo Letters*, p. 270.

squadrons and Bylandt's battalions were pouring into Brussels at daybreak on Saturday, the 17th of June, not in ones and twos, but in large groups. They had covered the twenty-five miles that separate Quatre Bras from the capital in the night. From the numerous accounts of English eye-witnesses in Brussels I will excerpt only two paragraphs:—

Between 5 and 6 we were roused by a loud knocking at the door and cries of 'Les Français sont ici!' Starting up, the first sight we beheld was a troop of Belgian cavalry, covered not with glory but with mud, galloping through the town at full speed, as if the enemy were at their heels.⁶

The second is even more explicit.

On the Saturday foreign soldiers began to arrive in hundreds at Brussels. Although at least fifteen miles from a Frenchman the horsemen galloped, cutting their horses with their sabres, the infantry ran, and the whole passed down the road under my friend's windows. . . . They lay down in crowds on the pavement of the suburbs, and on the Boulevards under the walls. Towards the afternoon the wounded English from Quatre Bras began to arrive.⁷

Thackeray, when he described the scared hussar, 'Regulus van Cutsum,' in *Vanity Fair*, was working from a perfectly genuine tradition.

We now come to Waterloo, in which battle Sir Herbert Maxwell states that 'the behaviour of the Netherland cavalry has never been called in question: it was admirable save that of one regiment, the Duke of Cumberland's Hussars (Netherland volunteers), who rode off the field *en masse*. . . . Neither is there any imputation against the conduct of the infantry, except against d'Aubremé's brigade of Chassé's division.'⁸

I have seldom seen in my historical reading more errors than are crammed into these two sentences. Firstly, the Cumberland Hussars were not Belgians at all, but Hanoverians, part of Von Estorff's brigade. I wonder it did not occur to Sir Herbert that the very name, Duke of Cumberland's Hussars, would be an impossible one for a Netherland regiment. But this is a trifle. I can prove that the behaviour of the Dutch-Belgian cavalry was 'called in question' by every English officer who came into contact with them, and that there are the same 'imputations' against each of the other infantry brigades as against that of d'Aubremé.

As to the cavalry, there were one brigade of heavy and two of light horsemen on the field—Trip's, consisting of three regiments of Carabiniers; Ghigny's, containing the 4th Light Dragoons and the 8th Hussars, and the wrecks of Van Merlen's men fresh from Quatre Bras. Trip's brigade takes the prize for bad behaviour; being 'called

⁶ From *Circumstantial Details Relative to the Battle of Waterloo*, &c., p. 16. London, 1816.

⁷ From *A Visit to Flanders*, &c., by James Simpson. Edinburgh, 1816.

⁸ Pp. 416, 417 of *Nineteenth Century* for September 1900.

in question' by no less a person than Lord Uxbridge, commanding the cavalry of the whole allied army. He writes to General Sir Frederic Stovin :-

Seeing a [French] corps formed for attack and advancing, I brought forward a brigade of Dutch Heavy Cavalry, and they promised to follow me. I led them beyond the ridge of the hill, a little to the left of Hougomont. There they halted, and finding the impossibility of making them charge I left them. . . . I have the strongest reasons for being excessively dissatisfied with the general commanding the brigade of Dutch Heavy Cavalry.⁹

We will add to this evidence that of Lord Uxbridge's aide-de-camp, Sir Horace Seymour :

As to the conduct of the Dutch brigade of Heavy Cavalry, the impression on my mind is that they *did* show a lamentable want of spirit. Lord Anglesey [*i.e.* Lord Uxbridge] tried all in his power to lead them on, and when he was advancing, I believe that I called his attention to the fact that he was not being followed.¹⁰

The exact course of events perhaps deserves a word of amplification. Lord Uxbridge gave the word to charge, and had galloped a few yards when his aide-de-camp shouted to him that not a man of the Carabiniers had followed him. He wheeled backed, rode up to General Trip, spoke to that officer 'with great warmth' and repeated the order to advance. Not a man moved, and when the French were seen coming forward, the three Dutch regiments went suddenly to the rear, breaking through and nearly carrying away the 3rd Hussars of the King's German Legion, who were ranged behind them. But the admirable Hanoverian regiment saved the situation by reforming in a moment and delivering a charge which completely checked the enemy.¹¹ All this happened between four and five in the afternoon, the hour at which Col. Gawler saw 'Dutch Heavy Cavalry retiring in confusion.'¹²

Lord Wellington gave General Trip an honourable mention in the Waterloo despatch ! History does not record Lord Uxbridge's feelings on reading it.

Of Ghigny's Light Cavalry Brigade and of the wrecks of Van Merlen's two regiments we have no record quite so bad as that concerning Trip's Carabiniers, but they could not be induced to act. Here is the note of their conduct written down by Sir James Shaw Kennedy. He was deputy-assistant quartermaster-general to the 3rd [Alten's] division, behind which these two brigades were drawn up. Not being attached to any particular regiment, he was continually moving to and fro behind Halkett, Kielmansegge, and Ompteda's infantry, and had every opportunity of watching what went on in the second line.

⁹ *Waterloo Letters*, p. 11.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* p. 18.

¹¹ Letter from an officer of the 3rd Hussars of the K.G.L. in possession of Gen. H. T. Siborne, R.E. See also *Campaign of 1815*, ii. p. 91-2.

¹² *Waterloo Letters*, p. 289.

It is necessary [he writes] to bear in mind the extraordinary fact that the large bodies of Dutch-Belgian cavalry that stood in reserve behind the 1st and 3rd divisions of infantry *took no part in the action*. The only cavalry which did act [during Ney's great charges] being the small remains of Somerset's brigade, the 3rd Hussars of the King's German Legion, and part of Grant's brigade.¹³

One of Ghigny's two regiments, the 8th Hussars, beats even the average Dutch-Belgian record during the campaign by showing in its returns 11 killed and 122 'disparus'; *i.e.* being in second line and only molested by cannon-shot that passed over the first, it saw 122 men out of its total of 439—more than a fourth of the whole—disappear in the direction of Brussels.

The only trace that I can find of any movement of the four Netherland Light Horse regiments is a casual mention by Colonel Sleight of Vandaleur's British brigade. He says that when his regiment was moved out to cover the retreat of Ponsonby's brigade, 'there were some [Belgian cavalry] in the rear of our brigade to the left: a few of them went down in support of the 12th Light Dragoons, but I cannot say I observed them to take any part in the attack.'¹⁴ Of their general effect on the British bystander, we have a glimpse in a letter of Sir Horace Seymour:

I was desired by my general to recommend to Lord E. Somerset to withdraw his brigade (who were extended in single file to make a show) from the heavy fire kept upon them by the enemy's artillery. Lord Edward remarked that if he should move, the Dutch cavalry, who were in support, would move off immediately. The Household Brigade therefore retained their position till the close of the action.¹⁵

The particular body of Netherlander cavalry which lay behind Somerset's brigade at this moment were Ghigny's two regiments. Trip was somewhat more to the right, and Van Merlen somewhat more to the left, than the wreck of the much enduring Household Brigade.

Before passing on to the doings of the Dutch-Belgian infantry, I have only one more remark to make. Sir Herbert Maxwell states that the total losses of the Netherland cavalry in the campaign of 1815 were 628 killed and 634 wounded. Once more he had added the fugitives to the number of the dead, following the first Dutch report. The real figures were 163 killed, 609 wounded, and 448 'disparus.'

Of the infantry of the Netherlands there were three brigades in the field—Bylandt's, Ditmers's and d'Aubremé's. I do not think that Sir Herbert Maxwell's view and my own differ greatly as to the doings of the first of these units. Bylandt's men, though they had not exactly distinguished themselves at Quatre-Bras, were placed by Wellington in his front line, just to the east of La Haye Sainte, with Pack's English brigade to their left-rear and Kempt's to their right-rear. Why the Duke, remembering their performance on the 16th, placed

¹³ Kennedy, *Waterloo Notes*, p. 119.

¹⁴ *Waterloo Letters*, 107-8.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* 20.

them in the forefront of the battle, puzzled Sir James Kennedy in 1815 and it puzzles me now.¹⁶ Did he think that the splendid Scottish regiments behind them would keep them straight? Or did he regard them as a sort of buffer of soft material on which the advancing French would spend the first vigour of their stroke? At any rate there is no dispute that the place was too hard a one for them: after receiving a salvo from five or six French batteries, and several fierce volleys from the heads of Donzelot and Alix's infantry columns, they broke and went to the rear. No one can wonder at it: they were being horribly mauled by artillery and attacked by double their own numbers of veteran foot soldiery. The English infantry in their rear were very indignant, hooted them, and (it is said) had to be restrained by their officers from firing into the retreating mass.¹⁷ Any troops might have given way before D'Erlon's first tremendous attack—there is small wonder if three battalions of raw militia and two of almost equally raw linesmen did so. But the thing that shows badly is that to their 145 killed and 626 wounded we find that there have to be added no less than 621 'disparus.' When asked if they misbehaved, I can only reply 'Guilty, with extenuating circumstances.'

As to d'Aubremé's brigade of Chassé's division, Sir Herbert Maxwell and I are also fairly agreed.¹⁸ He acknowledges that they misbehaved. It was certainly very gross misbehaviour; for when after being kept remote from the battle till six in the evening, they were at last put into the second line, they began to show unsteadiness before they had even seen the French. 'Their squares began 'to crumble to pieces,' says Colonel Childers;¹⁹ they were 'in some confusion, and unsteady,' says Colonel Sleigh;²⁰ they 'certainly had not resolved to recover the day, for they began to give way rapidly,'²¹ says Major Luard. All these three witnesses were in Vandaleur's brigade of British cavalry, which was behind d'Aubremé, and prevented his men from flying by closing their squadron-intervals. It was high time to do so, for the Netherlanders 'had begun to fire off their muskets in the air, meaning to move off in the confusion.'²² At this moment Wellington rode by: 'Tell them the French are already retiring,' he cried, which was the fact; for three hundred yards in front Maitland and Adam had just finished defeating the Imperial Guard.²³ At this joyful news order was restored, and Vandaleur's Light Dragoons were released from their task of 'shepherding' d'Aubremé's six battalions. The brigade lost twenty-four killed by stray cannon balls, and the monstrous number of 144 'disparus,' though it had never for a moment been in the first line or lost a man by musketry fire.

¹⁶ Kennedy's *Waterloo*, p. 61. ¹⁷ See Siborne's *Campaign of 1815*, ii. 6.

¹⁸ *Nineteenth Century*, *supra*, p. 417. ¹⁹ *Waterloo Letters*, 110. ²⁰ *Ibid* 108.

²¹ *Ibid*. 121.

²² Major Tomkinson in *Waterloo Letters*, p. 118.

²³ Colonel Sleigh in *Waterloo Letters*, p. 108.

It is on the subject of Ditmers's brigade, the first brigade of Chassé's division, that my main argument with Sir Herbert Maxwell must take place. He follows the extraordinary legend, started by the Prince of Orange's despatch, taken up by Craan and other Dutch writers, and eagerly supported by M. Henri Houssaye, to the effect that Ditmers's brigade repulsed a column of the Imperial Guard in the concluding crisis of Waterloo. I have given elsewhere reasons for rejecting this fiction, but may state them again. The most conclusive to my mind is that when the claim was first made in behalf of Ditmers, it was met with indignant denial by several British eye-witnesses.²⁴ In 1844-5 there was in progress in Colborne's *United Service Journal* a vigorous discussion between officers of Maitland's and Halkett's brigades as to their respective parts in repulsing the great attack of the French Guard. The battle was thirty years in the past, but the survivors were still many and eager. The main disputants were Captain Siborne on behalf of Maitland, and Major Macready on behalf of Halkett; but each brought half a dozen witnesses into the discussion. Both sides mention the claim of the Dutch with derision, and Macready gives an account of what they really did. He speaks of the last of the grey-coated columns of the Guard rolling down the hill before the fire of Halkett's brigade, and next of the passing to the front of a regiment of German Legion cavalry (the 1st Hussars, from Vivian's brigade). To support them Halkett's four skeleton regiments began to advance 'obliquely down the hill to the right.' As they started they lost four men by one of the last cannon shots fired by the French batteries, 'our last casualty for the day.' Then, when all resistance on the part of the enemy had ceased,

1 A heavy column of Dutch infantry, the first we had seen, passed, drumming and shouting like mad, with their shakos on the top of their bayonets, near enough to our right for us to see and laugh at them; after this the noise died away. We piled arms, chatted, and lay down to rest."²⁵

This, there can be no doubt, was the famous advance of Ditmers's brigade. It was made twenty minutes after the Imperial Guard had been routed, and ten minutes after Vivian's brigade had hurled itself in pursuit into the thick of the broken enemy. During the actual fighting, Halkett's officers bear witness that: (1) no French column attacked to their left—they were themselves engaged with the most easterly of the battalions of the Guard which came up the hill, and (2) that the troops immediately to their left were Nassau and Brunswick corps: there is no room for a whole brigade of six battalions of Dutch to be put into the front line between Halkett and the Brunswickers.

²⁴ See especially Colborne's *United Service Journal*, 1845, i. pp. 575 and 578, and ii. 257.

²⁵ Major Macready in *United Service Journal*, Part 1, p. 401, of the year 1845.

Looking to the losses of Ditmers's brigade we find the same phenomena that we noted in the sister brigade of d'Aubremé—twenty-seven killed out of 3,688 bayonets present, and 227 'disparus'; of wounded there are chronicled quite a large number, 192—seven times the number of killed. I must confess that I look with suspicion on this figure: it is much too high in proportion to the killed; the English killed at Waterloo were as 1 to 3·5 to the wounded, so were those of the Prussians; among the King's German Legion and Brunswickers the proportion was still higher, 1 to 3. I am driven to guess that in Ditmers's brigade very little was required to constitute a wound.

The same utterly abnormal percentage is to be found in another Dutch-Belgian brigade which we know to have behaved very badly—Van Merlen's, where there were 22 dead to 146 wounded. The figures of Bylandt's infantry and Trip's Carabiniers are more credible, ranging from 3·5 to 5 wounded to each man killed. Van Merlen's troopers got their casualties in a cavalry charge, where, allowing for the fact that the wounds were given with the sabre, I do not think the proportion—22 to 146—impossible. But how Ditmers's people, whose losses came from artillery fire, the most deadly by far of all forms of injury, could have got 192 wounded to only 27 killed I am at a loss to conceive.

Will Sir Herbert Maxwell, in face of the bulk of evidence from British eye-witnesses which I have cited, continue to maintain that the Netherlanders have been much maligned, and played a creditable part at Quatre Bras and Waterloo? For my own part I trust the evidence of twenty British officers (I could quote that of a hundred if necessary) rather than Dutch-Belgian despatches and the polite but meaningless phrases in Wellington's and Hill's reports. The Duke complimented even Trip, whose dastardly behaviour his own chief cavalry commander stigmatised (as I have shown above) in the strongest terms. There are many other strange statements in his despatch. If Sir Herbert Maxwell wishes to understand what the Waterloo men really thought of the Netherlanders, I can only recommend him to borrow the manuscripts of the letters collected by Captain Siborne (they are still in existence, in the hands of his representatives), and to read them *all*, the suppressed passages no less than those which have been printed.

C. OMAN.

WANTED—A NEW WAR POET .

A HANDFUL OF CRIMEAN WAR POEMS

WE can afford to look back now in a spirit of collected and intelligent retrospect, to what we all endured in the course of those unspeakable months last winter. We can begin to take stock of their less obvious, but vital results to ourselves, our souls, and characters at home all over the Empire, of the new aspect of life with which that tremendous experience has enriched our generation. For apart from all personal losses, and all private calamities, most English people can tell one another that the gain is immeasurably wider than the solid ground won for Imperial justice and Imperial citizenship; that it is worth even the sacrifice of the lives that were so freely laid down. We can see indeed that these have won for their country even more than the givers knew or could have hoped. The great family beyond the seas is knitted closer to the Mother by the blood that has been shed fighting side by side than by any pageants or abstract principles; the classes have been drawn together at home as they have never been drawn before, since they marched away side by side, all sorts and conditions of men, in those ranks upon ranks of Imperial Yeomanry. It has been revealed to us too, amongst other things, that the dreary level of English life with its humdrum complacency and dull self-satisfaction, is but a thin veneer after all, and that beneath it, close to us, stronger than ever, are the old heroic forces which we had nearly forgotten or sometimes even mourned as dead.

But setting aside great matters, too great for present purposes, it is curious and interesting now to look back from calmer waters, and observe the ways in which our new emotions took us, so to speak, to note what were the outward and visible signs of our inward storm and trouble.

There were the sudden outbursts of loud-voiced delight and relief from the long suspense of Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking, these were the enjoyable demonstrations; the overflowing of that eternal well-spring of youth hidden away in nearly everybody for their comfort or more probably, discomfort, however long they may live. The gay colours of the flags that adorned the dull streets for

so long after the first turning of the tide of disaster had a real effect too on most people's spirits apart from the sanctified significance of the Union Jack everywhere.

Perhaps nothing showed more plainly the unusual tumult of unhappiness prevailing in the English mind than the strange and violent epidemic of doggrel verse-writing. We broke out on all sides into a perfect storm of patriotic jingles, and found our best solace in it, next to the blessed busy-ness entailed by the manifold and sometimes eccentric collections of objects despatched for the kit of our fighting men. Alas! nobody can forget how some of the rhymes found tune-makers of the same quality, and hence new and everlasting torments from the indefatigable barrel-organ.

To see the most staid of the daily papers breaking out into these amazing jingles day by day, was a more pregnant and portentous sign—if the foreign journals had only known it—than all the popular uproar they had sent their correspondents here to seek sadly and in vain. Perhaps if we had found a war poet, a real one, belonging to our own generation and ready for our necessities, we need not have done it, he might have undertaken it for us. But there was nobody, literally nobody. He whom many of us looked to, the strongest writer of our day and at times the finest artist, only led the way for the weakest of us to follow with that deplorable, meaningless, and vulgar jingle which has hardly yet ceased to pursue his hapless fellow-countrymen at every turn, to their suffering and misery. Anything with a swing and a rhyme served at that time to satisfy the sort of craving for patriotic doggrel which possessed the whole people. And when it was backed by the name of Rudyard Kipling the result in hard cash was such as to silence criticism. For after all when a literary misdemeanour can convert itself into thousands and thousands of pounds sterling used to such good purpose, what can the heart-broken admirer of a writer of great gifts venture to say? Only that *The Absent-Minded Beggar* was good business for the War Funds—poetry has nothing to say here.

But if Mr. Kipling was thus led astray what could be expected of the rest of the world of smaller lights or mere mortals? Certainly nothing that any of us did was worse, and some of it was of course a great deal better. Really the flood of doggrel which swept over the country deserves a respectful tribute, since practically all of it is forgotten while the immense relief and satisfaction which it gave at the time to a certain number of people, and mainly of course the writers themselves, was quite incalculable. As I said before, if a poet had emerged for our needs, possibly the plague might have been more quickly stayed, but this was not the case in spite of some really good verses here and there.

Through it all, some of us continued to look for the advent of the new war poet, the real one, even more persistently than we had

gone on hoping for that new general who did not exactly dawn upon our horizon. And in the one case as in the other it was no new reputation, but the finely tempered veteran who came to our rescue; 'an aged singer,' so he speaks of himself, with a handful of poems inspired by the Crimean War, first published in 1854 and written by Sir Franklin Lushington and his brother, who died many years since at Malta. 'Younger voices! stronger voices!' are now uplifted, so this poet tells us with a modesty certainly not characteristic of the bards of to-day; younger they are, and louder too, more self-assertive, but stronger in any other sense one may take the liberty of doubting. Has Mr. Kipling or Mr. Henley or anyone else given a more vivid effect than this approach and dying away of military music, with the measured tramp of the troops as they are passing along the street on their way to the front? Could any writer of to-day translate the impression and the feelings aroused by it with this fine and frank emotion in exquisite English, not jargon, as in *The Muster of the Guards*?

Lying here awake, I hear the watchman's warning—
 'Past four o'clock'—on this February morning;
 Hark, what is that?—there swells a joyous shiver,
 Borne down the wind o'er the voices of the river;
 O'er the lordly waters flowing, 'tis the martial trumpets blowing,
 'Tis the Grenadier Guards a-going—marching to the war.

Yes—there they go, through the February morning,
 To where the engine whistles its shrill and solemn warning;
 And the dull hoarse roar of the multitudes that cheer
 Falls ever and anon with a faint crash on the ear.
 'Mid the tears of wives and mothers, and the prayers of many others,
 And the cheers of their brothers, they are marching to the war.

Die, die away, o'er the bridge and up the street,
 Shiver of their music, echo of their feet;
 Dawn upon the darkness, chilly day and pale;
 Steady rolling engine flash along the rail.
 For the good ship waits in port, with her tackle trim and taut,
 And her ready funnels snort, till she bear them to the war.

And their coats will be dim with dust, and their bayonets brown with rust,
 Ere they conquer, as we trust, in the mighty game of war.

What impressionism of the best kind is here and especially in the last whole stanza quoted, though it was written before the days in which that indispensable word emerged for our necessities! To whom shall the swing and the truth and the pathos of such lines strike home as to us with new memories of many such scenes still stabbing at our hearts?

The peace-at-any-price people were in existence even then apparently, and our poet has a few words to say to them, much as we have to-day:

Peace is no peace, if it lets the ill grow stronger,
Merely cheating destiny a very little longer ;

Give peace in our time, but not the peace of trembling,
Won by true strength not cowardly dissembling.

And here again with a will, robust, whole-hearted as Mr. Kipling himself—I mean the real Mr. Kipling, the Imperialist poet, not the music-hall catch-writer :

Go home, you idle teachers ! you miserable creatures !
The cannons are God's preachers when the time is ripe for war.

But where does all this come from, and who is the poet ? numbers of people may still ask.

For only a very few people have chanced to grow up in the knowledge and acquaintance of a little brown book which included among other less important poems by two brothers—this series on the Crimean War, then known under the title of *Points of War*.

The little book was scarce, of late years practically unattainable. It had not even, for some reason or other, made its way outside certain literary circles, and soon dropped out of sight of the general public, but it lived in the memory of those who had once made acquaintance with it. To some of us who had, through misfortune or a fond faith in human integrity, fallen a victim to that bird of prey, the conscienceless book-borrower, it has been for many years indeed a subject of vindictive bitterness.

But one day, among the darkest in that winter of our discontent, a little paper volume appeared on the book-counters, bearing an unfamiliar title it is true, but the name of the author caused to leap up an instantaneous hope which was not disappointed, for *Wagers of Battle* is in truth *Points of War* in a new outward guise. It was a happy thought to give it us back just then ; in the hour when black care had got hold of us, when we were passing through another such crisis of national anguish and anxiety, under the mistakes, failures, and losses of the earlier portion of the campaign. It will be remembered how our sole comfort then lay in the splendid evidences that the old spirit of our fathers was stronger than ever in our men to-day, that the march of civilisation and luxury have but fostered, instead of dimmed, the courage and the self-sacrifice and the dogged endurance of the descendants of the old sea-dogs who singed the beard of his Spanish Majesty three and a half centuries ago.

In the great days of Dr. Arnold's sixth form, as I have often been told by one of that elect company, if any Rugby boy was asked which of them was destined to win honour for his school as the poet of the future, he would answer unhesitatingly 'Why, Lushington, of course.' When it is remembered that Matthew Arnold, Clough, and Arthur Stanley—to mention the first names that occur to one—

were of his fellows at the time, one feels doubtless a good deal surprised. The general public has not been aware of the poet hidden behind the personality known to so many as the respected *doyen* of the London Bench of Magistrates.

But if it is difficult to understand why the poems did not catch the public taste in 1854 it is surely an equal matter of surprise that they still remain apparently the only ones their authors have given to the world.

By an intimate circle of the most gifted spirits of that generation their powers were always rated as highly as in Rugby days. It was at their home in Kent that the young Mr. Tennyson, fresh from the successes of his first volume of poems, was most often to be met, and in his most genial mood; later on, a family marriage connected him by fresh ties to his early and life-long friends. Some of us can remember hearing him roll out some thunderous measure from these same *Points of War*, with Olympian enjoyment: 'Fine lines those, fine lines. I should like to have written them myself.'

The chief honours of the little volume fell, beyond all doubt, to the surviving brother, Sir Franklin Lushington, in quality as well as in quantity; his is the stronger voice, the surer art, the finer restraint; his work is seldom marred by any of that conscious and deliberate purpose which has too often turned Mr. Kipling's martial ballads into tracts for the edification of the British public or the War Office, that best-lectured and most incorrigible of all our legendary and beautifully academic public departments. For after all, it is impossible to write of the older war poet without being constantly reminded of the younger one; they have so much in common. The same consuming sense of the great mission of our race, the same realisation of its qualities, the same readiness to face all that the accomplishment of that mission involves, to offer the sacrifice freely and at the same time deliberately, counting the cost, and deeming it well worth it all. Sometimes one could almost vow the voices are the same, for a passing moment, here and there, but the illusion is only momentary, they draw from the same fountains, but the vessels which bear the water have little in common. Both cast themselves into strong swinging metres, but the music of the measures is with the older poet, and his the choice of words to which the dignity of the thought is meetly wedded. The besetting mania for technicalities of all sorts, slang, jargon, any vernacular of any kind, popular or scientific, which is threatening to submerge the artist in all Mr. Kipling's later work, shows no sign of its diabolic presence in Mr. Lushington's verse; it was not, of course, one of the literary temptations of the Victorian Old Guard. There are only scant traces of that tendency to exuberant sentimentality and effulgency of feeling which was the characteristic weakness of the days in which one can recall peculiarly sane and able persons, men and women alike, boasting themselves of the tears they shed over the

death-bed scene of the *Heir of Redcliffe* or the sorrows of *Heartsease*. Piety forbids me to record certain names which would be familiar enough to the reader, of a group of people, all prominent and distinguished figures of their time in Church and State, whom, as a child, I remember hearing proudly exchange these lachrymose experiences over the luncheon-table. Imagine the present Bishop of London and Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, vaunting themselves of the number of pocket-handkerchiefs they had occasion to use over—say—the *Sorrows of Satan*!

But if Sir Franklin Lushington is too true an artist to indulge in mere sentimentality, he does not fear to dwell with a mastery of expression on the emotional suffering and sadness which must play so large a part in the 'mighty game of war.' And here we mark a difference between the habits of expression—literary and social—in our fathers' generation and our own. In our literature, as in our daily lives, we do not willingly give direct expression to our deeper emotions, we should feel it a positive indelicacy to do so. At the most we hint at them; our aim in writing is so to represent a situation that the feelings it should arouse are called forth in the mind of the reader without being described. In our intercourse with friends, we shy verbally at direct outspoken demonstrations of sympathy when offered. Herein of course we merely afford another beautiful object-lesson of that inexorable law of reaction which is one of the very few universal phenomena which nobody questions or denies.

Fortunately, however, the music of such haunting pathos as we find in Sir Franklin Lushington's *The Fleet under Sail* is of no passing fashion, and sings to the ear as to the heart of any generation, to none more so than to ours to-day, even though we might not say out loud—even if we could—when we saw the great ships laden with our men, making ready to steam away to South Africa:

Which are they that shall come home no more?

With what art he uses variations of this refrain in the poem in question, the most artistic as a whole, of the series! Quotation but mutilates here, and yet it is impossible to refrain from a verse or two, and in particular the opening lines, which must allure any reader who has not already done so, to make the acquaintance of the rest himself:

They are gone from their own green shore!
Our armies sally forth to the East and to the North,
By the Lion of Gibraltar and the steep of Elsinore;
And the long line of sail on the verge is low and pale,
And the dim smoke-track fades amid the cloudy wrack;
And we fade, as they look toward the shore.

The 'steep of Elsinore' being, by the way, a low sand-bank; but what of that, when it can rise to such good purpose here? The last three lines of that verse for beauty and accuracy of effect would be difficult to surpass to-day, and would alone give this poem a high place.

Did you scan those steady faces o'er?
 Which of all the troop that cheered from prow to poop,
 As the signal to weigh anchor flew aloft at the fore—
 When the sudden trumpet blares through the squadrons and the squares,
 Shall be stricken by the breath of the messenger of death?
 Which are they that shall come home no more?
 Did you mark what a frank air they wore,
 The sea's hardy sons, that will stand beside their guns
 Spite of batteries afloat and of bristling forts ashore?
 Stript bare to the waist with their strong loins braced,
 As fearless and as frank they will tread the ruddy plank
 Where the boarder slips to rise no more.

In this poem Sir Franklin Lushington shows a more careful handling than usual of his metre. In some others, carried away by its swinging rush, he sometimes leaps obstacles which prove stumbling-blocks to his reader of an abrupt and even harsh nature. *The Fleet under Sail* shows no such occasional defect, the smooth melodious measure is well suited to the restrained but ever present sadness underlying the gallant departure, it suggests the very movement of the long smooth rollers over which the ships will slip on this quiet coloured day, as 'the dim smoke-track fades' and they fade on the verge into 'the cloudy wrack.'

Next in order of merit to these two poems many people would probably place the *Alma*, while some of a less martial taste might rank Mr. Henry Lushington's pathetic *Road to the Trenches* before it. The first shows admirable fire and force in its swift uneven movement and flashes out its vivid pictures in verse after verse:

Charge!—through the foam-lashed river—charge! up the steep hill-side—
 Close up to your gray-head leaders, as calm in the front they ride:
 Charge! through sheets of leaden hail, charge! through the bellow of doom—
 Charge! up to the belching muzzles—charge! drive the bayonet home:
 Oh God, do we live or die? What 's death, what life in the cry,
 As we reel to the gory summit, all fire with the murderous climb!

One marks in contrast to this broken rush the smoothing out of the metre with the change of note in the reaction following on the breathless struggle:

Gray gray dusk is before the dark retiring;
 Sound the recall note, cease the random firing.
 Oh the gallant hearts that are sobbing out their souls
 As the chilly night wind searches through the burning bullet-holes,
 Oh, the writhing mass of pain, close packed with the tranquil slain,
 When the gray morn breaks again o'er the heights that we dared to climb.

Such fearless realism as this belongs rather to the later than to the earlier Victorian days, and here Mr. Lushington again shows himself the poet of more than one generation.

It is almost a relief to turn from the more obvious horror and fury of battle to the perfectly simple pathos of his brother's best contribution to this volume. *The Road to the Trenches* deals with one of those episodes of unmarked but heroic patience and devotion

to duty which are indeed common incidents on any campaign of our troops. An exhausted soldier falls by the way, worn out with 'starving and striving'; mindful only of the great need for every man's service, he will not accept the officer's offer of leaving anyone to tend him :

'Leave me, comrades—here I drop—
 No, sir, take them on.
 All are wanted—none should stop,
 Duty must be done.
 Those whose guard you take will find me,
 As they pass below.'
 So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
 Fell amid the snow.
 And ever on the dreary heights
 Down came the snow.

The pathos rings true throughout the even music of the verse, and an excellent effect is maintained of the ceaseless fall of remorseless obliterating snowflakes as

Silent on their silent march
 Down sunk the snow.

When the relieved guard come at last to seek him :

Look, a little growing heap,
 Snow above the snow,
 Where heavy on his heavy sleep!
 Down fell the snow ;

and there is

One more gone for England's sake,
 Where so many go.
 Lying down without complaint,
 Dying in the snow.

The pathos of it is too simple and obvious to need comment, or perhaps to have needed enlarging upon by the poet in the concluding half-dozen lines.

The same hand contributes a battle also, the *Inkerman*, containing many quite admirable verses if not altogether equal as a whole to his brother's fighting poems. The opening is spirited, and it is followed by a fine picture of the hour of surprise and confusion to which the allied troops awoke :

So close they came and silent
 Through the morning dank,
 Their shells our tents were tearing
 Before we stood in rank.

Down to Balaklava
 Went the mighty din ;
 Fighting till they reached us
 Came our pickets in.

Which attack is real ?
 Where and what the foes ?
 Sudden through the rain-mist
 There we saw them close.

Stealthy through the brushwood,
 Hidden to the breast,
 Crowds of points and helmets,
 Up the hill they prest.

On the stony hummock
 In the brushwood glen,
 Backwards, forwards, struggled
 Fiercely-fighting men.

The temptation to quote grows as one turns again and again to the old favourite passages, but must be resisted, though it is hard to pass over Mr. Franklin Lushington's *Laissez aller!* altogether. But life is full of these melancholy limitations, among which must needs be included one's reader's patience.

It is impossible, however, not to pause for a moment on the latest lines added by the veteran poet in 1899 as he sent forth the verses of his earlier days to a public as tried and storm-tossed as it was when they were written.

The modesty of them, as said before, is as touching as it is striking, more especially when one compares it with the characteristic qualities of these 'younger voices! stronger voices!' of which the 'aged singer' makes such generous and respectful mention. But to pass from his poems of 1854 to this one written in 1899 is to turn over a portentous page of our history, and to find the great new-born idea already sprung full-grown to its vigorous life. Here is at last that imperial sense of which we find, of course, no trace amid all the expression of national emotion aroused by the Crimean War as it was by the latest South African War. Friends, or at least allies, we had in that heroic muddle and mistake, as many people regard it now, and to-day we have learned that our friends are few, if indeed they exist at all, appreciably on the Continent of Europe, but here is what we have now, here is our larger hope, our inalienable consolation, and here our support in the hour of apparent danger, or of baffling defeat:

Thanks, for valour of daughter nations, happy to press where their mother strives,
 Eager to aid her, eager to shield her, loyally lending love and lives.

Hail Australia! welcome Canada! Greater Britain all round the wave,
 Fight one fight and carry one banner, place it firm on tyranny's grave.

Weld our kinship into Empire—Empire based on the one true plan,
 Freemen's rights and freemen's justice, broadening still between man and man.

Such is the message of the older poet as of the 'younger voices' at the end of this century, this century which is so portentously great a landmark in our history.

May the Empire somewhere soon produce another singer with as strong a voice as we find in this handful of almost forgotten war poems!

MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH.

FIVE NEW PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE summer has been far from uneventful in the annals of the National Gallery. Not only has it acquired a small though choice list of new pictures, but it has been forced to see one of its most precious treasures torn from its walls and transferred to the gallery of a private collector. The flaw in Lady Hamilton's will by reason of which the national collection has been robbed of Reynolds's colour-masterpiece, 'Lady Cockburn and her Children,' cannot be too much regretted. It only remains to hope that in the course of time some generous and gracious impulse may prompt the restoration of this *chef-d'œuvre* to the nation, for whose enjoyment its former owner so obviously intended it.

Meanwhile the Gallery has been enriched by five new pictures which add fresh lustre to its already brilliant reputation. For it cannot be too often repeated, that though in point of numbers we follow decidedly behind most of the great European collections, in completeness of historical sequence and in our almost entire freedom from trivialities and rubbish no one, except perhaps Berlin, can approach us.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every picture in the National Gallery repays study. Nowhere, moreover, can the student of *Kunst-Geschichte* gain a more complete survey of pictorial art up to the beginning of the eighteenth century than here. There are indeed some serious gaps in the collection. Though the primitive masters of the Florentine *Trecento* are abundantly represented, we have no genuine example of Giotto himself. A beautiful little panel, his work beyond a doubt, has recently passed from Dr. Richter's collection to that of Mrs. Gardner in Boston. It seems a world of pity that the opportunity should have been missed of adding this exquisite little 'Presentation' to our somewhat second-rate Trecentisti in the Gallery. Masaccio, the true inheritor and developer of Giottesque traditions, is missing also, but this is the less to be wondered at, considering the fact that his short life was spent in the adornment of one chapel. Indeed outside Florence

it is only in Berlin that he is represented at all, and there by three charming little panels. The next serious gap has now been filled. That important but generally uninspiring master Fra Bartolommeo has hitherto been unrepresented. Now, however, a delightful work of his early period graces the wall of the large Florentine room. The other really serious gaps are Dürer and Watteau. Of the former an important work has just been allowed to pass from this country to Berlin, a loss that, considering our Dürerless condition, cannot be too much regretted. The latter is, however, so magnificently represented at Hertford House, our new National Gallery, that we can the better bear his absence from Trafalgar Square.

But it is always a more blessed thing to enjoy that we have than to go mourning for that we fain would have, and the last few months have added five really fine pictures to the collection.

The panel by Fra Bartolommeo already mentioned is an early work, painted almost in the spirit of the *quattro-cento*, before the allurements of the new manner and the fatal example of Leonardo had tempted the *Frute* to abandon his dainty, miniature-like touch for the grandiose, heavy, over-black compositions with which his name inevitably associates itself. The fact that Fra Bartolommeo lived during a period of transition in art and politics, when the naïveté and freshness of fifteenth-century ideals were fading before the more comprehensive requirements of an age that had already accepted the Renaissance as a *fait accompli*, accounts for many of his inconsistencies. Italy had become intensely self-conscious, and simple excellence no longer satisfied. And after all it is scarcely to be wondered at, if an age that produced three such men as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo should prove somewhat bewildering to more normally gifted folk, who some twenty years back might themselves have been giants. Fra Bartolommeo ate of the Tree of Knowledge, and for the rest of his life he substituted knowledge for feeling. In a word, he became academic. Andrea del Sarto was poisoned by the self-same fruit, and it is impossible to avoid the conviction that both artists were the victims of circumstance.

As a matter of fact, in his early works Fra Bartolommeo shows himself to be an excellent colourist. In this again he is associated with Andrea, whose silver-grey harmonies lift him above the usual level of Florentine colouring. Later, however, Bartolommeo, together with Raphael and a host of nameless producers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, turned aside to follow Leonardo, and, in their zeal to imitate the newly discovered and only half understood chiaroscuro of that most extraordinary genius, blackened their shadows to such an extent that even in Vasari's day they had darkened irretrievably. Bone-black and printers' ink proved just such a snare to them as was asphaltum to our own Reynolds and

Romney. So began the era of the 'Black Masters' and the Apotheosis of the Dingy.

In the picture at the National Gallery, however, there is no hint of blackness or accentuated shadows. It was certainly painted before the Fall. The soft delicacy and freshness of the charming background show Bartolommeo as a landscape-painter of no little skill and taste. The blue hills lying away across the dewy plain really carry us off into a distance where colour is felt but dimly through a veil of atmosphere. It is a landscape we cannot but love in its blithe serenity and tranquil sunniness. The small town in the middle distance suggests the East, an idea carried out by the two Arab horsemen who, it must be confessed, somewhat resemble tin soldiers. It is hardly necessary to assume that Bartolommeo acquired his skill in landscape through studying the triptych of Hugo v. der Goes, then, as now, in Santa Maria Nuova, but it is certainly tempting to linger over the knowledge that the Fleming and the Florentine friar, so different in all but their love of their art, are both to be seen in this old hospital, and that Bartolommeo must have passed Hugo's 'Nativity' each time he went there to paint his great fresco of the 'Last Judgment.'

But above all Bartolommeo reveals himself here as the master of symmetrically balanced composition, and in this we see in him the precursor of Raphael. A mere glance at this picture recalls immediately such compositions as Raphael's 'Madonna of the Meadow' at Vienna or the 'Casa d' Alba' at St. Petersburg. The impressionable Umbrian owed as much to Bartolommeo as to any one of the numerous artists whose teaching he assimilated. In fact it is scarcely exaggeration to say that in every composition of his Florentine and Roman periods we may trace the influence of Bartolommeo, the inventor of the symmetrical balance of lines and masses. Henceforth monumental composition becomes the fashion; the pyramid or some such geometrical form is consciously sought after. Bartolommeo's stately and chilling altarpieces in the Pitti and the Louvre proclaim his appreciation of this invention. But we look back regretfully from these to his early works, such as his 'Madonna and Saints' in the Duomo at Lucca, and confess that his spell is broken, his charm has fled.

In his types Bartolommeo is seldom pleasing and not unfrequently thoroughly disagreeable. The 'Madonna' here turns towards us a profile not only irregular but absolutely ugly, with its long pinched nose and uncompromisingly double chin. The 'Christ Child' too is quite plain. It is useless to deny that in such a picture we demand charm, if not beauty of face and expression, and here we have neither. The modelling of the hands and feet, too, is far from satisfactory. The Virgin's hands and foot are positively lumpy and St. John's feet coarse and ugly. The picture seems to

have been somewhat extensively repainted, carelessly too, for much of the outline has been smudged. But in spite of all shortcomings it is a delightful piece of work, a picture that adds considerably to the fascinations of that already imposing first room in the National Gallery.

Even an Italian railway train travels from Florence to Venice in half a day, so too it is merely a few short hours from Antwerp to Amsterdam; yet in both cases how wide is the mental distance traversed! So when we pass in the National Gallery from the Tuscans, either by way of Umbria or of Flanders, to the Venetians, we experience that pleasant sense of refreshment which change seldom fails to produce.

The Venetian School has been enriched by another example of Giovanni Bellini. Bellini is already very well represented in the National Gallery by four undoubted and one or two possibly genuine works. Compared with Dresden and Munich, which have none, and the Louvre, which possesses but one so-called Bellini, and that by his pupil Rondinelli, we are rich indeed. Unlike Titian, his works are rarely found outside Italy, though plenty of school-pictures are to be seen. Of the glories of the Frari 'Madonna' or the S. Giobbe altarpiece, of the poetry of the Sacred Allegory of the Uffizi, we can but guess from our examples in London, but much is to be learned here of the early beginning of the master whose studio produced Giorgione and Titian, and of whom it may truly be said that he gathered the whole Venetian School.

One of his earliest works is the beautiful little panel on a screen in the large Venetian Room, entitled 'The Blood of the Redeemer.' It is doubly interesting as showing not only the influence of his father Jacopo's teaching but also the close relation between the school of Padua as represented by Mantegna and the Bellini family. Dr. Richter has pointed out the similarity between this figure and the figure of St. John the Baptist in Mantegna's altarpiece in San Zeno at Verona, and has further identified a drawing in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth as an original sketch by Bellini for a group in the same altarpiece. The extraordinary length of the figure points to the influence of Jacopo Bellini, whose sketch-books in the British Museum and the Louvre form the most direct commentary on the early years of both Giovanni Bellini and Mantegna. That the two artists and brothers-in-law—for Mantegna married Giovanni's sister Nicolosa—materially influenced each other, and both learned to some extent from Jacopo, is certain. Perhaps Mantegna gained more from Bellini than he in his turn could offer to the Venetian. Afterwards their paths diverged. But another proof of their connection may be seen in the two versions of the 'Agony in the Garden' (Nos. 726 and 1417) in which the composition has been borrowed from one of Jacopo's drawings, while the manner in which

the *motif* is worked out proves that already the distinctive characteristics and tendencies of the two young artists were proclaiming themselves.

Both these early works of Giovanni Bellini are painted in tempera, but the remaining two, the 'Doge' and the 'Madonna and Child,' are in the new oil medium which was not only rapidly superseding the older technique but was to change the whole complexion of pictorial art in Italy. No longer cabined, cribbed, confined by the stiffness and dryness of the tempera medium, artists who had mastered the use of oil gained a freedom, a boldness and breadth, which Vasari summarised as the 'new manner.'

The 'Madonna and Child' (No. 280) was probably painted at the same period as the Frari 'Madonna' (about 1488). It is a faint echo of that marvellous work, recalling it in the types of the 'Virgin and Child,' though its colour has darkened considerably. The portrait of the Doge is unquestionably one of the most popular pictures in the Gallery. It is a marvellous piece of character-study, and a picture that lives even up to its reputation.

The new picture presented by Lady Layard is a fresco from the choir of the church of Magre near Schio, at Vicenza. It was painted in 1481, and, with regard therefore to the other National Gallery pictures, is later than the two tempera panels, and rather earlier than the 'Madonna and Child' (No. 280). It is difficult to judge of a fresco when it has been removed from the half-darkness of the church for which it was painted to the cruel glare of a well-lighted picture gallery. The flat decorative treatment proper to wall-painting seems crude and primitive amongst the mature creations of Venetian art. Moreover, a fresco cannot be dislodged from the wall of which it is an integral part with impunity. These difficulties have been overcome to a great extent in the case of the Villa Lemmi frescoes in the Louvre. Hanging as they do on the white plastered wall at the top of the great staircase, they are exposed to no glare of gallery light, and can be seen from a distance as one approaches from the vestibule. In this way a much better impression is given than were they jostled among the oil-pictures in the gallery itself.

Bellini developed very slowly. His art was a gradual growth rather than a rapid acquisition. His early Madonnas betray their Byzantine origin, indeed they awaken but slowly from that open-eyed slumber in which for centuries they had stood, solemn, majestic, awaiting the moment when the breath of life should be breathed once again into their rigid bodies, when once more they should become very flesh and blood. This was Bellini's work. To the last his Madonnas retain more than a suspicion of this awful quiet, this majestic dignity, but the human element grows under his hand, the majesty becomes ever sweeter and more tender. In technique, too,

the chronology of his work is not difficult to follow. He had much to learn as a draughtsman, his modelling showing sometimes, as in this fresco, a poverty and woodenness which his later works completely lost. There is much of quiet charm in this dignified, youthful Madonna, though the Child is certainly not one of his most attractive creations. The painting, like many of his best works, seems to have been very much retouched.

A third new picture hangs in the Flemish Room side by side with Marinus Romerswael's 'Misers.' It is the portrait of a man and his wife, which was exhibited at the Old Masters in 1879 as a work of Quentin Matsys. The National Gallery authorities have very rightly refused to accept this attribution, and merely suggest the date 1500 as the period of its execution. The colour is too deep and brown, the chiaroscuro too pronounced for Quentin Matsys, even in his latest period. The beginning of the sixteenth century was a time of change, and, as it were, exhaustion, in the history of Flemish art. Bruges had already begun to decline, and Antwerp to step into her place as the port of the North. Art, as usual following trade, forsook the home of Van Eyck and Memling to settle in that town which a century later was to produce Rubens and Vandyke. In the interval, however, Italy had cast her irresistible spell over Flemish art, and for nearly a century the Van Orleys, Gossaerts, Lambert Lombards, and a host too many and too insignificant to name, forgot their national traditions and the teaching of Van Eyck to steep themselves in a culture with which they had no active affinity, which served only to stifle whatever original genius they might possess. In portraiture, however, they remained true to themselves, and as portrait-painters even Van Orley forgot to pose as a Raphael and Mabuse to elaborate his cardboard architecture in the style of the Italian Renaissance. If the unnamed painter of this interesting double portrait had visited Italy, the fact remains unbetrayed by any touch of eclecticism or affected suavity. The old man and his wife are as rugged and characterful as any Pala or Rollin of Van Eyck. At the same time the execution has advanced in the direction of breadth and that subordination of detail to general effect that marks the rise of the new generation, which was to bring forth a Rubens. Not that detail is generalised or slurred over. Van Eyck himself could not have painted the man's fur collar with more of delicacy and minuteness, or have touched the texture of his olive skin with a finer pencil. But we feel instinctively that the painter was studying the effect of the whole, and that minute rendering of detail was not the primary consideration.

The acquisition of a second example of that rare and much prized master Vermeer of Delft is something of an event. That 'Sphinx' of painters, as his discoverer Bürger dubbed him, is not to be met with every day, nor used he often to paint on so large a scale

as in this new 'Lesson,' which now hangs on the wall of Room XI. facing his 'Young Lady at a Spinet.'

It is always a temptation to dwell on a painter's artistic *ego*, to separate as it were in his work those qualities in which he expresses his own identity from the sum of characteristics which spring from the custom of his school or the teaching of his master. Two facts are evident in respect of Vermeer's work. He is closely connected with de Hoogh, and both must in some very intimate way be linked to Rembrandt. Students, both, of the absorbing problem of rendering the subtle effects of warm sunlight as it glances through the latticed window of a shadowy room or illuminates in full radiance the bricked courtyard of a Dutch house, they stand apart from the family of Dutch painters, founding no school, leaving no successors. As to their relation to Rembrandt, it may have been merely an indirect second-hand connection through Carel Fabritius, their master and Rembrandt's undoubted pupil; on the other hand it is quite possible that they themselves should have drunk at the fountain-head, indeed Bürger feels no doubt on this point in the case of Vermeer at least.

'The Lesson' is a study in blacks and greys, strictly simple in design and in absence of all elaboration of detail. The play of cool light on the faces and hands, on the man's black dress, and the grey table-cloth with its patches of blue shadow; the design of the man's large hat against the dark background, the almost pathetic charm of the fair-haired boy's expression, the regular black and white of the tiled floor, all seem chosen for their pictorial value alone and skilfully composed into this grave, almost austere harmony. We cannot escape from the conviction that both man and boy are portraits, and the lesson an artistic fiction. The man, ostensibly pausing to explain a knotty point, looks not at his pupil, but straight out at the spectator. The boy, a sweet little figure holding the lesson book in small, childish hands, reminds us somehow of Velasquez. The largeness of design and rejection of all superfluous detail in this picture connect it with Vermeer's more daring compositions, of which a wonderful example was displayed this summer at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Those who saw 'The Soldier and the Laughing Woman' cannot fail to associate it with 'The Lesson' in its feeling for bold design, while the 'Young Lady at a Spinet' in the National Gallery reveals Vermeer in a more conventional though equally characteristic light. Comparing him with de Hoogh, we are always struck by his preference for cool tones and the prominence in his pictures of pearly greys and soft blues; while de Hoogh loves the golden sunlight playing on red-brick walls or illuminating a dark interior with its genial glow.

Turning now to the English School, we find that Burne-Jones is at last represented in the National Collection by an important work,

'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.' It is not easy to guess why the Tate Gallery should not have the benefit of this picture, considering that Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti have been transferred there, and indeed it looks most ill at ease hanging between Turner and Landseer, and forming a pendant to Millais's portrait of Gladstone. It is almost as sudden a transition as though we passed from a selection from Byron and George Eliot to a page of Maeterlinck's mysterious, awe-laden prose. From Millais's Gladstone, with its careful realism and strong feeling of life, to this unreal world in which passionate though restrained emotion and mysterious solemnity blot out all sense of the actual, what a journey! The hashed, subdued splendour of this golden palace, the rich robes, the kingly crown, the glittering glance of the lover, the far-off, troubled, unearthly gaze of the beggar maid—how romantic is the spell they exercise, how strange the sense of vague disquietude they inspire. It is for this that we inevitably recall Botticelli, with his haunting sense of unreal existence, though indeed between Botticelli and Burne-Jones the whole of the modern world lies stretched. 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' would look no more at home in the company of the fifteenth-century Preraphaelites than they do in this galaxy of Turners and Landseers. The stamp of the nineteenth century separates them from their prototypes, though it is the nineteenth century on its least robust side.

The picture was first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884. Since then Burne-Jones has been the accepted favourite of far more than an anti-academic clique. His works have stood the test of two winter exhibitions at the New Gallery, whilst his influence is perceptible in much of the decorative art of the present day. That the nation should now possess so important an example of this chief of the neo-Preraphaelites leads us to hope that before very long the somewhat chaotic arrangement of the English pictures may be systematised. When we have a National Gallery of British Art illustrating the progress and development of English painting during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in unbroken sequence, then and then only will foreign visitors to our island realise the importance and originality of our native school.

M. H. WITT.

THE BREED OF MAN

‘To be a nation of healthy animals is the first condition of national prosperity!’

The object of this paper is to show that the truth expressed in these simple, incontrovertible words of Mr. Herbert Spencer, has been and is systematically ignored, to the especial and increasing danger of a crowded nation like our own in the van of modern material progress.

But there are signs of recognition in the air, and there is the consolation that a great truth has often sprung from a dungeon to a throne in the course of a single generation.

The illustrations which I propose to give will not be systematic or even approximately exhaustive. They may even appear to some minds to deal with things as trifling as the effect of steam upon a kettle lid, or of amber on light substances, must have appeared to be to the same class of minds in former days.

Many years ago, I was a member of a School Board. I ventured to propose regular open-air drill for the children. I remember how the Chairman, with a benevolent smile, suggested that we should pass on to some practical business—the grant, I think.

Something of the same sort happened when I once complained of the fine assortment of evil gases and human exhalations in one school, where the master was smitten with a fear of ‘draughts,’ and preserved each day’s air carefully for use on the next. The question whether the playground should have two gates, one for the boys and one for the girls, or whether both sexes should enter by the same gate, excited far more interest and discussion than any which concerned the health or real welfare of the children.

In these particular directions indeed things are little better now. But the main position of the enemy, where he grandly stands at bay, remains nearly as strong as ever.

Not long ago, I was discussing the subject of trawling with a member of Parliament. In spite of the researches of Professor McIntosh, we compared our experiences of sundry banks once teeming with fish, and now deserted by them. We agreed that if

an infernal machine were let down from the sky, and tore up the surface of a grass meadow, grazing animals would not be found upon that meadow afterwards. But I said that this was unfortunately a contentious point, and I thought there was a much stronger argument against trawling.

As I am not personally familiar with trawling vessels, and he was, I asked the question: what sort of *men* does the trawling industry produce? Are they as fine fellows as the line fishermen? He told me that they were poor creatures in comparison; and that it must be so, from the nature of their occupation. I asked him if he had ever used that argument. He said that he had not, nor had he heard it used. If it is never used, I simply don't understand it. It is so obvious to my own mind; the very first question which occurs to it, about trawling or any other occupation is, what sort of *men* does it tend to produce for the happiness and health of their lives, the perfection of their being, or the service of their country?

On saying something of this kind to an advocate of trawling, he said that he did not think that many line fishermen went into the navy! The breed of man was, evidently, to his mind, not a practical question, though the efficiency of the navy was. I believe that the strongest feature of the French navy is its sailors, and that they are largely drawn from the splendid French breed of line fishermen. But it is humiliating to have to argue the question on such narrow grounds. The power, prosperity, and happiness of a nation *must* rest ultimately on its breed of men, and there is no necessity to trace cause and effect in this matter in any particular section of the community.

The Navy League, again, is undoubtedly doing good service by calling attention to weak points in our ships and their armament. But I fail to find in its publications any adequate concern about our sailors, though it is as true now as it ever was that the man behind the gun is by far the most important factor in all warfare. And yet statistics show that the physique of the sailor has greatly deteriorated. This might have been predicted with certainty, had anyone thought the human being himself an important subject matter of study. Sailors used to be remarkably free from lung diseases, for several reasons. First, because they are the only rationally dressed men, their throats being bare, and the free play of their lungs unimpeded by close-fitting clothing. Secondly, because, with the old system of watches, necessary in sailing ships, they used to be so constantly in the open air. Thirdly, because mast and sail work was splendid exercise for developing their chests and limbs, and oxygenating their blood. And, fourthly, because sailing ships were so much at sea and so little in harbour. It does not require much knowledge of physiology to understand that if men live more in harbour, more between decks,

in air more or less vitiated, and have not adequate exercise for their upper limbs, the result must be a generally lowered vitality, and greater liability to chest disorders.

Nor shall we, with the present cramming system, obtain the midshipman of old days, brimming over as he was with high animal spirits. And from all I hear, even after he joins his ship, the young officer does not lead as healthy a life as he used to do. He has far more sedentary work, and less, or rather no, mast climbing. I should be very much surprised to learn that he is of as robust, vigorous, and high-spirited a type as the midshipman of old. I do not see how it is possible; and yet the question never seems to have occurred to those who, in an evil hour for this country, subjected boys under 15½ to the cram and curse of a competitive examination, or to those who abolished mast and sails on our ships of war, and kept them so much in harbour. Here, again, the man has not even been a *secondary* consideration.

We cannot let the breed of man deteriorate with impunity. Let me give another illustration from personal experience. In 1894, I was asked to stand for Sutherland at a bye election, chiefly because I happened to have lived a good deal among the crofters, in a crofter's cottage, and knew something of the land question. A sudden illness prevented my standing, when I was already in the county, and about to issue an address. The people cared nothing about Home Rule, &c., but almost exclusively for the land question. Now of course I had thought this out, not from what I considered to be the narrow and unpractical basis of the Land League, but from the point of view of this paper. In fact, to friends who wondered at my meditating such a change of work, though probably only a temporary change, even were I successful, I said that it was really no change at all, for that it was precisely the same problem which had always held the first place in my mind as a schoolmaster, viz. how we were to rear the finest breed of men.

Now I knew that, about the year 1800, 600 men had marched from Sutherland to Inverness, without a man falling out, in spite of the manner in which military authorities used to cramp and throttle their victims, and I knew that it was now very hard to find any recruits at all in Sutherland.

For in 1800 the valleys of the rivers which flow towards the east and north coasts of the county were occupied by crofter communities. Each crofter had land of his own, usually lying near the river, which he tilled by invigorating manual labour, and the crofters of each hamlet had their grazing land in common. Probably the crofters' sons would take their turns at the farm, and at soldiering, fishing, or other occupations. Owing to the policy pursued at the time of the evictions, these river basins are now divided into large sheep farms. I may say in passing, that it is these, far more than the deer

forests, which have caused any depopulation in the Highlands. But whereas the Land League were looking at the matter from the people's point of view, and raising many contentious questions, I regarded it almost entirely from a national standpoint.

I wished to see a big experiment made, not by calling in question the landlord's title, either by robbing him of anything which had at least become his by prescription, but by advancing national money at a fair rate of interest, to see whether a fine breed of men might not again be reared on those lands.

If the experiment succeeded there, I saw that it might be tried in other parts of the Highlands, and that a strong corresponding effort should be made to revive the race of yeomen in England.

For the crofter or the yeoman is, from the point of view of the present paper, a far better man on the average than either the farmer or the hired labourer. The farmer, far too often, lives highly, has a detestable habit of drinking over his bargains, and at every stage where he rests a horse, nor does he take nearly enough exercise. He drives where he should walk, and his wife and daughters live far too much indoors, in ill-ventilated rooms, to be the mothers of really robust children.

But the crofter is not the man his fathers were.

He and his family certainly, as a rule, live a more healthy life than the large farmer and his family, and people talk on platforms about his being 'better fed, better lodged, and better clothed,' than his ancestors.

Alas! he is no such thing, but the reverse. The old loosely built houses let in abundance of air, and the breathed air escaped by the hole which let the smoke out. Now, the 'model cottages' are plastered, ceiling and all. If the windows will open, they are seldom opened. The cottage which I occupied was luckily unfinished, but my landlord wished to plaster the attics which we used as bedrooms! As it was, with the little casements open all night there was just air enough, because it could get through the rafters. But how any human being could have lived through a night had these attics been plastered, I did not know. And yet the people are living in such houses. Many of them are bringing their children up on tea, white bread, tinned meat and the like, instead of the porridge, &c., on which their fathers thrived. And the children, who used to go barefoot to school, now often sit there in wet boots, and their throats, which should be bare and free, are made delicate by those vile enervating mufflers, which I am told are tolerated even at some public schools. And the worst of it is, that neither the Education Department nor the public seem to care for any of these things.

And in a village, not in the Highlands, I have seen children, not nearly as rosy as they should be, crawling to school at half-past nine

on a winter morning and coming out at dusk, with an entirely insufficient interval for daylight play. The windows of the school were not open, and even though there were the number of cubic feet required by the Department, the air cannot have been of that absolute purity which should be inhaled by young lungs. I spoke to a member of the School Board. He evidently thought me a sort of crank, perhaps with truth, in the present state of public opinion, or rather in the absence of it.

Nor could I find that any instruction was given in these schools about the one thing most needful, viz. the laws of life, the air we breathe, the food we eat or should avoid, the clothes, often too heavy and too many, which we wear.

In higher-class schools, things are practically somewhat better. But it will be fresh in the recollection of my readers that in October 1898 an M.D. asserted in the *Times* that, of many hundreds of boys whom he had examined when they joined public schools at thirteen or fourteen, sixty-four per cent. were in bad condition. I was able to show in reply, from physical measurements, which had been taken by the same measurer for twenty-five years, that things were better than they were twenty-five years ago. But still the proportion of delicate boys, who ought to be as rare as delicate wild elephants, is disgraceful, even among the wealthier classes of the community. Most even of these better classes do not seem to know that delicacy, unless overpoweringly hereditary, or the result of accident, proceeds almost entirely from preventible causes.

Let me now raise another question, which may fairly be called a burning one just now.

Are we getting the right men to officer our army?

Brave men—men who would die rather than not do their duty—we are getting, and we shall get, so long as we draw from English, Scottish, Irish and Colonial gentlemen.

I am not here going to deal generally with the grotesque absurdity—which the intellectual Greek would have been unable to conceive as lodging for an instant in the brain of any reasonable man—of selecting the warrior leaders of warriors by a paper-work examination, or with the more strictly educational aspects of a system which is condemned by almost every schoolmaster whom I know, as inflicting an injury, wide and deep, on the intellectual side of education.

I will merely say here that the number of subjects which have to be studied, with a view to obtaining marks in them, by candidates for competitive examinations, fosters a cut-and-dried and unsuggestive sort of teaching, discourages the reading of English literature, or indeed of any other, for its own sake, leaves no time for the exercise of any individual taste or hobby, and makes it difficult for a boy efficiently to occupy a high post of responsibility at school, though

the exercise of such responsibility is the very best part of public-school training. In proof of this I may state that in a school where school officers are appointed by presumed efficiency alone (such efficiency having been previously tested in minor charges), out of eleven old boys at the front in South Africa, who had entered the army by the regular channels, not one had been a school prefect, only two house prefects, and only one a member of the fifteen; whereas out of thirty-two who had either volunteered for the front, or entered the army by what I may call 'back-doors,' six had been captains of the school, fourteen full prefects, two house prefects, and twenty had been members of the fifteen. I do not speak of the eleven, because, keen cricketer as I have been, I do not think that cricket does nearly as much as football to cultivate those qualities of brain and character which are most wanted in a soldier. Football stands from this point of view in the first rank of sports, Alpine climbing, hunting and deer-stalking being the other three.

I do not of course know whether the officers in our regular army are or are not found to be devoted to the study of their profession, but the natural tendency of work either at a crammer's or in a school army class, must be to implant not only a life-long detestation of the subjects with which they have been nauseated, but a repugnance to all earnest study of all kinds. And I would certainly expect the volunteer or non-competitive officer, who has not been so nauseated, to be a keener and more enlightened student of military subjects, and the more frequent possessor of military qualities, than the product of the army class or the crammer's establishment.

I am pleased to see that the *Journal of Education* for May says, in reference to an excellent letter to the *Times* from the Headmaster of Dulwich, that 'Every master of an army class knows that the moment a boy joins that class, his education stops, and his cramming begins.'

But now I wish to ask a question which is more directly relevant to the subject of this paper.

Is the life which is led by boys from fifteen to nineteen, who intend to enter the army by competitive examination, such as is likely to fit them for actual warfare?

Before entering into details, I wish first to dispose of one or two prevalent fallacies. The first is founded on the undeniable proposition that 'hard work' is an excellent thing for any boy, especially for one who aspires to enter a hard-working profession.

But I am sorry to say that when most people talk of 'work,' they generally mean indoor 'work' of a sedentary nature. If the term 'work' is to be so limited, I entirely deny that 'hard work' is always an excellent thing for a boy. Very much indoor work of a sedentary nature is a very bad thing for any boy who has afterwards to lead a hard outdoor life. Such work, beyond moderate limits,

tends to make his chest narrower, his movements slower, his muscles less powerful, his eyesight and hearing duller.

While writing this, I received a letter from a boy's mother: 'X is not idle these holidays, he is *working* hard about the "farm."' But when many of my scholastic brethren speak of 'work,' they do not include what was referred to in the Fourth Commandment. We are too 'intellectual' for this nowadays!

There is a sister fallacy about 'brain.' Not only the soldier, but the farmer, the practical engineer, the pioneer or manager of any industry, needs brain of high order if he is to be a leader of men, or in any way successful or distinguished. But there are different sorts of brain power.

The case of a boy, whom I did not know personally, is an illustration of what I mean. (I shall purposely alter some immaterial details to avoid identification.) A housemaster in a large school spoke to me about the head boy of his house: 'Such a splendid fellow!'—He had put down vile language—no bullying could flourish under him—he kept everyone going. Loafers of the house sent a deputation to complain that they were interfered with by this head boy. 'He drove them out,' they said, 'on wet afternoons'—they could no longer sit brewing strong tea, or eating pastry in over-heated studies! The deputation failed in its object. I afterwards met another master from the same school. I mentioned the boy to him, 'the splendid fellow.' 'Ah,' he said, 'my colleague exaggerated him a bit. Do you know that if that boy had *worked* he could have got into the army!' Now I maintain that this boy had *brains* of a sort which we want in the army, and which we often fail to get.

For, first, this kind of boy, even if he has also brains of the examination order, *will not* 'work' at books for eight to ten hours per diem, which is the usual time allotted for sedentary work at crammers' establishments or at those public schools which vie with the crammers in success by adopting crammers' methods and crammers' hours.¹ It is not altogether the love of games which prevents such a boy from working for Sandhurst (for 'army boys' are generally allowed to join perhaps three times a week in these games), but it is a matter of dislike to long stooping over a desk, to inside air as against outside air, to being balked of the free movement of limb, and of the free choice of brain with regard to a multitude of 'ploys' and occupations, which have more charm for him than book work has, and yet which are not idleness, but real 'work' of that better kind which is performed with the joyous energy of a nature to which it is congenial. I do not for a moment deny, but

¹ I have seen a printed statement emanating from a large public school, and made without a trace of shame or apology, that it has done this. A housemaster of very old standing writes to me: 'The wretched youths that we send up to Sandhurst and Woolwich sometimes would astonish you. Of course there are some fine fellows, but they generally scrape in at the end. The army class works about nine hours a day.'

rather emphatically assert, that every boy should have to do *some* work of the bookish kind, which is naturally distasteful to the high-spirited boy, and that it should be made very painful to him not to do such work well. For not only does work of this nature, especially Latin and Mathematics, train the reasoning faculties, but having to do the disagreeable thing is an excellent lesson in itself. It is against making eight or ten hours per diem of such sedentary work practically necessary, in most cases, for entrance into the army that I do most emphatically protest. The right sort of boy will not do it, at least not willingly, and all the more so because of the tendency of examinations to force unduly to the front subjects and questions which lend themselves most easily to a system of numerical marks and methods of study which are most distasteful to boys of naturally bright and active intellects.

Secondly, if the right sort of boy is coerced into doing it either by his own intense desire for a soldier's life, or by parents, the course of preparation tends to lessen his fitness for his future work, as I have already shown, or in fact for any position which demands qualities of observation, decision, and leadership. Everyone familiar with schools knows what disastrous results often follow from appointing a man to a house-mastership, or giving a boy prefectorial authority on the ground, not of character or governing power, but of scholarship—rooted as this evil system is in the tradition of many schools.

And, thirdly, the boy who willingly goes in for long hours of sedentary work is, as a rule, unfitted by nature, and increasingly unfitted by his habits, for a soldier's life.

It is, of course, easy to quote instances, especially of very great men, such as Julius Cæsar and the Great Frederick, who have been students as well as soldiers, though I doubt whether Cæsar, in his boyhood, sat over books for eight or ten hours per diem, and Frederick was wisely prevented by his father from doing any such thing. But, nevertheless, it is generally true that the brain of the student is reflective, and the brain of the man of action is observant, and that the former quality is increased, and the latter impaired, by long hours of indoor study. And yet, so far as an artificial system can do it, we are cultivating and encouraging the qualities which make for practical inefficiency, and both ignoring and enfeebling those which are most useful in the great sport of war, as well as in any other active sport.

Which of the two—the student or the sportsman—is the more likely to be sensitive to and to interpret correctly faint and momentary impressions on eye and ear; to know what is indicated by the fall of a pebble, or the distant shimmer of steel, or to discern other visible or audible indications of the neighbourhood of a foe; or to march through a donga without finding out what there is about its sides—the boy who has pored over books and papers at a town

crammer's, or the one who has constantly steered the ball through a football scrummage, or stalked wildduck, or ridden straight to hounds? Which of the two is the more likely to throw off the germs of disease, to recover soon from wounds, or to endure exposure and fatigue? The man of active habits and tastes is also far the superior in elastic adaptation to new or varying circumstances, in ready resource and unhesitating action, and in that masterful geniality which wins the loyalty of inferiors in position. The sportsman seldom becomes a don; and the don is a more noxious element in a regiment than even in a school. And yet which breed of young man is it that, as far as a system can do it, we are drawing into the army?

It may fairly be asked: How are we to mend matters, for it is clearly impossible, even if it were desirable, to go back to patronage and purchase? It is possible that the plan, which has been lately tried as an experiment, of asking headmasters of schools in which boys stay to the necessary age, to nominate candidates for commissions, may lead to something permanent. The difficulties are obvious, both in the selection of schools and in the various ideals of headmasters. But the difficulties would be reduced to a minimum if all schools presenting candidates were obliged to submit to inspection, not only of an intellectual kind, but as to whether the laws of health in respect of diet, exercise, and ventilation were duly observed, also whether the school, or at least the upper part of it, attained a satisfactory standard in military drill. The headmaster should have to certify in respect of any candidate, that he is over 18½ (at the very least), and that he believes him to be fit to be an officer in Her Majesty's service in respect of character, brains, physique, and manners. He should of course have to pass a thorough and not a merely perfunctory inspection, in physical soundness, and in drill.

But, if it is thought better to reform than abolish the existing system, it would be easy to promote and reward the development of manly and military qualities, though the inherent vice of the competitive system—viz. that 'the candidate, and necessarily his teacher, refuse any intellectual exercise that cannot be definitely and obviously turned into marks'—cannot be entirely extirpated.

Let one subject less be taken up for examination,² and let marks be given freely for tests of vision and hearing, for strength of grip, for doing a long walk, say twenty-five miles, go-as-you-please, in creditable time, and for a foot steeplechase or obstacle race—marking here also by time—and above all for rifle shooting. Nor do I see

² All experience shows that the greater the number of subjects, the greater the risk of over-work. When a few subjects have to be thoroughly assimilated, quality tells more than quantity, so that overwork by making the brain less vigorous, defeats its own purpose. I never heard of any one getting a first-class in 'Literæ Humaniores' who worked more than six or seven hours a day. I should be surprised if it were possible.

why marks should not be given also for boxing and gymnastics. Proficiency in military drill should be an essential in all cases.

Such reforms, by making it pay for school and crammer to keep their boys in good condition, would also benefit those who fail in passing for the army, and would not only fit them for pursuits in which strength and activity are directly useful, but enable them to stand the severe strain of modern city life, far better than an excess of study. The brain even of the future professor is more likely to be sound and masculine if it is supplied with blood from capacious lungs and a brisk circulation; and, after all, we cannot all be professors, or devoted to research.

At present the contrast between work and games is too strongly marked. Games are certainly often too prominent in schools, but this remark applies chiefly to those who 'watch' games, more than to those who play them, for the great scientific games are an excellent training for the brain as well as for the bodies of those who play. But any such undue prominence results from the physical energies and the kindred interests of healthy boys having no other outlet. My own belief is that not more than six hours per diem should be devoted to sedentary work in schools, and certainly not more than one and a half in winter and two and a half in summer to games. The rest of the time should be largely occupied with military drill, with 'work' in the gymnasium, in the workshops, at targets, in various kinds of manual labour, or in singing—an excellent exercise for the lungs—or in playing musical instruments. The army candidate has at present no time for any of these luxuries.

No schoolmaster, however, can adopt such counsels of perfection, so long as we are fettered by the examination system. But that it is possible to produce a better breed of man than we are at present doing, even in our best schools, is certain.

There is still another reform, which I believe to be possible, if one 'still strong man' were made absolute dictator over our whole military system (and one such man there is), and the adoption of which would do much to purge our army of a class of officers whom I will gently term 'undesirable.' It is simply monstrous that a dinner at mess shall cost a man four or five times as much as it costs his parents at home, and that he shall practically be compelled to spend money which he can ill afford, on frivolous social functions, against which it would be as well to turn some of the artillery which has been so foolishly directed against 'athletics.' The habits of plutocratic society are the curse of the army, and do not tend to improve or ennoble our breed of men.

If it were also possible for all officers before they join to have to camp out without servants, for several weeks, in some moorland district, it would not only help to make them hardy, handy, and independent, but would weed the army of a large percentage of its weaklings and Sybarites.

A word or two about the training at Sandhurst. It is in many respects excellent, and does much to counteract the sedentary life which most of the candidates have had to lead. It is unfortunately marred by evil traditions about what is 'military' in the way of clothing. For it is as certain as any proposition in Euclid, that the breathing organs and all the limbs should have absolutely free play. It is known as a fact, that if a number of soldiers and sailors take a long march on a hot day, many of the former will fall out and not one of the latter.

The dreadful catastrophe which happened at Aldershot last July ought to have opened people's eyes; but it did not. If five men had been killed and several score seriously injured on some Saturday at football matches, what a howl there would have been! and yet all the good of football cannot be attained without some very small percentage of fatalities, whereas all the good of military manœuvres in hot weather can be attained with no more loss or danger of life, and even with no more discomfort, than falls to the lot of haymakers or cricketers. The heat on that day, so far as I could learn, killed or disabled none of them, and yet it killed several soldiers, and nearly killed many more. Why so? A great deal was said about head dress. An old pupil of mine, who was there, writes: 'One man who fell down in my company was in the shade of the wood all the time, and had been for ten minutes.' I believe that all Bluecoat boys go bareheaded in the hottest weather; so do many Loretto boys, and yet I have never known or heard of any harm happening from this.

To quote further from his letter:

What I know you will specially like to hear was that on that day a battalion of the 'old and fruity,' as the Royal Reserve battalions are called, was drilled in the Long Valley in their shirt sleeves by a certain gallant Major, formerly of the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, who is not an O.L. but a sensible man. They had no inconvenience from the sun. At the actual manœuvres, what one noticed was not the heat of the sun on the head, as a lot of the movements were conducted through woods, but the awful closeness. What knocked the men up was having tightly buttoned coats of hot material on, I am absolutely convinced.

And again:

Every man in my company sweated right through his pipeclayed cloth collar.

It is pitiable to read of this astounding ignorance and indifference at the close of a century which prides itself on being civilised and scientific. Do none of these military people know that in order to lessen suffering from heat, the nape of the neck should be kept cool? One might expect such ignorance from the young fools who punt, row, or cycle in high collars, but not from those who have the responsibility of keeping Her Majesty's forces in the best possible condition.

But really the general indifference on these subjects is appalling. My fellow headmasters were asked for their views on cadet corps—

I am afraid that I was the only man who said that I would never allow any boy under my charge to wear any uniform or collar which did not allow absolutely free play to the breathing organs. I shall be delighted to hear that I had any ally in the protest which induced the War Office to sanction a loose Norfolk jacket and a free and open throat for cadet corps. But I fear that I stood alone.

And yet these still developing lads at Sandhurst are forced into tunics, which on Sundays and high days, at least, are far too tight;³ and which always exert some pressure on the breathing organs. The throat also, which ought to be bare and free, is encumbered either by a stock, or by one of those starched upright bands which are a disgrace to our generation. The contention is: 'We must have "smartness" as a help to discipline.' Is the cricketer not smart? Is the sailor not disciplined? That these absurdities and abuses should still be supported by such transparent fallacies is one of the things for which our descendants will despise us.

As I have said, there is much that is excellent in the Sandhurst training, but that we are both not getting the best, and also doing much by pedantic and martinet violations of the laws of health to deteriorate the second and the third best, not only follows from the reason of the thing, but is, I am certain, borne out by actual experience, though to prove it as a fact would be both invidious and beset with difficulties.

The time is surely at hand when common sense will get a hearing on this most important subject. I had nearly called it controversy; but I do not recollect ever reading or hearing of any attempt to justify the present system; it is simply submitted to from the same *vis inertiae* which gave such long life to Purchase.

There are some who say that the conscription would greatly improve our breed of men. It would take the clerk out of his office, the shopman from behind his counter, and the mechanic from his mill. So it will if it comes. But, for Heaven's sake, let no false notions about 'smartness' cramp our limbs, compress our lungs, and so lessen our mobility and our strength. We ought not, however, to require any such artificial aid as the conscription to improve our breed of men. Let us open our eyes to facts as they are, before we seek a remedy.

There is no doubt that a large number of the wealthier and upper middle classes have an up-bringing which, with all its defects, produces a fine race of men, though it might be much finer if the laws of health were made paramount. But there is also no doubt that the constant migration of our labouring classes from the country into the towns has a tendency to degenerate the breed of Englishmen.

³ Since writing the above I have heard from a boy of eighteen, who has recently left school and joined a Volunteer Corps. 'You would not like the uniform, as it is very tight fitting.' What a sin!

And it is not among our labouring classes alone that this danger exists. The conditions of life among clerks and business men generally are most unwholesome. During many months of the year they are engaged in sedentary occupations, in air which is by no means pure, in rooms often overheated, during all the hours of daylight; ⁴ and a large mass of them, instead of even getting such exercise as would be gained by walking to and from their homes, take considerable daily journeys in trains, or avail themselves of trams. I often wonder what percentage of business men, and especially of clerks, obtain the bare minimum of six or seven miles walking a day, or its equivalent, which is essential for robust health.

The worst of it is that no one seems to care. The banker or merchant goes about with smiling face, and does not appear to observe or to be pained by the sallow complexions and narrow chests and unhealthy habits of his clerks. Nor does the millowner appear to be distressed by the stunted pallid aspect of his millworkers. The school inspector, again, is, perhaps by the necessity of his position, far more anxious about the proficiency of children in grammar and spelling and geography than about their complexions and other tokens of good and bad health.

There are indeed some signs that the public mind is beginning to awake to what is far the most momentous of all national questions.

I have never read a more interesting paper than an account by Mr. George Sharples in *Special Reports*, Vol. II, issued by the Education Department 1898, of the efforts made by masters of public elementary schools, in many of the large English towns, to promote healthy habits among their scholars, by means of football and other games. As might be expected, the result has been a vast improvement in health, *language*, morality, and even in school work, among the players.

There is again a cry, constantly growing louder, for the better physical training of children, by furnishing every school with a large playground, as well as with gymnastic apparatus and the services of well-trained instructors.

I know also of a few men, destined, I hope, to fill important positions in the business world, who are determined to see to the health and vigour of their clerks, to provide for them five courts or small gymnasia, and even to make daily physical exercise of some kind a condition of employment. Many further illustrations might be given of the stirring of the public mind.

⁴ I constantly receive letters from old pupils which contain such sentences as the following: 'It is a disgrace to the country, and also a sin, that offices should be kept so leastly and stuffy, and make men who come to them as healthy and high-spirited boys, sickly, gloomy, and pale-faced wretches.' It is a sister evil to the tight tunics. If a sin of ignorance, what a damning commentary on our 'education'! if a sin against light and knowledge, on our religion!

And here may I say a word to those who with their whole hearts and souls are crusading against the evils caused by alcoholic drink, not in the way of drunkenness alone, but of those tippling and treating customs which do so much to sap the health and to shorten the lives of millions. Let me tell them why all their zeal and self-sacrificing work produce so little result. It is because they deal with the drink question as one which stands alone. Intemperance is only one of what Mr. Spencer so aptly calls 'physical sins.' All violations of the laws of health are sins of the same kind, though not all equal in degree; and if a child has been taught, from the nursery upwards, that what is unwholesome is wrong because it is unwholesome, it will be easier afterwards to set his mind and his habits against the abuse of strong drink; 'nips' and 'drinks' are the natural successors of irregular feeding, of casual ices and chocolate creams, or even occasional cigarettes. Here I may say, in passing, that I believe the injury done by the latter to growing boys is an evil which calls for immediate and stringent legislation. The School Boards seem to be powerless before this apparently small but really gigantic evil. At present I fear that whether a child shall be drawn into the net of Church or Chapel, of Lilliput or Blefusco, or whether he shall be able to perform that mysterious operation called analysing sentences, is regarded as matter of more moment.

Perhaps the middle of the coming century may witness a revolution as great and as important as the Reformation; and far more essentially important than any further mechanical inventions or scientific discoveries.

Let us all awake to the belief that the Laws of Health are the Laws of God, as binding on us as if they had been thundered forth from Sinai; that if those which are now known with certainty were applied in practice, the improvement in human life, morality, and happiness would be stupendous; that they should be the first and paramount subject of instruction by precept, habit, and example in every school and in every home, and gradually but ultimately a code religiously observed in mills and shops and offices.

And so the great truth, now a paradox, may become a commonplace, that man is greater than his surroundings, and that the production of a breed of men and women, even in our great cities, less prone to disease and pain, more noble in aspect, more rational in habits, more exultant in the pure joy of living, is not only scientifically possible, but that even the partial fulfilment of this dream, if dream it be, is the most worthy object towards which the lover of his kind can devote the best energies of his life.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Wednesday, the 29th of August.—To-day comes the good news of a genuine success in the Transvaal. General Buller, in command of the right wing of the army under the supreme command of Lord Roberts, has driven the Boers from their position in front of Machadodorp, and after a severe engagement has occupied that town or village. The Boers seem to have fought well, and to have incurred a considerable loss through their stubborn resistance; but their defeat has been a real one, and President Kruger is placed under the painful necessity of selecting another capital. Whether there will be a retreat upon Lydenburg, and a prolonged resistance there, cannot as yet be said, but the war has now entered upon what we may reasonably hope is its last stage. I have spoken before of the apparent loss of interest in the campaign on the part of the general public. Certainly our streets to-day, when the capture of Machadodorp has been announced, present a curious contrast to the scenes we witnessed a few months ago, when there was such exuberant rejoicing over Ladysmith and Mafeking. But if there is this absence of outward manifestation of interest, it is clear that the Boer cause is steadily losing ground, even among those who were originally inclined to favour it. The letters of Chief Justice de Villiers and Mr. Merriman, published last week, have placed Mr. Kruger and his party in a very odious light, nor has their cause been assisted by the revelation of the financial assistance said to have been rendered to the notorious Mr. Hargrove by the Transvaal Government. Upon the whole, it seems that with the steady decline of the Boer resistance there is a corresponding diminution in the degree of popular favour hitherto enjoyed by the politicians of the Republic. Men are again speculating to-day as to the date of Lord Roberts's return, and of his assumption of the duties of Commander-in-Chief, for public opinion seems determined to assign that post to him.

The news from Pekin is disjointed and not wholly satisfactory. Yesterday, indeed, an alarming rumour was circulated by a Paris newspaper, to the effect that a great battle had been fought and the Allies defeated. This is not likely to be the case, but communication with the Chinese capital is difficult, and idle rumour

is as busy as ever at Shanghai. So far as the political situation in the East is concerned, the most notable thing seems to be the determination of the French press, aided by the press of Russia, to represent France, Germany, and Russia as standing together in defence of a policy which is not that of England or Japan. Yet, despite the efforts of the journalists, there is a growing opinion in many quarters that the Chinese problem is capable of being solved without a European war.

Thursday, the 30th of August.—Minor prophets are listened to when the great prophets are silent, and for this reason the utterances of Mr. St. John Brodrick, reported this morning, receive a degree of attention from the press to which the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is hardly accustomed. So far as his attempted defence of the War Office and his recriminatory attack upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are concerned, little need be said. The Under Secretary of any department is bound to defend it, with the earnestness of conviction, when it is assailed by the public. But, as even the Government organs point out, something more than the *tu quoque* of Mr. Brodrick is needed to satisfy the public as to the merits of the present War Office, or the sufficiency of its preparations for the South African campaign. His speech makes it apparent that Ministers greatly resent the candidature of Captain Hedworth Lambton for Newcastle, and that they seek to claim for themselves a monopoly of patriotism and of military zeal. This is eminently unfair to the Opposition. The Liberal party is handicapped sufficiently by the fact that it has to bear all the consequences of association with a few extreme politicians who openly avow that they prefer what, in their opinion, are the claims of humanity at large to the interests of their own country. It would be the height of injustice to attempt to damage it still further by the unfounded assertion that it is as a whole, or even largely, composed of men who differ from the Government in their views as to what is demanded by the existing condition of affairs in South Africa.

Death has struck a shining mark in Mr. Henry Sidgwick. His reputation among the larger public was not, it is true, widespread; but in his own circle—a circle comprising the foremost thinkers and many of the foremost politicians and men of letters of the day—he had a position of esteem, and almost of authority, such as it is given to few men to gain. The world is the poorer for the loss of his clear intellect, sagacious judgment, and happily sympathetic temperament.

Saturday, the 1st of September.—Events are marching fast in the Transvaal. The occupation of Machadodorp, the flight of President Kruger and his Executive, and the release of the unfortunate prisoners of Nooitgedacht, some of whom have been in captivity for more than four months, are events the significance of which it is impossible to mistake. The collapse of the Boer resistance seems at

last to be at hand. In the recent operations Lord Roberts, it is to be observed, has not only given Sir Redvers Buller the foremost place, but has dwelt with emphasis upon the success with which he has executed movements that have driven the Boers out of their temporary capital, and apparently completed their demoralisation. One no longer wonders at the almost passionate idolisation of Lord Roberts by all who serve under him when one sees the generous spirit in which he acts towards all who are brought in contact with him—Generals, Boers, private soldiers, press-men, and ordinary citizens. The news of the last three days has cheered everybody in this country, and fills us with the hope that the end of the struggle is within sight.

From the Far East, however, we get nothing but rumours of gathering clouds and growing dangers. Already the mission of Field Marshal von Waldersee, which began with so great an amount of *réclame*, threatens to be rendered abortive by the completion of military operations at Peking before he reaches China. If that should prove to be the case, there will be bitter disappointment in Germany, and the Emperor will possibly see reason to regret some of the more florid of the utterances with which he sent his soldiers and his greatest General into the field. But the fact that Russia seems to be anxious to put a stop to hostilities as quickly as possible, and that she has secured a certain measure of support from the United States Government for this policy, does not augur well for the pacific solution of the problem. The German Emperor will certainly resent the suggestion that no severe punishment should be meted out to those who are responsible for the murder of his envoy; whilst most of the Great Powers will be slow to admit that so gross a series of outrages as those which have been perpetrated by the Chinese authorities during the last three months can safely be left without an exemplary and drastic treatment of the chief offenders. It looks as though we were at the beginning of the second and more serious stage of this Far Eastern Question. That which puzzles many persons is the part that the United States Executive is playing in connection with the negotiations. But a Presidential election will explain many things, even the sudden withdrawal of the American forces from China, which, according to one report, is on the eve of being carried out.

Monday, the 3rd of September.—Lord Roberts has once more seized the psychological moment in order to complete the political part of his mission to South Africa. The proclamation annexing the Transvaal to the British Empire has been confidently anticipated for some time, and it is only of specific interest now because it indicates the belief of the Commander-in-Chief that the Boer resistance has been finally broken down. That there will still be stubborn fighting near Lydenburg, and that guerilla operations will not cease either in

the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony for some time to come, is tolerably certain. But the authority of Great Britain has been conclusively established over the greater part of the theatre of war, and the English flag is now supreme in both the Republics. The political effect of the annexation has been discounted by the fact that the public in this country has long recognised it as inevitable, and only a small and extreme section of politicians have any criticisms to offer to-day upon the action of Lord Roberts.

China is still the home of mystery. The adoption by Russia of the new diplomacy is one of the most startling incidents of the day. But it is the function of Russian diplomatists to take the world by surprise; and they are generally successful in achieving this, at all events. The proposal for the immediate abandonment of Peking by the Allied forces does not grow in favour, the more closely it is considered; whilst the manner in which it has been put forth by Russia unquestionably suggests that there is some hidden motive for this surprising movement. It is satisfactory to learn to-day that the United States has not yet at least adopted the Russian proposal, which seems to have staggered the journalists both of Berlin and Paris. That the English Government is most anxious to keep in step with St. Petersburg, and that only under the strongest provocation will it take any action that might lead to a break-up of the concert of the Powers, is an open secret in all well-informed quarters. But if Lord Salisbury is called upon to choose between the rejection of the Russian plan and the disappointment, not merely of Germany, but of those who represent the great commercial interests of the Empire in China, he will undoubtedly find himself in a very tight place. It is permissible to suggest that the telegraph wire to Schlucht must at present be carrying messages of no ordinary weight.

Wednesday, the 5th of September.—The struggle which is now being carried on by the force under General Buller on the road to Lydenburg promises to be even more severe than had been anticipated, and, though the end is not in doubt, it seems that this last stage of the war is to be both costly and difficult. What will happen when the Boers are driven from Lydenburg is a point upon which speculation is at present useless. That the sporadic war in other parts of the ex-Republics is still being carried on with energy is proved by the attack upon Ladybrand, and by the fears for the safety of that town which are openly expressed in the telegrams from South Africa.

One consequence of this state of things is that the conviction is growing that an autumn election is not likely to take place. But this fact does not lessen the zeal with which both parties in the State—or should I say all parties?—are preparing for the inevitable conflict. Sir William Harcourt's deliverance at Middleton-in-

Teesdale on Monday cannot be said to have contributed to the cause of Liberal unity; but his strenuous assertions of his own claim to be the sole representative of the old Liberalism are not regarded seriously by working politicians, nor will they affect the work which is being quietly done in many different constituencies for the reorganisation of the Opposition. Dr. Clark's fate in Caithness has furnished a sharp warning to those who have hitherto made themselves the advocates of the Boer cause; and now that the final annexation of the Transvaal has taken place, the probability is that both parties will range themselves in line upon the practical question of the claim of the Government to the confidence of the country for the manner in which it has conducted the war now drawing to a close. On this subject Captain Hedworth Lambton was able to give Mr. St. John Brodrick a sharp Roland for his Oliver in the newspapers of yesterday. It is clear that the issues of the coming contest are not to be limited and defined in the way most pleasing to the champions of the new diplomacy and the present War Office.

The very cordial letter of the Czar to President Loubet may be regarded as his way of apologising for his failure to visit the Exhibition. Certainly nothing could be more graceful or affectionate than the Russian Emperor's language; but the French have a practical vein in their natures which may lead some of them to ask if a friendly letter and an order for the President are to be all that their country is to get, in this year of great but unfulfilled expectations, from that Russian alliance which once inspired the Gallic imagination with such brilliant visions of the future.

Saturday, the 8th of September.—The noise of political warfare is perceptibly increasing. Although no light has been thrown upon the actual date of the dissolution, the combatants are not to be restrained from rushing into the fray, and every morning brings us fresh news from the constituencies. This is more particularly the case in Scotland, where there seems to be even more eagerness for the battle than in England. Popular expectation has been stimulated by the announcement that Lord Roberts has sent some of his chargers to Capetown. This is regarded as proof that the Commander-in-Chief contemplates an early return to this country, and the public is convinced that when he leaves South Africa the General Election will be upon us. There is, however, a substantial minority which still refuses to believe that the election is at hand. Lord Roberts may send his chargers to Capetown, but it does not follow that the Boers are prepared to oblige Ministers by accelerating the close of the war, and this morning's news regarding the reoccupation of Ladybrand by the burghers is rather disquieting.

Of the party controversy at home, there is but little to be said. The Liberals of Liskeard have refused to adopt Mr. Courtney as their candidate, and, whatever one may think of his personal virtues, no

one can be surprised at this action on the part of those of whom he has so long been the unsparing and almost savage critic. Sir Edward Clarke is still without a constituency, and it seems probable that both he and Mr. Courtney will not sit in the next Parliament. There are other men, not less eminent, over whose heads the stroke of doom seems to be impending. The politicians who are apparently marked out for defeat are in every case men who have been identified with the pro-Boer agitation. It is curious to note how widespread seems to be the feeling in favour of that more robust and comprehensive Liberalism which—*pace* Sir William Harcourt—may for convenience sake be described as Imperial. I heard the other day that not merely in Newcastle, but in Derby and the Monmouth Burghs—that is to say, in the constituencies most prominently identified hitherto with those eminent opponents of the war, Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt—this feeling prevails to a remarkable extent. In the meantime electioneering agents on both sides agree in recognising Captain Hedworth Lambton as the most formidable assailant of the Government now in the field.

Tuesday, the 11th of September.—In spite of the September lassitude that hangs over the clubs—or, rather, the remnant that are still open for the use of their members—to-day's newspapers are full of items of interest. To begin with, we have the announcement from the pen of some sapient journalist that the Liverpool Conservatives have had an official intimation from London that the General Election will really take place next month; whilst one of the halfpenny papers, with equal precision and acumen, announces the real date of the return of Lord Roberts from South Africa. He is to leave Capetown on the 1st of November. This pretty story has died almost before it was born, for this afternoon a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief in Africa is published, which makes it clear that he at least is in unblissful ignorance of the date when he will be free to embark for home. As to the Liverpool story, it hardly calls for refutation. Even in these days when constitutional practice seems to be forgotten, it is not possible that a single constituency should receive special information from official sources as to the moment at which Parliament is to be dissolved. The new journalism is occasionally, it must be confessed, apt to impose too great a strain upon the credulity of its dupes.

More interesting than these guesses at truth is the statement that Sir William Butler has been appointed to the command at Aldershot. Time has made haste to avenge the wrongs of this distinguished soldier. Twelve months ago the Yellow Press pack was yelping at his heels with cries of 'Traitor!' chiefly because he had formed a clearer estimate of what a war with the Boers meant than was agreeable to the admirers of the new diplomacy. Now he secures one of the most distinguished rewards of his profession, and with it

the opportunity of rendering a great service to his country. As for the news from South Africa, it is to-day more distinctly favourable to our arms than it has been for many weeks past. Slowly but steadily Sir Redvers Buller and the forces under his command seem to be driving the Boer army out of its last entrenchments, and already speculations are current as to the manner in which Mr. Kruger will meet the inevitable end. That he will do so with dignity, all generous-minded enemies will hope as well as believe; though the story of the shipments of gold from Lourenço Marques to Europe seems to prove that he is resolved not to expose himself or his kindred to the pangs of poverty in the evil days which lie before him. In the meantime the British Administration of the Transvaal is clearly taking a firmer hold of its task, and by way of happy climax to recent events we hear that the Hospital Commission is now actually sitting at Pretoria, gathering evidence for the next Parliament under the vines and fig-trees of the ex-President himself.

From China comes to-day one startling bit of news in the shape of the telegram from Dr. Morrison published in this morning's *Times*. Dr. Morrison, it is evident, labours under no illusions as to the situation at Pekin, and he speaks with clearness and emphasis regarding the responsibility of the Chinese Government and officials for the abominable crimes of last June and July. He even names the Chinese Ministers in London and Washington as having a personal responsibility in connection with recent events which makes them unfit to enjoy the respect of the countries to which they are accredited. But the plain-speaking of the Pekin correspondent of the *Times* is not imitated elsewhere, and diplomacy in all our European capitals, to say nothing of the capital of the United States, is still hiding its real meaning under clouds of words. That the Great Powers should meekly accept the invitation of Russia and depart from Pekin without taking any just measure of vengeance for the atrocities which were concerted and in part committed in that capital seems incredible. That the German Emperor should tamely submit to the humiliation involved in the practical flouting of his recent speeches and the crushing of the Waldersee mission before it has fairly begun, it is equally difficult to believe. But diplomacy keeps its own counsels for the present, and the outside world is left wholly in the dark as to the steps that are being taken to solve a problem which everybody admits to be not only dark but intensely dangerous.

Thursday, the 13th of September.—Once again we have proof of the fact that the most sensational news has a trick of reaching us in the depths of the dead season. A year ago—a year! an eternity—the Dreyfus trial and the negotiations between Mr. Chamberlain and President Kruger were engaging our attention—the negotiations being distinctly less attractive to the man in the street than the court-martial at Rennes. Few persons imagined in those bright

September days of 1899 what events lay in wait for the world in general and England in particular during the coming twelve months. To-day, when we are still in the midst of what used to be the dull time when the big gooseberry reigned supreme, we are confronted not by one but by several items of news the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. To begin with there is the flight of Mr. Kruger from the Transvaal, a flight which undoubtedly marks the close of the resistance of the Transvaal as a political power to the decree of annexation which has gone forth against it. The successive victories of Buller in the Lydenburg district, and now the disappearance of the most important members of the Boer Executive, bring us very near to the long-deferred end of the war. But the country has received this startling news without a sign of popular excitement. The days of Mafeking seem as remote as those of Majuba, and the nation accepts the announcement of the disappearance of its greatest enemy from the field with outward indifference.

Nor can it be said that much greater interest seems to be felt in the approach of the General Election. That it is now really at hand is universally assumed. Yet, outside the offices of the Parliamentary agents, the country seems to take but a languid degree of interest in the prospect of an election, and it is difficult to realise the fact that within four weeks from now the United Kingdom may be undergoing all the turmoil and confusion of a great political campaign. The return of Lord Salisbury from Schlucht seems to be regarded by the crowd as portending an immediate decision upon the question of an election. As to what will follow the announcement, the point which appears to excite most curiosity is the position that will be taken up by Lord Rosebery. If he is to step into the breach at the eleventh hour, and lead the Liberal host in battle, the party will have to make its wishes on the subject known more clearly and emphatically than it has done as yet.

From China to-day comes further news indicating the gravity of a situation that does not even now seem to be rightly appreciated in Europe. Of the horrors of the massacres of European missionaries, chiefly English, reported by Dr. Morrison and from Shanghai, there is no need to speak. Unless retribution is exacted for such crimes, we cannot hope that there will be any safety for white residents in China in future. It is, however, the political situation that is still the gravest problem that confronts us. England has apparently given a decisive negative to the Russian proposal to evacuate Peking, and Germany, though less decisively, has taken the same line. France, naturally enough, stands by Russia, and the United States and Japan, for reasons that are not altogether intelligible, seem to be taking the same course. This means that the Concert of the Great Powers has been jeopardised, if not destroyed. Russia cannot, of course, persist in her policy of leaving Peking if Great Britain and Germany

elect to remain ; but it is to be feared that the difference of opinion which has now developed itself among the allies will lead to the rapid growth of those international intrigues to which China trusts for her escape from her present position. It cannot be said that there is anything in the existing situation to reassure the nervous.

General regret is felt at the announcement that Mr. John Morley will be unable, owing to indisposition, to take any part in public speaking during the coming autumn. Although Mr. Morley is now in a measure estranged from many members of his old party, and is identified with opinions which are the reverse of popular, his personal character and his past career ensure for him the respect alike of his friends and his opponents, and every one must hope that his illness will speedily pass away.

Friday, the 14th of September.—I have said nothing of the disaster at Galveston which has occupied so large a space in the newspapers during the last three or four days. But the statements published this morning show that it is one of the greatest calamities that ever befel a civilised community. The reports to-day place the number of the dead at no fewer than 8,000. Since the burning of the cathedral at Santiago I can remember nothing like this. Even the sensational newspapers cannot add to the horrors of the tale. Yet nobody seems to be greatly moved. It is as though we had for the present exhausted our power of feeling strongly. Kruger a fugitive, a General Election impending, a tale of horror from China, a tale in some respects even worse from Galveston, dark clouds hanging over the horizon in the Far East, and a placid indifference at home ! This is the strange situation by which we are now confronted.

This afternoon comes the announcement that Buller is now at Spitz Kop—the very latest of the ‘capitals’ of the Transvaal—and with it the words of the proclamation of Lord Roberts to the Boers still in arms against us. The proclamation had been expected for some days past, and the only comment that it seems to evoke is that it is somewhat too diffuse and too mild in tone. A frank offer of pardon to all who now laid down their arms, coupled with an intimation that further resistance would be treated with the utmost severity, might have been more effectual. We shall see what the actual proclamation leads to. With Botha out of the field, the military chances of the Boers, even in guerilla warfare, are slight, as even the Continental press is constrained to admit.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s letter in reply to the speech of Mr. St. John Brodrick is the first serious document in the electioneering campaign. Mr. Brodrick was, to say the least, ill-advised in the line he took for the purpose of exonerating the War Department from the charges brought against it, with such remarkable unanimity, by all political parties, and Sir Henry’s rejoinder is

distinctly damaging to the Government. The Liberal leader puts the case against Ministers with clearness and precision. It is that they allowed protracted negotiations with our enemy in South Africa to culminate in war without having taken the trouble to ascertain that we were prepared for the struggle into which we were thus drawn. Mr. Brodrick's statement that the army was as well equipped in 1899 as in 1895 wholly fails to meet the case of the critics of the Ministry, which is that in 1895 our military strength was immeasurably superior to that of the Transvaal, while in 1899, when we went to war, the Transvaal had succeeded in increasing its armaments to so vast an extent that our superiority was absolutely destroyed. That the authorities at home and in South Africa were fully aware of the extent to which the Transvaal had increased its armaments after the Jameson Raid is not a palliation but an aggravation of the offence committed by the Government in allowing us to be drawn into a great military struggle without adequate preparation.

Saturday, the 15th of September.—The *Times*, which has never been inspired by any consuming love for associations of journalists, deals rather severely to-day with the Institute of Journalists, which has been holding its annual conference in London during the present week. Having had the honour of being president of the Institute in 1899, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say something about it. To begin with, I must protest against the action of the *Times* in its attempt to make the Institute responsible for the alleged shortcomings of some one in the employment of its ex-president, Sir James Henderson. However heinous the offence of this person may have been, the Institute of Journalists is no more responsible for it than is the editor or manager of the *Times*. The action of which the *Times* complains is the transfer without acknowledgment of an article from its columns to those of the *Belfast News-Letter*, a distinct offence against morals which no honest journalist will defend.

Personally, I have suffered as much as most persons from this kind of offence. At the time when I was responsible for the editorship of a weekly newspaper, I received every week a copy of the Monday's issue of a certain Dublin daily newspaper, and I found that almost invariably the leading article was a mere paraphrase of the chief political article in my own newspaper. More recently, I was attracted to a certain American review, presumably of high standing, by the announcement that it contained an article upon a distinguished man of whom I had recently written a biography. The name of the author of this article was given. It was one with which I was not familiar. On turning to the article itself, I found that it consisted of a mere string of extracts from my book, printed as though they were the original remarks of my unknown friend the author.

I mention these incidents to show that I have every reason to

sympathise with the indignation of the *Times* at the appropriation of its ideas by other newspapers. But where the *Times* makes a mistake is in its attempt to make the Institute of Journalists responsible for this kind of—well, let me call it free conveyance. The Institute of Journalists has done excellent work in organising the working body of reporters and sub-editors throughout the United Kingdom, and in defining professional usage so far as their occupation is concerned. But it has a higher and a wider task before it. If the newspaper press is to deserve the respect of the public, and to be worthy of the great influence which it exercises in our national life, certain abuses now connected with it must be sternly repressed.

Among those abuses only a minor importance can be ascribed to that system of filching of which the *Times* complains. Recklessness of statement is, after all, the greatest defect of the English press to-day. English newspapers are not corrupt. No shadow of proof has ever been produced to support the charges of corruption which have at times been made against our newspapers. But recklessness of statement is, unfortunately, an infirmity which pervades the press as a whole; and if the Institute of Journalists could impress upon the conductors of our newspapers the feeling that honour demands that their first care should be for the accuracy of their statements, it would confer an enormous benefit not only upon the press, but upon the whole community.

Last year at this time, it will be remembered, many newspapers were filled with serious attacks upon the character of Sir William Butler. The wretched 'yellow' newspapers upon which so large a section of the public is fed did not hesitate to speak of him as a traitor, and to charge him with the responsibility for the war in South Africa. All the world now knows how false these statements were. Yet for a considerable period they were proclaimed in newspapers, the conductors of which would have been indignant if their good faith had been called in question. It is this recklessness in statement, accompanied by a distinct pandering to the love of the mob for sensational news, that are the greatest evils of our press at the present moment, and it is against these that the Institute of Journalists, if it is to prove worthy of the position it holds, ought first to direct its action.

Tuesday, the 18th of September.—The long-expected thunderbolt fell last night. Men were uncertain up to the very latest moment as to what the Council at Balmoral might bring forth, and the innumerable rumours in the newspapers met with little credence. But by five o'clock the truth had been revealed, and it was known that the dissolution about which there has been so much speculation was actually to take place. Outwardly I cannot recall on any previous occasion so quiet a reception being given to the news that Parliament had been dissolved and that a General Election was at hand.

The newsboys did not bawl the tidings in the streets, and even the big lines on the placards seemed to excite no emotion. In the political clubs there was, of course, the usual gossip and much sharp criticism on one side or the other of the action that had been taken.

That, in spite of all the preliminary gossip, it came unexpectedly to most of those who thought themselves qualified to judge, was not to be denied; nor could the fact be questioned that the announcement that Lord Salisbury had yielded to the insistence of the party managers came as a shock to not a few of his admirers. Two small facts will perhaps better convey the truth on this point than any amount of mere argumentation. It is barely a week since I talked over the possibility of a dissolution with two of the most eminent members of the late Liberal Cabinet. Neither of them believed in it. They expressed themselves satisfied that Lord Salisbury would not, for the sake of any mere party advantage, take a step which was without precedent, and for which no public justification could be alleged. Some weeks earlier—again I speak of a fact within my own knowledge—an important member of the present Government laid a substantial wager with a Radical member of Parliament. The Minister wagered that no dissolution would take place this year, and he avowedly did so because he was convinced that the Prime Minister would never countenance what, in his opinion, would be a 'dirty trick.' Let me add to these two facts a third, and I shall have finished with this question of party recrimination. In the *Times* of this morning the news of the dissolution, surely the most important news in this morning's paper, is printed in an inside page, and it is only referred to in the second leading article. There is certainly no show of exultation on the part of the leading organ of the Ministry over its latest achievement.

Now that the die has been cast, however, there is a general feeling of relief. Since we are to have a Khaki Election, the sooner it is over the better seems to be the prevailing opinion on both sides. The newspapers assume with great confidence that it will go badly for the Opposition. But it is curious that all but the most hardened partisans of the present Administration base their anticipations, not upon the merits of the Government, but upon the disastrous divisions among its opponents. I wrote a few days ago of the speculations current as to the line that Lord Rosebery would take when the appeal was made to the country. Naturally these speculations have multiplied themselves since last night's announcement, and I should not be an accurate reporter of passing events if I did not chronicle the fact that many Liberals express themselves bitterly on the subject of Lord Rosebery's abstention from any open action in favour of the party. Whether the appeals that are being addressed to Dalmeny in shoals will move him to action I do not know, but at least as an outsider I may point out that

hitherto any intervention by Lord Rosebery in political affairs since 1896 has been the signal for renewed attacks upon him by those who profess to be the only true spokesmen of modern Liberalism, and that no attempt has been made by the great body of Lord Rosebery's old colleagues to denounce or even to dissociate themselves from his assailants. If the Liberal party has to face the severe struggle to which it is now called without the assistance of the ex-Premier, it must take to itself some portion at least of the responsibility for this fact.

But if the state of the Liberal party is by general admission most unhappy, it would be wrong to assume that perfect peace prevails in the ranks of the Ministerialists. Lord Salisbury's surrender to Mr. Chamberlain—for in that light the dissolution is generally regarded—is resented by many of his followers, who, despite the present popularity of the Colonial Secretary, have but limited confidence in his judgment and scanty admiration for his methods. I happened to be in the lobby of the House of Commons on that spring evening in 1868 when the news was made known that Lord Derby had resigned and that Mr. Disraeli had become Prime Minister in his place. One would have thought from the way in which the announcement was received by a good half of the Conservative members that Mr. Disraeli was a political opponent instead of being their own leader in the House of Commons. They had tolerated him, followed him, profited by his matchless audacity and his brilliant gifts; but they hated him, nevertheless, and regarded him as an alien who could never be received into the true fellowship of English Toryism. Something of the same sentiment is felt now in a modified form with regard to Mr. Chamberlain. In half a dozen years or less Mr. Disraeli had made himself the idol of the men who thus contemned him. Who can say what fate lies in store for Mr. Chamberlain? For the present there seems to be only one fact upon which all Conservatives are agreed; that is, that whatever other position may be assigned to the Colonial Secretary, he can never be permitted to become Prime Minister.

There is another rift in the lute so far as perfect Conservative harmony is concerned. That is caused by the feeling that the present Ministry has blundered, and blundered badly, in its management of the war, and in other departments of administration. Many a good Conservative frankly avows that if only an alternative Government were possible he would be glad to see it installed in office. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer not obscurely hinted that he took this view a few weeks ago. But the opinion is almost universally prevalent among Conservatives that there is no possibility of an alternative Government, and certainly so long as men can point to an extreme section of Radicals like Mr. Labouchere and Dr. Clark as representatives of Liberal opinion, even Liberals themselves seem

to acquiesce in this view. I have sought in what I have written to set forth dispassionately the political situation as it exists to-day, when we stand on the eve of the last General Election of the century, and the great issues of national policy are about once more to be submitted to the test of the ballot-box. For the next four weeks the fight will be carried on in the streets, and any one man's opinion on the merits or the probable result will be neither better nor worse than that of any other.

Thursday, the 20th of September.—It would profit little to follow the tumult of speeches and electioneering news with which the newspapers are now filled. So far as speeches are concerned, the Opposition has got the start in the utterances of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Gladstone; but the Government will quickly make up its lee-way. As for the newspapers, they are pounding each other impartially with a vigour that knows no restraint. It is only in the *Westminster Gazette* that I find a systematic attempt to deal with the issues before the country in the reasonable spirit of the historian. To the average Tory editor every Liberal is either a traitor who hates his country and would willingly see her defeated by some other Power, or he is a man who is really a Tory in disguise. The Liberal organs are crying out against Mr. Chamberlain because of the commercial investments of the members of his family in firms that advertise themselves as 'contractors to the Admiralty,' and dwelling upon the breakdown of the Ministry in the crisis of the war last January. Less fortunate than their opponents, the Liberals have also to submit to the attacks of the wreckers on their own side, the quidnuncs of the pro-Boer faction, who, having failed signally in their attempt to carry their party with them, are now trying to persuade the world that they are the only Liberals left, and that every one who does not share their sentiments is a deserter from the ranks. It is not, perhaps, an edifying spectacle that the country thus presents, but it is one which a General Election makes inevitable. In this diary, however, the incidents of the angry controversy need hardly find a place.

Saturday, the 22nd of September.—One used to be told in the old days of the humours of an English election. Alas! there is little that is humorous in the struggle in which the nation is now engaged. Pages of rival manifestoes from the leaders of the two parties fill the newspapers, and from every town and almost every village comes up some item of news to swell the 'electioneering intelligence' of the journals. There is plenty of heat and noise, not a little, too, of bitterness. But of humour I fail to detect a grain. It is not in the newspapers, or the election addresses of those whom we call statesmen, or in the speeches of candidates that one finds anything to lighten the depressing gravity of the spectacle. But if one leaves newspapers and public meetings alone and goes into the street,

or to places where ordinary men congregate, the tension is to some extent relieved. I went a couple of days ago to a northern county on a hurried visit, and I was surprised to find how little men seemed to be concerning themselves about the General Election. Where they talked of it at all, they seemed to speak rather as spectators than as actors. I found, too, that in the constituencies there is not quite the same cocksureness as to the result as that which prevails in the newspapers. Every election brings its surprises with it, and the surprises of this election are not likely to be less than those of previous contests of the same kind. But the one point on which all seem to be agreed is that there is no possible chance of the return of a Liberal majority to the next House of Commons.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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CABINET GOVERNMENT OR DEPARTMENTALISM?

It is not without significance that the only living Englishmen who have held the office of Prime Minister should both have made pronouncements recently which have been taken to portend its doom.

In his interesting and suggestive 'appreciation' of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Rosebery has allowed us a glimpse into the working of the most mysterious political institution in the Western world. The Cabinet is the Holy of Holies of the English Constitution. It is extraordinarily rare to get even the peep which Lord Rosebery permits. Of the Cabinet arch the Prime Minister, according to the 'books,' is the keystone. Lord Rosebery plainly thinks that the keystone is threatened with displacement. He contrasts the control exercised by Sir Robert Peel over his colleagues with the mere precedence accorded to his modern successors. Such ubiquity and departmental omniscience as Peel displayed we are not likely, surmises Lord Rosebery, to see again. We have exchanged a *First Minister* for a *Prime Minister*, a *Chairman* for a *Master*.

With a collection of colleagues perhaps unparalleled for ability and brilliancy he stood among them like Alexander among his Parmenios and Ptolemies. In these days we have returned perhaps necessarily to the views of the last century. A Prime Minister who is the senior partner in every department as well as president of the whole, who deals with all the business of Government, who inspires and vibrates through every part, is almost, if not quite, an impossibility. A First Minister is the most that can be hoped for, the chairman, and on most occasions the spokesman of that board of directors which is called the Cabinet; who has the initiation and guidance of large courses of public policy; but *who does not, unless specially invoked, interfere departmentally.*¹

¹ The italics are ours.

The source from which they emanate gives to these views exceptional importance, and perhaps a peculiar piquancy. It may be, as Lord Rosebery hints, that Peel's position was exceptional, that 'no Prime Minister ever fulfilled so completely and thoroughly the functions of his office, parliamentary, administrative, and general as did that great man;' but it is certainly startling to learn on such indisputable authority that 'the very tradition of such a minister has almost departed.'

Lord Rosebery's views seem to have received some confirmation from words spoken by the present Prime Minister in the House of Lords on the 27th of July. It may be said that the circumstances of the debate were provocative of the cynical humour in which Lord Salisbury delights. Lord Wemyss was anxious to obtain from the highest source some assurance as to the adequacy of our national defences, and the alertness of the Government in regard to them.

I do not profess [said the Premier in reply] to be able to go into any minute details of national defence by sea or by land. I am afraid that in our complex civilisation it is necessary largely to trust to the testimony and the vigilance of experts in whom you have confidence. I should rather refer . . . to the great precaution which I have had a share in taking for protecting this country, and that is by recommending an adequate and thoroughly trustworthy head of the War Office for the defence of this country. . . . As far as my knowledge goes, as far as my knowledge can carry me—and I do not think that is very far—it appears to me that our defensive systems are quite as effective and in as thoroughly satisfactory a condition as they ever have been before.

An attempt has in some quarters been made to regard these words as a complete abdication of Cabinet control, and a clear foreshadowing of a reversion to the principle of departmental responsibility. Taken by themselves they appear to us hardly patient of the interpretation which has been placed upon them, and hardly adequate to the conclusions they have been pressed to support.

But Lord Salisbury's actions are in this matter more eloquent than his words. Peel—as long ago as 1845—defied 'the minister of this country' (this expression as applied to the Prime Minister is, as Lord Rosebery pertinently points out, in itself memorable) 'to perform properly the duties of his office . . . and also sit in the House of Commons eight hours a day for 118 days.' 'It is impossible,' he adds pathetically, 'for me not to feel that the duties are incompatible and above all human strength—at least above mine.' It is true that Lord Salisbury has never attempted—or been in a position to attempt—the task declared by Peel to be 'above all human strength.' The accident of birth—or in this case of succession—has provided for him the solution of which Peel declared that he would never avail himself. But, on the other hand, he has assumed an additional departmental responsibility which was never even contemplated by his great predecessor. Peel, it is true, took upon himself the introduction of two great Budgets; he probably read—

he certainly regarded it as his duty to read—‘the whole foreign correspondence,’ *but he never assumed direct, continuous, and exclusive responsibility for one of the most anxious and laborious departments of the Government. It is universally conceded that, for the office which he chose to assume, Lord Salisbury possessed qualifications which were not merely paramount but among living statesmen unique. But it is permissible to concede and even to emphasise this point, and at the same time to maintain that serious and perhaps irreparable damage has by his action been inflicted upon an office more important even than that of Foreign Secretary—the office of Prime Minister. It may be urged that owing to the anomalies of our constitutional system no one can be Prime Minister unless he is simultaneously something else. That is true. But recent practice had established a rule with very rare exceptions that the office thus held *in commendam* with the Premiership should not be of first-rate or even second-rate departmental importance. It is therefore difficult to believe that Lord Salisbury’s action can have failed to give further impetus to the movement towards Cabinet disintegration, and to have encouraged recurrence to the departmental idea.

For reversion to a former type it unquestionably is. There were ministers in England long before there was a ministry; and a Cabinet Council long before the principle of mutual responsibility among its members was definitely accepted. More recent still was the evolution of the office of Prime Minister. Perhaps the first Prime Minister in our modern sense was the younger Pitt. Anyway he was the first great minister who definitely claimed the authority which attaches to the office. In Mr. John Morley’s delightful monograph on Walpole there is a chapter which must now be regarded as the *locus classicus* on this question. He there quotes with admirable pertinence and effect the famous passage from Lord Melville’s letter to Mr. Addington—a letter written at Pitt’s request in 1803. Mr. Addington had had the effrontery to suggest that Pitt should come into the ministry as Secretary of State or Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt’s reply, as reported by Lord Melville, has become classical.

Mr. Pitt stated not less pointedly and decidedly his sentiments with regard to the absolute necessity there is in the conduct of affairs in this country that there should be an avowed and real minister possessing the chief weight in the Council and the principal place in the confidence of the King. In that respect there can be no rivalry or division of power. That power must rest in the person generally called the First Minister, and that minister ought, he thinks, to be the person at the head of the finances. He knows, to his own comfortable experience, that notwithstanding the abstract truth of that general proposition, it is noways incompatible with the most cordial concert and mutual exchange of advice and intercourse amongst the different branches of executive departments; but still if it should come unfortunately to such a radical difference of opinion that no spirit of conciliation or con-

cession can reconcile, the sentiments of the minister must be allowed and understood to prevail, leaving the other members of administration 'to act as they may conceive themselves conscientiously called upon to act under the circumstances.

At no time and by no publicist have the functions of a Prime Minister been stated with greater lucidity and emphasis. But while the younger Pitt was the first to enunciate the principle, Sir Robert Walpole was unquestionably the first to establish the practice. It was no small part of the indictment against him that he arrogated to himself the position and the rights specifically claimed by Pitt. His opponents clearly rested their case upon the departmental principle of the Government.

'According to our Constitution,' said Mr. Sandys,² 'we can have no sole or Prime Minister; we ought always to have several prime ministers or officers of state; every such officer has his own proper department; and no officer ought to meddle in the affairs belonging to the department of another.' Plainly this principle is in direct contradistinction to that enunciated and maintained by Pitt. But the significant thing is, as Mr. Morley points out, that Walpole and his friends made no attempt to controvert the doctrine of Mr. Sandys. On the contrary, they admitted the principle, but 'denied the allegations of fact.' Walpole himself emphasised the departmental principle, deprecating all expert knowledge of foreign policy: 'I do not pretend,' he said, 'to be a great master of foreign affairs; in that post it is not my business to meddle; and as one of His Majesty's Council I have only one voice.' We little thought to have heard such language in our own day; but Lord Salisbury's disclaimer of expert knowledge of the work of the War Office sounds curiously like an echo of it. It cannot be questioned, however, that Mr. Morley is right in his contention that Walpole's practice was better than his precept, and that from him 'the Cabinet system received the impression that it bears in our time.' Nor is it easy to question the accuracy of the very interesting and suggestive generalisation in which Mr. Morley indulges, that:

Walpole was undoubtedly an example of the important political truth of which Mr. Pitt and Sir Robert Peel are equally conspicuous illustrations that no administrations are so successful as those where the distance in parliamentary authority, party influence, and popular position between the Prime Minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet is wide, recognised, and decisive.

It is both modestly and truly said.

It would be at once impertinent and irrelevant to inquire whether Mr. Morley's conditions have been fulfilled by the last two administrations; but it is a matter of supreme constitutional importance to know whither in this matter we are tending. Is Cabinet homogeneity, which is generally supposed to be secured by the unquestioned authority of a Prime Minister, to be maintained?

² Quoted by Mr. Morley, *Walpole*, p. 163.

Is complete mutual responsibility to be held as a principle sacrosanct? Or is departmentalism to prevail? Are ministers to be at liberty to disclaim responsibility for the administrative acts of their Cabinet colleagues?

The ordinary onlooker must of necessity be very much in the dark in this matter. He may, therefore, beat the air. The men who could throw light on it must perforce set a seal on their lips, and happily the seal is rarely broken. But it is impossible to ignore the significance of one or two patent and notorious facts.

(1) For the first time in our history one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State is also Prime Minister. By general consent the Premier must always be in continuous touch with the Foreign Office. But that is a very different matter from direct and sole responsibility for the administration of a particularly engrossing department. The new departure involves moreover a further inconvenience. Hitherto we have always had two statesmen of the first rank continuously responsible for the conduct of Foreign Affairs: for the last five years we have had (as far as the world knows) only one. I must once more disclaim any insinuation open or covert against the policy of the present Foreign Secretary. On the contrary, in common with the vast majority of Englishmen, I regard that policy with admiration and respect. But such admiration need in no way blind one to the constitutional inconvenience and, as I venture to submit, the reactionary consequences which may be likely to ensue from the present arrangement.

(2) Cabinets tend to grow larger and larger. Pitt's first ministry consisted of seven members including himself. His second ministry, of eight. Peel's great ministry of 1841 contained fifteen Cabinet ministers. Disraeli's Cabinet in 1874 numbered thirteen. Mr. Gladstone's which replaced it in 1880, fourteen. The present Cabinet with its nineteen members is unprecedentedly large. To those who bear in mind the historical origin of the Cabinet Council this increase of numbers will appear specially significant. Those who do not may perhaps be reminded that the Cabinet Council is one of several committees of a much older and much larger body—the Privy Council. In the sixteenth century the Privy Council, with the monarch, ruled England. During the first half of the seventeenth century it became hopelessly unwieldy in size, and the actual business was transacted by several Committees of Council. Of these Committees the Committee for Foreign Affairs—the direct ancestor of the modern Cabinet—was one.

(3) Is it quite certain that a similar evolution is not taking place to-day? The outsider, of course, can only guess. But he knows that there is a Cabinet Committee for National Defence, and he is from time to time informed, through the ordinary channels, that a Committee of the Cabinet is considering this question or that. It

may be that his guesses are absurdly wide of the mark, but such utterances as those of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery seem to afford ground for conjectures which are not *a priori* unreasonable or wild.

But does it matter? Is the principle of Cabinet solidarity and mutual responsibility worth contending for? It must be noted that there are in reality two questions involved herein which, though closely related, are essentially distinct. The one is the relations *inter se* of the departmental chiefs who form the Cabinet. The other is the relation of the Cabinet as a whole to the Prime Minister, and his relation to it. In other words, is the President of the Board of Agriculture to be held responsible for the shortcomings (supposing they existed) of the War Office, or the Chancellor of the Duchy for the vagaries of the Local Government Board? Constitutional theory answers unequivocally 'yes.' In practice the answer depends in some measure upon the magnitude of the question involved. When it was a question of approving or disapproving Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill a President of the Local Government Board found it incumbent upon him to resign. Similarly no one could remain a member of the present Cabinet who disapproved its South African policy. But the Secretary of State for War might well have held a pious opinion adverse to Mr. Long's Muzzling Orders without feeling it necessary to enforce those opinions by resignation; and I do not suppose that qualms as to the artistic merits of the Cromwell statue would induce Mr. Akers Douglas's colleagues to desert him. But it is obvious that the degree of importance to be attached to any single question must depend absolutely upon the view of the Prime Minister. It is for him to tighten or to relax the bonds of mutual responsibility among his colleagues. The popular notion, derived no doubt from such examples as those of Pitt, Peel, and Mr. Gladstone, was that of an autocrat. In view of Lord Rosebery's recent declaration that notion must be modified. We must now regard the Prime Minister as 'the influential foreman of an executive jury.' Almost pathetic indeed is the picture which Lord Rosebery paints of a poor Prime Minister struggling with adversity. How mistaken have we been to look upon him as a dictator!

A First Minister has only the influence with the Cabinet which is given him by his personal arguments, his personal qualities, and his personal weight. But this is not all. All his colleagues he must convince, some he may have to humour, some even to cajole: harassing, laborious, and ungracious task. Nor is it only his colleagues that he has to deal with: he has to masticate their pledges, given before they joined him; he has to blend their public utterances, to fuse as well as may be all this into the policy of the Government; for these various records must be reconciled, or glossed, or obliterated. A machinery liable to so many grains of sand requires obviously all the skill and vigilance of the best conceivable engineer. And yet without the external support of his Cabinet he is disarmed. The resignation of a colleague, however relatively insignificant, is a storm signal.

It would seem, therefore, that little dependence can be placed

upon the cement which keeps the rickety building together. But without the cement supplied by the Prime Minister, Cabinet solidarity, as we have seen, would be unattainable.

But once more it may be asked : Does it matter ?

Our American brethren clearly hold that it does not. When the Fathers framed the Constitution they laid no stress whatever upon the Cabinet principle as we understand it; there is indeed no mention of a Cabinet in that historic document. 'The Executive power shall be vested in a President. . . . The President may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the public departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective officers.'³ This, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out, is almost the only reference in the Constitution to the ministers of the President. Nowadays the Council of the President is known as the Cabinet, but in no sense does it correspond to the anomalous institution which we know under the same name. The American Cabinet is a mere fortuitous aggregation of the heads of certain departments; it entirely lacks solidarity or cohesion and has no vestige of mutual responsibility. Each of the seven ministers is personally responsible for the work of his own office, but not to his colleagues. Technically, therefore, the system is departmental in the highest degree. But with all this, there is still no lack of unity of purpose in the Executive; and for this reason. The Executive is vested (apart from the rights adhering to the Senate) in a single person—the President of the United States. The President, it is important for Englishmen to remember, stands not merely for the Crown, not merely for the Prime Minister, but for the Cabinet. To him the several ministers are individually, not collectively, responsible, and it is he himself, not his Cabinet, who is responsible to the political and legal Sovereign, the people of the United States. Between the American and the English Cabinet there are, of course, many other differences upon which it is unnecessary to dwell. The American ministers, for example, may not vote and do not sit in Congress; they have no responsibility for initiating or superintending legislation; they have no interpellations to answer and no general policy to defend. In fine, except a common name there is nothing in common between the two institutions; there is not even an analogy. But for the purpose immediately in hand the only point on which it is necessary to insist is the lack of cohesion, the entire absence of all sense of mutual responsibility among the American ministers *inter se*. With us and with all nations who have moulded their Constitutions upon the English model this principle has hitherto been regarded as the essential *differentia*. In the United States it is non-existent.

³ Article II., 1 and 2.

Are we unconsciously drifting in an American direction? Is it well that we should? These are questions of no small moment alike to the student of Constitutions and to the man of affairs. Theoretically such a drift would mean reversion to a former, though not necessarily an inferior, type; practically it would involve an immense though probably gradual readjustment. But, after all, the essential question is, would such a change lead to greater administrative efficiency?

Nothing could, in my judgment, be more timely and more truly patriotic than the movement initiated by this Review towards a comprehensive measure of administrative reform. All classes, creeds, and parties in the nation and throughout the Empire have cheerfully taken up the burdens and assumed the responsibilities involved by the present conflict in South Africa. Men have given of their best in money and in life. But they look for some return. They look to the Imperial Government to see that the blood and treasure shall not have been poured forth in vain, that the sacrifice shall something avail. Primarily, of course, they demand that in South Africa itself such a settlement shall be effected as shall remove all possibility of future conflict and shall provide a basis for the consolidation of Her Majesty's dominions at any rate south of the Zambesi. Most Englishmen believe that in Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Alfred Milner, and Lord Roberts, they have a triumvirate who may well be entrusted even with a task as thorny and difficult as this. But they demand also that the opportunity shall be taken to move at least one stage further on the road towards the goal of imperial unity. As I have been permitted to argue in a previous article⁴ the moment is exceptionally favourable for some such advance. The imperial sentiment has been aroused as never before in the history of our race, by the struggle in South Africa. Throughout the scattered dominions owning allegiance to the Queen, and by men of all parties, it has been realised that the moment was critical in a political even more than in a military sense. Supreme opportunities come to individuals never more than once in a lifetime; they rarely come to nations twice. True greatness consists in the sagacity to recognise and in the forcefulness to utilise such opportunities when they come. Can it be doubted that in an imperial sense we are at this moment at the parting of the ways? The question may be asked: it cannot be answered here.

But, unless I am much mistaken, there is something more which this people will demand of its rulers as the result of lessons hardly learned in the school of (we trust temporary) adversity. A sudden strain reveals a weakness hardly suspected before. A fierce

⁴ *Nineteenth Century*, August 1900.

light is concentrated upon a spot which has hitherto remained in shadow. Few systems, perhaps, could stand the test. But no wise man will neglect this warning nor fail to recognise with thankfulness the opportunity thus afforded for a thorough overhauling of the administrative machine. The adhesion already secured to the proposed association charged with the duty of learning and teaching the 'Lessons of the War' proves that there is a large body of representative opinion already aroused or willing to be aroused on this question. The demand put forward by the association is, briefly, for the adoption of 'ordinary business principles and methods' in the conduct of the business of the country and the empire. Such business principles have been further defined to comprise (1) personal responsibility, (2) payment by results, (3) promotion by merit. These principles have been accepted and endorsed and amplified by high authorities upon business matters, and it cannot be doubted that their views will meet with general acceptance. That the time is opportune is equally unquestionable. The special strain has fallen, in this present case, upon one department. Certain weaknesses have inevitably been revealed, and there is an uncomfortable but not unnatural suspicion that similar strain applied elsewhere would make manifest similar shortcomings. Hence the popular anxiety to have an administrative 'spring cleaning' and to put the house in order.

I can add nothing from a business point of view to the suggestive criticisms of Sir James Blyth, Mr. Henry Birchenough, and others in a recent number of this Review; but I venture to point out that the acceptance of the reform formula may carry us further than any of the writers have indicated or suggested. I attach immense importance to the principle of payment by results; but we must frankly recognise that this would mean not merely a large but perhaps a startling increase in the remuneration of the highest placed servants of the State. And it is well it should. There is perhaps no maxim of doctrinaire equalitarians more radically unsound or more conspicuously exploded than the saying that 'no man is worth more than five hundred a year.' On the contrary, experience tends to show more and more conclusively that nothing is so costly as the mediocrity which such remuneration suggests. To the academic mind nothing is more startling than a revelation of the salaries and the wages paid by private employers—captains of industry—to competent and responsible *employés*. The State has to compete with them in an open market. It has no absolute preserve of ability. If it wants brains, it must buy them: and buy them at a high rate. One or two notorious and conspicuous cases have recently forced this fact upon public attention. It has long since been recognised by those 'inside.' If the State is to be well served it must make up its mind not merely to obtain but to retain the best ability. Nor is it

by any means certain that this would involve us in any increase of aggregate expenditure. Even economists are gradually recognising the fact that the best-paid labour—at any rate in the responsible offices—is the cheapest, and that the most suicidal form of retrenchment is cheese-paring in the wages-bill. Moreover, first-rate business ability adequately remunerated will effect numberless economies where mediocrity does not. But this question of ‘payment’ is eminently one for the business man; it demands detailed consideration, and cannot be profitably discussed here.

The student of ‘politics’ (in the academic sense) is more concerned with the formula ‘personal responsibility.’ How much would insistence on this formula practically involve? How far will it carry us? Is it compatible with our existing constitutional arrangements, or does it mean wholesale readjustment? Can it be engrafted upon the present system, or must we recognise in this suggestion one more indication of a tendency towards departmentalism, one more nail in the coffin of Cabinet Government, based upon the established principles of solidarity, homogeneity, mutual responsibility, and, above all, subordination to a common head? These are grave and difficult questions, not without theoretic interest or practical significance. I venture to propose them, and leave it to wiser men to answer them.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Oxford.

LESSONS OF THE WAR

I

‘PLACE THE WAR OFFICE IN COMMISSION

THE war in South Africa is, we may hope, drawing to a close. We have lost in killed and wounded more than 40,000 men, we have expended 70 millions of money, we have annexed a territory nearly as large as Europe excluding Russia. With our vast Empire our Temple of Janus can scarcely ever be shut: it becomes then of vital consequence to the maintenance of our power to ascertain what lessons can be learnt for our guidance in future wars. An association has been set on foot by the Editor of this Review charged with the duty of keeping alive in the minds of Englishmen a memory of what has passed, so far as is required for the purpose of exposing the defects in our military system, and the object of the present paper is to point out certain principles which the war has, so far as I can judge, shown to be essential to the proper organisation of our army.

Before, however, entering on details, it may be well to state at the outset that our success has been due to the genius of Lord Roberts, to the courage and endurance of our soldiers, to the dash and patriotism of our officers; these qualities have been displayed alike by our own men and by our colonial brethren. These qualities no system can create, no system can greatly improve. With respect to the genius of Lord Roberts, let anyone carry back his memory to the early months of the war when he could not open his newspaper without dreading some fresh disaster. Lord Roberts arrives, and in three weeks the whole aspect of the war, it may be said almost the whole aspect of the world, was changed. Roberts had arrived at Bloemfontein and we were satisfied that the worst was over. Again no system can make or unmake courage such as carried the heights of Glencoe or endured the sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, and no attempt will be made in the following observations to add to or detract from the glory attaching to such achievements. The transport service would seem also to be beyond reproach. No nation ever before in history transported 200,000

men with munitions of war some six thousand miles with greater quickness or fewer accidents.

So far so good; but there is not much to brag of in the fact that England, rich and populous, has crushed the two Dutch republics with their comparatively scanty means and scattered population, although it may be admitted that the extent of the area to be traversed and the physical difficulties of the country have placed the combatants on a greater equality than would at first sight have seemed possible.

Again, in considering the conduct of the war, it must not be forgotten that the conditions under which it was waged were altogether different from those which any previous experience could have suggested. The solitary exception is that of Plevna; and unfortunately the training of our officers in military tactics has been directed rather to the study of the Franco-German war than to that of the Russo-Turkish campaign.

It requires some stretch of the imagination to conceive the change which the introduction of improved artillery, magazine rifles, and smokeless powder has made necessary in the mode of conducting war.

'Battle's magnificently stern array' is almost obsolete. For it is substituted on the one side a line of attack consisting of troops in extended order covering miles of country, on the other an invisible line of men crouching in trenches hastily thrown up and invisible except when the head of some rifleman bolder than the rest is lifted above a dark mound of earth. No thunder clouds close over the sea of blood, furious Frank and fiery Hun no longer shout in their sulphurous canopy, but bullets appear to fall out of the blue without any smoke to indicate that they come from thick brushwood or boulder-strewn hills.

Compare for a moment Waterloo, in which a line of some 70,000 men, extending over a distance of about a mile and a half, confronted another line consisting of a somewhat larger number of troops, separated only, the one from the other, by an undulating depression of about a mile and a half wide, with almost any contest in South Africa, where we are told that on one occasion the line of defence reached over a distance of some thirty miles, whilst the line of attack was equally prolonged. It will be seen at once that at Waterloo the Commander-in-Chief practically directed every movement throughout the whole field; little discretion was left, or needed to be left, to the divisional commanders.

What, then, are the lessons to be learnt? First: Did we or did we not rush into war unprepared, and, if unprepared, to what is the want of preparation to be traced?

Second: Were or were not our soldiers skilfully led, and, if not, to what causes is the defect in leadership to be traced?

To the first of these questions the answer must be: The war began before we had reckoned the cost of it or had made the necessary preparations. The proof of this he who runs may read for himself. Had the Boers been as skilful in offence as in defence, they would have carried into effect their boast of driving us into the sea before reinforcements arrived, and we owe it to the negligence of the enemy, not to the vigilance of the War Office, that we escaped a crushing defeat at the outset. Nay, more, the skill and ability of Colonel Dartnell, which were so conspicuous in the successful retirement on Ladysmith, could scarcely have availed to save the troops had the Boers shown the enterprise and dash which might have been expected.

It is unnecessary to adduce specific evidence to support the foregoing assertion, as it is part of the case made by the defenders of the Government that they did not prepare beforehand for war lest they should open themselves to the imputation of having been the aggressors—a charge which they allege the Boers would reasonably have made against them had they before war became inevitable sufficiently organised our forces in South Africa to have made our early disasters morally impossible.

With respect to the second question—Were or were not our soldiers skilfully led, and, if not, to what cause is the defect in generalship to be traced?—the battle of Magersfontein, the disaster at Stormberg of General Gatacre, the reverse of Sir R. Buller at Colenso, the abandonment of Spion Kop, not to mention other notorious instances, tell us with irresistible force that, if the training of our officers had been equal to their courage, the war would have been ended in a few months instead of lasting for more than a year.

Our object, however, is not so much to point out defects as to show the nature of the remedies which ought to be insisted on, and here it will be found that the great object to be attained is the adoption of the best means of bringing into harmony the somewhat antagonistic civil and military elements by blending in a close union the supreme civil and military authorities.

The War Office is probably the largest administrative establishment in the world.

It consists of two branches—the Civil branch and Military branch.

Each branch is divided into various departments: for example, the Civil branch includes:

The Clerical Establishment.

The Barrack Department.

The Clothing Department.

The Royal Ordnance Factories.

The Royal Gun Factory.

The Royal Laboratory.

The Building Works.

Various factories such as the Small Arms Factories, the Gunpowder Factories, and so forth.

The Contracts for Shipping, and

The Chemical Department.

The Military branch, under the title of the Commander-in-Chief's Office, comprises the Adjutant-General's Division, the Quarter-Master-General's Division, the Military Intelligence Division.

As this paper proposes only to deal with principles, it is unnecessary to go into the detail of the several departments of this vast organisation.

The heads of the Civil branch are :

The Secretary of State.

The Parliamentary Under-Secretary.

The Permanent Under-Secretary.

The heads of the Military branch are :

The Commander-in-Chief.

The Military Secretary.

The Adjutant-General, and

The Quarter-Master-General.

The Secretary of State is also responsible to Parliament for both the Civil and Military branches. He must answer to the country for every defect in his vast area of administration, for the ignorance of the Intelligence Department (if it be true that they were ignorant—a proposition not yet established—of the strength of the Boers in number and equipment), for the insufficient supply of artillery—in short, for every act or default of man or woman connected with military preparation.

Such is the position of the Secretary of State for War; and the question occurs, What, then, are the duties or responsibilities of the Commander-in-Chief? The answer is, as usually happens in English institutions—the practice differs altogether from the theory in political matters as much as it differed in former times in legal matters before the extinction of John Doe and Richard Roe, and the abolition of fines and recoveries.

Technically the Commander-in-Chief would seem to be entrusted with the entire management of the army, including its discipline, the munitions of war, the education of the officers and soldiers, and their promotion. Practically, however, this vast power is from time to time distributed by ever-changing Orders in Council amongst various officers in the Military branch, and is further controlled by regulations requiring these officers to make certain reports to the Secretary of State in such manner that it is beyond the wit of man to discover where any personal responsibility begins or ends, if, indeed, there exists personal responsibility in the case of any individual belonging to the Military branch—a fact which may be doubted, having regard to the existing chaos.

An obvious remedy for this state of confusion would seem to be to place the office of Commander-in-Chief in commission in the same manner as the office of Lord High Admiral is placed in commission in the case of the Admiralty.

The lords forming the new Board of War would consist of the Secretary for War, the Commander-in-Chief, and such heads of the Military and Civil branches as might be thought advisable. The Board would be invested with all the powers now vested in the Military and Civil branches of the War Office. The Board would be responsible to the country for every act of military or civil administration relating to the army. The lords representing the Civil and Military branches of the service would, as in the Admiralty, be distinguished as civil and military lords, but technically every act would be the act of the Board.

No doubt then would exist where the responsibility should rest for maladministration of the army; it would rest with the Board, who will of course be compelled to quit office if their action fails to meet with the approval of Parliament. As between the several members of the Board, the military and civil lords will necessarily perform different duties; but they will all be compelled to take counsel together in respect of any measure of importance, and the Secretary of State as first Civil Lord will be their spokesman in Parliament, and be as responsible for the every action of the Board as is the First Lord of the Admiralty for that of the Board of which he is the head. It may be reasonably expected that, with the creation of a Board, the Secretary of War would be provided with an adequate advisory council, appointments of officers would no longer be open to the charge of favouritism, friction between the Military and Civil branches would cease as they would practically become one body, and the administration of the War Office would be as little open to attack as that of the Admiralty has been of late years.

Then with respect to the mistakes made by the officers, a little consideration will show that their defects are due neither to want of ability nor want of zeal, but to bad organisation and worse education, and partly also to the exclusion of a large class of candidates owing to the expensive style of living permitted. How does an officer learn his profession? by passing into Sandhurst through the medium of a competitive examination, or by serving in the Militia and passing a qualifying examination, or by becoming entitled to a commission granted to certain university students.

Any mode of selection has corresponding disadvantages. Competition by examination is at all events better than favouritism, though of course it is true that a youth may be a very good mathematician and yet a very bad soldier, and that a man may be a Nelson or a Marlborough without knowing how to spell accurately, as was the case with those men of renown. Still, ignorance is not necessarily a recommendation for posts which more than any other in the world

require quickness in observation and readiness of decision ; for in war the first duty of an officer is to make up his mind, the second to stick to it, unless there are overwhelming reasons for deviating from a plan once made.

At Sandhurst the young officer is supposed to begin his military studies. The defect of military education throughout is that, instead of endeavouring to make the man self-reliant, observant of everything around him, eager to acquire a knowledge of country, a dull routine is observed, everything is of little consequence except the inculcation of discipline—that is, the reduction of the man to the status of a machine.

Drill rationally considered has two objects in view, one to teach men to stand shoulder to shoulder and support each other in sustaining or making an attack when required to act in close order ; the other and most important, to move quickly and without disorder from place to place. This exercise, so important to the soldier, is practised with an excessive precision better fitted for the times of Frederick the Great, as he is called, than the times of Frederick Lord Roberts. It is made an instrument to depress rather than elevate the soldier, and is inculcated as the aim rather than the means of imparting discipline. It may be admitted that a great deal of drill is essential to set up an uncultured peasant as a smart and efficient soldier ; but that is no reason why at the close of a review the regularity with which a regiment marches past on parade should be considered as a test of efficiency rather than the quickness and intelligence with which it has baffled the supposed enemy in the preceding manœuvres. Still less is a defect in marching a just cause for the sneers so often bestowed by pedantic old colonels on the capacity of volunteer troops to fight because they do not move in as accurate a line as their more practised comrades of the regular army.

One great blot in the Sandhurst system is that from its very commencement, so to speak, the cavalry are left out in the cold. Cavalry commissions generally fall to the lot of the dunces in the examination, because the more successful competitors elect to go into the infantry. Again, at Sandhurst the whole system is directed to the education of the infantry and not of the cavalry, yet in war the cavalry are the eyes of the army ; the safety of the whole body depends on the vigilance of the cavalry scouts, and the most cunningly laid schemes for surprising or attacking the enemy may be altogether defeated by the negligence or ignorance of a cavalry subaltern. What, then, can be more injurious to the service than this neglect of the cavalry ? Yet the reason is not far to seek. An officer cannot live in the cavalry unless he has a private income of 450*l.* ; that branch of the service, therefore, is avoided by the thoughtful cultivated youth who proposes to make the army his profession, and the cavalry is generally left to the wealthier and less devoted soldier, brave no doubt, but having at heart interests more important to him than

soldiering, though willing enough, it must be admitted, to fight and to die like an English gentleman.

Scarcely less important is the fact that even an infantry officer requires at least 150*l.* a year to supplement his pay. Until the army becomes a profession in which a careful man can live as an officer, it is idle to expect that war will be conducted without the manifold surprises and reckless enterprises which have in many instances characterised our South African campaign.

In dealing with the question of expense, it is not proposed to recommend a Spartan discipline or an elaborate code of sumptuary law. Nobody wishes to exclude the 'gilded youth' from the army. Tommy Atkins fights all the better when he knows that the officer who is leading him, and who has all the world can give him of rank and wealth, is as ready, ay more ready than himself, to face death at the cannon's mouth; all that is required is to prevent the poorer officer from being necessarily a partner in the extravagances of the richer. Let Crœsus junior drive his drag, play polo, and give entertainments in a tent at Ascot; but prohibit the *regimental* drag, the *regimental* polo club, *regimental* balls—every amusement, in short, which is expensive and calls for contributions from every officer alike. Give facilities also to officers to procure their uniforms, their chargers, and their equipment in general from Government stores at reduced Government prices. Beyond regulations such as these all that can be done with respect to sumptuary rules is to encourage those colonels whose regiments are known to be conducted on economical principles, and discourage the colonels who exercise no influence in putting down ostentatious show.

The sum of the whole matter is this: let bygones be bygones. Lay aside all consideration as to how the war was caused. It is enough to know that it has been, and is, we now hope, ended. Place the War Office in commission, with Lord Roberts as first War Lord, give the new Board a free hand, and it will work out its own reform. Adopt the principle of decentralisation, let the higher military officers, each within his area of administration, have power to regulate the discipline and training of his men, and hold him accountable if he does not do his duty. Above all, and beyond all, train up the officer in the way in which he should go; teach him that soldiering is a profession to be studied and not trifled with, encourage him to learn to distinguish the different capacities of a country for military purposes—*e.g.* the soil with a view to entrenchment, the woods and hills for cover, the roads for transit, the mode of finding water, the characteristics of a healthy camping ground. Impress on him the necessity of circumspection and caution—in fact, make him feel that the safety of the army depends on the wise co-operation of every officer in it, and we shall find that the War in South Africa has made us perhaps a sadder, but certainly a wiser, people.

THRING.

LESSONS OF THE WAR

II

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE FRONT

THE question which soldiers in all countries are asking themselves is whether the lessons of the Boer war will lead to any great and fundamental changes in the organisation, training, and tactical handling of troops.

The conditions of country and climate and the tactics and peculiarities of the enemy were so unusual that we ought to be very careful of generalising too freely from our experiences during the past year. At the same time, there are many lessons to be learnt and facts to be considered which certainly are not without their importance, since the campaign in South Africa is the first wherein all the destructive agencies of modern science have been brought into play on both sides, while the somewhat rigid traditions of a regular army on the one hand have been opposed by mother wit and natural aptitude for fighting on the other, on a scale and in a manner to show up in very lurid colours the strong and weak points of the opposing systems.

It may be admitted at once that no one can, at present, do more than indicate certain directions for inquiry and research, and that no one is qualified to sum up all the many lessons of the war in a dogmatic form. We are much too near the battlefields to form any final judgment, which can only be slowly and laboriously evolved and confirmed after a comparison of the varied experiences of many officers and men on both sides. No two men who have fought in this or any other war have exactly the same memories, have been through the same experiences, or have had instilled into their minds by sweet or bitter lessons identical guiding for the future. It is only after a certain lapse of time that we can strike an even balance between extremes of opinion upon great campaigns; it is only by standing at a little distance from the picture that we can secure the true perspective. What a wealth of experience we find in the writings of Hoenig, Hohenlohe, Meckel, and Von der Goltz, which earlier writers on the war of 1870 failed entirely to convey to us although writing so much nearer to the days of blood and iron: how inadequately the

essential lessons of our own past naval history were appreciated until they were illuminated by the brilliant pages of Mahan! On the other hand, first impressions have their value when they give us the ideas which came uppermost in the minds of such writers as were themselves actors in the war drama, and felt from their own personal experiences where practice had conformed with theory and where it had run counter to it.

Taking the campaign in its broadest aspects, the first lesson is the proved necessity for war to be regarded as the *ultima ratio* of diplomacy, the continuance of the pursuit of national aims with other weapons than exist in diplomatic armouries, and for statesmen to ensure that the armed forces of the State are ready and able to take up the threads of the argument, in adequate strength to enforce the national will, at the precise point where diplomacy finds its hand either stayed or forced, without a dangerous hiatus, which offers so many tempting chances to a skilful and unscrupulous adversary. Trusting as we have done to our Navy, and having maritime warfare chiefly within our view, we have shaped our military policy for years past, so far as we can be said to have had any military policy at all, in the belief that time would always be allowed us to arm at our leisure for land warfare; but our empire has no longer the happy isolation of 'a swan's nest set in a silver sea;' our land frontiers are conterminous with those of powerful states, and it has cost the lives of many brave men to enforce the lesson of the close alliance between diplomacy and war—a lesson long ago laid to heart by the military Powers of the European continent.

The second lesson is the old one of the 'big battalions.' No great and permanent results have ever been obtained in the whole history of war without numbers. When we sent into the field numbers only equal to those of our foe, we obtained only negative results: against a tenacious and yet mobile enemy occupying a most difficult country, aided by distance and the more or less overt sympathy of a large part of the population of the theatre of war, we were not entitled to promise ourselves crushing victories without numbers on our side.

No one can pretend that some of our tactical efforts have been happily inspired, but it would be a real misfortune if the main and underlying causes of our many disappointments were to be sought in the choice of commanders, the training and handling of troops, the absence of perfect medical arrangements, and so forth.

Wars of invasion have always been difficult and costly, and they are more so now than ever: when they also partake of the character of distant expeditions, and are waged 8,000 miles from the seat of power and government, they have but rarely succeeded in the past and more often have failed, and have engulfed the assailant in a great disaster, on account of the magnitude of the efforts, the steadfastness

of purpose, and the patience required to bring about decisive successes: Under modern conditions, wars of invasion are becoming increasingly difficult, owing to the national character that the war assumes; and they demand an even higher ratio in the proportion between the attack and the defence than was formerly the rule in the days of dynastic wars and professional armies.

In a distant expedition there is constant drain and waste, no matter how well-considered the preliminary arrangements may have been: ships are lost, horses drowned, guns go to the bottom of the ocean; a bad voyage means the loss of as many horses as would be caused by a battle. As the army proceeds to the front it leaves depôts of all sorts at its base and on the line of communications; the hardships of campaigning and the enemy's fire are translated by the creation of numerous auxiliary hospitals; as the theatre of war expands, garrisons have to be left in many directions; civilian pro-consuls appeal with frenzied cries for troops from every point of the compass; escorts have to be provided, safeguards found, detachments told off; so that, unless the general is a man of iron will and one who studies his field states with an eye to the greatest possible economy of force, he finds his field army squandered away upon a thousand secondary objects, and cannot place in the front on the day of battle as many men as he has scattered in detachments over the length and breadth of his communications.

It was not the numbers nor the armaments of the Boers that were under-estimated, for indeed the forecast of the Intelligence Division proved accurate and reliable, but rather the magnitude of our task in South Africa in its broader aspects and in relation to distance, area, difficulties of country, and the existence of a largely hostile population, endowed with all the uneasy humours and uncompromising angles of their Teutonic race.

If the question is asked why this miscalculation was made, the answer is that we have no special branch or department at the War Office dealing solely and exclusively with preparation for war; and that until we have what is represented in all other great armies by the Chief of the Staff's office, call it by what name we will, these miscalculations will recur.

Our system is to throw everything, small and great, upon the Commander-in-Chief, and yet neither to allow him the final word in any vexed question, nor to provide him with a body of officers charged with the single and special duty of preparation for war. He has only, so far as relates to this side of his duties, the mobilisation branch, which is restricted to its special task, and the Intelligence Division, which deals with the collection of military information—both very important duties, but only supplying some of the first data towards preparation for war; while beyond and above these there are only the higher military officers, who are themselves the heads of

great administrative departments, and have, or should have, their time fully occupied with their special duties.

The absence of a Chief of the Staff's office is also the determining cause for the want of any settled and fixed ideas of military policy, and for great waste of time, money, and opportunities. Such office would work out in detail the military requirements to meet the case of all great campaigns that can be humanly regarded as likely to occur in view of our Imperial responsibilities and the fixed points in the policy of the great Powers, and, taking the most serious of these wars as a basis, would provide a solid foundation for our military organisation such as at present is entirely wanting. The pursuance of a great plan of Imperial defence based on these lines should unite all the chief parties in the Empire, and lift out of party politics a question that is becoming more and more, to our grave disadvantage in every respect, a subject for Parliamentary wrangling.

Some day, when the public is in a more benignant frame of mind, it will begin to recognise and to admit that the War Office has achieved a very considerable departmental success in placing 220,000 men in the field in South Africa and in maintaining them there. It is worth repeating, in season and out of season, that it is not in the conduct of the war that we have failed, but in the antecedent preparation for war, a matter in which all political parties have been equally to blame. We may, in any case, be sure that the main lesson foreign Powers will learn from this war will be that the armed forces of the Anglo-Saxon race cannot be gauged by a mere counting of heads in the military estimates.

The unexpected has happened, and we have, besides, not only left our Navy and our splendid Indian army practically untouched, but are very far from having exhausted the military resources of the mother country, our colonies or dependencies. All we require, to enable these resources to be utilised to the full in a briefer time and on even a more formidable scale, is the provision of guns, rifles, ammunition, and equipments at such points of formation, at home and throughout the Empire, as our recent experiences have shown to be best suited for the purpose.

Men, horses, transport, goodwill and enthusiasm, money and brains, will be forthcoming when the call to arms is sounded. Nor can anyone venture to fix a limit to the military possibilities of either the British Empire or of America in a real and grave emergency, when our kindred races have but recently shown such considerable latent powers in two campaigns in which, despite their magnitude, each country has run almost a minimum of national risk.

The circumstances of our geographical situation, the extreme importance of preserving intact the heart of the Empire, and the state of readiness for war of our European neighbours, demand that our Navy and home army should be always ready for joint and

mutual action, not only for defence but for attack, so that the implied threat of offensive action on our part will make our enemies think twice before attacking us. The power of our Navy is doubled if it can be followed by a military expedition ready to reap the harvest sown by naval activity: so long as our Navy remains predominant, 30,000 men at Malta over and above the strength of the garrison with transports complete, would be of greater use, in any operations of which the Mediterranean is the theatre, than 300,000 militia encamped on the North Downs.

But we cannot ask or expect those of our colonies that are fully occupied with their own growth and development, and stand somewhat aside from the oppressive militarism of Europe, to follow us quite in the same path. What we can do is to reckon upon their aid as our second line of defence in a just cause, and to provide them with the military means they require for raising levies of the same splendid fighting types as those that have stood by us in South Africa.

But the scale upon which all these various forces can or should be provided for, the relative importance of each, and the amount of expenditure that can be justifiably and reasonably assigned to each object, can only be measured after we have studied and received the approval of the public for a properly proportioned plan of Imperial defence which will have taken the whole of our military responsibilities into account. At present no one can say what is the aim or object our military organisation desires to attain, nor why we should have 100 battalions rather than 200, nor whether we could not secure greater efficiency, larger numbers, and above all greater hitting power, at less cost.

So far as regards organisation, the war has in the main amply vindicated our system of reserves, our plan of mobilisation, and the proportion of the three arms in the larger units. At a very early stage the army corps organisation fell to the ground and gave place to the divisional and brigade commands. The infantry division of two brigades each of four battalions, with a brigade division of three field batteries, a squadron of cavalry, a company of engineers, and auxiliary services, was found to be generally suitable; but to these a divisional battalion might be added with advantage, in order to carry out detached duties and keep the brigade commands as far as possible intact.

No one who has watched the splendid work of our infantry would willingly touch our regimental system, which has pulled us through many difficult places and has given us well-led, solid, and level battalions—men whom neither hardships nor fatigues could distress nor losses discourage. But the absence of any real reserve of officers is a serious matter, some battalions being reduced from twenty-four to four officers after a few weeks' fighting: what we require is that officers

leaving the army from any cause should be placed *à la suite* of their corps say for seven years, and when called up for service should be replaced in the same relative positions they held when leaving, the appointments of battalion commander and second in command alone excluded.

Better means of rewarding good N.C.O.s who have done well in the field must be found ; and above all it is necessary to discover some means by which the middle classes of the country can be given a career in the army—a point in which our military organisation is most seriously deficient.

With our divisional artillery it would be an advantage to have a battery of guns answering to the Vickers-Maxims of the Boers, an arrangement which would allow two of these guns to be attached to each field battery when needed :—these little weapons have a remarkable moral effect ; they are admirable range-finders, and are very disconcerting to troops in the open. We have an excellent gun in our 15-pounder ; and now that a fuse has been provided increasing the shrapnel range from 3,500 to 5,500 yards, we want nothing more from our field batteries but that they should carry a fair proportion of common shell and that the observation of the effect of fire should be somewhat improved. The useless telescopes and binoculars supplied by Government to batteries were no doubt partly responsible for our artillery being in a position of inferiority compared with our naval gunners in this respect ; but the gift of accurate observation is not given to everyone, and greater pains must be taken in future to ensure that battery officers are thoroughly practised in this art, as well as provided with the very best telescopes.

The expenditure of gun ammunition has far exceeded all anticipations, and we have learnt valuable lessons as regards the life of guns and the number of rounds required in the various *échelons* of the ammunition columns and parks. We must, however, bear in mind that our artillery has never been matched against quick-firing field guns of the latest type, and the advantages of rapidity of fire are so overwhelming that it is impossible to rest satisfied with our present situation. Again, our mountain guns are next to useless, and our horse artillery should be re-armed with quick-firers without delay.

To provide the divisional squadron of cavalry we broke up certain regiments of regular cavalry, thus rendering the regimental staff a useless encumbrance : some more economical arrangement must be found, and highly trained regular corps not employed on duties for which any mounted men would suffice.

In addition to the troops comprised in the divisional and brigade commands, there are certain other units which are required in the field when two or more divisions are united under one command, or when any body of troops of all arms is acting independently. It would be a mistake to attempt to fix the exact proportion, the nature

and calibre of heavy guns per 1,000 infantry, since these will always vary with the general situation, the armament, and methods of fighting of the enemy. The combination of the fire of our own excellent howitzer batteries with that of the 5-inch guns, the naval 12-pounders and 4·7 guns, placed us eventually in a favourable position ; but it is also true that the necessity for this new departure had not been foreseen, since it was not expected that the Boers would employ 6-inch guns and heavy howitzers in field operations. One of the first questions to be decided after the war will be the number and calibre of these or similar or better guns that must be held in reserve in army charge, and the type of gun-carriages and equipments best suited to the conditions of our over-sea expeditions.

We were often greatly in want of engineers, and no body of troops should take the field without at least one field company to each division and one for every two divisions, all with a stronger war establishment than at present. The telegraph plant should be increased, and experiments made to ascertain the best means for rapid communications both from front to rear and laterally upon battle-fields extending over a distance of 10 to 20 miles. Our medical, army service corps, army ordnance corps, and veterinary departments are all undermanned and require to be increased ; while a more rigorous system of selection must be instituted, in order to push the best men in these services to the front.

The staffs of various commanders varied very considerably in size, the larger staffs being usually less efficient than the small ones. A second staff officer should, however, be given to infantry and cavalry brigades when in the field, as the work is more than one man can carry out efficiently, and the brigade staffs are subject to the same losses as the infantry cadres.

One of the questions that will be most hotly discussed after the war will be that relating to the organisation, armament, and training of mounted troops ; but until we have the opinions of the best men who led the regular and irregular brigades and regiments, it would be unwise to speculate too freely.

Such troops as the Imperial and South African Light Horse, and other irregular corps raised on similar lines, represent mounted infantry of the best type, and form an arm of the highest possible value in the field, whether against the Boers or any other enemy. We have an almost inexhaustible supply of men and horses from which such corps might be raised, and our home yeomanry would do well to take the lesson to heart and adopt the best rifle as their only arm.

If we retain regular mounted infantry, it is to be hoped that the force may receive a permanent organisation, and no longer draw the best blood from our battalions when the latter are about to take the field. We failed to obtain full value from our regular mounted

troops because, at first, the mounted infantry could not ride, and the cavalry could not shoot or skirmish, as well as the Boers.

As regards our regular cavalry, the questions we want answered are : How often did each unit engage the enemy ; how often with cold steel, and how often with fire ? If the latter action largely predominated, is our cavalry armed, trained, mounted, and equipped in a manner to obtain the greatest possible results from dismounted action ? It certainly is not : the firearm carried should be a rifle equal in all respects to the best infantry arm, and ours is not ; the men should be trained to the highest standard of efficiency in skirmishing and marksmanship, and ours are not ; horses should be trained to copy the South African countrybreds, and stand quietly with a very small guard when the riders dismount and throw their reins over their horses' heads ; ours do not, but many precious hours are wasted in teaching bending and passaging and other circus tricks in the *manège*, which give no value at all in the field.

The fact is, that against modern rifle fire beginning at 2,000 yards or more, and artillery fire beginning at a range of five miles, the opportunities for a successful cavalry charge are becoming more and more rare, and the result of a charge less and less doubtful. Three-quarters of our cavalry training has the charge in view ; but, although we have placed a large number of our best cavalry regiments in the field, we have scored no great or even considerable success from cavalry action with the cold steel.

But, it will be said, other armies have cavalry armed and trained in the same manner as ours, and therefore we must retain ours to meet them. The contention hardly holds good, supposing the superiority of the mounted rifleman over the cavalryman is proved.

We have been short of mounted men throughout the war, and in future the numbers will rather tend to increase than diminish. What we require is that every mounted regiment we raise and train should give the highest possible value in the field, and neither sentiment nor tradition should stand in the way in carrying out any reforms that experience may prove to be necessary in this matter.

We must remember that in peace time the moral effect of a cavalry charge upon spectators holds every one thrilled, and is often credited with exaggerated results, even by umpires : the might and majesty of the charging squadrons, the thunder of the hoofs and the flash of the sabres, makes every pulse tingle with admiration. As for those little whip-cracks of the opposing rifles which come from a line of infantry lying down under cover, how absurd it seems that they should stop or check this avalanche of horsemen !

But when we try the same thing in the field, with horses exhausted from long marching, the Boer begins to ram in the clips into his Mauser and to shoot for all he is worth : when the air is singing with bullets and riderless horses are galloping in every direction, the matter assumes quite a different aspect.

We overload our mounted troops, as we do all the troops we place in the field, and as all foreign nations do theirs. Some day common sense will resume its sway, and we shall relegate the miscellaneous collection of household goods which men now carry in packs, wallets, and pouches to the charge of an army ordnance column, from which deficiencies can be made good from day to day, and men will only take into action their bread, water, and ammunition.

If we take a general glance at all the battles that have been fought, we see that infantry has more than ever maintained its proud position as the queen of battles, and that the other arms have been useful auxiliaries. The more difficult the country, the stronger the enemy, the more desperate the resistance, the more has infantry been called upon for the preliminary as well as the final effort: our gunners have seldom failed to afford valuable support, and have always pushed on well to the front regardless of loss; our mounted troops have saved us many fatigues and surprises by good and useful work that has been simply invaluable, while our engineers have sent up the balloons, built our bridges, and laid out trenches, often under a severe fire, and have, with very sparse means, kept troops and their commanders in constant touch by telegraph under the most adverse circumstances.

In the first battles we attempted to carry out, and often did carry out at heavy cost, those attacks prescribed and practised in peace time; but the losses these actions entailed caused us to modify our tactical ideas and to suit our formations and methods to the new tactics of a troublesome foe. What were the Boer tactics? Finding out during the very first combats that even the excellent natural cover afforded on the crests of the kopjes was soon rendered untenable by our shrapnel, a projectile which prisoners confessed was even worse than the lyddite, the Boers took at once to entrenching; and the amount of work of this sort, especially at Magersfontein, Ladysmith, and on both banks of the Tugela, was simply stupendous.

The trenches were, on the whole, well placed, in several lines, rarely continuous for any great distance, but mutually supporting each other: they were from $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 6 feet deep, and from $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 2 feet broad, the front of the trench being protected by mealie sacks filled with earth, or by large boulders, while the positions were often well screened from distant view, and were always most difficult targets for artillery.

The Boer guns were occasionally fired from gun-pits, but in the field were more often skilfully concealed behind the shoulders of hills, behind bushes and trees, or in other positions generally well in rear of the infantry trenches and as much as possible in places whence they could fire at the attacking troops without coming under the fire of our superior artillery. They would fire fast and furiously for a time, making excellent practice, and then, as their range and position

became slowly ascertained, would either change position or withdraw under cover until our artillery had selected other marks. For this reason, though we often thought we had silenced the hostile guns for good and all, it was generally the case that they came to life again later in the day, often in the most unexpected manner and at the most inconvenient times. As a rule their heavy guns came into action between 6,000 and 10,000 yards from their objective, the medium guns between 4,000 and 6,000 yards, and the pompoms between 3,000 and 4,000. All guns were placed singly, and, as they were always carefully concealed and for the most part used smokeless powder, were most difficult to locate. The Boer artillery, in fact, to their credit be it said, was seldom or never completely silenced during a general action until the entire Boer force was in retreat: the idea, bred at manœuvres, that a superior artillery can silence its adversary in a short time, was not borne out by experience.

The length of the Boer lines of defence was out of all proportion to generally accepted theories. In Natal, in fact, the trenches reached from Zululand to Basutoland: there were no flanks, and wherever we attacked the Boers swarmed round, thanks to their superior mobility. A length of fifteen to twenty miles of ground would not infrequently be occupied by 10,000 men or less: if we attacked the centre, the wings drew in before the assault could be delivered; if a flank, the burghers not directly threatened galloped round to extend the flank and force us to make a frontal attack. As there were trenches everywhere, dug both by Boers and Kaffirs, it is not surprising that our losses were heavy.

The Boers nearly all fought in front line without reserves; each party or commando defended the hills or trenches it chanced to occupy, and would bring a heavy gun and rifle fire to bear upon any position captured: it was frequently more discussed whether a position could be maintained when won than whether it could be taken. A very severe cross fire was always brought to bear from all sides upon the position gained by our troops, and the situation was often a difficult one until the ground won could be entrenched or artillery brought up to answer the hostile gun fire: for this reason we naturally drifted into the habit of attacking late in the afternoon, so that the position could be secured during the night. This system had, however, the disadvantage of enabling the Boers to retreat unmolested under cover of darkness when they had a mind to go back.

No enemy could be more dangerous to attack in front than a large body of Boers well entrenched and with their horses hard by under cover. Excellent shots, well armed, always abundantly supplied with ammunition, they would open fire at 2,000 yards' range, not only from trenches, but from every point of vantage or scrap of cover that could shelter a single man. Many of the best shots among the Boers

would go out for the day with two rifles and a loader, and in their little rifle-pits or sconces one would often find several hundred empty cartridge cases, their harassing fire being a constant annoyance and causing many losses. Good men though the Boers are, they are wanting in the habits of discipline and obedience required for the conduct of an attack: many hang back when it is a question of crossing a fire-swept zone, and after the bravest have been killed the others melt away and generally refuse to persevere.

There is no doubt that the pony proved as valuable an arm to the Boer as his Mauser, and that the mobility which is the essential characteristic of Boer tactics has enabled him to continue a struggle which would otherwise have long ago come to an end. The use made by the Boers of their mounted men for reinforcing threatened points may be profitably laid to heart, and academicians might do worse than inquire what would have happened at St. Privat had the French Imperial Guard consisted of mounted riflemen, and what use similar troops might not have been to Werder on the Lisaine.

No one can study with any profit the tactical lessons of the Boer war without bearing two principal points always in mind: first, the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere; and secondly, the invisibility of our foe. There is a point near Pietermaritzburg whence the ships on the sea and the passes over the Drakensberg can both be seen: from Durban to the passes is 160 miles as the crow flies; one could observe the figures of men five miles off with the naked eye; the unprecedented range of guns and small arms and the accuracy of the shooting at long distances on both sides were largely due to these abnormal conditions, but until all ranks became accustomed to the clearness of the atmosphere ranges were frequently under-estimated by one-half the real distance.

The invisibility of the foe was certainly the most disconcerting of all the conditions of the war, since this invisibility was novel and unexpected, and has never been reproduced in any peace manœuvres at home or abroad.

Suppose that information comes in that the Boers are holding a position across our line of advance: a reconnaissance goes out to clear up the situation: it is probably ambuscaded on the way by an invisible foe, and receives bullets from all sides without being able to see anything. Reinforcements arrive, the Boer snipers and advanced parties are found and driven back, and the reconnaissance arrives within artillery range of the position, when it receives a heavy shell fire. Scouts press on and reports are collected, when it is found that the position extends so many miles right and left; but no one can say whether there are 500 or 5,000 Boers in position, since nothing has been seen of the enemy except the tails of a few ponies disappearing round the shoulder of a hill. The general arrives with his army and takes position, pressing on within effective artillery

range, when our guns begin to bombard the trenches that are visible; and after a few hours the ground begins to steam under the constant detonations. Telescopes and glasses are sweeping the field: there is not a sign of a Boer, not a single head peeping out of the trenches, not a pony within sight, not a sign of life, save that perhaps a mile or two behind the enemy's trenches his big guns begin to answer ours, opening on our columns of infantry as they pass certain points the ranges of which have been carefully measured. Up goes the balloon; and if the Boers lay close before, they lie closer now, like partridges under a kite, since every man thinks the balloon is watching his particular trench and will bring a storm of lyddite on him if he moves a finger. The report comes down from the balloon, and tells us little: officers gallop from point to point, a few try to obtain a nearer view, and only then a sheaf of bullets comes singing a warning note.

Are there 50 or 500 or 5,000 or 10,000 men in front of us? No one can say, or rather every one says differently, according to his temperament, while the spies and Kaffirs lie at large.

But we have 10,000 men in line ready to advance, and the general has to make his decision. It is easy for us who are not responsible to say attack, attack, attack, but the general knows that it is a very different affair from the European battlefield, where trains full of troops are pushing on to the front every hour to make good losses, and that if he fails he must wait for at least six weeks before a man, a horse, or a gun can reach him from England. He makes his decision: if it is to attack, either the whole defence crumples up at once and the position is occupied with little loss, the few hundred Boers who have been bluffing so well riding off to the next position in rear, or else the attack proceeds in ominous silence until the firing line is within effective range, when suddenly, and as if by magic, an infernal fire bursts out from every trench and tier and rifle-pit, and the air is filled with the metallic pinging of the Mauser bullets—but whether it is going to be bluff or business nobody knows before the event, not even the youngest. The only thing we can be perfectly sure of is that the Fleet Street critic will write our general and all of us down as fools, and will dilate at length for our edification upon the art and practice of reconnaissance.

The truth is, that the absence of certain means for estimating the force of an invisible foe, at a given place and on a given day, has proved the gravest difficulty in the path of our commanders. The situation varies so much from day to day that the best information, of the latest date, may prove inaccurate and misleading. I do not believe that the Boer leaders themselves ever knew precisely what numbers they had in the field, so miscalculations on our part are no matter for surprise. The commandos varied in numbers from day to day, and shifted their positions in the course of a night in the most

casual and unconventional manner and to a degree that rendered the previous day's estimate entirely illusory.

The extreme difficulty of supplementing intelligence reports by close reconnaissances of hostile positions has never been adequately brought out in manœuvres, where the two forces are generally aware of each other's strength, seldom take the trouble to conceal themselves much, and take liberties in patrolling that are not permissible under magazine rifle fire.

Besides the natural difficulties of the country that are fairly well understood, thanks to the pictures and photographs and written descriptions sent home, there is this additional difficulty, which is perhaps not so well known : namely, that one can hardly ever ride from point to point in a straight line for a quarter of a mile, owing to intervening obstacles, dongas, barbed wire fences and so on, which are often invisible until the rider is close upon them.

It is, however, doubtful whether the importance of training our best staff officers in reconnoitring positions under difficulties has been fully considered. It is not enough for men to be good riders to hounds ; they must also be able to make good freehand sketches of the position, and to supplement these by concise reports of serious military value ; and though, taking the war all round, it will probably be the general opinion that our best men across country have proved the best officers in the field, it has seldom been the case that our best and boldest riders have shown themselves capable of making lucid reports of real value to their chiefs, and one of these accomplishments is worthless without the other.

On the whole, the staff and regimental officers and the rank and file who had not seen service before rendered a good return from the experience gained at manœuvres ; but the restricted areas over which we operate at home, and the many obstacles field-training encounters owing to forbidden ground, game preserves, and our futile system of standing camps, have not allowed the generals engaged to gain much experience of troop-leading on a large scale, and we have not profited materially from manœuvres in the sense of creating a high school for commanders.

Another disillusion, over and above that relating to reconnaissance, awaited us in the artillery preparation for the infantry attack. Although, in the second stage of the war, we always brought to bear a very superior weight of metal, the fire of all our guns except the howitzers was practically without effect against the deep and narrow trenches of the Boers. So far from making the enemy leave his trenches, our shrapnel fire and the lyddite of the heavier guns rather served to glue the foe to his works by making it so palpably unsafe for him to leave them under the storm of shells and bullets with which we covered the position. When the infantry attacked, no matter how thorough and long-continued the preparation by

artillery, the enemy's trenches were rarely deserted and the hostile guns rarely silenced. On the other hand, by sweeping and searching the ground with shrapnel and lyddite shells all round and well in rear of the enemy's first line, we constantly prevented the reinforcements from coming up, owing to the evident danger to be incurred by such adventures; and in this manner, by a very heavy expenditure of ammunition, which must have given our excellent Director-General of Ordnance many an anxious hour, we sometimes managed to win the first trenches with less loss than we dared to hope.

Once the enemy was well beaten in the field, the war entered upon a new phase: the Boer became a partisan, and one of a formidable type, since he still retained extensive districts in which to operate, could live on the country and be content with little, could cover his forty miles a day, mass at unexpected points, scatter when pressed and reunite at another place a hundred miles distant, tactics only to be met by a patient and gradual digestion of the conquered territory and by the possession of good and numerous mounted troops—a branch of the field army which is seldom at its best after a long and arduous campaign.

Throughout the war we have been the attacking party, and to this fact our losses have been mainly due. We had to meet the heavy guns and howitzers of the enemy by bringing up a larger number of similar weapons. We answered the great extension of the enemy's lines of defence by a similar extension on our side, after efforts to pierce the extended lines by a direct blow had been nullified by the mobility of our foe; we extended our firing line and returned to the old and too much neglected practice of skirmishing, extending the files ten, twenty, and fifty yards apart and engaging the Boers everywhere, the supporting troops and second line pressing in wherever we found the easiest entrance after tackling the Boers all along their front. We met the mobility of the Boer mounted riflemen by increasing our mounted contingents and using them in a somewhat similar manner. In short, we worried like with like, and as in the football field no team can hope for success until its forwards, half-backs, and three-quarter-backs are set out in regular opposition to those of the opposing team, so it was only when we had completed the disposition of our side, and had learnt the game, that we managed to score and beat the enemy. Nor is it too much to affirm that the habit of field sports and games contributed largely to the fine spirit with which our men took the rough with the smooth as it came. We had to field out against a pretty long innings, and I take the liberty of doubting whether any other army would have played up with the same good humour, cheery confidence, and invincible determination to win in the end, or have fought the fight out to a finish, as our men did.

If we wanted practical manœuvres on a large scale, we have certainly had them with a vengeance: no enemy could make one pay more dearly than the Boers for tactical errors and for shortcomings in the services of information and security. We should probably have had less difficulty to contend with if our enemy had consisted of double the number of regular troops: so far as I can recall, we only once met a foreign commando, and not one of them escaped.

The Boer has this refreshing peculiarity, that he invariably does the exact opposite of what common-sense and military experience lead you to expect he is likely to do. He places his riflemen in trees and watercourses, and some of his trenches in the strangest places; he drags his 6-inch guns with treble spans of oxen to the tops of hills 2,000 feet above the surrounding country, and secretes his quick-firers in the lowest dongas. If you expect him to attack, he is sure to be going away; and if all reports agree that he is on the trek, he will probably attack you. He does not fight on Sundays unless you particularly wish it, or open fire before 7 A.M. or after sunset. He will let you go away when you get in a mess without the hammering you deserve, in perfect accord with the maxims of Dogberry: he will waste months 'letting I dare not wait upon I would' round Mafeking and Kimberley, instead of raising Cape Colony by invasion before the arrival of our troops: he will send the rest of his force into Natal, because that colony is rich, the grazing good, and the cattle well liking. He will make a fortress out of a hole in an open country, and defend it to the death; and he will spend thousands on the forts round his capital, and not defend them for twenty-four hours.

He is the most extraordinary mixture of bravery and prudence, of openness and cunning, of good faith and duplicity, of shrewd sense and credulity; and from day to day one can never tell which of his many qualities he is about to present to you.

He fought throughout to kill and not to be killed, by the light of nature, and quite uninstructed save by his native wit and sporting cunning, holding the foreigners who came to aid him in profound contempt and deep suspicion.

I have seen the peace manœuvres of most of the European armies, and I can truly say not only that I have never seen reproduced, even in the barest outline, the conditions we found in fighting the Boers, but that these peace manœuvres themselves gave, one and all, an unfaithful picture of modern warfare under existing conditions, and will certainly result in the ruin of any army that attempts to carry them out in the field, if the enemy is as clever a fighter as the Boer and as little trammelled by effete commanders and superannuated traditions.

CHARLES À COURT.

LESSONS OF THE WAR

III

OUR BELATED BATTLESHIPS

THE question has been in many mouths, 'Is the Navy really as efficient and strong as the vastness of the interests it protects demands?' Though the late war has been a land war in which the Navy has played only a subsidiary part, lessons have been learnt and taken to heart by the authorities at Whitehall, and even more by the admirals commanding some of the squadrons. In the current Estimates provision was made for a large increase in the sum set aside for ammunition and for prizes for the gun's crews. At Whale Island at Portsmouth increased accommodation is being provided to enable a larger number of officers and men to be under training at the same time, and an improvement is being effected in the system of training the men for their multifarious technical duties. The campaign has revealed the importance of strategy and tactics. Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, in command of the Channel Squadron, has most effectively taken action with a view to giving officers training in the higher planes of the science of war. Usually only the captain of a ship, and to a lesser degree his chief executive officer, benefit by fleet evolutions. During the exercises of the Squadron off the Irish coast this year, Admiral Rawson took the battleships to sea to carry out manœuvres on an entirely new system, and one that should commend itself to all his professional colleagues. During the morning's evolutions, not the captains of the several ships, but the executive commanders were ordered to take supreme command. On the supposition that the captains had been placed *hors de combat*, these officers were directed to interfere only in case of a possible accident. The manœuvres were conducted with every similitude to a real action at sea. In the afternoon another change was made. The captains and the commanders retired in favour of the senior lieutenants in each ship. The aim of these departures from routine is, of course, to give every senior officer in the ship that practice in tactics and sense of responsibility which usually belong only to the captain, and it is hoped other admirals will follow this example.

These are a few of many items on the credit side of the

Admiralty's account with the nation, but there is another side to the ledger. This activity serves only to give increased prominence to the remarkable attitude of the authorities in face of a continuance of delays in adding to the number of ships on the effective strength of the Navy. The present First Lord of the Admiralty in the past four years has introduced estimates that have increased annually at an impressive rate. They have grown, not through caprice of the authorities at Whitehall or panic of the nation, but in conformity with the principle of defence that is embodied in what has come to be known as the 'Two-Power Standard.' Parliament and the nation have over and over again in the past ten years declared that the Navy must be equal in numbers and superior in power to the two next great navies of the world. Other Powers have spent large sums on their marine forces, and hence the British Naval Estimates (not expenditure) have risen from 18,701,000*l.* in 1895, when Earl Spencer was at the head of the Admiralty, to 27,522,600*l.* in the present year. For this growth of estimated expenditure Mr. Goschen has been the first to disclaim more credit than is due to all statesmen who do their duty faithfully. The Estimates have risen as the naval ambitions of other Powers have been embodied in schemes for providing new ships. There are those who hold that the Two-Power Standard is too low, and much may be said in favour of this contention; but the First Lord of the Admiralty having received a mandate merely to secure a superiority of power over and equality in numbers with the two most powerful navies, has been content to interpret the expressed national wish, and has made no attempt to aim at a greater margin of strength. In successive annual statements to Parliament he has pointed out that his proposals have merely represented the bare margin of safety, and that with due regard to the future of our great oversea Empire this imperial insurance premium could not be reduced. Reiterating a statement that he had made in other words in former years, Mr. Goschen on the 9th of March, 1899, informed the House of Commons: 'The programme which I have submitted to the House is the lowest which can be justified by the existing expenditure on shipbuilding of other countries,' and he challenged members to suggest any economy that could be effected with due regard to the naval needs of the Empire and the increasing competition in marine armaments of rival Powers. Parliament and the country cheerfully accepted these assurances, and the consequent financial sacrifices, in the belief that the words 'estimate' and 'expenditure' were synonymous. In the four years 1896-1900 the Estimates have amounted to 94,433,900*l.*, and of this great sum the votes for new ships have absorbed 27,966,961*l.*, or nearly one-third.

Has this large amount been expended? From the Auditor-General's reports and Mr. Goschen's statements it appears that the outlay on new ships in the past three years has fallen by over four

and a half millions sterling below the estimates founded on the bare necessities of imperial defence. Nearly half of this total has been inherited from the disastrous engineering dispute of 1897. It will be remembered that of the under-expenditure in that year 1,400,000*l.* again figured in the Estimates of the following year. Justice demands that this should be deducted from the grand total of money underspent, otherwise account will have been taken of it twice over. In this way the real deficiency of these three years of delayed naval construction is reached—a matter of over 3,000,000*l.* In case there may be a disposition to fail to recognise the magnitude of the falling off, it may be well to recall that this deficiency is more than the entire amount spent on new construction as recently as 1893–4, and, excepting in the abnormal years of 1885–6–7, far exceeds the expenditure in any previous year in the history of the Navy. The days before the Naval Defence Act were halcyon times for the Chancellors of the Exchequer, when our naval rivals were few and the national recognition of the meaning of British sea-power shadowy, half-hearted, and sometimes absolutely non-existent. Even in these days of expensive material and high wages 3,000,000*l.* is equivalent to three first-class battleships ready for sea in every detail, or on the other hand to a quartet of first-class armoured cruisers. The loss to the effective strength of the Navy is far more serious than these examples suggest, for the deficiency below the Estimates is spread more or less over all the 27 armoured ships and the 40 other craft planned or in course of construction this year. Almost every one of these ships—armoured as well as unarmoured—has been delayed, and consequently the immediate effect on the naval strength of Great Britain is more disastrous than if we could by a stroke of the pen place each ship in its rightful stage in construction, at the expense even of three of the first-class battleships in hand.

Some typical instances of the delays in the building of ships of war, for which the need has been so pressing, will illustrate the serious and practical effects of the under-expenditure of 1897–1900. Battleships have in particular dragged on from month to month in a manner that is quite new in the story of modern warship construction in this country. The standard of efficiency is still represented by the battleships *Majestic* and *Magnificent*, which, by a supreme effort on the part of contractors and dockyard officials and workmen, were completed and in commission at Portsmouth and Chatham within two years of their keels being laid down—the former in twenty-two months and the latter in twenty-four months. To expect such expedition in the building of all ships would perhaps be unreasonable, but there is a mean, and that is not the slow rate at which the battleships building in recent years have progressed. When the present Government came into office the construction of the *Canopus*, *Ocean*, and *Goliath* was authorised by Parliament, and these ships, though comparatively

small, with displacements of only 12,950 tons each, have been completed only this year, after being from thirty-five to thirty-nine months respectively under construction, while as to *Glory* and *Albion*, of the same programme (1896-7), the former is not yet out of dockyard hands and the latter will probably not be ready before late in the spring of next year, after an interval of five years since Parliamentary sanction was given. If the *Vengeance*, a sister ship ordered in March 1897, is passed into the Navy by March next—which is a very sanguine anticipation—she will have been over three years and eight months in building. Three other armoured ships which have been delayed most seriously are the *Formidable*, *Irresistible*, and *Implacable*, which were begun at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport between the 30th of March and July 1898. They are improved and somewhat enlarged *Majestics*, and cannot fail to be most important additions to the Empire's fighting strength. During the whole time that they have been building, the need of reinforcements has been reiterated time and again, yet the progress that they have made has been most lamentably slow. They were authorised in the spring of 1897, and after three years and eight months are still far from ready to hoist the pennant. Another group of three ships of the same important class, with displacements of 15,000 tons, the *London*, *Bulwark*, and *Venerable*, which were authorised to be laid down over two and a half years since, will probably not be completed for twelve or eighteen months. Such dilatory methods in the building of battleships of which we are sadly in need would be discreditable to French dockyards in the days of their greatest disorganisation.

The First Lord of the Admiralty can have no hope that either of the seven battleships belonging to the 1898-9 ordinary and supplementary programme will be completed in less than two or three years, as they will be hindered by the arrears that must have attention in the interval. Yet five or six years ago the *Majestic* and *Magnificent* could be completed for sea in less than two years, without revealing subsequently any faults due to hasty construction.

Coming to armoured cruisers, a point to be borne in mind is that the British Navy is at present without a single modern or efficient ship of this type. In July 1897 Parliament sanctioned the addition of four armoured cruising ships to the fleet, and recognised that in view of the activity of other Powers in this direction the need for them in our squadrons was urgent, and that their construction should be hastened as much as possible. Three years and four months have passed, and yet there is little prospect that the most forward of them will be ready for commissioning for many months. The *Sulley* and *Cressy*, which were laid down in August and October 1898, and launched in the closing weeks of 1899, have been in hand 27 and 25 months respectively, and the *Hogue* and *Aboukir* are already over

two years old, and yet it is deplorably true that there is little prospect that they will be ready for sea for one or, possibly, two years.

The retardation of construction is not confined to armoured ships. Without attempting to catalogue all the delinquents, reference may be made to a few cruisers completed for sea in the past twelve months. The second-class cruiser *Highflyer*, a ship of 5,600 tons displacement, was begun in June 1897, and was not ready to pass into the Fleet Reserve until the end of November last, a little short of two years and six months; the sister ship *Hermes* was similarly belated. The little third-class cruisers *Perseus* and *Prometheus*, commenced respectively on the 25th of May and the 10th of June, 1896, were not ready for service until last March, after being nearly four years in the hands of their builders. There is no cause for congratulation in such achievements. Turning to another type of cruisers, the *Spartiate*, of the first class, was laid down on the 10th of May, 1897, was launched at Pembroke sixteen and a half months later, and was to have passed into the effective Navy in 1899, but she is still catalogued at Portsmouth Dockyard as 'completing,' and will almost certainly not be ready before next spring. She will have occupied about four years in construction, and yet she has not been delayed by armour or heavy guns, as she is merely a protected cruiser of 11,000 tons displacement. This vessel, which has been so sadly wanted for guarding the transport routes during the late war, or for strengthening the fleets in the Channel or Mediterranean, was authorised at the beginning of the first session of the late Parliament.

The career of the little cruiser *Pandora*, of the 'P' class, which includes eleven ships of about 2,200 tons displacement, is a reminder of the short life of a modern warship and the time that is consumed in its construction in these days. The *Pandora* was laid down at Portsmouth on the 3rd of January, 1898, and is one of the warships projected in the second session of the late Parliament. She was floated out of dock on the 17th of January, 1900, having been dawdled with for over two years, and is not by any means ready for sea. Six months or a year must elapse before she will be in a state to hoist her maiden pennant. She will then have achieved the distinction of being in hand nearly four years. The result of the delays in the completion of these last three vessels of the 'P' class—the *Perseus*, *Prometheus*, and *Pandora*—is that they are already out of date. In his statement on the Navy Estimates this year, the First Lord of the Admiralty announced that it was contemplated to lay down three third-class cruisers of rather larger dimensions than the *Pelorus* (or 'P') class last year, but that 'after full consideration of all the circumstances, and weighing the fact that the cost involved in building such vessels was out of proportion to their fighting value and sea-keeping qualities, it had been deemed expedient not to pro-

ceed with their construction.' In their place it was proposed to build an improved second-class cruiser of the *Hermes* type. There are eleven ships of this discarded class, and each represents about 140,000*l.*—two have cost over 160,000*l.*—so they are the embodiment of about one million and a half sterling, and apart from the official condemnation by the First Lord of the Admiralty of their poor fighting value and inferior sea-keeping qualities, the parent ship—the *Pelorus*, which has been most thoroughly tested—has proved herself so slow and 'cranky' as to be practically useless even as a despatch boat in war time. When first built she had a sea-speed of 18 knots; when last travelling to the Cape, only about half that rate could be obtained from her engines, which gave repeated trouble. Such cruisers as serviceable marine scouts, able to fight or able to run away in face of great odds, are of slight account. No blame would be attached to any one for this discovery if one or two ships only had been constructed as an experiment. After eleven ships have been built, is it not somewhat late in the day to ascertain that they have not good fighting or sea-keeping qualities?

Side by side with the much delayed battleships and cruisers can be placed a group of torpedo-boat destroyers which have unique records. Each is a little ship of light build, of from 200 to 300 tons displacement only, but with gigantic engine power to ensure the highest possible speed. As it was possible a few years ago to build and complete for sea a battleship of 15,000 tons displacement in less than two years, the 'Destroyer' *Bat* in sixteen months, and the *Whiting* in fourteen months, surely it is not captious to give this summary of the careers of a few torpedo-boat destroyers several of which have not yet been accepted by the Admiralty as complete:

	Laid down	Approximate time building
<i>Fervent</i>	March 27, 1894	6 years
<i>Zephyr</i>	April 23, 1894	6½ "
<i>Electra</i>	October 18, 1895	5 "
<i>Express</i>	December 1, 1895	4 "
<i>Recruit</i>	October 18, 1895	5 "
<i>Otter</i>	June 14, 1896	4 "
<i>Vulture</i>	November 26, 1895	4 "

Two of these destroyers, the *Fervent* and *Zephyr*, belong to the original forty-two vessels, the first of their type, sanctioned by the House of Commons in March 1894, and are already out of date on account of their low speed, which is between twenty-six and twenty-seven knots as compared with from thirty to thirty-four knots of the later boats. The *Zephyr* has been six years and eight or nine months in building, while it will be seen that in the case of the other boats the time varies from four to five years. As further illustrating the expensive delays in the completion of this

class of warship, mention might be made of other destroyers which carried out their trials as recently as last year, after occupying about three years in construction. In the recent report of the Committee of Public Accounts, attention is called to eleven destroyers which, on the Admiralty's own generous forecasts, were in arrears from seventeen months to two years without any penalties being incurred by the contractors. While it is possible to build such vessels complete to the minutest detail in fourteen months, many occupy in construction three to four and some five or six years. Some of the boats have been delayed by causes that may be regarded as unavoidable, but it is hardly possible that the Admiralty can be without some remedy to prevent the construction of these small ships being so retarded. The authorities calculate that the value of this type of vessel depreciates 9 per cent. per annum for eleven years from the date of completion. The celerity of the construction of the *Whiting* in fourteen months may be fairly quoted as evidence that not more than about eighteen months need elapse between the laying down of each destroyer and its passage into the Fleet Reserve. On this basis two of these craft—the *Fervent* and *Zephyr*—should have been ready for sea over five years ago, and meantime have lost in value over 60 per cent., while others have depreciated to a less extent, but still seriously. As a matter of fact, however, as opposed to departmental calculation, the depreciation of these benighted ships has been much greater than this Admiralty standard would indicate, owing to the rapid advance in the science of propulsion. Moreover, had war occurred at any time in the past few years, we should have learnt that a dozen destroyers in hand—the hand of the Admiralty—are worth a hundred incomplete in the shipyards.

Taking two years as the standard of the time that should be occupied in building armoured ships—and it ought not to be difficult to construct cruisers with as great celerity with an adequate and efficient organisation—we are confronted with the deplorable fact that owing to delays for the most part quite inexcusable, the British Navy is now short of three battleships of 12,950 tons, three battleships of 15,000 tons, four armoured cruisers of 12,000 tons, a first-class protected cruiser of the 'improved *Powerful*' type, a third-class cruiser, and at least half a dozen destroyers. Here we have a powerful fleet in itself, delayed and dawdled with until many of the vessels, owing to improvements in machinery, guns and armour, have lost a considerable proportion of their fighting value. This dilatory construction, it is only too evident, is fraught with the most serious dangers to these islands and to the Empire beyond the seas.

. These unpleasant facts as to the delays which have occurred in every class of warship construction are not set forth in the Navy Estimates, but the First Lord has on several occasions admitted generally that the progress of the new ships has not come up to his anticipations. In 1898 he explained that work in the previous year

had been hindered owing to the engineering dispute. This year he announced that the abnormal activity in shipbuilding and engineering had again seriously affected progress and expenditure on ships, machinery, and armour, and he added that it was the rate of supply of propelling machinery and armour which would practically determine the dates of completion of several important ships. In his subsequent speech Mr. Goschen outlined the new programme of two battleships and six armoured cruisers and some smaller ships, and made the following significant statement :

‘It appears that as far as machinery, hulls and armour are concerned, it is difficult to produce more than we are asking for. . . . Our programme is limited to what we believe to be the output of the country in armour, hulls, and a vast quantity of accessories to be provided.’

For the first time in the past ten or eleven years the Two-Power Standard has been abandoned, and we are face to face with an unexampled situation. Hitherto it has been our boast that the shipbuilding resources of the country are practically inexhaustible; to-day it is officially announced that our manufacture of weapons for our first line of defence is limited by the restricted power of production of one of our greatest industries. There is no evidence as to whether the restriction has caused a reduction of the programme of the present financial year below the point of safety in the opinion of the naval members of the Board and their advisers. Admiral Sir George Elliot, who refused to go to Whitehall for very much the same reason as that for which Lord Charles Beresford resigned, has told a story of a naval lord whom he met looking depressed after having signed the Estimates, and who exclaimed, pointing to the lamp-posts in the street, ‘I never pass these without feeling that I deserve to be hanged up there.’ From Mr. Goschen’s words the inference may be fairly deduced that the authorities would have laid down more ships if they had had any hope that the construction of them would be begun this year.

This statement raises several points : (1) What is the warship production of the United Kingdom ? (2) Are our private shipbuilders too heavily handicapped with work for foreign Powers ? and (3) if so, should the Admiralty take steps either to increase the maximum of production, or to prevail on builders to give preference to British naval work in view of the critical situation of this country ?

As a nation it may or may not be a legitimate matter of pride that we produced last year for ourselves and friends, and possible foes, nearly half the warships of the whole world, judged by the tons displacement launched. To be exact, Great Britain was responsible for 168,590 tons and all foreign countries for 176,170 tons. These figures show that there was a great volume of this class of building in this country last year, of which 121,140 tons were for the British Navy and 47,850 tons for foreign countries. In 1898 the amount

of shipping launched for the British Navy was 140,120 tons, and for foreign navies 51,435 tons, which would indicate that there has been little falling off in foreign orders, from which as a commercial community we profit so greatly. At the same time it is impossible to blink the old fact that we are assisting possible enemies to buckle on their armour. It has been the national policy for many years to let our shipyards construct ships for any one, with the result that they have built for every one—hardly a single Power excepted. But the times are changing. Hitherto contractors have been able to meet the demands of the Admiralty, and consequently Imperial interests have not suffered. For three years past, however, the naval authorities have had to lament the delay in the completion of Government work, while the ships in hand for foreign Powers have been completed within their contract dates. The programmes of the Admiralty could have been carried out had it not been for the pressure of outside work crowding the workshops and shipyards. It is natural that, apart from all patriotic considerations, contractors should be anxious to conciliate foreign customers, for they pay better prices, enforce fewer irritating restrictions, and are less ‘finicky.’

The construction of warships for friends and foes indiscriminately has become a great industry, employing thousands of skilled mechanics. The volume of this trade can be judged from the figures on the following page from *Lloyd's Register* Shipbuilding Returns of the war vessels which have been under construction in the present year.

In view of this immense tonnage of warships on the stocks other than for the British Navy, it is not surprising that the execution of the Admiralty's orders should be delayed. These statistics show that this year there have been seven foreign ships in private yards requiring armour and guns, and a total of thirty ships for which machinery must be provided. Even in a country with such great resources as Great Britain, these demands, in conjunction with those made by the Admiralty, must seriously tax the energies of masters and men, and cause some work to fall in arrears. In this connection it should not be forgotten that even for the vessels built in the royal dockyards the authorities are dependent on private enterprise for armour, most of the machinery and other details. If we accept Lloyd's figures of the vessels being built for foreign countries, and Mr. Goschen's official statement as to the British ships that have been in process of construction in the present year, we get the following totals:—

	British	Foreign
Armoured ships	37	7
Unarmoured ships	40	23
Total	87	30
Grand total	117	

Warship Building in Great Britain

	At royal dockyards			At private yards			Total	
	Yard	No.	Displacement Tons	Yard	No.	Displacement Tons	No.	Displacement Tons
British :								
1st class battleships . . .	{ Chatham Devonport Portsmouth	2 3 2	30,000 44,000 30,000	Barrow Birkenhead Blackwall Jarrow	1 1 3 1	12,950 14,000 40,950 14,000	13	185,900
1st class armoured cruisers . . .	Pembroke	1	14,100	{ Barrow Clydebank Glasgow Govan	2 3 1 3	24,000 38,100 9,800 38,100	10	124,100
1st class protected cruiser . . .	Pembroke	1	11,000	—	—	—	1	11,000
3rd class protected cruiser . . .	Portsmouth	1	2,200	—	—	—	1*	2,200
Sloops . . .	Sheerness	4	3,920	Birkenhead	2	1,960	6	5,880
Torpedo boats . . .	—	—	—	—	17	5,420	17	5,420
Royal yacht . . .	Pembroke	1	4,700	—	—	—	1	4,700
Torpedo boat destroyers . . .	—	—	—	Chiswick	2	250	2	250
British total . . .		15	139,920		36	199,530	51	339,450
Foreign or not stated :								
Armoured vessels . . .	—	—	—	{ Barrow Clydebank Elswick	1 1 5	15,200 15,200 42,340	7	72,740
Protected cruisers . . .	—	—	—	Low Walker	2	7,595	2	7,595
Torpedo-boat destroyers . . .	—	—	—	{ Clydebank Elswick	3 2	1,020 700	6	2,020
River gunboats . . .	—	—	—	{ Chiswick Chiswick	1 2	300 250	2	250
Torpedo boats . . .	—	—	—	Poplar	13	1,700	13	1,700
British and foreign total . . .	—	15	139,920	—	30	84,305	30	84,305
					66	283,835	81	423,755

The progress of every one of these ships depends on the expedition which is practised in the private armour-making and engineering establishments, and in the workshops where the etceteras of a vessel are made. The authorities are tied hand and foot by the private trade of the country, and yet in the distribution of their orders they have hitherto neglected to employ several firms well able and willing to carry out contracts expeditiously.

While the Admiralty appear to have given up the struggle in despair, casting the blame on the contractors by implication, the contractors asseverate that they are equal to any demands if they are given adequate notice of what they will be. In face of this feeling in the shipbuilding and allied trades the Admiralty still cling to their annual programmes, when, apparently, a Naval Defence Act covering a definite number of years would solve the present difficulty. The Act need not attempt to do more than bind the country to a minimum programme, leaving the authorities free to add to their proposals from year to year as action is forced upon them by rivals. In spite of the Peace Conference it must be evident that we are not on the eve of the Millennium, and that the present race for supremacy will be hotly pressed by the great naval Powers, especially by Russia, which has added another million to her estimates for the ensuing year. The present system of construction in Great Britain is in every respect unsatisfactory and extravagant. The programmes introduced from year to year are paper programmes. The ships proposed in March are not commenced until nine or ten months later, and owing to the long time occupied in construction they have ceased to represent the highest standard of efficiency before they are completed, while the swift increase in wages and the cost of all materials necessarily results in the country receiving poor value for the money voted. It would be an infinitely better policy to pay contractors better prices if necessary and rigorously enforce penalties for delays.

To summarise. The *impasse* of the past three years has produced the following results :

(1) Shipbuilding is in arrears to the extent of 3,000,000/.

(2) If war occurred this month (November) the Fleet-in-Being would lack the following ships which should now be ready for sea : six battleships, the *Albion*, *Glory*, and *Vengeance*, each of 12,950 tons displacement, and the *Formidable*, *Irresistible* and *Implacable*, of 15,000 tons displacement; the two cruisers, *Spartiate* and *Pandora*; and about half a dozen torpedo-boat destroyers, besides some sloops and gunboats.

(3) Other ships begun at later dates are so greatly in arrears that they could not readily be completed for sea in case of emergency to take the place of ships placed out of action. Of the twenty battleships authorised by Parliament since the present Government came into office five years ago only three have been completed.

While the effects of the delay are serious, far more disturbing is the fact that the Lords of the Admiralty should have folded their hands, abandoned the Two-Power Standard, and decided to build up to what they regard as the present resources of the shipbuilding industry, without any further effort to increase or so reorganise those resources as to adequately meet the naval needs of the country.

Navies rule the destiny of empires. A world-wide empire demands a world-wide sea power—unquestionably supreme. The late war has once more shown the influence of the Navy, an influence which has held in check inimical forces, while an army of 250,000 men has been transported over the ocean from these islands, as from India, Australasia, and Canada. The British Navy has held the seas in absolute command while the four corners of the world have sent their contingents of fighting men to South Africa. The transportation of such an armed force is unexampled in history. It has shown the value of mobile marine strength, and all the maritime nations are profiting by this lesson and others that preceded it—the troubles in China, the Cretan difficulty, the Fashoda incident, and other events of recent date. It is unnecessary to drag in the part which the Navy and its guns have played in the late operations, for the legitimate rôle of the Navy is on the world's seas, zoning the Empire with well-armoured fortresses and fast-travelling cruisers. The times are teaching lessons in sea-power to other countries with maritime ambitions, and only by continued effort and some self-sacrifice can the British supremacy be maintained. Already the Two-Power Standard has been abandoned in the Mediterranean and in the China Seas. The policy of accepting the industrial limitations of the moment, instead of conquering them, is not the way to victory when the day dawns for all our weapons of naval warfare to be put to the supreme test.

Let it not be thought, however, that the Admiralty are altogether neglectful of their high calling as masters of the Fleet-in-Being as distinct from the Fleet on the stocks and otherwise incomplete. Her Majesty's squadrons have never been more efficient, though they should be far more powerful. Officers and men were never more loyal or better trained, the guns were never more powerful or the gunners better able to shoot quickly and to shoot straight. The Admiralty have admitted that this great war machine—more mobile than irregular cavalry—is not perfect, but, it may be added, it is nearer perfection than ever before. But the Fleet-not-in-Being—the fleet in our shipyards or on paper merely—that is sadly, dangerously in arrears. May we hope that a new First Lord of the Admiralty will determine to find a solution for the delays which are crippling our first line of defence, and are a menace to our imperial welfare? May we also hope that he will seek, while strengthening our

squadrons, to remove some of the hundred and one evils and inequalities of which officers and men would complain did not *esprit de corps*, apart from the Queen's Regulations, keep them silent?

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

P.S.—Since this article was written and passed for the press the Admiralty have issued orders directing the work on the battleship *Glory*, one of the belated vessels referred to, to be hastened, and she will be placed in commission this month for service in the Far East. This recent decision in no way affects the statement that this ship has been in hand since the first session of the late Parliament.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA

3. BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY

THE third of the State-supported, but often State-persecuted religions of China is that of Fo, the Chinese name for Buddha. The circumstances under which the religion of Buddha was introduced from India to China are matter of history ; and unless we mean to doubt, everything in Eastern history for which we have not the evidence of actual eye-witnesses, the introduction into China of Buddhist teachers by the Emperor Mingti in the year 65 A.D. has a perfect right to claim its place as an historical event. It may be quite true that the fame of Buddhism had reached China at a much earlier time. A Buddhist missionary is mentioned in the Chinese annals as early as 217 B.C., and about the year 120 B.C. a Chinese general, after defeating some barbarous tribes in the North of the Desert of Gobi, is reported to have brought back among his trophies a golden statue of Buddha. But it was not till the year 65 A.D. that the Emperor Mingti gave practical effect to his devotion to Buddha and his doctrines by recognising his religion as one of the State religions of his large empire. It would seem most extraordinary that the ruler of a large empire in which there existed already two State religions should, without being dissatisfied with his own religion, have suddenly asked the teachers of a foreign religion to settle in his country, and there, under the protection of the Government, to teach their own religion, the doctrine of Buddha. The Chinese idea of religion was evidently very different from our own. Religion was to them giving good advice, improving the manners of the people ; and they seem to have thought that for such a purpose they could never have enough teachers and preachers. Legend may no doubt have embellished the events that actually took place. No wonder that visions seen by the Emperor in a dream were introduced ; but even such visions would not help us to explain, what certainly seems a most extraordinary though real event in the history of the world, the introduction of the Buddhist religion into China and the rest of Central Asia. Soon after Mingti we hear of Indian Buddhists who had gone to China and brought with them MSS. and sacred relics. But even that

would be of little help ; for what could be more different than Sanskrit and Chinese, the language of the missionary and that of his Chinese pupils ? The sacred canon of Buddhism—for at that time we know of one only, the one written in Pāli and reduced to writing by Vattāgāminī in 80 B.C.—had not yet been translated into Chinese, and at the time of the introduction of Buddhism into China this canon would seem to have been the only one accessible to Chinese Buddhists ; and yet it is clear that the Chinese depended far more on the Sanskrit than on the Pāli canon. The Emperor sent Tzai-in and other high officials to India, in order to study there the language, the doctrines, and the ceremonial of Buddhism. They engaged the services of two learned Indians, Buddhists of course, Matāṅga and Tchou-fa-lan, and some of the most important Buddhist works were translated by them into Chinese. Missions were sent from China to India to report on the political and geographical state of the country, but their chief object remained always to learn the language, to enable Buddhist missionaries to translate and generally to study the work done by Buddhism in India. On the other hand, Indian Buddhists were invited to settle in China to learn the Chinese language—no easy task for an Indian accustomed to his own language—and then to publish, with the help of Chinese assistants, their often very rough translations of the Buddhist originals. In the catalogue of these translations, those taken from Sanskrit texts preponderate evidently over those taken from Pāli. Yet we know now, thanks chiefly to the labours of Bunyiu Nanjio, in his catalogue of the Chinese Tripitaka—which was secretly removed from my library, and which, considering the notes it contained from the hands of Bunyiu Nanjio and other Chinese scholars, was simply invaluable—and from the researches of Takakusu, that both texts, the Pāli and the Sanskrit, were placed under contribution by Chinese translators.

For about 300 years after the Emperor Mingti, the stream of Buddhist pilgrims seemed to flow on uninterruptedly. The first account which we possess of these pilgrimages refers to the travels of Fahian, who visited India towards the end of the fourth century A.D. The best translation of these travels is by M. Stanislas Julien. After Fahian, we have the travels of Hœi-seng and Song-yan, who were sent to India in 518 by command of the Empress, with a view to collecting MSS. and other relics. Then follow the travels of Hiouen-thsang (629–645 A.D.). Of these too we possess an excellent translation by Stanislas Julien. One of the last and certainly most interesting journeys is that of I-tsing, who travelled in India from 671 to 695 A.D. Takakusu, a Japanese pupil of mine, has rendered a real service to the study of Sanskrit, more particularly to the history of Sanskrit literature in the seventh century A.D., by translating I-tsing's Chinese memoirs into English.

These travels, lasting from the fourth to the seventh century, give

us some idea of the literary and religious intercourse between China and India. Some of the Chinese travellers made themselves excellent scholars in Sanskrit, and were able to take an active part in the religious congresses and public disputations held every year in the towns of India. At the same time the number of Buddhist monasteries in China is said by Hiouen-thsang to have amounted in his time to 3,716. What is still a great puzzle is what became of the thousands of Buddhist MSS. which we know to have been taken to China by Indian missionaries, for the reception and preservation of which large and magnificent public libraries were built by various emperors, and which seem now to have entirely disappeared from China. Many researches have been made for them by friends of mine in China and Corea, but all that could be found was one not very interesting MS., the Kâlachakra (Wheel of Time), which was sent to the India Office. Of course there were in China from time to time violent persecutions of Buddhists, and during those scenes of violence monasteries were razed to the ground and many public buildings burnt. Still, all hope should not be given up; and if China should ever become more accessible, new investigations should be made wherever Buddhist monasteries and settlements are known to have existed, it being quite possible that a whole library of Buddhist literature and ancient Buddhist MSS. may still be recovered. What we want more particularly is to learn, if possible, what caused the great bifurcation of Buddhism into Hînayâna and Mahâyâna, the Little Way and the Great Way, or whatever translation we may adopt for these two schools. Both systems are clearly Buddhistic, but they are in some respects so different from one another that sometimes we can hardly imagine that they had both the same origin or that one was derived from the other. Long passages in the books of the two schools are sometimes identically the same, but on certain points of doctrine the two are often diametrically opposed. To mention a few points only. The Buddhist of the Hînayâna, or the Pâli canon, denies most decidedly a personal soul and a personal God. The Mahâyâna admits a personal God, such as Amitâbha (Endless Light), residing in the paradise of Sukhâvatî, and it evidently believes in the existence of personal souls. After death the souls enter into the calyx of a lotus, and remain there for a longer or shorter time, according to their merits, then rise into the flower itself and, reclining on its petals, listen to the Law as preached for them by Buddha Amitâbha. A translation of the description of this paradise, Sukhâvatî, was published by me for the first time in the *S. B. E.*, vol. xlix. It is quite possible, as has been supposed, that the absence of any information as to the fate of the soul after death may have made the stories about the paradise of Sukhâvatî particularly attractive both to the followers of Confucius and to the original Hînayâna Buddhists. Still, it is difficult to

believe that this would have induced the Chinese to adopt what was a foreign religion, even in its Mahâyâna disguise. Nor could miracles such as Matânga, one of the two missionaries who arrived first at the Court of Mingti, is said to have performed have had sufficient persuasive power to produce a change of religion on a large scale among the inhabitants of China. It is said that he sat in the air cross-legged and without any support. But of what Yogin has not the same been believed? It is quite possible that other miracles also of the Indian Yogins made some impression on the Chinese mind; but all this leaves the recognition of Buddhism as a State religion, and the growth of what may almost be called a new religious literature, entirely unexplained. The change of the early Buddhism, Hinayâna (the Small Way) into that of Mahâyâna (the Great Way) has never, as yet, been satisfactorily accounted for. Some people think that the Mahâyâna was so called because it led to a higher goal, others that it was a way for a larger number, the Small Way being so called, evidently by the seceders, because it led to a lower goal or was followed by a smaller number. Even the priority of the Small Way to the Great Way is by no means admitted by the supporters of the latter system. Chronology, in fact, in our sense of the word, does not exist for the Mahâyâna Buddhists, and where there are no historical records, fables spring up all the more readily. Thus we are told that the founder of the Mahâyâna system of Buddhism was Nâgârguna; that he had travelled to the South and North of India, and there come across a race of men more or less fabulous, called Nâgas, *i.e.* Serpents; that they possessed copies of the canonical books of the Mahâyâna, and gave them to Nâgârguna. These Nâgas are frequently mentioned, and there may well have been a real race of men called Nâgas or Serpents; but how they should have come into possession of these books, written in Sanskrit, how they should have hidden them, as we are told, in a large lake, and produced them at the time of Nâgârguna's visit has never been explained. Nâgârguna is mentioned as present at the fourth Buddhist council, that at Galandhara, called by King Kanishka, at the end of the first century A.D. This date, however, has been very much contested. He is the fourth in the list of Buddhist patriarchs; but that list again is purely imaginary, and for chronological purposes useless. What seems certain is that he was a contemporary of King Kanishka, a King of India, of Mongolian rather than Aryan blood, whose coins give him a historical background. He is called there Kanerkes, a Kushana king, and his life must have extended beyond the end of the first century of our era, say A.D. 85-106. But all this does not help us towards an explanation of the true origin of the Mahâyâna Buddhism. We see no causes for a change in Buddhism, no new objects that were to be obtained by this reformation, if indeed it deserves to be called by such a name. We cannot possibly

ascribe the elaboration of the new system of Buddhism to one man, such as Nâgârguna, nor does he put forward any such claim. On the contrary, we are told that the Mahâyâna books existed long before his time, and were handed to him by the Nâgas. Besides, where did he find the disciples ready to follow him? There was no wide-spread discontent with the old Buddhism, as far as we can judge. But the fact remains that we find a new Buddhism with its canon written in Sanskrit, and it was this Buddhism that found such decided favour in China. It may in some respects be called a more popular form of Buddhism, but its highest speculations must have been at the same time quite beyond the grasp of the multitude. It has a kind of personal Deity; it has saints in large numbers, and a worship of saints; it has its future life and a paradise which is described in the most attractive colours. But whatever we may think of it, the Mahâyâna was at all events the Buddhism which found favour in the eyes not only of the Chinese, but of Thibet, Corea, Japan, and of the greater part of Central Asia. While the Hînayâna kept itself pure in Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, the Mahâyâna Buddhism took possession, not only of China, but of Turkestan also, of the Uigurs in Hami and on the Ili. It is quite true that Asoka at the time of the third council sent missionaries to Kashmir, Kabul, and Gandhâra, and it may have spread from there to the countries on the Oxus, to Bucharia, nay even to Persia. But the legend that a son of Asoka became the first king of Khotan seems to have no historical foundation. Khotan, no doubt, became the chief seat of Buddhism till it was expelled from there by Mohammedanism, but that is different from counting a son of Asoka as their first king. That Buddhism had spread in Asia before its recognition by the Emperor Mingti in China, is an impression that it is difficult to resist. We saw already that a Buddhist missionary is mentioned in the Chinese annals in 217 B.C., and that about the year 120 B.C. a Chinese general brought back a golden statue of Buddha.¹ Is that the golden Buddha who suggested to the Emperor the golden Buddha in his famous dream? Much still remains obscure in these early conquests of Buddhism in Central Asia, conquests never achieved by force, it would seem, but simply by teaching and example; but the fact remains that Buddha's doctrine took possession, not only of China, but of adjacent countries also.

Highly interesting as these conquests of Buddhism outside of China are, what interests us at present is not the reception which that religion met with outside of China, but the reception which it received when once introduced into the Middle Kingdom. We must not imagine that when the Emperor had dreamt his dream, and given his sanction to the introduction of Buddha's religion into

¹ Kôppen, *Buddhism*, vol. ii. p. 33.

China, it was at once embraced by thousands of people. Its progress was slow, and it does not seem as if Confucianism had even approved of it very hastily. Taoism, on the contrary, was evidently very much attracted by Buddhism. It was found that the two shared several things in common, both in superstitions and in customs and ceremonial. It has been supposed that the introduction of Buddhism gave a certain impulse to Taoism, particularly in its ecclesiastic constitution; that Buddhism exercised, in fact, the beneficial influence on Taoism which a rival often exercises, and that yet the two rivals remained better friends than might have been expected.

What may seem still more extraordinary are the neighbourly relations, nay, the real sympathy, which existed from the first arrival of Christian missionaries in China, between them and the Buddhists. It is true the Christian religion never became a State religion in China, but there were times when it enjoyed every kind of support from the Emperor and the Imperial Court. The missionaries themselves, so long as they did not concern themselves with political questions, were looked upon by the Government as useful teachers, not of morality only, but of several sciences—particularly of astronomy and chronometry, though this happened at a later time. European watches proved excellent weapons for Christian missionaries, and the regulation of the calendar was left very much to them. It happened even that when at times they incurred the Imperial displeasure and had to leave Peking, all the clocks in China stopped, and there was no one to mend them and to wind them up again. It is still more extraordinary that at that early time already Chinese Emperors should have discovered a number of coincidences between Christianity and Buddhism, but so far from approving of a mixing up of the two, such as we often have seen in our own time, should have protested solemnly against all such attempts. Thus the Emperor Tê-tsung decided that the monastery of the Buddhists at Hsian-fu and the monastery of Tâ-tsin (Rome) are quite different in their customs, and their religious practices entirely opposed. Adam, a Christian monk, ought therefore to hand down the teaching of Mishiho (Messiah), and the Buddhist monks should propagate the Sûtras of Buddha. 'It is to be wished,' he adds, 'that the boundaries of the two doctrines should be kept distinct, and that their followers should not intermingle. The right must remain distinct from the wrong, as the rivers Ching and Wei flow in different beds.' What will the so-called Neo-Buddhists or Christian Buddhists say to this? And yet at the time of Adam ôr King-shing, at the time of the Emperor Tê-tsung, this intermingling of Buddhism and Christianity was a fact the study of which has been strangely neglected. Christian, chiefly Nestorian, missionaries were very active in China from the middle of the eighth century.² Their presence and activity

² See *Christianity in China*, by James Legge, 1888.

there are mentioned not only in Chinese books, but they are attested by the famous monument of Hsian-fu, often called Ségan-fu, or Singan-fu, the old capital of China. The monument had been erected in the year 781 by the Nestorians who were settled there, and who lived in a monastery of their own, called by the Emperor the monastery of Tatsin, just as another Emperor called Christianity the religion of Tatsin. In that monastery we see that Buddhists and Christians lived together most amicably, and even worked together, and were evidently not frightened if they saw how on certain points their religious convictions agreed. The Buddhists then seemed by no means the *Yellow Terror* of which we have heard so much of late. It was near Hsian-fu that a Nestorian monument was seen among the ruins by early travellers, and last in 1866 by Dr. Williamson. It was just as it had been described by the people who unearthed it in 1625; the principal portion of the inscription is in Chinese, but there are also a number of lines in Syriac. When that inscription was first published it was the fashion to consider everything that came from missionaries abroad as forged: the very presence of Christian missionaries in China in the seventh century A.D. was doubted; but Gibbon, no mean critic, not to say sceptic, writes in the forty-seventh chapter of his history:

The Christianity of China between the seventh and thirteenth centuries is invincibly proved by the consent of Chinese, Arabian, Syriac, and Latin evidence. The inscription of Sighan-Fu, which describes the fortunes of the Nestorian Church, from the first mission in the year 636 A.D. to the current year 781, is accused of forgery by La Crose, Voltaire and others who become the dupes of their own cunning whilst they are afraid of a Jesuitical fraud.

The doctrinal portion of that inscription does not concern us much beyond the fact that it contains nothing which a Nestorian missionary at that time might not have said. It seems intentionally to avoid all controversial topics, and it keeps clear of any attacks on paganism, which would have been equally out of place and dangerous. From the historical portion and the signatures we learn that the first Nestorian missionary, called Olopun, arrived in China in 635, that he was well received by the Emperor and allowed to practise and teach his own religion by the side of the three religions then already established in China, that of Confucius, that of Laotzé, and that of Fo or Buddha. These three religions are alluded to in the Nestorian monument as 'Instruction' (Confucianism), 'the Way' (Taoism), and 'the Law' (Dharma, that is, Buddhism), while Christianity is simply spoken of as the 'Illustrious Doctrine.' These religions seem to have existed side by side in peace and harmony, at least for a time. Christianity spread rapidly, if we may judge by the number of monasteries built, as we are told, in a hundred cities. This prosperity had continued with but few interruptions till the year 781, when the monument was erected. It must be remembered that during these two

centuries Christian doctrines were carried to Persia, Bactria, probably to India also, by persons connected with the Nestorian mission, and that about the same time Chinese Buddhists, such as Hiouen-thsang (A.D. 629-645) and I-tsing (671-695), explored India, while Indian Buddhists migrated to China to help in the work of translating the sacred canon of the Buddhists from Sanskrit into Chinese. We see, therefore, that during these centuries the roads for intellectual, chiefly religious, intercourse were open between India, Bactria, Persia, China, and the West, and that all religions were treated with toleration and without that jealousy and hatred which we find in later times. There must have been a certain *camaraderie* between Christian and Buddhist missionaries in the monastery of Hsian-fu—also called Si-gnan-fu, the present residence of the Chinese Court, and possibly the future capital of China—for we read in the travels of I-tsing, p. 169, that a well-known Indian monk from Kabul named Pragña translated a number of Sanskrit texts into Chinese, and among them the Shatpâramitâ Sûtra, as may be seen in the catalogue of the Chinese Tripitaka, published in 1883. Now it was in the monastery of Tatsin, founded by Olopun, that this Buddhist monk finished his translation of the Shatpâramitâ Sûtra, assisted by a priest from Persia. On the monument of Hsian-fu the Chorepiscopus signed his name in Syriac, and this is the very name of the fellow-worker of Pragña, or in Chinese King-ching. The case becomes still more curious, for it is said that Adam at that time did not know Sanskrit very well, and that Pragña was not very familiar with Chinese, both therefore availed themselves of a Mongolian translation of the Sûtra which they had undertaken to render into Chinese; but as Pragña was not a good Mongolian scholar either, the result seems to have been, as in the case of several of the Chinese translations of Buddhist texts, a complete failure. The Emperor Tê-tsung when appealed to on the subject declared that the translation was indeed very rough and obscure, and it was at that time that he expressed his disapproval of mixing up Christianity and Buddhism. What is important to us to know, whether the translation itself be correct or incorrect, is the co-operation of Christian and Buddhist missionaries in the monastery of Hsian-fu, and probably in other monasteries also.

But while Christians and Buddhists shared in their prosperity in China, they had also to share in their adversity. Whenever the persecutions of the Buddhists in China began—and they were terrible and frequent—the Christians shared their fate, with this difference however, that while the Buddhists recovered after a time, the Christians, having to be supplied from their distant homes, were altogether annihilated in China. While under the enlightened Emperor Tai-tsung (627-649) the number of Buddhist monasteries in China seems to have been about 3,716,³ the edict of the Emperor

³ *Hiouen-thsang*, p. 309.

Won-tung reduced their number considerably, and after the edict of Khang-hi few Buddhists and hardly any Christian monasteries remained in China.

It is curious, however, to see with what pertinacity the Church of Rome and its various Orders clung to the idea that the East, and more particularly India and China, should be won for the Roman Church. After the Reformation particularly, the Roman See, as well as the Dominicans, Franciscans, and above all the Jesuits, seem never to have lost sight of the idea that the ground which their Church had lost in Europe should be reconquered in China. Already under Benedict XII. (1342-1346) attempts were made to send out again Christian missionaries to China, but they soon shared the fate of the Nestorian Christians, and in the sixteenth century, when Roman Catholic missions were organised on a larger scale, no traces of earlier Christian settlements seem to have been forthcoming. François Xavier, who after his successes in India and Japan was burning with a desire to evangelise China, died in 1552, almost in sight of China.⁴ Then followed Augustine monks under Herrada, and Franciscans under Alfara. Both had to leave China again after a very short sojourn there. Then came the far more important missions of the Jesuits under Ricci, who landed in 1581. They were better prepared for their work than their predecessors. Anyhow, they had studied the language and the customs of the country before they arrived, and in order to meet with a friendly reception in China they arrived in the dress of Buddhist monks. They became in fact all things to all men; they were received with open arms by the Emperor and the learned among the Mandarins. It was Ricci who made such propaganda by means of his clocks; but he did not neglect his missionary labours, though it is sometimes difficult to say whether he himself was converted to Confucianism, or the Chinese to Christianity. He wrote in Chinese a book called *Domini Cælorum vera ratio*. He adopted even the Chinese name for God, *Tien* or *Shang-ti*, and joined publicly in the worship of Confucius. That was the policy of the Jesuits in China, as it was their policy in India, when about the same time Roberto de Nobili (1577-1656)⁵ taught as a Christian Brahmin, adopting all their customs and speaking even Sanskrit, being no doubt the first European to venture on such a task. The history of these missions is full of interest, but it would require considerable space to touch upon even the most salient points and the most marked personalities. Many Chinese, particularly in the higher classes, became Christians, and they thought they could do so without ceasing to be Confucianists, Taoists, or Buddhists. The Jesuits survived even the Great Revolution in 1644, which brought in the present Manchu dynasty, and one of them, the Father Schaal, was actually appointed

⁴ See Canon Jenkins's *Jesuits in China*, 1894.

⁵ See *Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 209.

governor of the Crown Prince, the son of Chun-ki. The widow of the Emperor and her son allowed themselves to be baptised in 1630. In Europe people were full of enthusiasm for China, and many imagined that Christianity had really conquered that vast Empire. But a reaction began slowly. Some missionaries, not Jesuits, became frightened, and laid their complaints before the Pope at Rome. Even at Rome the so-called Accommodation Question became the topic of the day, and at last, after various legates and Vicars Apostolic had been sent to Peking to report, and numerous witnesses had been listened to as to murders, poisonings, and imprisonments of the various missionaries then settled in China and striving each and all for supremacy, the Papal See could not hesitate any longer, and had at last to condemn the work of the Jesuits both in China and in India. It is difficult for us to judge at this distance of time. Certainly, Christian ideas had gained an entrance into China, particularly among the highest classes, and it was hoped that in time the mere *chinoiserie* of their faith would be stripped off, and true Christianity, relieved of its Chinese trappings, would step forward in its native purity. How far the Jesuits thought that they could safely go we may learn from a list of doctrines and customs which the Curia condemned as pagan rather than Christian. Such things must have existed to account for their official condemnation. The Pope declared he would not allow the Chinese names for God, Tien and Shang-ti, but would recognise but one reading, Tien Chu, *i.e.* the Lord of Heaven. He prohibits the tablets then placed in many of the Christian churches inscribed 'Kien Tien' (Worship Heaven). The worship of Confucius and of ancestors, that had been sanctioned for a time on the strength of false information, was condemned as pagan. Missionaries were distinctly forbidden to be found at festivals and sacrifices connected with his worship, and no tablets were allowed to be erected in Christian churches that contained more than the name of the departed. Such propositions as that Chinese philosophy, properly understood, has nothing in it contrary to Christian law, that the worship assigned by Confucius to spirits has a purely civil and not a religious character, that the Te-king of the Chinese was a source of sound doctrine, both moral and physical, were all condemned as heretical, and the missionaries were warned against allowing any Chinese books to be read in their schools, because they all contained superstitious and atheistic matter.

This of course put an end to the Christian propaganda in China and crushed all the hopes of the Jesuits. The Roman Curia seem to have regretted their having to take such severe measures against their old friends. The missionaries struggled on for a time; but when the Emperors of China, their former friends and protectors, began to take offence at the Pope's issuing edicts in their own empire, most of the Christian missionaries were dismissed, because they felt

they had to obey the Pope more than the Emperor. They were in consequence deprived of all their appointments, some of them very lucrative and influential, and expelled from China, and new arrivals were likewise subjected to very severe measures. The persecutions of the Christians at various times, and as late as 1747, 1805, 1815, 1832, seem to have been terrible. The Emperors complained of *lèse-majesté* on the part of the Pope, who, as a foreign sovereign, ought not to have issued edicts in the Chinese Empire. The Emperors, in fact, knew very little what the Pope really was, and the Popes looked upon the Emperors as Chinamen, as pagan and half-savages. The Pope, however, insisted on his right of jurisdiction all over the world in all spiritual and ecclesiastical questions, and the result was that the Christian Church, so carefully planted and built up by the Jesuits, crumbled away and became extinct in China. The whole of that history, bristling with heroes, martyrs, and saints, can be read in any of the histories of Christian missions. We see clearly that what the Chinese hated was not the teaching of Christ, but the foreigners themselves who had come to preach His doctrine, and who were making proselytes in China. If the missionary was submissive, he was generally free to teach his doctrine, but the anti-foreign sentiment came out at the same time with unexpected strength, a sentiment so deeply engrained in the Chinese mind that nothing but clocks and other useful mechanical and scientific inventions found permanent favour with the Chinese. There is no passage in their Kings prescribing hospitality and kindness to the stranger within the gate. There is nothing even about the sacrosanct character of envoys, though embassies from and to China were of frequent occurrence. In the *Lt Kt*, iii. 17, we read: 'At the frontier gates, those in charge of the prohibitions examined travellers, forbidding such as wore strange clothes, and taking note of such as spoke a strange language.' So it has been and so it will be again and again in China unless the Foreign Powers are able to impress the people with fear and respect. It was under the protection of the European Powers that the missions of the reformed churches began their work in China at the beginning of this century; but, trusting in that protection, they seem on various occasions to have provoked the national sensibilities of the Chinese, and thus, particularly in the case of their native converts, to have encouraged the Chinese to commit such atrocities as those we have just been witnessing. Although they could not possibly, like the Jesuits, adapt themselves to the prejudices of the Chinese, they seem to have given greater offence than in their ignorance they imagined. To give one instance only. The European missions would send out not only married but unmarried ladies, and persisted in doing so, though warned by those who knew China that the Chinese recognise in public life two classes of women only; married women, and single women of bad character. What good

results could the missions expect from the missionary labours of persons so despised by the Chinese? It will be long before Christianity finds a new and better soil in China than it found at the time of Ricci. To claim any privileges, however small, for Chinese converts was certainly an imprudence on the part of the Great European Powers, who after all were powerless to protect their faithful martyrs. In Chinese society any attempt to raise the social status of these Christian converts was sure to excite jealousy and even hatred. After our late experience it must be quite clear that it is more than doubtful *whether Christian missionaries should be sent or even allowed to go to countries, the Governments of which object to their presence.* It is always and everywhere the same story. First commercial adventurers, then consuls, then missionaries, then soldiers, then war.

In the course of centuries it could hardly be otherwise than that sects should arise in the three State religions of China, Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. Persecutions were frequent, but at the bottom of each we can generally see political and social questions more active than mere questions of dogma. The rebellion of the Tae-Pings in 1854 is still vivid in the memories of many people, particularly as it was General Gordon, the martyr of Khartoum, who had to quell the insurrection against the Imperial Government. The strange feature of that insurrection was the leaning of the chief and his friends to what we can only call Christian ideas. Tae-Ping-Wang looked upon himself as a Messiah; he worshipped a kind of Trinity, he actually introduced baptism and the Lord's Supper, and repudiated the worship of idols. His favourite books were those of the Old Testament which treat of the wars of the Israelites, the very chapters which Ulfilas, the apostle of the Goths, left out in his translation as likely to rouse the bellicose tendencies of his countrymen.

While the hatred of Tae-Ping-Wang was chiefly directed against the Manchu dynasty and aristocracy, who for the last two hundred years have kept the real Chinese under their sway, and while, like other rebels, his object was to upset that dynasty and to found a truly national one, another conspiracy, that of the Boxers, of whom we have lately heard so much, was principally directed against all foreigners, particularly against all Christians and their converts, and aimed at a restoration of a Chinese religion for the Chinese. The Boxers, whether so called from their emblem, the Fist, in the sense of fighting or in the sense of confederates, are one of those many societies or brotherhoods which have undermined the whole soil of China, and are ready to spring up at a moment's notice when they imagine there is work for them to do. Different from the Tae-Pings, they hate Christianity, and hope to extirpate everything foreign that is found to have entered China. There is no special religion of the Boxers; they seem to come from all the three religions, but they are decidedly religious, and, before all things, patriotic. Hence we must admit a certain difficulty found by the Chinese Government in their

treatment of the Boxers. It is very probable that some of the highest officials in China had strong sympathies with these *franco-tireurs*, and even when these free-lances became mere brigands they had not always the courage to declare openly against them. But this is no excuse for the Chinese Government in tolerating and even encouraging such dastardly deeds as have lately been committed in Peking against the representatives of European Governments and against missionaries and their converts throughout China. Such conduct will put China for many years outside the pale of civilised nations, and would almost justify that spirit of revenge which has found such plain expression from one who cannot be suspected of lack of chivalrous sentiments.

The origin and spreading of the three established religions in China is of great interest, not only for studying the ramifications of these systems of faith, but also as opening before our eyes a chapter of history and geography of which we had no idea. Before the travels of the Buddhist pilgrims from China to India and from India to China were published, who could have guessed that in the fifth century A.D. human beings would have ventured to climb the mountains that separate China from India, and find their way back by sea from Ceylon along the Burmese, Siamese, and Cambodian coast to their own home? Who had any suspicion that after the third Buddhist council in the third century B.C. Buddhist missionaries pushed forward to Kashmir and the Himalayan passes, founded settlements not only in China, but among the races of Central Asia, and thus came in contact with the Greeks of Bactria, and with Mongolian and Tartar races settled along the greater rivers, nay, in the very heart of Central Asia? When we consider how Buddhist and Christian settlements existed in Asia from the seventh century, as at Si-gnan-fu, and that these pilgrims must have found practicable or impracticable roads as far as Alexandria in the West, Odessa and Nisibis in Syria, and as far as Hsian-fu in the East, that Persia, too, was open to them, and that they helped each other in teaching and learning their languages, nay, even their alphabets, does not the Asiatic continent assume a totally different aspect? We wonder that here and there in China, Thibet, and Mongolia (Kashgar) books are now forthcoming, as yet almost unintelligible, but most likely of Buddhist origin, which indicate at least the highways on which travels were possible for the purposes of religious propaganda. The interior of Asia, which formerly looked like an unknown desert, appears now like the back of our hand, intersected by veins indicating something living beneath. Many discoveries await the patient student here, but we shall want for their realisation not only the ingenuity of Senart, Hoernle, and Leumann,⁶ but the plucky and lucky spade of a Schliemann.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

⁶ *Über eine von den unbekannten Literatursprachen Mittelasiens*, 1900.

THE LAKE-DWELLERS

I AM informed that in the region of Skeorn's Inga, where a simple folk have little to interest them beyond the limits of their own placid surroundings, a disturbing rumour went the round a little while ago, and that it assumed the form 'Actually! The shepherd and his lady are starting on a holiday!' 'Actually!' Observe how much is implied in that emphatic exclamation. For of late years we all know that up and down this island it has become axiomatic with the whole population that no man, woman, or child can possibly live out thirteen consecutive months without taking a holiday—that is to say, without absenting himself or herself for a month or so from his own home comforts, and his books, and his flowers, and his garden, and all that he loves best, and rushing about on railroads and steamboats and rickety vehicles, and sleeping in crowded hotels where the higher you climb the worse you are waited on, or spending week after week in fusty lodgings where the 'attendance' is all on your side, and the cooking is vile, and the boots are never clean, and the water never boils. But why dwell upon it all? It has become a national practice with us that we must all have a holiday. Even the submerged tenth have their annual treat at hop-picking, and I verily believe they must enjoy it a great deal more than we of 'the great middle class, sir!' who are hanging on to our position by our eyelids, and whose characteristic is that we must all jump over the same stick which the bell-wether has shown his ability to surmount at a nimble fly.

A hundred times during the last few years have I had the question addressed to me, 'Why in the world don't you take a holiday?' And as in every case I have told the truth—of course I have never been believed. Who was the diplomatist who gave one golden rule to his juniors, 'If you want to outwit the whole *Cour diplomatique*, give a plain statement of facts and they'll all smile sweetly at your jocular habits!' . . . 'Can't afford it! How funny he is, to be sure!'

However, it so happened that a month or two ago I scolded my bootmaker by letter for having played some tricks with my last. 'What had he done that my right foot didn't quite keep pace with my left?' Clearly the skilled artificer was to blame. The artist strongly resented the insinuation. Had I forgotten that he had been

supplying me with boots for well-nigh forty years? No! But I *had* forgotten that tenderness of feet was one of the surest signs of incipient old age. I took his rebuke to heart, and on reflection a suspicion grew upon me that just perhaps the thing or the process people call *à change* would help to stop the too rapid advance of eld. The result of a council of war was that we made up our minds to have a holiday.

The suggestions which came to us from our more travelled friends when we hinted that we were resolved on 'going somewhere' were absolutely countless. They ranged from a proposal to take a berth on board a sailing-vessel to gain a three weeks' personal experience of life in the *doldrums*, up to a very strong recommendation to disguise ourselves and spend a month at Ostend, where we might indulge in every kind of dissipation absolutely undetectable, and get to know the wild joy of a week's gambling at the Casino. We were to stake no more than a five-franc piece at a time, and never allow ourselves to lose more than twenty-five francs on any one evening. My philosopher and friend who gave me this advice became absolutely intoxicated in his desire to press it upon me. I suggested that the lady shepherd would have *scruples*. The man did not in the least understand what *scruples* were. 'Well! But she can paint!' he answered simply. I suggested that I for my part might not like to be seen at the Casino; it might provoke scandal or, &c. 'Bless you!' he replied, 'no bishops go there, and if they did you could tell of them just as easy as they could rebuke you; and what's to hinder your going in a blue coat and brass buttons? They'd only take you for some rakish old nobleman!' I said nothing of *my* scruples; I let him go on; but Ostend did not allure me. Bishops might not be there indeed. But the vision of an archdeacon's apron acted as a deterrent. Where should we go?

Just at the right moment came a letter from Ulpian—Ulpian the Jurist, the pride of our hearts—of us who know a part of his ways. Ah! It is all very well for you poets and ecstatic ones who ripple into rhyme and indulge in high-salutin', drawing upon your imagination so liberally for your facts; it is all very well for you to talk of woman's love. There is nothing so great and noble and ennobling as the love of a strong manly nature when he gives his great heart to his friends, and asks and gains theirs in return. There's no sobbing and shrieking in that. No! the emotional is kept under by the predominating guardianship of the lordly intellect in the love of man to man. I verily believe that friendship is greater than the thing we call love!

Ulpian wrote saying: 'Come to me! Life is short. Let us revive the old delights, and talk a little of the dear old days. Let us talk of the things that are and of some of the things that may be moving on! Come! Why should life all labour be? Come for rest and

refreshment!’ And our hearts made answer with throbbings that the old memories set a-going, and we answered: ‘Welcome!’ So accordingly we settled it all and we started. We two old people. Are we old? How do you reckon old age, my bounding young brother? By the number of years *Anno Domini* that have passed since a man or woman was born? Poor creature, you! I have known scores of men in my time who never were boys, and who always were dull old codgers when they were hardly out of their teens. ‘My dear!’ says the lady shepherd to me oftentimes, ‘you really mustn’t wear that coat except when we are alone together. It makes you look so affected. I mean so young, you know!’ Why shouldn’t I look young if I feel young, and why am I other than youthful when I *feel* as if I could jump over a five-barred gate? Depend upon it, Horace, the prince of gentlemen, when he claimed so much for his *sapiens*, meant the man who kept a wise heart till he was at least three-score years and ten, and that man was still and for ever

Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,

Precipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.

Freeman and held in honour; handsome and royally dowered;

Healthy in body and soul, save when he’d a cold in his head.

It was ever so many years—which you may interpret as you please—since we two had been in the Lake district, and now Ulpius had temporary possession of a house in the middle of that enchanting region. As we thought of it, the attractions of Grasmere and its surroundings became every day more and more alluring, and we became impatient to be there. And yet, to my mind, much as I love the beauties of Nature and the charms of a glorious landscape, *mere* natural beauty of sky and cloud, of mountain and glen, of leafage and brook, and lake and tarn—even the great movements of the glaciers on their silent march, and the awful calm of the everlasting snows, always make me feel a want of something human, if with the peaks and the crags, the rolling river or the roaring torrent, I can connect no remembrance of the struggles and the sufferings, the sorrows or the joys of men and women in the past.

Even at Grasmere the other day, as I was halfway up one of the peaks of Silverdale—Silverdale which it seemed so hard to get any intimate knowledge of—one of those peaks acquired for me a startling prominence quite irrespective of its form, when a good Dalesman said to me, ‘That’s where Wilson was lost in the snow!’ Poor wretch! thought I—the blinding snow, the staggering steps, the growing horror, the heart-beats becoming audible in the horrible stillness, the faintness and the overwhelming drowsiness, the hope, ‘too much like despair for reason to smother,’ that he would awake out of sleep if he could rest just for a little, little while—and then. . . . Who was Wilson (if that was his name)? Husband and father? Old or young? A wise man who could ill be spared, or a fool that few would pity?

My informant could tell me nothing. All he knew was that Wilson had been lost in the snow. Did his ghost walk and was he seen stumbling over the rocks? 'Never heard tell of it.' But there, before me stood the man, pale, lank, and tall, clutched by the Frost King. What hollow eyes he had!

But when one got down to the valleys every mile was peopled with ghosts, and such glorious ghosts! Mr. Cadaverous used to say in his sonorous way to me: 'Young man! There is room for a new book on geography—the geography of great souls. For take note, my friend, that at all times there has, even from the beginning of time, been a tendency on the part of the great souls to cluster round particular spots and to gather together in geographical areas. Stratford is a spot where only the greatest of the great could have his habitation and hold it as his own. No second man of genius has ever been heard of there. Shakespeare absorbs the whole horizon, so to speak, there where the Avon glides and yonder spire stands up dominating over miles and miles of broad acres where stupidity and mediocrity have always had it their own way for centuries. But think of the lakes and the lakers!'

I had quite forgotten the remark till the other day; but it flashed back upon me suddenly from one of memory's hiding-places when a sulky coachman pointed with his whip to a mean roadside cottage with the quite uncalled-for remark, 'Yon's where little Hartley Coleridge used to live! I remember him!'

'You?'

'Yes, I was no more nor a boy! I remember him!'

'So do I!' I answered. 'I saw him standing at that door more than fifty years ago when I was little more than a lad. What do you remember about him?'

'Nothing, only his big head.'

Then the fellow relapsed into silence. We were driving from Ambleside to Grasmere; and the ghosts began to rise up before me. I had never realised till then how prodigious was the flow of inspiring thoughts and glowing words which during the first thirty years of this century came welling up from the hearts and brains of poets and seers and great teachers dwelling in the little area, never extending over twenty miles as the crow flies, from Keswick to Ambleside, and less than ten miles wide from Buttermere to Helvellyn.

The valleys of this district are incomparably more attractive now than they ever could have been a hundred years ago. I doubt if even Surrey itself could produce a succession of such beautifully situated mansions, and such judicious planting of rare and choice trees, especially conifers, as may be found in 'the Lakes.' All this building and planting has been the work of little more than sixty years. At the beginning of the century the district must have been singularly wild and rugged; the roads leading nowhere in particular;

the people hardly to be called agricultural—for the patches of arable land were few and far between; the sheep and stunted cattle hanging about the mountains in a very disorderly manner, with very vague notions of rights of way or metes and bounds; the population sparse and poor; a people apart, wandering little, visited seldom by inquisitive trippers from the outer world; the parsons apparently a simple and unpretending body, with no grand ideals of duty perhaps, but, from all that can be learnt, men who were faithful in their calling, without vices, respected on the whole, and exercising a wholesome influence upon their people. It is very difficult by any stretch of imagination to realise the general look of these valleys as they appeared to the passer-by when the present century opened.

To begin with, it is almost certain that at that time not a single cedar or fir, cyprus, thuja or ilex, and hardly a single larch had been planted in the whole district. Grasmere in the winter time must have been a very desolate region, cut off from any intellectual society—a region very uninviting to the average mortal born in a happier clime. It is a delusion to suppose that the wonderful cluster of men of genius of the very highest order who settled in *the Lakes* during the period with which we are concerned were drawn there by the natural beauties of the scenery around them. What really drew them all together was the mysterious and irresistible attraction which the unique and magnetic personality of William Wordsworth exercised upon them all. Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in April, 1770. He was sent to school at Hawkshead on the Conistone Lake—a school founded by Archbishop Sandys, the Puritan Archbishop of York, the friend of Jewel and the patron of Hooker, who was tutor to the Archbishop's son, Sir Edwin Sandys, and for whom the Archbishop secured the Mastership of the Temple, the only preferment which the greatest philosophical theologian of the Church of England ever held. I love to think that the boy Wordsworth felt the first inspiration of his noblest ecclesiastical sonnet while he was worshipping in the old *unrestored* church of Hawkshead, and set it down, a written precious jewel, as a recollection in the after days:—

Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that Jewel gave
To youthful Hooker in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile.

I do not quote the splendid ending. Ye who know it not—look for it and get it by heart!

Wordsworth went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, perchance because St. John's had been the Archbishop's college. He took his degree in 1791—a robust and high-spirited young man with plenty of vigour and fire. He would see the world, and he saw a bit

of it—was at Paris in the days of Robespierre, was moved by the howling of the Revolution, came back a Republican aflame with a certain rant for liberty, equality, and fraternity; but also he came back to write poetry with a novel theory of his own. In 1793 he wrote *The Evening Walk*. The Grub Street critics asked in perplexity, 'What is this young man driving at? What does he mean?' Another young man at Cambridge, who had never heard of this one, answered unhesitatingly, 'An original poetical genius has risen above the horizon; he will move towards the zenith by-and-by!' That young man's name was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The two young men soon drew together; twin stars that in heart and spirit could not keep apart for very long; they were always revolving round one another. Four years later Coleridge was living at Nether Stowey. It was a far cry thither from the Lake country in those days, but Wordsworth travelled to Nether Stowey to see Coleridge in the flesh. Charles Lamb happened to be there. Charles Lloyd, too, was there, the young Quaker; of course rich, but tremulous with the poetic throb that made him scorn the wealth which his father's bank at Bristol promised; one who *would* go and make his home with Coleridge, and live in the light of his 'mild and magnificent eye!' And little Hartley Coleridge was there too, a baby boy of scarce a year old, whom Wordsworth took upon his knee. Southey happened to be there too. Think of these staring at Wordsworth for the first time—Coleridge, as he tells us, 'feeling himself a little man' in the presence of the king of men. During this memorable visit Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner*; Wordsworth contributing the incident of the slaying of the albatross. What a magic circle!

Just about this time it came to pass that there was a marvellous stirring in the hearts and consciences of a certain number of rich Englishmen, which took the form of a longing to rescue young men of genius from becoming stunted and blighted in their homage—by the eternal want of pence.

It was horrible that these divinely gifted, divinely illumined souls—human creatures that yet were something more, creatures of infinite promise, of infinite potentiality—should be left to go through the little vulgar struggles of the common herd and take their chance among the out-at-elbows penny-a-liners! There was clearly and certainly nothing of the insolence of mere patronage about this feeling. They who were so strongly moved by it simply desired to make use of their wealth in what seemed to them the best possible way; they never for a moment calculated that in doing so they would bring honour and credit for themselves. Be it as it may, it came to pass, somehow and very strangely, about the year 1793, that a gentleman named Raisley Calvert determined to make an annual allowance to Wordsworth, which he continued till his own death and then left

him a legacy of 900*l.*; that a year or two later Charles Williams Wynne settled 160*l.* for life upon Southey, and that the brothers Wedgwood secured an annuity upon Coleridge which continued to be paid to him till his death in 1834. But what is very surprising is that this kind of open-handed generosity continued to be shown to the three poets during many years. Southey was the only one of the great trio who ever earned or probably could have ever earned a living wage by his pen. It is difficult to imagine what would have become of Wordsworth or Coleridge but for the spontaneous and substantial support of their enthusiastic worshippers. The list included such names as Lord Lonsdale, Sir George Beaumont, Charles Lloyd, Poole the tanner of Nether Stowey, De Quincey, who began life as a man of some fortune, and many another among the anonymous or forgotten ones. Remember, too, that it was never a case of "getting up a subscription" as we call it nowadays, when reluctant guineas come in, for the fashion of the thing, from a score of non-descripts who are bored into giving their 'mites' for they care not what. When Coleridge took his house at Keswick, the landlord, worthy Mr. Jackson, merely for the honour and joy of having the poet as a tenant, let him have it for 25*l.* a year, though there were those who would gladly have given him a rent of 50*l.* The beggarly stipend paid successively to Southey and Wordsworth as Poets Laureate, the Government pension from the Civil List conferred upon the two subsequently, came quite at the end of their several careers. They were private and isolated acts of munificence that tided them over the hard time, such a time as killed Chatterton and which threatened to starve Johnson and Goldsmith.

This kind of thing has almost died out among us; we are all putting our hands into one another's pockets to get at the small change which our neighbours are told they will never miss; we pester chance acquaintances for those everlasting subscriptions which are to effect every sort of 'charitable object.' Bewildered by the countless claims which are made upon us by the importunate, we find ourselves too impoverished to do the duty nearest because we have not the courage to shake off the daughters of the horse-leech that attach themselves to us from all the ends of the earth. Beneficence is done by machinery, and we are perpetually assured that if we hope to relieve the distressed and to cope with the sorrows of the stricken the struggling or the bereaved, we must do so on the limited liability principle—taking shares in co-operative associations and never staking too much at a time; as though it were an established fact that it is better to do a hundred things badly than to do one thing—only one thing—well.

Commend me rather—a thousand times rather—to the nobler method of the two royal-hearted brethren Walt and Wult—the twain that are but one—who eschew benevolence carried on by machinery,

who throw themselves with tenderest, wisest sympathy into every case they take in hand, saying to the wholesale houses: 'Your business is with the many, ours is with the few; we rescue a single shuddering family from the menace of beggary here, or pluck a brand out of the fire there; give the struggling beginner in life's battle the start that, at the right moment, is everything to him; say to the old man who has seen better days and who is miserably slipping down the hill with a pauper's grave at the bottom: "Take comfort, friend! you shall go no lower." And thus in our silent, Christ-like way we try to add to the sum of human happiness, and our joy is full when we see the brimming tears fall down in sobbing gratitude; while the widow, the fatherless, and the desponding take heart of grace to look up once more and give glory to God that they have come to know what the magnanimity of hand-made Christian charity means.'

Wordsworth was never happy for long away from his own Lake country. On the 21st of December, 1799, he settled at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, he and his sister Dorothy. According to her calculation they had not much more than 80% a year between them. The house is wonderfully little changed from what it was. It is nothing better than a labourer's dwelling; it was neither better nor worse a hundred years ago. Compared with this tiny little tenement, Anne Hathaway's house at Stratford-on-Avon is a mansion. Here the brother and sister lived for nine years. They kept no servant. Dorothy did the household work, cooked the food and washed her own and her brother's clothes, kept the little place neat and clean; Wordsworth himself digging the garden and chopping the wood, which was the only fuel known in those days. There Wordsworth wrote the grandest and sweetest of his poems. If we had read of such a story in the literature of Greece or Rome we should have called it fable. If there were anything like it in the books of the Old Testament we should have applied the resources of the higher criticism to 'whittle away' the facts and to demonstrate that 'Oriental idealism has no regard to the probabilities of our actual life.'

Wordsworth had not been many months at Dove Cottage when Coleridge joined him first as a visitor then as a neighbour at Keswick. It was in 1800 that Coleridge wrote *Christabel*—the most dazzling literary fragment that has ever bewitched the world. Far into the night those three held closest converse soul to soul; Coleridge sometimes walking over Helvellyn and dropping down upon Grasmere famished, but apparently never weary. The opium craze had already begun. Then Southey joined him, and Greta Hall became the common home of the two. Southey read his *Thalaba* to the others in 1803. Wordsworth, we are told, recited his poems sometimes even before he

had dictated them to that paragon of a woman, Dorothy, when the washing and the baking and the cooking were done with for the day and she could sit alert and eager, her bright eyes gleaming and flashing with a weird fire, ever ready with a suggestion or a criticism, never foolish and never thrown away.

One day in 1805 young Humphry Davy came, and with him Walter Scott and his French wife. Davy had just had the Copley medal awarded to him by the Royal Society; Scott had just published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and all the world were reading it, spouting it, and praising the author to the skies. The three men made the ascent of Helvellyn together, and came down for tea and talk in the little parlour—14 feet by 12 and not much over 7 feet high. The visitors were by this time the heroes of London and Edinburgh, the darlings of every aristocratic drawing-room. Were they gladder than their hosts—though Dorothy had to wash up the tea-things? Why was not Southey of the party that day? Who shall say? And Coleridge? Alas! alas! Step by step he was slipping down the path which leads to moral helplessness. It is hard to be certain where he was at any time during those years when he was *hovering* hither and thither.

Meanwhile, other pilgrims had found their way to the prophet's shrine at Grasmere. As early as 1802 we hear of two young men at Oxford, destined to become illustrious, who had put themselves in reverential communication with Wordsworth by letter and offered their homage. The one was Thomas De Quincey, the other John Wilson, afterwards better known as Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Wilson's letter has been preserved and is printed in the complete edition of Wordsworth's poems. There is nothing to show that the young men were even acquaintances at this time. De Quincey was at Worcester College, Wilson a Fellow Commoner of Balliol. Six or seven years later, however, both had become enthusiastic *Lakers*; Wilson had built a house at Elleray, and De Quincey, after having made an expedition to Grasmere in 1806, with the purpose of calling on Wordsworth, became so nervous and shy that he did not dare to knock at the door but slunk away without setting eyes upon the god of his idolatry.

Next year, however, he went again, and when Wordsworth gave up Dove Cottage, which had become too small for his family, De Quincey took a lease of the place, and for the next twenty years and more it was his principal residence. As long as Wilson remained at Elleray the big-boned Scotch Professor, with his mighty shoulders and his shaggy head, might be seen any day striding over the crags and fells with a diminutive little elf, keeping up the pace without flagging, and never passing a week without finding their way to Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth settled in 1810, and where he died in 1850. While De Quincey lived at Dove Cottage the habit of resorting to

opium, taking it mostly in the form of laudanum, grew upon him more and more, and it was at Dove Cottage that he wrote those dreadful confessions of which Coleridge so strongly disapproved. From this time Dove Cottage becomes more associated with De Quincey than with Wordsworth. There, it is said, the victim of a terrible indulgence saw most of those visions that he describes; there he wrote those marvellous essays which have secured for him the reputation of being one of the most subtle and brilliant writers of English prose—pouring them forth month by month till the collected works appeared at last in twenty-one volumes. There the little man collected books by the thousand till the house could no longer hold them, and storage for them had to be found and paid for elsewhere. How that brain could have borne all the tremendous tension and excitement; how that little body could have sustained the wear of muscular tissue, and the almost incredible exposure and irregularities in sleep and meals which this extraordinary man submitted to during all the long years, must be a question for the physiologists to deal with! Be it as it may, De Quincey survived all the Lake-dwellers; he died at seventy-four in 1859, twenty-five years after Coleridge, nine years after Wordsworth, and five years after Professor Wilson, who was his contemporary, both having been born in 1785.

When Dr. Arnold settled at Fox How in 1838, only two of the original Lake-dwellers were still living in the district. Southey was still at Greta Hall, but he was failing in body and mind; he died in 1843, and Wordsworth succeeded him as Poet Laureate. 'Little Hartley' continued to prowl about the old haunts till 1849; with him a thousand reminiscences and traditions must have died, which no one seems to have taken the trouble to collect. Hartley's associates grew to be a very *miscellaneous* set latterly; everybody spoke of him gently, tolerantly, even affectionately, but there is a limit to the continual 'making allowances' for oddity and weakness of character. With Wordsworth, Arnold during his vacation residences at Fox How seems to have enjoyed a close intimacy. The two belonged to different generations. Wordsworth had lived through many of those opinions which Arnold held with the vehement tenacity of a very masterful nature—lived through them and came out at the other side. Yet the two men had much in common: they were of one mind, however much they might be of two opinions. Wordsworth never bated in sympathy with the prominent spokesman of the new order of things. Arnold recognised in the other a sage to reverence and a man to love. It is significant that of all the critics who have passed their serious judgments upon Wordsworth, none have spoken of the great poet with more appreciative enthusiasm than Matthew Arnold has done. As a youth he must have frequently seen him at Fox How and Rydal; some will be inclined

to think that his estimate of Wordsworth's position among English poets is an exaggeration.

The Lakes ceased to be the haunt and the dwelling-place of the Immortals when Wordsworth passed from us and his spirit had returned to the God who gave it. His crown of bays lighted upon another royal brow. Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate; he too for a little while took up his abode at Tent Lodge on Coniston Lake; but there had come a solution of continuity. How far was the younger poet indebted to the elder? Who shall say? This is certain: that we cannot but be influenced by the generations that have wrought and thought and toiled and sung and fought their moral or spiritual battles before us. The great law of heredity operates mightily through all the universe of God. We speak, we move. Yes! and we even believe, as our fathers did, because we are their sons; and by a process of unconscious assimilation, not by a mechanical process of mimicry, we absorb the heritage which comes down to us whether we *choose* to take it up or not. The air they breathed becomes charged for us with new elements. We cannot hold aloof from them; we are members of the mystical body which we call humanity. What our sires achieved, that becomes our possession. They wrap us round with the mantle of their nobleness, their very thoughts live in us and become ours. And so we rise by their climbing, and on the level to which they attained we take our stand and find ourselves helped upwards by their outstretched hands, and because they still looked upwards we find ourselves endeavouring to mount higher.

At Coniston Ruskin settled in 1872: his name has become identified with that lake. We looked in at the very creditable and suggestive Ruskin Exhibition, which was open to visitors there. But the gorgeous intellect of that incomparable artist and matchless orator and rhetorician was something almost different in kind from his whose lowly dwelling at Grasmere was exercised upon other things than splendour of colour and form, and palaces and pageantry, and clouds that shift and move in the firmament

As star follows star

Into eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far!

Somehow we were glad to get back to Grasmere again, and there came upon us an inexpressible quietness, as we again found ourselves paying our last visit at that little cottage door, standing on the stone floor of that humble parlour where Wordsworth had been moved to write his most magnificent verse. Had he really sat on that chair and lain in that humble bed, and there lived that lofty life, so lofty yet so lowly? We could not bear to pluck a leaf from that garden which he had tilled, nor even a pebble from the path that he had trodden. How could we rob posterity of the stones that peradventure his feet had touched and yet left undisturbed?

But when we looked out from the little window that ought to face the open lake, I could hardly repress a cry of hot anger and indignant disgust.

Not so very long ago there was nothing to block that little window from the lovely view of Grasmere Lake, whose wavelets at times came lapping on the very road in front of Dove Cottage. The beautiful sheet of water spread out before the great poet's eyes always as he raised them from the page he was writing. *Now* between the house and the lake there is a hideous assemblage of squalid dwellings and abominable red-brick structures which bar the way. That they should be suffered to remain where they are is a standing reproach and disgrace upon England and Englishmen. Oh, we are a great people! A very great people—being so very great we are perfectly satisfied with ourselves. We think it only right and proper to smile at the romantic ecstasies of our American kinsmen in matters of this kind. All honour to them, say I! For my part, I would rather *gush* even to the point of ebullition than live and die a snub-nosed Philistine talking slang and bragging of being a practical man! A practical man forsooth! as if the *average* practical man were not about the most useless member of the community: wooden-headed and cold-hearted alive, he looks out for his trumpety self at the expense of whomsoever he can contrive to overreach; dead, nobody misses him, or wants him back in the land of the living.

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Nine years ago a little company of enlightened visitors at Grasmere, struck by the beauty of the spot where Wordsworth lived so long, and hearing that Dove Cottage was to be sold, determined to make the purchase, and set themselves to raise a subscription for paying the price. They had very little difficulty in doing this. Their charming little handbook tells the story so creditable to them all. Dove Cottage can never be sold again to the speculative builder, it has become a national monument; but this should be no more than a beginning. The visitor who stands in Wordsworth's little garden or looks out at the little windows, should not be mocked as he is now by seeing the staring abominations that Wordsworth's eye never rested on. These should be swept away for ever, and the sooner it is done the better, whatever the cost. It is not for such as I to bring this about. It is a task for you, who have some little leisure to undertake, and who can doubt that it would be an easy task to accomplish? Would not the doing of it be its own reward?

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.—*King Lear*, act iv. scene 6.

THE art of dressing well is one which all women, if they care for the subject at all, wish to possess. Only a few have it naturally, some fail lamentably, and most have to learn it by experience.

She who possesses the true art is the woman who looks her best however plain, at whatever age, and in whatever occupation she may be engaged ; but the ideal is not attained unless it be done without wasting time, thought and money.

During the last few years dress seems to have become an engrossing subject of interest to many people ; far more than it used to be, judging by the increase of fashion papers and the numberless descriptions, illustrations, notices and suggestions that appear even in the most unexpected quarters.

Surely it is a sign that dress is becoming a sort of mania with some people. Every year now we see more and more descriptions such as this : 'Mrs. Fascination smiled sweetly, and in spite of the cold east wind wore her favourite blue ; whilst Lady Sprightly was seen walking with her usual grace, gowned in pink and wearing a bewitching toque.'

Most of this is presumably written by women, and therefore it is to be wondered that they do not add how 'Lord Wearwell was seen looking younger than ever in grey tweed, and Mr. Toogood, obliging as usual, beamed over a pale green necktie'—why not ? it might be just as interesting. But all this kind of nonsense would not be written if there were not eager readers whose minds are dwelling far too much on dress.

This is true of men as well as of women. A husband or brother is apt to make dress appear of vital importance by objecting to trifles in his wife's or sister's attire. He is heard to remonstrate, 'Surely you are not going to walk in the Park with me with that parasol ? It is only fit for the seaside.' Whereas perhaps it was a real sunshade very suitable for the poor lady's head and eyes, far more so than the absurd transparent fashionable thing she is forced to take instead to please him.

.. The love of dress is to be found in every class, in the kitchen as well as in the drawing-room, on the racecourse or on the village green, and latterly even in the churches! For it is possible in these days to hear worldliness and extravagance denounced by a preacher who perhaps a few minutes before, and not without evident pleasure to himself, was dressed in gold brocade.

Then go out and listen to the conversation around you. You will be surprised at the number of people who are talking about dress—perhaps it may be varied by the subject of food, but where women are concerned dress carries off the palm.

The other day at luncheon in a well-known restaurant two ladies and a man were seated at a small table. As usual the women were talking of dress—jackets and matching of cloth. Nearly an hour passed, during which the man sat silent and sad. At last when they rose one of the ladies stretched out her hand to lead him out. The poor man was quite blind! To such selfishness can the love of dress bring people. Not only selfishness but cruelty even, for it is cruel to wear egret feathers, and no one can plead ignorance as an excuse, for it is well known that thousands of herons are murdered every year to trim hats and bonnets. Each of these beautiful birds, whose unfledged young have to die of starvation, supplies one-sixth of an ounce of 'useful' plumage that women may wear. It is said this year that owls are added to the already long list of birds killed only for women's vanity.

There is another cruelty that could be mentioned—the number of dressmakers and seamstresses who are not paid promptly, and thereby made very poor, if not ruined, by the wicked thoughtlessness of some of their customers; but even without considering this question, which will be dealt with later, there is no exaggeration in saying that an inordinate love of dress is a serious evil.

Look at those people who can afford to buy all they fancy, how they seem to display their wealth on their persons. They order a countless variety of the same garments, so that every day, nay every few hours, they may appear in something different—first in the *toilette d'intérieure*, then the tailor-made dress, after which a tea-gown, and lastly, the dinner or ball gown: four dresses, which would be reasonable enough, if it were not that for at least three days in succession each dress must be different.

It is a matter of 50*l.* or 60*l.* a day without counting hats, fans, cloaks, muffs, and all other accessories which have to match the twelve dresses. When to all this there is added the mad rush for more new frocks for Ascot, it is easily calculated that the amount spent in the year must be very large.

It is said that some people actually spend 2,000*l.* a year on dress, not including lace and jewels.

If they can afford the money, where is the harm? The harm is

in the waste of time, of thought, and of energy—the moral deterioration of the woman whose head is continually buried in a fashion-book, whose energy is exhausted in trying on clothes, and whose whole heart is set on her last new bandbox. But the mischief does not end with the injury done to herself—others who cannot afford the money are tempted into debt by her evil example.

Now let us ask for whom do women dress? Is it to gain the admiration of men? If so, it is a well-known fact that the masculine mind can only appreciate the fit and colour of ladies' dress, but takes no account of perpetual changes. Is it to please women? It has often been said that this is the case. Perhaps it is true, for it is a greater compliment to be admired by those who understand, by fellow students in the same art.

But if a dress—a *chef-d'œuvre*—has been praised by our sisters, is it not the more reason to wear it again and again? Perhaps there are some who say they like to dress well merely to please themselves, and because they have a 'love of the beautiful;' but clearly these can only be a small minority with little influence, or one would not see so many women blindly rush into the newest fashions, however unbecoming, and one season appear arrayed like wriggling worms in lampshades, and the next festooned and befringed in the upholstery of a four-post bedstead.

But whatever the reason be, whether to please others or not, it is certain that quality, not quantity, is required. Some people say, 'What would become of trade?' but surely no one would suggest that women dress 'for the good of trade.' That would be adding hypocrisy to our other faults.

Mothers do well to impress the subject of quality before quantity on first giving their daughters an allowance. It may even be said to be cruel not to advise girls on this subject, and to leave them to learn by bitter experience, for instance, that too many hats and too many summer dresses bought during the London season will prevent their purchasing the necessary thick boots and warm cloak for winter, and that such imprudence will lead either to debt or to severe chills, possibly ending in no further need for any other garment than a shroud!

Perhaps one reason that there is such extravagance in dress is the fashion for parents to give such large trousseaux when their daughters marry. The milliners and dressmakers make out a long list which is rigidly adhered to: the consequence is that the bride has an amount of garments that in old days was intended to last many years, but now, as fashions change so quickly, are discarded as out of date before many months are over. Perhaps if the young woman were given one-third of the number of clothes, and the rest in money, it might result in greater pleasure and less extravagance.

At one time brides were given pieces of silk and stuff to be made

up in future, but now this plan would be of no use, as not only do the fashions in colour change every six months, but also in material and design. One time satin is the rage, another shot silk—one season checks are worn, and the next spots.

About fifty years ago there was a French lady very much admired in London society, who was always admirably dressed and yet was known to be far from wealthy. 'What is your secret?' she was asked one day, and promptly replied, 'Je vous le dirai en trois mots: Peu et souvent!'

Now let us consider how to follow her example. First of all, if 'few and often' is to be the rule, it will be best to settle on two colours only (besides black and white, of course) so that the hats, jackets, cloaks, fans, muffs, parasols, etc., may harmonise and be worn with the frocks and outlive many of them.

Of course it stands to reason that those who have many occupations require a greater variety of apparel. She who rides, walks, bicycles, goes out into society and dances as well, requires more than she who takes moderate exercise and does not go out into society. What is meant by 'few and often' is that one of each dress should suffice for a time, the length of which must depend on the length of the purse. Three or four bicycling dresses of different colours, three or four tea-gowns of various designs, are as absurd as they are unnecessary. Secondly, it is certain that those who follow the French lady's rule can have no nonsensical ideas about being often seen in the same dress.

Thirdly, they will resist the temptation of buying more than they really require of the thousand-and-one attractive but expensive fripperies displayed in the shops—the lace boas and neck ruffles, ruches, bows and ribbons that seem made up of remnants, yet are exorbitant in price, and which assist in recouping the tradespeople for what they lose on other more substantial goods sold at a reasonable amount.

As to the sum of money that should be spent on dress, it is impossible to lay down rules, as it must naturally depend not only on the actual pin-money, but in most cases on the sum total of the income. For under some circumstances the so-called pin-money has to help towards paying doctors' bills, children's clothes, and journeys. There are people who have no more than 60*l.* a year to spend on dress, and some who manage to look neat and pretty on less. But roughly speaking, for wealthy people who go out in society, 500*l.* a year should be the limit spent solely on clothes.

Should, however, this be the sum total of the pin-money or allowance, then half that sum ought to be ample for dress, because it is to be remembered there are many things besides clothes to be bought—according to the person's taste in painting, photography, etc., not to forget charities and wedding-presents.

To begin with, let us see what can be purchased with 250*l.*:

		£	s.	d.
For winter:	1 tailor-made dress	10	10	0
	1 rough coat and skirt	5	5	0
	1 indoor smart dress	14	14	0
	2 evening dresses	36	0	0
	1 smart hat	8	3	0
	1 everyday hat	1	5	0
	1 warm cloak or coat	12	12	0
Spring:	1 dress	8	8	0
Autumn:	1 coat and skirt	5	5	0
Summer:	2 everyday dresses	20	0	0
	2 evening dresses	36	0	0
	1 tea-gown	10	0	0
	1 best hat or 2 nice ones	3	3	0
	2 common hats	2	5	0
	Boots and shoes in the year	8	0	0
Total		£176	10	0

There remains 73*l.* 10*s.* for extras and underclothing.

The latter would not require to be all renewed each year. Still 73*l.* is not much if silk petticoats and neck ruffles and shirts are required, as one silk petticoat costs 2*l.* or more, smart silk shirts 4*l.* 4*s.*, and chiffon ruffles are to be seen at the amazing price of 3*l.*

But this list is written with the idea that all is made by tailors, dressmakers or drapers at reasonable prices. Of course some dressmakers charge 40*l.* for one dress and tailors 18*l.* for one dress—not because they are made of better material, but because the tradespeople live in expensive houses or for some other reasons best known to themselves. However, these prices are out of the question for the sum under consideration.

Some people have a prejudice against a dress made at home, but it depends on whether they have a clever maid or not. Of course maids seldom can make a coat or a walking-dress like a tailor, unless they have learnt that special work. But concerning other dresses there is no reason why they should not make them well, as it is not unusual for a maid to become a good dressmaker.

If most of the things are made at home, or bought ready made, the same sum of money will go much further:

	£	s.	d.
Winter: 2 ready-made coats and skirts	12	0	0
1 flannel and 2 silk shirts to go with the above, made at home	4	0	0
1 smart winter dress, made at home	8	0	0
1 winter cloak or coat, which may last two winters	12	0	0
2 evening dresses, made at home, or 1 bought ready made	12	0	0
1 tea-gown	4	0	0
1 best hat	2	5	0
Carried forward	£54	5	0

two winters. As to boots it is not wise to economise, but in the matter of indoor shoes they can be purchased for 12s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; and evening shoes made out of a piece of the evening dress can be obtained for 5s. 6d. and look very neat, matching the dress. As to underclothing, silk washes and wears very well, but of course real lace or elaborate trimmings cannot be purchased even on 250l. a year.

It may be said with truth that more thought can be expended on dress where economy is the rule than where careless extravagance is the practice; but the ideal is 'to dress well without wasting time or money,' and this ideal is attained by those who only spend a few hours at the beginning of every season in settling, with method, what they really think pretty, and what they require, and who, when they have put on their clothes, are content, and think of other things.

Now for a moment let us think what can be said to the woman who, by her own inexperience or mismanagement has spent more than her allowance, is in debt, and wishes to turn over a new leaf. Well, to her we would say: If you have a father, or mother, or husband who can help you, lay the facts of the matter before them. State the whole truth. Name the entire sum—not half or a third, but the whole amount at once. It requires courage, but then any reform requires courage, and it is the first step in the right direction. Perhaps they will help you. Supposing they can't, or that you have no such relation to go to, then keep it to yourself. Don't be hopeless and drift on, and don't lose your self-respect by asking friends to help you. No; rather set your mind on making the best of what you have got. Do you pay the wages of your maid? Can you do without her? If so, part with her. If, however, you are helpless and cannot mend and alter things for yourself, it will be a greater economy to keep her if she be useful and clever.

Set your mind on economy. Lay out all your clothes in review, and see what can be done. Don't say like some people, 'I have not a rag fit to wear,' merely because your clothes are of last year's fashion, but look over the whole of your wardrobe. Is there an accumulation of things you don't want? then put them aside to sell (there are people constantly advertising for second-hand things, and they will pay a fair price for day-dresses or cloaks). If you have a maid and she wonders, let her wonder—don't be a slave to your maid. If there be nothing you care to part with, then at least sort the things and put by those unsuitable to the time of year. Look at the rest, and settle what it is possible to go on wearing. See what alterations can be made to improve them without buying anything. Probably you'll find your clothes are not nearly so worn as you thought. If they are not quite of the newest fashion you must not consider that. Are there any dresses that could be dyed? Satin dyes

beautifully, and at a cost of only a few shillings. Some evening dresses slightly soiled can be cut shorter and made into smart petticoats which will last far longer than those bought in shops. Of course, anything spoilt or dirty you cannot wear, as you wish to be tidy. But look at your shoes and boots. They can be mended and re-soled. Don't be ashamed of these little things: be ashamed of owing bills. Don't allow yourself to think, 'What will So-and-so think when she sees me in last year's frock?' Or, 'So-and-so, who always said I started the fashion in hats—what will he or she say to see me in this old frump of a hat?'

Never mind what people think or say when you know you are right. If the hat be tidy, wear it; begin to set the fashion in paying bills instead! Your real friends will go on liking you, and what do the others matter?

When the 'first quarter' of your allowance comes in, begin by paying the small people—those who can least afford to wait. Then gradually with the 'next quarter' pay the large shops, etc., but do not buy anything until the last bill is paid.

But supposing that you have no smart clothes at all fit to wear, then what is to be done? Well, it is very grievous to say it, but you cannot go out into society for a time until you owe nothing. Of course, it is misery for you: 'Now, now, is the time, while you are young, to enjoy yourself, to wear pretty things and look charming,' but there is no help for it. Perhaps things are not very bad, and in a few months you will be free from debt. In any case you are doing your very best to make wrong right, and this is sure, quite sure, to bring its own reward. If, during this trying time, people ask you to subscribe to charities, refuse. Never mind if they think you stingy: you know that whatever money you have belongs to your hatter or shoemaker, and is not yours to give.

There are few people so rich that they need not deny themselves either magnificent clothes or the pleasure of giving generously to the poor. The majority cannot afford to do both. Those who try, on a moderate allowance, to combine both can only do so at the expense of someone else, and as the charities cannot wait the tradespeople must.

It is not the extravagance of the present day so much as the lax idea about paying for it that is most to be deplored. Without including a few women who actually pride themselves on never paying their dressmakers and tailors, on the plea that they are these people's best advertisements, who make themselves a kind of 'sandwich-women,' and perambulate society to show off their tradesmen's goods; without including these 'private arrangements' which no doubt are foreign to English women in general, there are still too many women whose position and education lead one to expect far nobler and better things, who, from want of thought or want of realising

their responsibility, rather than from want of heart, are letting themselves drift in the stream of self-indulgent extravagance, not seeing that its ways are tortuous and deceptive, and may lead them to the verge, if not over the precipice, of dishonesty.

What has brought about this state of things it is difficult to determine. Men are apt hastily to put down all women's extravagances to vanity. It is true that the love of dress is vanity, but the 'vanity of vanities' is worldliness, and that is a fault from which men themselves are not exempt, and the debts owing to tailors are not all incurred by women.

But this year of all years is surely a time, as most English women will agree, for the thoughtless to become prudent, and for the wealthy to relieve the suffering and distress occasioned by the War.

GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN.

VOICE CULTURE

PROBABLY at no time has so much attention been paid to the cultivation of the voice among amateurs as during the last few years. People with no voices, as well as those with voices, grudge neither time nor money for the improvement or production of what nature has or has not bestowed on them.

The term 'voice production,' now so largely used, induces many people, without any natural singing voice, to go to a so-called voice producer and ask him to give them lessons. If the first one to whom they go conscientiously sends them away, saying he can do nothing for them, they will go on to another who will most likely keep them as pupils, knowing, by previous experience, that he will not only lose a profitable source of income but will also meet with abuse if he refuse to endeavour to 'produce' a voice where none exists. The real meaning of 'voice production' I take to be not the production of a voice where none exists, but the manner in which the voice which already exists is delivered, or produced. Nature must provide the voice, and singing masters and voice producers will endeavour to add to it quantity and quality. Rossini said, we are told, that there are three things necessary for a singer: '*De la voix, de la voix, et puis de la voix*;' but at the present time there appear to be far more people learning to sing with no voices than there are with voices; because, in the first place almost every one seems to be desirous of learning to sing because it happens to be the fashion, and there are more people who have no voices than those who have good ones; and, in the second place, there are certain methods in vogue now of cultivating and improving the quality of a small voice, which were not understood some years ago. If they were understood they were not used by any master or any musician I ever came across, so that to me, at least, the method is new; and it was 'a novel method' of voice culture in 1896 to Mr. Holbrook Curtis, the author of the celebrated American book *Voice Building and Tone Placing* from which I am about to quote at some length. I do not know whether the method can be learned from a book without actual demonstration, but I will quote those passages which are

likely to be useful to amateurs, without giving the technical reasons on which Mr. Curtis has founded his opinions :

To secure a good quality of tone when practising, a vowel should be used which contains the richest overtones, and at the same time induces increased tension of the vocal cords. The vowel *A* as pronounced in *awe* should be used. The nature of the initial attack is altered by every consonant employed ; therefore a labial consonant, in preference *M*, should precede the sound of the vowel, to bring the attack upon the lips. The breath must not be forced in the attack ; there should be no appreciable respiratory effort. *Ma* or *Maw* should be the word to use in practice, and almost never *Ah*, and never *E*. Madame Melba's exercises for warming the voice always commence with *Ma* sung *dans le masque* in the medium register. . . . The vowel *E* is responsible for the ruin of many a young singer's voice. . . . That the vowels *A*, pronounced *Ah*, and *E* as in *me*, are injurious when given with the shock or stroke of the glottis is evidenced in the numerous pupils of singing who present themselves to have their throats treated. (Mr. Curtis is a Ph.B., M.D., &c. &c.)

Hum a tone with the mouth closed, preceded by a slight puff of air through the nose, as one would imitate the hum of a bee. After making this tone as pure and musical as possible¹ fix the mind upon the word *Maw* and mentally bring forward the tone. . . . Having gotten the purest tone possible, let us now . . . drop the lower jaw and open the mouth by simply allowing the weight of the jaw to accomplish this without the slightest muscular effort. Our mental *Maw* now breaks upon the lips into tone, and we have the pure vowel with its prefixed consonant. . . . The mouth is now closed, and if we have not interfered with our focus of attack we hear the initial *hum* still vibrating. . . . The next step is to take a phrase and sing the notes with *Maw* or *Ma* instead of the words of the song. . . . The word *Ma* should be sung in this manner for several minutes at a time and every hour in the day. . . . These exercises must be accompanied by the high-chest method of breathing.

In the treatment of relaxed cords and of congested cords a good piece of advice to give a pupil is this : Until you can do a pure *hum* with the mouth closed and without effort, do not attempt to talk, simply whisper, and make the attack upon the lips even while doing this. By observing this rule many a prolonged hoarseness may be prevented. . . . The *Maw* exercises may be commenced . . . as soon as the head *hum* is easily produced. . . . See that the soft palate is entirely relaxed, and that it keeps so, absolutely, during the arpeggio which we sing, commencing with *Maw*, and *Awe*, *Awe*, *Awe*, with the mouth open to observe the soft palate and base of tongue. Carry these arpeggios up until the voice reaches its limit. The soft palate should not be felt in the slightest degree, and every muscle of the pharynx must be in relaxation. These arpeggios are now to be sung with a sound as if made by the word *Hawng*, and *Awng*, *Awng*, *Awng*, and the French sound of *En*. After any of these notes is sung, if the sound be prolonged and the mouth closed, the tone must continue in the facial resonators, or *dans le masque*, as the French say.

On Mr. Curtis asking Jean de Reszke if he had any new facts for the book from which I am quoting, he replied :—

I find the singers' art becomes narrower and narrower all the time, until I can truly say that the great question of singing becomes a question of the nose—'la grande question du chant devient une question du nez.'

The *humming* process is, I am told, by no means new to some singers. For I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Georgina Weldon sing at a friend's house two winters ago, and she told me she used to

¹ This *hum* when demonstrated to me sounded more like a bagpipe than anything else.

hum on one note from four to six hours a day! When Mrs. Weldon sang to me she was nearly sixty-two. She did not practise, and had not had a piano in her house for six years. Her voice is still a *pure soprano*. She sang first *There is no Flock* quite exquisitely; then the whole book of Gounod's *Biondina*. I wrote to her afterwards about her voice, and this is what she answered: 'My voice is certainly marvellous, but for a simple reason, I believe, that *I always have practised with clenched teeth or through my nose since 1869. That is all the secret.*' I understand that it was Mrs. Weldon who raised Jean de Reszke's voice from a baritone to a tenor.

Having seen what a point Mr. Curtis makes of practising on the words *Maw* and *Awe*, we will now see what other authorities have to say on the subject. Mr. Richard Davey, in his interesting article on 'The Decline of the Art of Singing,' in this Review, says:—

I am constantly hearing as I pass along the streets people practising singing wrongly. They will persist in vocalising the *A* as if it were spelt *Awe*. Needless to say that it should be enunciated broadly like the letter R, in English, and with the mouth wide open and slightly smiling.

Here we have an opinion exactly contrary to that of Mr. Curtis, who says *Ah* should 'almost never' be used when practising.

As 'a paragraph of real experience is worth pages of speculation,' I will venture to give my opinion on the effect which the two vowels have had on the tone of my own voice. Every master I ever had made me sing my exercises on *Ah*; and if the *Ah* degenerated into *Awe* I was pulled up; but not one single singing-master, English, French, Belgian, or Italian, ever did anything to change the *timbre* of my three naturally produced bad notes; the *trou dans la voix* which is so fatal to the execution of those florid passages which pass over that part of the voice. My various masters did not appear even to notice the defect; and so little was the present method of 'voice production' known, that not one of my musical friends, nor the professional singers with whom I often sang, told me that there was an artificial means of *producing* a different tone in one's voice from that which nature had given it. It was not till about two years ago that I learned for the first time that the bad notes in a voice *can* be exercised in such a manner as to give them an entirely different quality from what they ever had before. It was a revelation to me. It is not that I think the exercises on *Ah* do the slightest injury to the voice, quite the reverse. Regular exercises practised *mezzo voce* warm the voice, help to equalise and sustain it, and prepare it for drawing-room or concert-singing; but the exercises on *Ah* leave the *timbre* of the voice exactly what it was before, whereas the humming exercises and exercises on *Maw*, sung *dans le masque* (or against the upper part of the back of the nose), give the voice what Mr. Curtis describes as 'a pure resonant tone, without breathiness and without contraction.'

There is far more difference in the tone of the voice when singing exercises on *Ah* or on *Marv* than there is in the tone of the voice when singing a modern French song with a syllable on every quaver (like, for instance, *Les anges pleurent* of Bemberg) or when singing *O mio Fernando*, or *Meco tu vieni*, *O misera*, or any sustained Italian aria; which is saying a good deal, for light French songs do not bring out the quality of the voice in the same way as the old Italian arias. I should say that the difference between the singing-master and the voice producer is that the former improves the voice which nature has produced, while the latter gives it a different *timbre*.

Curtis further writes that 'in *very highly trained voices*, a fourth register or falsetto may be developed, which has always a beautifully clear birdlike quality.' If one might venture to doubt any statement made by a man of so much and such varied experience I should say that the birdlike falsetto notes are *natural*, and not the result of high cultivation. Take, for example, Adelina Patti and her sister Carlotta. Adelina has lived her whole life for her voice alone. No voice has been more highly cultivated or been taken greater care of; but, in her prime, her upper C was screamed rather than sung and I have never heard her take a falsetto note; whereas her sister Carlotta, without the same training, could sing her upper C f and the notes above in falsetto. Before I had cultivated my voice or had ever had a lesson, I could sing above F f ; and the late Madame Parepa showed me how to sing all the notes above C f (which note I could take from my chest) with the mouth nearly shut, which made them as easy to produce as though they were taken the octave below. Madame Parepa had an absolutely flawless voice with perfect execution. She could sing easily up to F f and her voice was equally sweet when ringing through the Crystal Palace or when singing in a private concert-room. She was kind enough to teach me one or two of her concert songs, but could not be made to understand that between my upper and lower notes (the middle B, C, and D) there was a great gulf fixed which nothing could bridge over. She had no break in her voice between the soprano and the medium notes, and because she had no break at C she said there was no such thing as a break before the lower D. But to return to the falsetto notes; why, if, as Mr. Curtis says, they are the result of high training, do we meet with so few professional singers who possess them? Why has the most beautiful of Offenbach's operas, the *Contes de Hoffmann*, which created a perfect furore some twenty years ago in Paris, never been given in London? Most likely because among the hundreds of comic operetta singers there is not one who is possessed of the upper falsetto notes; not from want of proper training, but because nature did not supply the singers with these falsetto notes.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Henry Russell, the famous voice

producer, who has for many years made the formation of the throat with regard to singing his special study, when calling on Signor Tosti. He had been curing a pupil of the latter of a bad tremolo, and had brought her to Signor Tosti that he might judge of the improvement in her voice. Mr. Russell, seeing I was interested in music, asked me if I would care to hear him give a lesson to Mr. Ben Davies, the well-known tenor.

The appointed day arrived, and was the hottest of an exceptionally hot summer. I found both men in their shirt sleeves working away at muscular exercises of the face and throat with an energy and enthusiasm really astonishing considering the temperature. Mr. Ben Davies watched the working of his muscles, while singing his exercises, in a tiny round mirror placed near the piano, while Mr. Russell kept one hand on his lower jaw and was compelling him to exercise the muscles of the tongue and lips. Strange as the performance appeared, it was soon obvious that a very marked improvement took place in the tone of the voice and the pronunciation of the vowel sounds. At the conclusion of the lesson Mr. Russell was kind enough to explain the meaning of the remarkable scene I had witnessed, which, with his permission, I will give as nearly as possible in his own words: 'It is strange that people should not apply the same form of *technique* to the voice as they do to the study of other instruments. Every pianist is compelled to pass through a period during which the whole of his efforts are directed towards making his wrist independent of his arm, his hand independent of his wrist, and his fingers of his hand, as well as each finger, independent of the other. Indeed, so far as the mechanical perfection of pianoforte playing is concerned, it may be termed a question of *muscular independence*. This applies absolutely in the same way to the voice. A very simple illustration of this is to be found in the fundamental distinction between the singing voice of the Latin and Teutonic races. In the former you have a soft, ringing, and often beautiful, natural tone, and in the latter, either harsh or throaty sounds are in the majority. This, of course, is a generalisation which does not include exceptions such as Madame Melba and some other English-speaking vocalists with whose voices we are all acquainted. The point to my mind is, that the peculiarly beautiful tone of the Italian voice is much more owing to the influence of *language* than it is to that of climate. The different positions which the tongue of an Italian person is naturally able to assume without disturbing the poise of the larynx is a most interesting illustration of this truth; and I am therefore convinced that any exercises which tend to develop an independent movement of the various muscles employed in articulation and vocalisation must be of enormous value to a vocalist. It has often been argued against this principle that the pupil is compelled to make a certain number of grimaces; and my

answer is that it is better to make grimaces when practising alone or with a master, than in the drawing-room or concert-room. When the pianist plays his big concerto in public there is, or should be, no trace or sign of the laboured *technique* at which he has assiduously worked for probably over six years. Great ease and great facility is all that the public are conscious of as they sit back in their seats, and great ease and facility means great power in one set of muscles, and absolute quiescence of another. When you are compelled to watch some public singer struggling with a high note and becoming every moment redder in the face in the effort to reach it, it would be well to remember that a course of training which would have resulted in a perfect balance of muscular power would have spared the audience this painful exhibition.

‘In asking most English-speaking people to properly place the lips in a position to pronounce the vowel sound *o* for vocal purposes, I have always found that the lips tremble to such a degree that the person is incapable of forming the vowel sound in this way. Nothing but the exaggerated use of the necessary muscles will produce the desired control over them, as it must be borne in mind that the average English person scarcely ever employs the lips in articulation, and the result is that the nerves lose their sensitiveness. In the same way, when a person is compelled to lay up for two years he will find that his legs tremble beneath him, under the weight of his body, when he first begins to walk.

‘It would take too much time to elaborate the remarkable influence that the exercise of the various muscles of the jaws, the root and tip of the tongue, the lips, and post-nasal cavities has upon the extent and quality of the voice. Although I have so strongly accentuated this exercising of the muscles as a factor in good singing, I must not be mistaken to underrate the enormous part that the correct use of the *breath* plays in the preservation and beauty of the voice. There is no longer any doubt that the beauty of tone, which the old Italian singing-masters used to attribute to the height of the soft palate, depends instead upon the formation and use of the nasal organ. I must here remark with the strongest possible emphasis that any sound in the human voice which impresses the listener as coming from the nose is *absolutely wrong*. The very phrase “he speaks through his nose,” implying the existence of a nasal twang, is a contradiction in terms. The fact that a person who has a bad cold speaks *through the nose* illustrates my meaning, which is that, so far from speaking *through* the nose, the passages of that organ are temporarily blocked, thus impeding the normal exit of the sound. A person who is unable to open his mouth from some physical defect would scarcely be said to be *speaking through the mouth* when endeavouring to mumble some unintelligible syllable!

‘All these points are of great interest. At the same time we

should bear in mind that the interest of voice production, as indeed that of any other science, can only be sustained by avoiding any tendency to *faddism* or onesidedness. A beautiful voice is the result of a combination of many factors, and the absence of one of these factors is often sufficient to mar the general result. The one thing to which the student must make up his mind is that in rare instances this combination is to be found as a natural gift, which has never required, and will never require, the aid of any voice producer. Madame Patti may be instanced as an example. The voice producer, as distinct from the singing-master, is in reality like the doctor. His help should only be solicited when the works have gone wrong and the voice is out of order.'

It would be of great advantage to the congregations who have to listen to them with such strained ears if English clergymen would attend to what Mr. Russell says about exercising the muscles of the lips &c. Hardly any clergymen move their lips properly, consequently the final consonants are generally cut off altogether. As an example: *must go* would be pronounced *muss go*, because to sound the *t* in *must* would necessitate the moving of the lips, and, as Mr. Russell truly says, 'the average English person scarcely ever employs the lips in articulation.'

With regard to breathing it is essential that, when singing, a deep breath should be inhaled, and that the chest should be raised and kept in the same position even after all the air has been exhausted. As the chest is raised the waist should be drawn in. This raising of the chest and drawing in of the waist improves the figure immensely, at the same time that it enables the singer to sustain notes without effort. But this will not be the case if the air is inhaled in little gasps, as a deep breath should always be taken when singing. According to Jeanne Tordeus, professor of the Royal Conservatoire at Brussels, '*pour parler sans fatigue il est indispensable de renouveler le plus souvent possible l'air qui sert à former la voix.*' This shows that the manner of breathing for speaking and for singing are quite opposed. It is better both for singing and for general health to breathe as much as possible through the nose. I think it probable that the power I have always possessed of singing long passages, or holding long-sustained notes, either loud or soft, without the slightest effort, was due to my having in early life taught myself to walk up mountains while breathing through my nose. This I did, not for the sake of my voice, but because I found it kept the throat cold on a hot day, and prevented thirst.

I had the privilege of hearing a lesson given by M. Criticos to one of his baritone pupils lately. He made this pupil sing all his exercises through *without once opening his mouth*; the air being inhaled through the nose. An ascending and descending scale of five notes was hummed *dans le masque*; then a breath was taken

through the nose, and the descending scale of five notes repeated. These exercises were to place the voice before singing songs.

Amateurs have many disadvantages compared with professional singers. Among others, as soon as they have attained a reputation for singing, they are expected to be at the beck and call of any one who wishes to have 'a little music;' and they must be prepared to sing immediately after a heavy meal, and often to accompany themselves to a cottage piano with their backs to the audience, in a room crammed with furniture, carpets, curtains, and possibly huge palms. If amateurs refuse to sing under these adverse conditions they are accused of giving themselves airs. It is as well therefore, knowing what to expect, that they should avoid practising in a lofty room which has neither curtains nor carpet; where the voice gains false power and quality and rings up into the roof. It is also as well, when singing to a strange piano, not to attempt any songs which are not well within the compass of the voice. For instance, baritones or mezzo-sopranos who can just reach F when singing in a room and to a piano to which they are accustomed, should not attempt a song which goes higher than E flat when singing to a strange piano in a strange room, where the piano might be tuned to concert pitch. When amateurs are at a house where they will be pressed to sing immediately after eating and drinking they should sacrifice their appetite to their voice, and avoid consuming anything that might affect the voice, such as potatoes, salad, oranges, nuts, salted almonds, biscuits, gooseberries and most kinds of raw fruit, tea with quantities of sugar and cream, and even champagne. *Café noir* is an excellent tonic before singing, so is coca wine or port for people with delicate throats. Each person will soon learn to judge what to take and what to avoid when singing, by noticing the effect various things have on the voice. I used to find when singing till 2 A.M. with professionals through clouds of tobacco-smoke (which always affected my throat) that a sip of curaçao between each duet or trio gave strength to the voice, and kept it perfectly fresh and pure.

It is not good for the throat to practise in a cold unaired room, or in a room in which there is a wood fire, if any of the smoke escapes into the room, as wood smoke irritates the throat. The strong smell of flowers is also bad for the voice, as well as painting in oils and inhaling the smell of turpentine. Nor is singing immediately after taking violent exercise good for the voice. A strong person with a strong voice will not trouble about these details, but as a rule amateurs cannot be too careful if they wish to make a good impression, as no one but a professional will make any allowance for the deficiencies of an amateur singer. When practising, the amateur should never use the whole power of the voice, and even when singing before an audience it is better to begin with a quiet song to warm the throat than to burst forth into a loud operatic *scena*.

I have often noticed that women possessed of perfect voices of great compass as well as of great flexibility are usually considered to be cold singers, simply because it is no effort to them to sing. People with naturally fine voices sing because they cannot help themselves. It is a joy to them to sing and a joy to everyone else to listen in spite of their want of feeling. But those who are possessed of small or unpleasant voices are obliged to take infinite pains to cultivate them, to pronounce their words, and to sing with expression, or no one would care to listen to them. The very effort of a singer with an imperfect voice to bring out certain notes, or to give effect to a difficult passage, will often call forth more applause than the most coldly faultless singing in the world. In a concert-room one would forgive everything in a beautiful voice except singing out of tune; but on the stage it is different. Dramatic talent is required; gestures, words, phrasing, and effects, all have to be carefully studied or the singer will be pronounced cold, and a lesser light without a perfect voice, but with more artistic feeling and more soul, will come forward, take the house by storm, and raise the audience to enthusiasm. From time to time men have appeared in London who, without having much voice, have made a great sensation, merely by the charm of their singing. As instances of this I might mention Jules Lefort, Diaz de Soria, and Signor Tosti. De Soria, though he had a fine voice, produced his most remarkable effects by singing almost in a whisper, as he did in *Noël* by Augusta Holmes, and *Crépuscule* by Massenet. Tosti made his *début* in London at a concert given by the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. He expected to have to 'make music' after dinner to a small *coterie* of the Lord Chief's intimate friends, but found to his dismay that he was to be sandwiched in between some of the best opera singers, with an audience consisting of half the smart people in London. His first song produced no effect. No one listened to it, and the opera singers wondered at his presumption. He was mortified and disheartened, but he rose to the occasion, and chose for his second song something in a style quite new to London, namely, the little Neapolitan song, *Ohé Mamma*, which took every one by storm and called forth an immediate encore. After that it was considered quite sufficient to have Signor Tosti alone to fill up a whole evening, without the addition of any opera singers, and he had more engagements than he could fulfil. I do not know that there have ever been women who, without much voice, have made their mark by singing in drawing-rooms to the same extent as the above-mentioned men, but I recollect a little girl of nine who sang in London some ten years ago, with hardly any voice, but with the most extraordinary amount of feeling and expression.

The physique or figure does not appear to have anything to do with the strength of a natural voice. A broad-chested, strongly

built, healthy man may have a feeble, faint voice, not much more than a whisper; and a narrow-chested, flat-chested woman may have a magnificent contralto, or a penetrating, far-carrying operatic soprano. Then another woman with a splendid physique, broad shoulders, and a fine column of a throat may have a weak drawing-room voice which years of cultivation will scarcely increase in volume. I do not believe it would be possible even for an expert to tell by the outward appearance of any one whether he or she would have a strong or a weak voice.

The power and quality of the naturally produced voice in singing and speaking have, apparently, nothing to do with each other. Women with clear, powerful, far-carrying speaking voices cannot, in spite of continued practice, produce any volume of sound when singing. Others (like myself) could sing the whole of the day and half the night without fatigue, and yet could not talk or read aloud for half an hour without entirely losing the voice. Thus it was always a great disadvantage to have to entertain a number of guests at and after dinner, and then to be obliged to sing to them. I feel sure that the modern method of voice production would entirely do away with any loss of voice either in speaking or singing if the loss were caused by its being improperly produced. Mr. Russell says that the proper exercise of the muscles of the jaw, throat, and root of the tongue not only improves the quality of the voice but saves the vocal cords from much unnecessary strain. No doubt the collapse of the voice when talking or reading aloud is owing to the straining of the vocal cords, caused by an improper delivery of the voice.

Singing out of tune is caused by a defective voice just as often as by a defective ear. People who habitually sing in perfect tune will, occasionally, sing false without detecting it. If tired, they will sing flat. If the wind is in the east, or if they have been dancing all night, or at the beginning of a sore throat, the voice may have a tendency to sharpness which will disappear after practice. Thus it must be the voice and not the ear which is at fault. I have noticed in many singers that one note in the whole voice will be slightly false; this again must be a defect in the voice and not in the ear. The more a singer habitually sings in tune, without effort, the less likely will she be to discover when her voice is off pitch. When a singer is beginning to lose her voice her singing may be completely out of tune without her being aware of it; but when she does know it she will be able to avoid singing false by the cultivation of her ear. The more defective the voice becomes the more will the ear require cultivation. It is easy enough for anyone with a good ear to detect false singing in another person, but by no means so easy to detect it in herself; and many people who do not pretend to sing a note in tune themselves will detect the faintest shade of falseness when another person is singing. People who are able to accompany

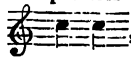
themselves, when practising, have a great advantage over those who are always obliged to employ an accompanist. In accompanying oneself the slightest falseness can be easily detected, for if the note struck on the piano can be heard through the note sung the voice and piano cannot be in perfect tune. In singing a scale the upper strings of the piano should vibrate to the voice without the notes of the piano having to be struck at all, if the voice is in tune with the piano. But these *nuances* can scarcely be detected when standing up and singing to an accompanist.

The present custom of singing with a tremolo voice precludes all possibility of singing in perfect tune, as one can never tell within half a tone what note is intended to be sung. Sometimes it is impossible to tell at the end of some *scena* whether the singer is executing a shake or endeavouring vainly to hold a long-sustained note. There is a great difference between singing with a *tremolo* and singing with a *vibrato* in the voice, though the terms are constantly used as though they meant the same thing. I should say that a *vibrato* in a voice means that the sound vibrates on the same note, exactly as it does when you wet the rim of a glass bowl and rub it with your finger; but a tremolo voice trembles on the quarter note below and the quarter note above the note intended to be sung, till the actual note is lost.

Many singers, especially those who have soprano voices, have great difficulties to contend with by being given words almost impossible to pronounce correctly, on the upper notes. I have always thought it would be so much better to change or transpose the words rather than to sacrifice to them the pureness of the tone produced. Take, for instance, the words *grief* and *dream*; or the German words *ick*, *dich*, *liebe*. How can a soprano produce a pleasing upper note when singing any of these words? There is, if my memory is not at fault, a duet in the *Creation* in which the soprano has to commence on the upper G with *Spouse*. It is hardly possible to produce a good G except by turning the *Spouse* into *Sparse*; but the difficulty would be overcome by changing the sentence into *Lovéd spouse* or *Oh beloved* without in any way affecting the sentiment of the words. Many a time, especially in German, the beauty of a voice has to be sacrificed to some impossible word which is screamed out and had much better be altered; for, though it is a pleasure to be able to follow the words of a song, still the sound of the voice of the singer is of far greater importance, otherwise the words might just as well be recited without the melody. It is chiefly in soprano voices that this difficulty in pronunciation lies. In a mezzo soprano the difficulty of pronouncing words on the upper notes is more easily overcome. Sopranos produce their voices in a totally different way from mezzo sopranos and contraltos. It is not necessarily that they have higher voices, for a high mezzo may be

able to sing notes that a low soprano cannot reach, but the quality of the notes is absolutely different ; and to my mind the upper notes of a pure soprano are far more beautiful, even when they are not high, than the upper notes of a good mezzo soprano, as the latter do not have any ring in them. I heard Bemberg, the composer of many charming and original French songs, give a lesson one day, and, to enable one of his pupils to move her lips so that she might acquire greater facility in pronouncing her words, he advised her to practise all the vowels with two consonants before them, like this : *tré tri tra tro tru ; cré cri cra cro cru ; bré bri bra bro bru ;* and so on.

Mrs. Weldon, in her *Hints for Pronunciation in Singing*, says : 'No voice is properly trained which cannot pronounce any and every word in every part of its register, from the highest to the lowest note.' She proceeds to give many useful hints on pronunciation, some few of which I will quote :

The before a vowel should be *thee*, as *thee earth* : and before a consonant *thur*, as *thur sun*. *H* as an aspirate should be pronounced with vigour and sharpness. *I*, too often pronounced *oi*, should rather resemble *ai* or *eye*. There is no letter in the sound of which vulgarity is so apt to show itself as *i*. *Kiss*, when above the middle C, is generally given up as a hopeless affair. *L* should be produced and dwelt upon by pressing the tongue upon the back of the top front teeth. Pronounce *bell* sharply in this way, dwelling upon the *l*, and it has the clear vibrating sound of a smitten bell. *M* is pronounced with the lips closed. So long as the note continues, the lips must be kept carefully closed. *N* should be prolonged at the top of the palato. *Been*, *kin*, *in*, are good examples to practise it upon. The continued rolling of the *r*, given by some singers, sounds in English coarse and affected ; where it is not rolled at all in speaking, the roll should be very sparingly used in singing. *V* is a consonant which, when prolonged indefinitely, is formed by a tremulous motion of the lower lip against the upper teeth. *F* before *e* requires great care to keep it properly tight. *S* is too frequently marred by a whistling sound, which is very difficult of cure. *C*, when pronounced like *k*, is often injured by being followed by an aspirate or thick sound. *D* rarely comes out pure and clean. Few sounds are prettier than *ng*, properly sung. Let a soprano sound the word *ringing* on , dwelling on both the *ngs*, and it will appear as if two glass bowls had lightly touched each other.

With regard to the word *dream* she says :

By carefully tightening the muscles at the top of the throat one can avoid the fault of rendering such words as *dream*, *stream*, *lea*, *sea* undistinguishable. To hold the *E* properly tight throughout its entire sounding requires the greatest care.

It is very evident that thirty years ago Mrs. Weldon was studying *voice production* much as it is now being studied, for in a letter from Sir Julius Benedict dated 1871 he mentions 'the new method of vocalisation adopted by you . . . your indefatigable and peculiar way of practising.'

The art of voice producing is very difficult, very interesting, very arduous ; and to the pupil it is extremely costly, for the pupil cannot make much progress when practising alone ; he is bound to have an

enthusiastic and indefatigable master or mistress to stand over him and give him his whole attention. The strain and fatigue of voice production comes entirely on the masters and not on the pupils; and if their charges are high it is because they are obliged to seek absolute rest for the brain for a certain number of weeks or months in the year. I have tried to explain how much can be done to improve a voice by culture; but I must end my article as I began it by saying that *nature alone* can give a really fine voice. Though there are numerous men who have magnificent voices, I have not heard of any women who have sung in England during the last few years (with the exception of Clara Butt) who could produce the same volume of sound as the singers of twenty or twenty-five years ago, when voice producers, as distinct from singing-masters, were unheard of. Take, among others, Tietjens, Nilsson, and Albani; these all had bigger voices than the present sopranos; and they had not the advantage of a sunk orchestra, because the orchestras in both opera houses were level with the stalls, and, at Covent Garden, Costa sacrificed the principal singers to his orchestra in a way which would have completely drowned the voices of many of the present prima donnas. Nature, therefore, must give the voice; the voice producer may remedy its defects, and the singing-master can cultivate it.

CAROLINE CREYKE.

FRENCH CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

WHATEVER the precise nature of the settlement which must be effected in South Africa after the war, it is at least certain that the two races, Dutch and English, must go on living together side by side. It is interesting, therefore, to remember that a hundred and fifty years ago in Lower Canada another people, also strangers in blood, passed under the British flag, and that their descendants to-day are among the most loyal of the subjects of the Queen. The foundations of the great French State on the St. Lawrence were so well laid that still enduring traces of the work of Champlain and Laval and Frontenac meet us at every turn. In all essentials Quebec remains a French province. At the time of the last census 85 per cent. of its people were Catholics, and 80 per cent. used French as their mother tongue. The significance of these figures becomes apparent when we remember that the great town of Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion, is included in the province of Quebec. Putting Montreal aside, where of course the English element is large, it may be safely said that Quebec as a province is as French now as it was in the time of Louis XV. The present writer well remembers seeing in a remote village near Lake St. John a board in a shop window with the words 'English spoken here,' just as you may see on the boulevards in Paris. And if that little fact, after a century and a half of English sovereignty, is significant of the long faithfulness with which this people has clung to the ways of its fathers, it is surely eloquent also of the liberality of the rule which has so respected the wishes of the governed. That liberality has its rich reward in the loyalty and contentment of the province. It was not a man of our race who prophesied that the last shot fired in defence of British sovereignty in North America would be from the rifle of a French Canadian.

At the same time the loyalty of the Catholic province is loyalty with a difference, and that difference is apparent whether we are considering the relation of Quebec to England, to France, or to the United States. Towards her great neighbour in the south French Canada has no leaning at all. She remembers the fate of Louisiana, and is content. She has seen a million of her children pass across

the frontier, drawn by the strong attraction of high wages in the manufacturing cities of Maine and the neighbouring States, and with results which mean in the end the loss of nationality and language, and too often of religion. The official recognition of the French tongue and the careful provision for separate Catholic schools, which have done so much for the preservation of the French Canadian nationality in the Dominion, are unknown across the border. Without these checks the mills of Anglo-Saxondom grind exceeding small, and though for a while the newcomers may be only 'hyphenated Americans,' their children and their children's children, forgetting their mother-tongue, more and more conform to the common type around them. The Catholic clergy have always set their faces like adamant against any scheme in favour of annexation to the United States. The Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Begin, could appeal to history for his justification when he recently declared in a public letter that the loyalty of the French Canadian bishops and priests was written in letters of fire across the history of the Dominion. After recalling the splendid and successful efforts of his predecessor in the see of Quebec, Mgr. Briand, to keep Canada faithful to England, in 1775 the Archbishop exclaims :

And yet God knows how great must have been the temptation for the children of France in America to join those sons of Albion, less scrupulous, less loyal than they. If the Catholic emissaries from the United States, if the pressing appeal of the French officers who were serving the cause of American independence were unable to overcome the last resistance of the Canadian people, it was because the potent voice of the head of the Church in Canada, invoking the sacred principles of the respect due to the reigning authority, and stigmatising as 'rebels' those who allowed themselves to be carried away, opposed an insurmountable barrier to the revolution.

History has repeated itself from the cession of Canada to our days, and it will repeat itself so long as there shall be a Catholic bishop in our Canada. Loyalty for the children of the Church of Christ is not a matter of sentiment or of personal interest ; it is a serious and strict duty of conscience, derived from a sacred principle, immutable, eternal as the divine Lawmaker. Let them, therefore, reassure themselves as regards the attitude of the Catholic clergy on similar occasions. The past has been beyond attack ; the future will likewise be so, because our Catholic principles never change.

If ever—which God forbid—the question of annexation to the United States should seriously arise, it would be a curious thing to observe the respective attitudes of our two nationalities—English Canadian and French Canadian—in presence of such an eventuality. I am sure that we should not have to blush for our people under the circumstances, because they would once more do their duty as loyal subjects of Her Britannic Majesty.

In this matter there is no difference between priests and people, and in face of the only possible alternative destiny now open to them the loyalty of French Canadians to the British Crown is sincere and without reserve. In the debate upon the Address, Sir Adolph Caron, a member of the late Government, made use of words which in one form or another one constantly hears in the French province.

'Standing here as a French Canadian, let me express my conviction that if any disaster should occur to the British Empire the race which of all others would suffer would be the French Canadians.' The reason, he added, was obvious. The British Canadians could make terms for themselves and take shelter under the hospitable folds of the stars and stripes. But how could French Canadians take the same course without the sacrifice of their nationality as children of France and without the abandonment of the rights which Great Britain has so generously respected? Sir Adolph Caron also mentioned, as a fact which none would dispute, that the backbone of the British connection and its chief champions in Lower Canada were the Catholic clergy.

The common boast of the French Canadian that he is the truest son of Canada, that he loves the land with a less divided allegiance than others, is not without some justification. Canada is his native land, and he is tied to it by his heart-strings. A native of Toronto or Vancouver when he starts for England says he is 'going home.' Certainly no one from Quebec would say he was 'going home' because he was about to visit Paris. In the same way Canadians of British descent who have acquired fortunes often like to settle in England, but there is no similar tendency among French Canadians to go and live in France. And yet the sentiment in favour of France is one of undying strength. In ordinary times it slumbers, and a superficial observer might even doubt its existence. There is no desire, or shadow of desire, for any political connection with the French people, but there is a violent jealousy for all that concerns the honour of France—pride for her achievements in the past and sympathy for her efforts in the present. However quiescent for long periods, it leaps into evidence under such provocation as was offered by the British Canadian papers at the time of the Fashoda incident, and has had something to do with the opposition to the sending of a Canadian contingent to South Africa. It was feared lest this should be a precedent for enlisting French Canadians to fight against France in some future war. For a clear distinction is drawn between fighting a French army of invasion on Canadian soil and going out to fight Frenchmen in some other part of the world, and in a quarrel with which Canada had no concern. The possibility of a French attack upon Canada is sufficiently remote, but referring to it in the recent debate at Ottawa M. Desmarais, one of the members for Montreal, said, 'Even if it happened that France—which God forbid—that France attempted to invade this her former colony, and tried to haul down the flag which protects us, I tell you, sir, that I, I and my sons, would be ready, with closed eyes and heavy hearts, to defend the Union Jack.' The normal attitude of the French Canadians towards the two countries cannot be better expressed than in these words of the *Courrier du Canada* :

We have had, through ages, two mother countries, France and England. France has remained the land of our ancestors, the land of our traditions and of our dearest recollections. England is the mother country which presides over our manhood, watches over the progress of our destiny, and claims our political loyalty. Whatever may be our sympathy for France—and it is too natural a sympathy for any one to wonder at it, since it is the voice of blood which speaks—it cannot go beyond the limit of a feeling, and could never interfere with the fulfilment of any of the duties involved by our new allegiance. The ties which bind us to England, though of a different class, are just as strong and just as difficult to sever. Our loyalty is not an empty word; it is not rhetorical rubbish for the use of short-winded speakers, or one of those commonplace topics taught by rhetoric. Our loyalty is grounded upon the protection received from Great Britain, upon the expansion of Canada, which she has favoured, and upon a combination of powerful, lofty, and patriotic considerations.

Speaking generally, it may be said that this sentimental faithfulness to France, while it in many ways commands our respect, is not of a kind which need cause apprehension to English statesmen, and least of all does it interfere with a most loyal attachment to the British Crown.

The difference of attitude towards Great Britain itself, however, goes deeper, and in the future may have important consequences. The thing may be put into a phrase by saying that French Canada is content to be as she is, and wants to leave well alone; while the rest of the seven sister provinces are inclined to look with favour upon any change which tends to tighten the ties of the Empire, Quebec views the process with suspicion and distrust. In the eyes of many of her politicians Imperial Federation threatens to bring with it the doom of French Canada as a separate political entity. At present two millions of French Canadians, under the shelter of treaties guaranteed by Great Britain, can hold their own in a community of five millions; but once merged in a great federation of British States Quebec would disappear, overwhelmed by the surrounding mass of Anglo-Saxondom. By far the greater part of the opposition to the sending of Canadian troops to South Africa was based on this fear that the Government was committing itself to the first step towards Imperial Federation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in calling upon the whole country to support the action he had taken, showed very clearly his feeling that he had to appeal not to one race but to two. For the British Canadians the simple ties of blood were enough; their kinsfolk were fighting, and the impulse to go and help was strong. No appeal to the people of Lower Canada was possible on that ground, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier showed that he knew his countrymen well when he appealed to them, on the ground of gratitude, to be faithful to the power that had been so faithful to them.

It is not the same voice that speaks to us of French origin; it is the voice of gratitude, the voice of national solidarity, which summons us all to be united under the flag of the country in which we live. I do not ask my fellow-countrymen of

French origin to feel the same enthusiasm about the war as that which naturally inspires our fellow-countrymen of English origin. I know how to make the distinction; but I ask my French fellow-countrymen to do from a sense of duty what our English fellow-countrymen do under the impulse of enthusiasm.

The result was a triumph for the cause of Canadian solidarity. Indeed, there would probably have been no opposition at all but for the fear of what might follow, fear of federation, and the consequent overwhelming of the French element in the Dominion.

This point of view is excellently expressed in an article quoted by M. Desmarais in the discussion at Ottawa. The writer asks his countrymen to consider whether the simultaneous action of so many colonies could be regarded as anything but

an immense step taken towards the establishment of an Imperial confederation which would blend the whole Anglo-Saxon race into a solid body, connected together by common interests, common aspirations, common duties, and common advantages?

Now, from the standpoint of our own future, as a distinct race which has withstood every attempt at assimilating it, and which is doing its best every day to resist such attempts, is there not in that fact a threatening peril? He would be short-sighted indeed the man who would not bow to evidence in that respect. At all events the British statesman who has availed himself of his tenure of office to prepare that evolution and to make it fruitful, the *deus ex machina* who has brought out of their obscurity dreams of the most ardent imperialism, has taken good care to dissipate all doubts in that respect. Nothing but a blind policy could let us to remain indifferent to the results of this plot that has been concocted with a view to do away with our influence. Under such circumstances, for every French Canadian who has at heart the future of his nationality there is no longer any room for doubt as to his duty. He has no option, there is no alternative. His own interest and the interest of those who are dear to him demand that he should vote against everything that has been done to embark Canada in a war which can only affect us through its consequences, and in relation with schemes which tend to nullify three centuries of toil, of sacrifices and heroic struggles.

It would be easy to multiply quotations from representative writers and speakers to the same effect as the above. French Canada is too happy in the present, too well content with the lot Great Britain guarantees her, to think of change without apprehension. And it is noticeable that even those who most vehemently opposed the participation of Canada in the war in South Africa declared their willingness to go to the help of England were she in real peril. It was precisely because England was not in peril, because Canadian assistance seemed so superfluous, that the whole movement was viewed with distrust and suspicion as a move in a political game and the beginning of a transformation which would end by disastrously revolutionising the relations of French Canada with the rest of the Empire. The strength of this feeling may be gathered from the fact that when Mr. Bourassa, the member for Labelle, resigned his seat, avowedly as a protest against the sending of Canadian troops, he was re-elected without opposition. Even more striking was the case

of Mr. Monet, the member for Laprairie, who, publicly associating himself with the protest of Mr. Bourassa, offered to resign upon the same issue if twenty-five of his constituents, whether Liberals or Conservatives, called upon him to do so—and the twenty-five were not forthcoming. The Prime Minister's position was one of great delicacy and difficulty. The British provinces had hailed the proposal to send Canadian troops with a tumult of acclaim; but Quebec was hesitating, wanting some assurance that this new departure should not be construed as a pledge for the acceptance of federation and the consequent diminution of her influence as a separate province. All Canada was ready and eager to do a good turn to Great Britain, but the French province was anxious to guard against misconstruction, and to make it clear that she was not committing herself beforehand to acquiescence in a constitutional revolution. Happily Sir Wilfrid Laurier was equal to the occasion and succeeded in reconciling all discontents. He made it absolutely clear that Canada was accepting no new obligations, expressed or implied; that it is still hers to give or to withhold as she thinks well, and to use her own unfettered judgment upon every occasion as it shall arise. In his place in the Commons of Canada he declared that the sending of troops to South Africa was not to be considered as a precedent either from the British or the Colonial standpoint.

What we have done we have done in the plenitude, in the majesty of our colonial legislative independence. I claim for Canada this: that, in future, Canada shall be at liberty to act or not act, to interfere or not interfere, to do just as she pleases, and that she shall reserve to herself the right to judge whether or not there is cause for her to act. In the words of Rudyard Kipling I repeat:

‘Daughter am I in my mother’s house,
But mistress in my own;
The gates are mine to open,
The gates are mine to close.’

That is the position we have taken upon this question. We are independent, as I said in London, absolutely independent; and though we are ready, and though we hope that condition shall never rise, if that condition shall arise we shall act in regard to it just as we have done upon this occasion, consider, reflect, think, weigh, and if we think that there is cause for interference we shall interfere.

Very seldom has the strong personal ascendancy of a minister been so conspicuously seen as in this debate. Sir Wilfrid's words killed out opposition. It is doubtful whether even the ten votes which were ultimately mustered against his policy could have been got together but for some unguarded words in a subsequent despatch from Mr. Chamberlain. The Order in Council which had authorised the despatch of Canadian troops, without waiting for the sanction of Parliament, contained these words of caution: ‘especially as such an expenditure under such circumstances cannot be regarded as a departure from the well-known principles of constitutional government and colonial practice, or be construed as a precedent for future

action.' Here was a frank statement that though help was offered now it was not to be taken as affording a presumption that similar aid would be offered on another occasion. Mr. Chamberlain's reply completely ignores these limiting words.

The desire thus exhibited to share in the risks and burdens of the Empire has been welcomed not only as a proof of the staunch loyalty of the Dominion and of its sympathy with the policy pursued by Her Majesty's Government in South Africa, but also as an expression of that growing feeling of the unity and solidarity of the Empire which has marked the relations of the mother country with the colonies during recent years.

But, as Mr. Bourassa quickly pointed out at Ottawa, the Canadian Government had said nothing at all about any desire to share the risks and burdens of the Empire, or to promote its unity and solidarity. Stripped of their diplomatic trappings the two statements in plain English came to this: 'We send you these men, but we do not promise to do it again.' The reply comes back, 'I accept your offer as a proof that you are ready to do it again and every time.' In other words, the willingness of Canada to give assistance in a particular emergency seemed to be taken as a pledge that she was ready to enter into partnership with Great Britain, and to share the burdens of the wars of all the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier again came to the rescue. Without pausing to justify the words of the Colonial Secretary he took his stand upon this memorable passage in Lord Grey's despatch to Lord Elgin: 'The Government of the British colonies in North America cannot be carried on in opposition to the will of the people.' For the rest Sir Wilfrid Laurier declined to give pledges for the future, and dismissed the question with these words: 'If it should be the will of the people of Canada at any future period to take part in any war of England, the people of Canada will have their way.' And so, helping but unpledged, Canada stands to-day.

Perhaps, however, to make the position of the French province absolutely clear it may be well to quote a passage from the speech of Mr. Angers, the member for Charlevoix, which shows at once the goodwill of Quebec to England and the hesitations and reservations which accompany it:

Without lacking loyalty the people of Quebec province have still a vivid recollection of all the struggles they had to go through and of the price they had to pay for the conquest of the liberties they now enjoy. Satisfied as they are that the constitution is the safeguard of those liberties, they are adverse to any change in the political conditions of the country, and they do not want to embark in any new venture which might prove a fruitful source of disappointment. They do not want the ties which bind them to the Empire to be drawn closer, except from a commercial standpoint. Participating in the wars of Great Britain would, in their opinion, prove injurious to the best interests of Canada. Even an Imperial federation, involving a right to representation in the British parliament, would not appeal with any greater force to their patriotism. The province of Quebec was a

contracting party to the pact of confederation. Had not the people of that province an incontrovertible right to have their voice heard before any attempt at disturbing our political organisation was made ?

The general situation, then, may be summed up in the fewest words. The people of the French province are loyal to Canada with a passionate loyalty as to the only home they know ; they are grateful to Great Britain for her faithful guardianship, and proud of her protection ; they look forward neither to the establishment of a great French State on the St. Lawrence nor to annexation to the United States, but they view with deep distrust the prospect of constitutional changes within the Empire which may diminish their relative importance and influence as a separate community.

J. G. SNEAD COX.

THE VAN EYCKS

THAT the earliest known production of the school of painting which flourished in the Low Countries during the fifteenth century should be its finest masterpiece and the only known work of the genius who designed it is a most remarkable circumstance. And that at the end of a century of research, in which German, Belgian, English and Italian critics have taken part, examining archives, studying and discussing all that had been previously written, no clue has yet been found to account for the sudden appearance of such great artists as the Van Eycks is a state of things to which there is no parallel in the history of Art.

I hope, however, in this paper to make it quite clear how this has come to pass, and to throw new light on the early history of the school, which may stimulate renewed research and lead to further discoveries. But it is necessary that I should first of all call special attention to two very important points.

First, that at the end of the fourteenth century there existed in Flanders an established custom that a craftsman when commissioned to paint a picture had to deliver a sketch or design of the whole composition, and to bind himself by a deed to execute the work within a certain period.¹

Secondly, that the documentary evidence we have as to the presence of the Van Eycks at Ghent is confined to the following :

(1) An entry in the account of payments by the treasurers of the town of Ghent in the year 1424-25: 'Given to Master Hubert for his labour on two sketches of a picture which he made at the request of the aldermen, 6s. gr.'²

(2) An entry in the account of payments by the same treasurers

¹ Very many such contracts are preserved in local archives. See, for instance, one by Saladin de Stoevere in 1434 (Diericx, *Mémoires sur la Ville de Gand*, tom. ii. p. 255, Ghent 1815), and another by Dirk Bouts at Louvain in 1464 (*Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, 3^e série, tom. xxxv. p. 472, Brussels 1899).

² Account of the treasurers, 1424-25, fol. 188: 'Item ghegheuen meester Lubrecht over syn moyte van ij bewerpen van eener taeffele die hij maecte ten bevelene van oepen, vj s. gr.'

in the year 1425-26: 'Given out of courtesy to the work-folk at Master Hubert's, 6 gr.'³

(3) The inscription on the altar-piece of the Vydt chantry :

Pictor Hubertus e Eyck maior quo nemo repertus
incepit pondus que Iohannes arte secundus
perfecti letus Iudoci Vyd prece fretus
VersV seXta MaI Vos coLLoCat aCta tVerI.

Word for word in English : 'Hubert van Eyck, a painter, than whom no one is found greater, began the work which John, inferior in art, gladly completed, relying on the prayer of Jodoc Vyt. By this verse the sixth of May invites you to behold the result.'

(4) The epitaph in Flemish verse on Hubert van Eyck's tomb, recording his death on the 18th of September 1426.

(5) An entry in the account of receipts by the treasurers of the town in the year 1426-27 : 'From the heirs of Hubert van Heyke, 6s. gr.'⁴

No. 4, confirmed by No. 5, proves the date of Hubert's death, as to which all are agreed.

No. 5 proves in addition that Hubert's heirs (his two brothers, John and Lambert) were neither of them burghers of Ghent.

No. 1 shows that Hubert was living at Ghent in 1424, and that, before receiving a commission, he followed the usual custom of submitting a sketch, in this case two sketches, probably one of the interior and one of the exterior of a triptych, or, it may be, two alternative sketches for a single panel. As the sketches were paid for, which was not usual, and as there is no record of any contract having been made, or of any further payment to him, it is pretty certain that he did not undertake the execution of the painting.

All the other passages relating to the Van Eycks' presence at Ghent, said to be taken from documents of undoubted authenticity preserved in the Archives, are now proved to be forgeries less than a hundred years old.⁵ No. 3 is then the only document left to guide us as to the part taken by Hubert in the design and execution of

³ Account of the treasurers, 1425-26, fol. 288 v. : 'Item ghegheven in hoofschede den kinderen te meester Ubrechts, vj gr.'

⁴ Account of the treasurers, 1426-27, fol. 319 v. : 'Ontfaen van yssuwen. . . Van den hoire van Lubrecht van Heyke, vj s. gr.'

⁵ See V. van der Haeghen, *Mémoire sur des Documents faux relatifs aux anciens Peintres, Sculpteurs et Graveurs Flamands*, viii and 174 pp., Brussels 1899. The forged documents comprise the extracts from the Register of the Confraternity of Our Lady *ter Raden* at Ghent, the authenticity of which I was the first to call in question (*Notes sur Jean van Eyck*, Brussels 1861, p. 31); the history in Flemish verse of the early painters, said to be by Lucas De Heere, which was already lost in 1604; and the Register of the Guild of Painters of Ghent from 1339 to 1539, and the Code of Regulations of the Guild, all printed by E. De Busscher in his *Recherches sur les Peintres Gantois*. Unfortunately they are quoted as proofs of statements diametrically opposed to the truth in all biographies of the Van Eycks, Hugo van der Goes and Gerard van der Meire, and have led to the insertion in dictionaries of the name of many a painter who never existed.

the altar-piece. It states distinctly that Hubert, a painter of unsurpassed talent, began the work, and that his brother John, his inferior as an artist, *arte secundus*, completed it. There is no reason whatever to doubt that the entire composition was planned and sketched by Hubert, who must have followed the universal custom, and made a contract with Jodoc Vyt.

It still remains to be settled what portions of the altar-piece were executed by Hubert and how much he left unfinished. We do not know when Hubert received the commission, nor how many years he was at work on its execution; certainly at least three, probably four or five, perhaps even six years; but we do know that John was working at The Hague in the service of John of Bavaria from the 24th of October 1422 to the 11th of September 1424; that on the 19th of May 1425 he entered the service of Philip Duke of Burgundy at Bruges, whence in the following August he removed to Lille, where he established his domicile in a house of which the Duke paid the rent until Midsummer 1428; that during that year he went on a distant journey for the Duke, probably with Andrew de Toulangeon, to try to obtain the hand of a Spanish princess for the Duke; then from October 1428 until January 1430 he was accompanying the embassy to the King of Portugal. We have no evidence as to the remainder of that year, as the accounts of both the *Recette générale des Finances*, and the *Recette générale de Flandre* for the year 1430 are lost, as are also those of the latter for the two following years. In 1431 he was at Bruges and went thence to Hesdin to receive instructions from the Duke as to certain works he wished him to carry out. Then he returned to Bruges where he bought a house. He can therefore only have been engaged in completing the Ghent altar-piece during the intervals of leisure left him at Bruges by the Duke during 1430, 1431 and the first four months of 1432. It is therefore absolutely certain that John devoted much less time than Hubert to this altar-piece.

No work has yet been discovered which can be proved by documentary evidence to be by Hubert, but we know that he was painting early in the century, for in 1413 John De Visch, lord of Axel and Capelle, bequeathed a picture by him to his daughter Mary, a nun in the Benedictine convent of Bourbourg, near Gravelines, which she governed as Abbess from 1418 to 1438. On the other hand, we have a large number attributed to John, and a series of signed pieces bearing the dates of every year from 1432 to 1440, with the exception of 1435, during which he was away *en certains voiaiges loingtains et estranges marches*.

During the last eighty years much has been written as to the authorship of the different panels of which the altar-piece is composed. Dr. Waagen started the discussion in 1823, but he repeatedly changed his opinion as to the portions executed by each of the

brothers, and no two critics have yet come to an agreement on the subject. The late M. Ruelens, in his annotations appended to the French translation of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's '*Early Flemish Painters*,' has given a careful and rather amusing account of these variations of opinion down to 1863. The discussion has gone on ever since, but without any satisfactory result.

In none of John's signed paintings do we find types so dignified as those of the '*Eternal*,' the '*Blessed Virgin*' and '*Saint John Baptist*' in the Ghent altar-piece; in only one, the unfinished '*Saint Barbara*' of 1437 at Antwerp, a landscape background. The deep religious feeling so conspicuous in the Ghent altar-piece is wanting in all the signed works of the Court painter, whose chief excellence lay rather in the wonderfully realistic power with which he painted portraits, and in the minute finish of every detail. In aiming at these he at times neglected the balancing of light and shade.

On the other hand there are a certain number of pictures which do bear a great affinity to the Ghent altar-piece and which cannot be the work of John van Eyck, and it is probably due to the influence of the Ghent forgeries, so long accepted as documents of indisputable authenticity, that the authorship of these has not been hitherto recognised. The fine panel representing the '*Visit of the three Marys to the Sepulchre*,' in the possession of Sir Francis Cook, is probably very little anterior to the Ghent altar-piece; in it the same deep religious feeling is manifest in the figures of the holy women, the same simplicity in the arrangement of the draperies, the same beauty in the landscape, while the treatment of the early morning light is admirable. The finish of every detail of the soldiers' armour and weapons and of the flowers in the foreground is remarkable.

The '*Fountain of Living Waters*' or '*Triumph of the Church*' in the Madrid Gallery (formerly in the sacristy of the church of the Hieronymite friary of Santa Maria de Parral, near Segovia, founded in 1447 and consecrated in 1459) is an old copy of an altar-piece of earlier date which adorned the chapel of Saint Jerome in the Cathedral of Palencia. The original must, I think, have been painted before Sir F. Cook's picture, while a small painting of our Lord on the cross, with the Blessed Virgin and Saint John, now in the Berlin Museum, which I was able to study when in possession of the late Mr. Buttery, bears, especially in the treatment of the landscape and background, a remarkable similarity to the latter, and is probably of about the same date. The architecture in both is wholly unlike anything in the Low Countries, and seems to me to have been suggested probably by the red-brick buildings of Padua or possibly of some other Italian town. The types of the figures in the Calvary picture are not Netherlandish, and possibly their prototypes may be discovered in some early Italian painting. The guards around the sepulchre, and

the Jews representing the Synagogue, also appear to have been sketched in the South of Europe.

The Royal Gallery at Copenhagen contains the dexter shutter of a triptych on which the donor is represented kneeling in a landscape, protected by St. Antony. When I saw this, some years ago, I was struck by its resemblance to the 'Adoration of the Lamb' at Ghent. A document recently discovered in the Archives of that town, and kindly communicated to me by M. Victor van der Haeghen, not only proves this to be the work of Hubert, but is also of interest as showing that he, like his younger brother, painted statuary.⁶ The donor, Robert Poortier, a citizen of Ghent, and his wife, Avezoeta De Hoeghe, founded an altar in honour of St. Antony in the Lady chapel of St. Saviour's church in that town. When Poortier made his will on the 9th of March, 1426 (1425 old style), a little more than six months before Hubert's death, the triptych and a statue of St. Antony were still in Hubert's hands. The panel at Copenhagen acquired in 1764 had on the exterior a figure in grisaille of the angel Gabriel of which but little now remains.⁷ It is important to note the presence in this picture of the palmetto (*Chamærops humilis*), a plant which grows abundantly on the shores of the Mediterranean, but is not found further north than the forty-fourth degree of latitude, a conclusive proof that Hubert must have sojourned in the South of Europe. This same plant occurs also on two panels representing St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata, one lately in the possession of Lord Heytesbury, now at New York; the other in the Museum at Turin, may possibly be by John, but I think more probably by Hubert; both St. Francis and Brother Leo have brown habits, while the friars minor in the Low Countries kept to the old grey habit, certainly until near the end of the fifteenth century. But with the exception of the St. Barbara, and perhaps of these two panels, I believe that most of the pictures with landscape backgrounds now ascribed to John will be found to be by the elder brother, and those with architectural interiors by John.

I say architectural *interiors*, because I exclude three pictures the architecture in which is unreal, mere theatrical scene painting. These are: (1) The Blessed Virgin and Child, St. Anne, St. Barbara, and F. Herrman Steenken, vicar of the Charterhouse of St. Anne in the desert (*ter Woestine*) near Bruges, from 1402 to 1404, and again from 1406 until his death on the 23rd of April 1428; now in the possession of Baron G. Rothschild at Paris. (2) The Blessed Virgin and Child and the same monk protected by St. Barbara, formerly at Burleigh House and now in the Berlin

⁶ See my *Bruges et ses environs*, 4th edition, Bruges, 1884, p. 26.

⁷ As the other shutter with the portrait of the donor's wife, and the Blessed Virgin on the exterior, may have escaped destruction, I give the exact size of the panel: H.0=592; B.0=312.

Gallery. (3) The Blessed Virgin and Child and Chancellor Rolin in the Louvre.

The *loggia* in these, especially that in No. 1, and the tower of St. Barbara have a decided North Italian character; the presence in this tower of a classical bronze statue of the god Mars, instead of a pyx or chalice, is also noteworthy.

The monk in No. 2 has the appearance of being about ten years older than in No. 1, which must therefore have been painted about 1418, and consequently cannot be by John.

All these works are executed in oil, and if I am right in attributing to Hubert, in addition to the two Ghent altar-pieces painted for Jodoc Vydt and Robert Poortier, that of the cathedral of Palencia (now lost), the 'Visit of the three Marys to the Sepulchre' at Richmond, the Calvary picture at Berlin, the panels at Baron Rothschild's and at the Louvre, and the St. Francis at New York, it is evident that the new process must have been invented earlier than the date hitherto accepted. The 'Adoration of the Lamb,' according to my calculations, must have been undertaken not later than 1415, probably even earlier.

As the Ghent altar-piece is broken up, it may be as well to state that the four central compartments of the original are all that remain *in situ*, while the shutters are in the Museum at Berlin, with the exception of the two bearing the figures of Adam and Eve, which are in the Brussels Gallery. It is a curious point that these two shutters are taller than the central panel which they were designed to protect when closed, and that the architectural details on the exterior do not correspond with those on the adjoining panels. This is easily accounted for, if, as I believe, these were painted by John at Bruges; the mistake could not possibly have been made, had they been painted in Ghent in presence of the panels already completed.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

ELECTIONEERING WOMEN

AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION

IN this paper I do not propose to treat of the Anglo-American female suffragist, who votes where she can, grumbles where she cannot, and, robed in garments as unique as they are ugly, proclaims, in strident attitude from a public platform, her desire, while she emphasises her unfitness to take part in national affairs. Of none of her I write.

I refer rather to her of the smiling countenance, all pink and white and pretty in its youthfulness or calmly fascinating in its middle-aged maturity, a countenance topped by the latest and most becoming style of *coiffure*, and a hat most *chic* and quite correct, a throat bound lightly with a fluffy feather boa, and a figure set off by a perfectly-fitting gown, elegantly 'smooth,' though plain in its tailor-made-ness, or altogether sweet and fetching with its expansive tucks and ruffles and finely-shirred lace. Of this dainty specimen of femininity, who does not want to vote, and would not if she could, but who, seeking votes for 'her candidate,' trips, sometimes lightly, oftentimes wearily, among such strange scenes and surroundings as give her the appearance of a pearl in a pig-stye, the Anglo-American electioneering woman of 1900—well, 'of her I sing.'

Up to the year 1896 the term 'Anglo-American,' as I use it in this connection, would have been a misnomer, for it was not until the McKinley-Bryan campaign of four years ago that the woman canvasser really made herself known, and tried to make herself felt, in American politics. Always a keen observer, quick at hearing and seeing things, and a diligent reader of the newspapers, the American woman was not far behind the American man in discovering, at the beginning of that campaign, that the 'almighty dollar' was in danger. Was she going to run the risk of having Mr. Bryan and his 'sixteen to one' principles installed in the White House, and herself able, in consequence, to purchase only seven yards of imitation torchon lace for a dollar, when she had hitherto bought nine and a half yards of the same thing at the same price? Not she! But what could she do, she who could not vote if she would, and would not if she could, to help along the defeat of Mr. Bryan

and the election of Mr. McKinley? What was that she had heard of Englishwomen going about getting votes for the representatives of the party they favoured? Englishwomen, highly bred and expensively clad, diving into the slums of London and provincial towns, distributing tracts and talking party principles to ignorant men who had the right of suffrage, but did not know how to use it?

Lightning-like inspiration came right across the Atlantic to the American woman in her distress. She remembered that when she, the American woman, went and 'did things' the Englishwoman frequently copied her. Now it seemed that the Englishwoman knew a thing or two about helping along a favourite candidate and was able to 'do things' in a political way, and there was every reason why some 'copying' should be done on the other side. It would all help to cement a female Anglo-American alliance, a sort of mutual benefit association; so the American woman copied, or tried to copy, her English cousin, and she put on her best frock and went a-canvassing.

Thus it happened that in the summer and autumn of 1896 'Republican Clubs,' 'Political Study Guilds,' and 'Orders of the Honest Dollar' were formed by the women in all the larger towns of the United States, and from these headquarters bands of 'Republican Girls' were sent forth with flaming torches of knowledge in the shape of tracts printed in all known languages; for it was the benighted foreign element of the different towns that my enterprising countrywomen sought to enlighten, not the native-born, intelligent American working man, who it was well known would not take kindly to the idea of being instructed by politicians in petticoats. Into the East Side slums of New York, where the foreign population numbered many thousands, went the enthusiastic 'Republican Girls,' minding not if the sun shone or the rain poured down upon them, with campaign literature in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Polish, and Yiddish flying about in the air, a veritable cloud of witnesses to the righteousness of the Republican cause. If any one of the inhabitants made it known that he was unable to read, even in his own language, one of the girls would read the tracts aloud as best she could, sometimes to the very evident amusement of the foreign listener. He would then be given a portrait of Mr. McKinley, and by dint of smiles and gesticulations on the part of the canvassers be made to thoroughly understand that in that way only lay his salvation.

It always occurs that when a band of noble workers associate themselves together for the promotion of a truly noble cause, certain evil-minded or hypocritical enemies will try to pick holes in the cause or the means employed for advancing it. In the wake of all reformers stalk Slander and Persecution, attacking their motives, their methods, and their aims. Now, the women workers in the Republican

cause of 1896 were no exception to this rule. No sooner did they begin to 'do things' and scatter light upon the benighted heathen of the East Side than their enemies, the Bryanites, raised the cry of 'Bribery!' 'Coercion!' and 'Tracts and Potatoes!' The Bryan newspapers declared that the Republican women, instead of directing their efforts to purifying politics, as would naturally be expected of the more virtuous and gentler sex, were actually the inventors of a new kind of corruption which no mere male politician on either side would have dared to originate. The sweet things were, in a word, securing promises of votes from the foreigners, and paying them for these promises 'in kind'—*i.e.* with fruits and vegetables. The attention of some of the leading men in the Republican party was respectfully called to this scandalous state of things; but they, in the language of the Democratic papers, 'said nothing, but winked the other eye and went on sawing wood.'

As I have said, these accusations of feminine bribery and corruption came from the camp of the enemy, who, from time immemorial, has always had a way of exaggerating and 'making a mountain out of a molehill.' The facts of the case, so far as I could discover them (and I was an enthusiastic worker in the ranks of the 'Republican Girls,' so I ought to know something about it), were as follows:

In canvassing the foreign element of New York it was decided that it would be well to pay some attention to the foreign women as well as to the foreign men. Indeed, it was really more necessary to think up clear methods of instruction for the wives than for the husbands, since the latter were generally out at work when the canvassers called during the day. Bearing in mind that the ignorance of these foreign women was like the ignorance of children, it was thought well to treat them as children, so the kindergarten method of instruction was adopted as being the most suitable to their peculiar needs. It was desired to explain to these ignorant housewives that if Bryan were elected the purchasing power of money would be less than it would be if McKinley were elected, so the 'Republican Girls' took with them, besides tracts, baskets of potatoes and apples. They would spread them on the floor or the table, and say to the foreign housekeeper:

'See! here are ten potatoes. If McKinley is elected you can buy that many for five cents. Then here are seven potatoes. If Bryan is elected, you can buy only that many for five cents! Now, would you rather buy ten potatoes for five cents or only seven?'

If the woman could not talk English, up would go her ten fingers to denote that she would, of course, prefer to purchase the largest amount of goods for the smallest amount of money. Then the political kindergartners would smile and say: 'That's it, of course. Now, you explain it that way to your husband when he comes

home to-night, and tell him to read these papers, and be sure to vote for McKinley.'

As they turned to the door, the housewife would perhaps remind them that they had forgotten to take their 'building-blocks' from the table, and in an unconcerned, off-hand sort of way they would answer, 'Oh! never mind. Just keep the potatoes.'

Certainly there was no use carrying the same potatoes or the same apples about all day, when the 'Republican Girls' had plenty of pocket-money and could buy a fresh supply for each 'demonstration.'

So the light shone in the darkness, and when it shone in this ingenious way the darkness seemed very readily to comprehend it.

I have forgotten the exact number of converts to the true faith which it was estimated that the women canvassers had made during that campaign, but I know it was enormous. In referring to the result of the women's work, a prominent leader said to me:

When a woman goes into politics in a truly feminine and womanly way, she can do wonders. Of the woman suffragist I have a horror. Why in the world does an American woman need to vote? Hasn't she got everything she wants; or if she hasn't, can't she coax for it, and was she ever known to coax the American man in vain? Now, in the matter of getting votes, of course, the means a woman will naturally employ are not those a man would ever think of. A woman is ingenious, and artless, and adroit, and all that. Well, she is bound to be only natural when she canvasses, is she not?

To be sure. What would you? If a woman can smile an ignorant working man into voting 'her way,' is there any reason why she should repress her 'natural adroitness' and her smile?

All of which brings me from the American electioneering woman of 1896 to the English electioneering woman of 1900. In some respects it is not, by any means, a far call. In others it is very far; so far, indeed, that I venture to think my own countrywomen will never be able to reach the standard which the English female canvassers have set up.

'Meek,' 'modest,' 'bashful,' 'down-trodden'—can it be true that these adjectives have ever been used by ignorant Americans to describe typical Englishwomen? How amusing it seems to me now, since I have been canvassing during the General Election, with the Liberal and Conservative women, that the 'Republican Girls' of 1896 should have thought they were 'copying' their English cousins! How I should have enjoyed having some of the most enterprising and venturesome of those canvassers along with me when I joined the ranks of the English electioneering women last month, just to have seen their horrified looks at the daring of the English female vote-getter, and to have heard their exclamations of 'Goodness gracious! You are not going to tackle that drunken man, are you? What! are you going into that crowd of men to talk? Why,

they're actually kicking in that mud-puddle there and trying to spatter your nice white dress. Oh! hear them. They say you've got the wrong colour in your badge, and they're saying "Taike it horf, missus." Say, girls, let's go back to our hotel. This English canvassing is something fearful. It's absolutely indecent.'

To such exclamations the English woman-canvasser would only have answered quite sweetly and calmly, 'We have learned not to mind these things during a General Election. When one is canvassing for her husband, or brother, or father, or fiancé,' she must pocket her pride and not mind if her gown gets spattered so long as she gets some votes.'

A spattered gown! Let the husband, the father, the brother, or the fiancé of the woman who electioneers in his behalf see to it that the only mud she gets from the seething political cesspool is that so plainly visible upon her skirts.

So far as I am able to discover, the fathers and brothers of England seem to be engaged in encouraging rather than discouraging the English electioneering woman. Sisters canvass for their brothers, daughters for their fathers, wives for their husbands, and dainty maidens for the men they expect to marry. It is said that all this only shows the strength of the family tie and the bond of woman's love for man in England. Rather, let me say, it exhibits a shocking breach of the rules of good taste on the part of the women, and a lack of that common-sense and capacity for 'home government' on the part of the men which Englishmen are generally supposed to possess.

The Lady Arabella dresses herself smartly for her bicycle, hangs a huge red-white-and-blue-trimmed portrait of the Honourable Mr. Blank on the handle-bar, and spins over to that quarter of the borough where dwell the working men whose votes are of the 'doubtful' order. She scatters in the wake of her bicycle great placards and pamphlets and tracts which have printed on them 'VOTE FOR THE HONOURABLE MR. BLANK.'

'Yes, *do* vote for Mr. Blank,' says the Lady Arabella smilingly and coaxingly and blushing to a beer-besotted man who reels out of a public-house; 'for—well, I am engaged to be married to Mr. Blank, and naturally I am anxious to get votes for him, so he may sit in Parliament.'

Where, I pray you, where is the Lady Arabella's father, the noble Earl, that he does not hasten after her and entreat—yes, command—his daughter to go home and be a lady in deportment as well as one by birth? And what has become of the sense of shame and pride and manliness in the Honourable Mr. Blank that he has not only permitted but encouraged his charming little fiancée to go canvassing among drunken men for him?

Passing one of the town halls on Election day recently, I noticed

standing in the crowd of men gathered about the door, a pretty brown-haired, red-cheeked girl of possibly twenty. She was wearing a very stylishly-made dress that had once been white, but was then really funny in its dirtiness. As she was talking very vivaciously to the men who were gathered about her, I approached and asked if she were a canvasser.

'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'I'm the sister of one of the candidates, and, of course, I'm working very hard for him. I've been about all day in every imaginable place, trying to induce the men to vote for my brother. I've been at the tenements and in the little shops and the public-houses and——'

'Into the public-houses,' I exclaimed, taken aback. 'You have gone into the public-houses to ask men to vote for your brother? Surely he cannot know it! He would not let you.'

'Oh!' she laughed, 'I've been canvassing in the public-houses a great many times during the past two weeks. Why, I'd go anywhere to get votes. Do you think that strange? I fancy you must be an American—you talk like one. But do not the American girls go canvassing?'

'No,' I answered, 'not for their brothers, and never in the public-houses!'

What bashful little things those 'Republican Girls' were when they canvassed New York four years ago! It never occurred to one of them that votes might be got in the Bowery saloons for Mr. McKinley. Smiles and tracts and potatoes they distributed to the ignorant foreigners in the dirty tenements, and congratulated themselves they were being 'very English.' Now the fact is that the English women canvassers never distribute any vegetables, fruits, or sweets when they give away their tracts to the British working man and the working man's wife. One day when I was canvassing with them I spoke of our American scheme of political kindergartening and they were inexpressibly shocked. 'They never descended to bribery, not they. They had always heard that politics in the United States were not really nice and clean, that men were bought or frightened into voting certain tickets, and that the politicians themselves descended to jobbery and trickery. Just as we were in the midst of this interesting discussion a workman passed us.

'Good morning, John,' said one of the ladies, handing him a pamphlet and a card. 'I don't suppose it is necessary for me to give you these, for, of course, you will cast your vote for the right man?'

'I d'no, ma'am,' answered John. 'Is this 'ere the name of the right man?'

'Yes,' answered the lady, 'it certainly is!'

'Well, ma'am, I was thinkin' as 'ow my intrus lay the other way,' answered the workman,

'No, I'm sure they do not, John. This gentleman is our candidate, and Mr. — (naming her husband) would feel very badly to have you vote against the candidate we are supporting.'

The man doffed his hat sheepishly and almost cringingly as he walked away muttering something about not having quite made up his mind yet, and the lady, turning to me, said, 'John works for my husband as a carter. It would be very ridiculous for him not to vote for my husband's friend, when he knows how anxious we are.'

I quite agreed with the lady that it would be 'ridiculous' for John to proceed in any such way at the polls. Being a carter at a weekly wage in the employ of a friend of the candidate, and having a wife and children to support, I should not think it would be good policy for him to displease his master. John's master would not, perhaps, like to say anything to him on the subject, but John's master's wife, out as a canvasser, could give him a pamphlet and mention the name of the 'right man'; and here is an instance of how important a factor is the English electioneering woman in English politics.

Along the beautiful English country roads, during the weeks when the General Election is proceeding, drives the gracious lady of the manor, soliciting from the tenants and the workers on her husband's estate votes for her son, who is standing for the Imperial Parliament. How affably she smiles upon the men and their wives and their children, distributing wonderfully-coloured portraits of the 'young master,' and a large amount of reading matter telling why he should have their support. In the distribution of this political enlightenment she suddenly remembers that the wife of one of the tenants is a neat and clever sewer, and that she has at the Hall some needlework which the tenant's wife might go and fetch, and the wife is glad to get the needlework, and the tenant is glad to vote for the 'young master.' Why should not they both be glad? But for the lady of the manor to take with her in the carriage a bushel basket of apples, or have the coachman rest his feet on a bag of potatoes during the canvass—let it not be said, thought, or understood that the English electioneering woman would stoop to any such thing.

'It is too trying what one has to put up with in canvassing,' said a London lady to me. 'At many of the tenements where I call the men never so much as remove their pipes while I am talking, and many of them actually sit on the only chair in the room while I stand.'

I wonder if it never occurred to this lady that in driving in her smart victoria with two men on the box, and herself getting down from her carriage to knock with her daintily-gloved hand on the filthy doors of the domiciles of these 'lower classes,' and then smiling and talking and coaxing for votes from creatures whom she regards as her social, intellectual, and moral inferiors, she puts her-

self on that footing of familiarity which is bound to breed contempt. If every dog has his day, so also has every London working man who happens to be able to pay seven shillings a week room-rent, and that 'day' comes during an English General Election. Be not too hard upon him, O fair lady canvasser, if he determines to take advantage of the privileges of that 'day,' and if, having permitted you to 'show him his place' during your own 'day'—which, after all, takes in most of the time—he makes up his mind to let you feel your 'place' when you go a-canvassing for his vote. He is an elector of the great British Empire, this working man who puffs tobacco smoke into your face while you stand a suppliant before him, a suppliant for his vote for the Liberal or the Conservative cause, as the case may be—no, not exactly the 'cause' either, but the *man*. Little care you for 'causes' in the abstract. Little cares any woman for 'causes,' but only for the men who represent those causes. You, lady canvasser, cannot vote yourself, but this dirty, ignorant man, with breath reeking of beer or bad brandy, can vote and help to elect or defeat your husband or your brother or father or sweetheart at the polls. Do you not think he appreciates your disabilities and his abilities in that direction? Do you not know he laughs up his ragged shirt-sleeve at the thought of it? And shall he not take revenge for your usual contemptuous treatment of him in the only way he knows, by being rude to you and familiar with you on this his 'day'? Now, be honest and say if you can blame him?

On two or three Election days recently past, I assisted the enterprising wives of some of the candidates in a process known as 'hauling in the voters.' Up the numerous flights of stairs leading to the high tenements, into the filthy lanes and alleys where dwell the voters, we went, heedless of every weariness and discomfort, or even danger, with our packages of pamphlets and candidates' portraits, to inquire at every house if the head of the family had performed or was going to perform his patriotic duty of going to the polls and casting his vote for the right man, the latter being always, of course, the man whose portrait we held out.

'Have you voted yet?' I inquired of a man who sat over a broken beer-glass at his supper table. He was far on the road to drunkenness of the silly, good-natured sort. He turned to me a simpering countenance and answered:

'Hic, no'm, I 'aven't voted yet, and I dunno as it's wuth w'ile, and 'sides I 'aven't made up my mind who to vote for. One party says one thing and t'other says another.'

'Certainly you ought to vote. It is a duty you owe to the Empire,' I answered, taking my cue from a candidate's wife who was canvassing in another street, and had left me to look after the one where this man lived. I had heard her make this answer to indiffer-

ent electors when I canvassed with her from door to door. It was then half-past seven, and I knew the polling booth closed at eight.

'You must hurry,' I said, 'or you will be too late.'

The man staggered to his feet and inquired of me the location of the place where they 'took in the votes.' I directed him to the nearest polling booth. 'Who'd ye advise me to vote for?' he asked.

'This man, of course,' I answered, handing him a pamphlet and a portrait.

'Well, I'd jus' as soon and ruther, s'long as a pretty young lady asks me to,' was the reply, and away he started, staggering and simpering, to vote for 'my candidate.' I happen to know there were plenty like him at that particular polling place, men half-witted when sober and wholly idiotic when intoxicated, 'hauled in' by enthusiastic women canvassers, who smiled and coaxed and talked of the duty to the Empire.

The Empire! Is it possible that the Parliament of this Great Britain is so chosen? A half-drunken, illiterate man, hundreds of half-drunken, illiterate men, voting at the polls in a particular way because a 'pretty lady' has smilingly told them to do so! One night I stood outside a town hall and watched the electors as they went in to record their votes. The more intelligent and better class of men had voted earlier, and I had purposely chosen the hour between seven and eight because I knew that was when the laggards were whipped up by the candidates themselves, and the lazy and indifferent voters 'hauled in' by the wives and the sisters and the mothers and the women friends of the candidates. 'How are you voting?' I asked one man. 'Oh! I'm a Liberal, I am,' he answered.

'I'm an American,' I said, 'and don't know much about your politics over here. Explain to me what is a Liberal.' He explained that a Liberal Government would double the wages of the working classes, and 'do away with the bloomin' popinjays in the 'Ouse of Lords.'

'And that's what you are voting for?' I asked; 'to double your wages and do away with the aristocracy? Who told you those were the principles of the Liberals?'

'Oh, a Liberal lady canvasser as called on my missus this afternoon,' was the reply.

Another elector told me he was a Conservative, and, asking him why, I was informed that the Liberals wanted to sell the colonies to other countries and have nothing but England in the Empire, while the Conservatives didn't approve of that sort of thing. This latter voter, I happened to know, had been canvassed by a prominent Conservative lady. I do not imply that he was repeating her precise words, but certainly she had got what she had canvassed for, a vote for her candidate. It was not a good or pleasing sight to look upon

that procession of British electors, many of whom had been 'hailed in' by lady canvassers at the eleventh hour. Five minutes before the closing of the poll I was joined by one of these canvassers, tired and haggard and wet and muddy, the silk lining of her skirts hanging bedrabbled and ragged about her heels. She had eaten neither luncheon nor dinner, she told me. She was so busy, there had been not a moment to spare.

'Well, now,' she said, 'you have seen how we Englishwomen canvass—what we are able to do for our country during a General Election. What do you think of our enterprise? Have you anything like it among the women of your country?'

'Yes, I have seen you canvass,' I said; 'I have canvassed with you this year, and four years ago I canvassed in New York with the American women, and I am bound to admit to you that we have nothing like your enterprise and "get-there-ativeness" in my country. The American woman is altogether tame and retiring and bashful beside you!'

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay ;
And with its *all-obliterated tongue*
It murmur'd, 'Gently, brother, gently, pray !'

OMAR KHAYYAM.

BEFORE considering in what region of the earth the human race may probably have had its origin it is necessary to make a few prefatory observations regarding the variously estimated 'antiquity of man.'

In the early part of the present century there was, indeed, no possibility of doubt or disagreement on this subject, for did not every educated person know that the world was created in the year 4004 B.C.? More recently, however, while some leaders in our schools of science have reached the conviction that it is probable that mankind came into being about one hundred thousand years ago, others see reason to believe that this is almost as absurd as Archbishop Ussher's quaint chronology, and that there is little or no doubt that the human race has existed on the face of the earth for *more* than a million or even two million years.

The theory which would limit the duration of man's existence to one hundred thousand years is based mainly on the grounds that no human bones have been discovered anterior to the Quaternary Epoch. But Sir Charles Lyell more than twenty years ago pointed out that although many hundred flint implements, including a large number of knives, had been collected in the alluvial sand and gravel in the valley of the Somme not a single human bone had been found therein. 'The absence,' he writes, 'of all vestige of the bones which belonged to that population by which so many weapons were designed and executed affords a most striking and instructive lesson in regard to the value of negative evidence, when adduced in proof of the non-existence of certain classes of terrestrial animals at given periods of the past.'

He also instances the case of the Lake of Haarlem, extending over 45,000 square acres, which the Dutch Government, by means of powerful pumps, converted into dry land in the year 1853. 'There had been,' he observes, 'many a shipwreck and many a naval fight in those waters, and hundreds of Dutch and Spanish soldiers and sailors had met there with a watery grave, yet in the deposits which had constituted for three centuries the bed of the great lake no human bones could be found.' One or two wrecked Spanish vessels, some

arms of the same period, a few coins, and some shells were all that were discovered.

But if this be true of comparatively recent periods what human bones, we would ask, can we expect to find in the strata of the Miocene Epoch, a million years or more before the Great Ice Age had begun its work of destruction?

Sir Charles Lyell further remarks, 'Even of those ancient monuments now forming the crust of the earth, which have not been destroyed by rivers and the waves of the sea, or which have escaped being melted by volcanic heat, *three-fourths* lie submerged beneath the ocean, and are inaccessible to man; while of those which form the dry land a great part are hidden for ever from our observation by mountain masses, thousands of feet thick, piled over them.'

Professor H. Alleyne Nicholson also points out that almost all the fossiliferous rocks have been laid down in water; and it is a necessary result of this that the great majority of fossils are the remains of aquatic animals. 'The remains of air-breathing animals, whether of the inhabitants of the land or of the air itself, are comparatively rare as fossils.'

It is clear, therefore, that the negative evidence is of little or no value or importance, and must be disregarded in considering the duration of man's existence on the earth. Darwin, it will be remembered, was of opinion that man may have existed in the Eocene period, while Mr. Wallace holds¹ that he certainly did exist in that period. Professor Huxley also appears to have held this view, for he observes that the first traces of the primordial stock whence man has proceeded need no longer be sought, by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of progressive development, in the newest Tertiaries, but that they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of the *Elephas primigenius* (mammoth) than that is from us.

The fact that flint implements of the pre-glacial era are found both in Europe and also in North America clearly proves that man, even at that remote date, had spread from one end of the globe to the other, and must therefore have already existed for many thousands of years. 'The remoteness of the date,' observes Sir John Evans, 'at which the Palæolithic period had its beginning almost transcends our power of imagination;' and Professor Ratzel in his *History of Mankind* states that a regular workshop for the manufacture of chert flakes, which was discovered on the banks of the Mississippi in Minnesota, dates from the inter-glacial era, and that hunters chased the long-extinct beasts of the Drift Age in Mexico and in Argentina.

It has been pointed out by more than one writer that man is not the lineal descendant of any of the existing species of apes, and that the divergence of the branch which ends in man from that which

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, November 1887.

includes monkeys and anthropoid apes must have taken place not later than the Eocene or the beginning of the Miocene period.

But how long ago is it since the commencement of the Eocene period?

Lord Kelvin states that, to judge by the properties of rocks and by underground temperature, the date of the solidification of the earth was probably about thirty million years ago. And from the estimated depth of the Primary and Secondary strata their formation probably occupied about twenty-six million years. The date of the beginning of the Eocene period cannot, therefore, be estimated at less than four million years from the present time.

And what was the climate or temperature of the earth, of central Europe, and of the Polar regions, at that date? Sir A. Geikie writes—

A consideration of the history of the solar system would of itself suggest the inference that on the whole the climate of early geological periods must have been warmer. The sun's heat was greater; probably the amount of it received by the earth was likewise greater, while there would be for some time a sensible influence of the planet's own internal heat upon the general temperature of the whole globe. . . . There appears to have been a gradual lowering of the general temperature during past geological time.

Lord Kelvin observes that the hypothesis that terrestrial temperature was formerly higher, by reason of a hotter sun, is rendered almost infinitely probable by independent physical evidence and mathematical calculation.

But we know that even in the Miocene Epoch Europe enjoyed a tropical climate and was about twenty degrees warmer than it is at present. In the Polar regions dense forests were to be found where now are only vast fields of ice; and water-lilies are said to have grown within eight degrees of the North Pole. The elephant, hippopotamus, lion, hyæna, and rhinoceros were at that time common animals in Europe and Great Britain, although they now live, with the gorilla and chimpanzee, in Africa. The *dryopithecus* also inhabited France, and this now extinct anthropoid ape is said by M. Lartet and other writers to have more closely resembled man than either the gorilla or the chimpanzee, both of which may also have lived in Europe during this period.

In the Eocene epoch it was even warmer than in the Miocene; and it is a fact respecting which there is no doubt or uncertainty whatever that the ancestors of the human race did exist in the Eocene period, although we do not know whether they were so far advanced as to be properly described as men. Possibly they were not; but in any case we must all agree that at that early date they were, so to speak, 'in the cradle.' And where was that cradle?

Häckel thinks it may have been in the south of Asia, Wallace in Central Asia, Wagner in Europe, and Darwin in Africa.

If, however, we take into consideration that man deteriorates in a tropical climate, and advances, both physically and mentally, in

those countries where the temperature in the hottest season of the year seldom exceeds 70° or 80° Fahrenheit, and if we at the same time remember how great ~~must~~ have been the heat during the Eocene epoch, four million years ago, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving that we must turn to those regions of the north where the temperature at that time would be similar to that of the south of Europe at the present day if we wish to find the most suitable *habitat* for our early ancestors.

Moreover, if man had been a tropic-bred animal we should not have found him so far north as Britain, or the valley of the Somme, during the glacial period, when the cold was driving the European flora and fauna into the far south.

If we concentrate our attention on the traces of 'prehistoric man' found in the north-west corner of Europe, we are surprised to note their number and importance as compared with those found in other parts of Europe, in Asia, or in Africa. It is not only the flints found in Suffolk, and in almost every part of England (some of which are said to be pre-glacial), and in Belgium, France, and Germany, but there are also the human remains found in the caves—the Brixham Cave, and Kent's Hole, near Torquay—the Neanderthal skull, found near Düsseldorf; the Spy skeletons, near Namur; the Borreby skulls, in Denmark; the Engis skull, and others too numerous to be mentioned; and when in addition to all this we remember that the *dryopithecus* was a native of France we are at first naturally inclined to jump to the conclusion that here, in this north-west portion of Europe, was the cradle of the human race. But unfortunately, so far as this supposition is concerned, we find that belonging to the same remote date, if not to an even earlier period, similar worked flints and other human relics are found in America. Now in order to get from Torquay, or the valley of the Somme, from Namur or Düsseldorf to America, or from America to these places, man must either have crossed by the Behring Straits or by the now submerged route across Iceland and Greenland. And this is a most important fact which we cannot gainsay or disregard. But if this be so we are compelled to admit that long before the glacial epoch (which is said to have lasted from 240 thousand years ago, up to about 80 thousand years ago) man was in or near the Arctic regions. There is no getting away from this fact. And as the human race was therefore near the Polar regions at a time long anterior to that of any of the flints found in Great Britain or in the Somme valley, we are unwillingly compelled to relinquish the hypothesis that the cradle of the race may have been in the north-west of Europe.

If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to the traces of 'prehistoric man' in North America we find that these equal if they do not exceed those of Europe. A large number of them are referred to in an article by Mr. Wallace which appeared in this Review in November 1887, and amongst them he mentions that when the great

mastodon now in the British Museum was found by Dr. Kock in the Osage valley, Missouri, a number of stone arrow heads and charcoal were found near it, and that one of the arrow heads lay under the thigh bone of the mastodon and in contact with it. This animal, it will be remembered, was found at a depth of twenty feet, under seven alternate layers of loam, gravel, clay, and peat, with a forest of old trees on the surface.

He also refers to the case of the Calaveras skull.

In the year 1866 [he writes] some miners found in the cement, in close proximity to a petrified oak, a curious rounded mass of earthy and stony material containing bones, which they put on one side, thinking it was a curiosity of some kind. Professor Wyman, to whom it was given, had great difficulty in removing the cemented gravel and discovering that it was really a human skull nearly entire. Its base was embedded in a conglomerate mass of ferruginous earth, water-worn volcanic pebbles, calcareous tufa, and fragments of bones, and several bones of the human foot and other parts of the skeleton were found wedged into the internal cavity of the skull. Chemical examination showed the bones to be in a fossilised condition, the organic matter and phosphate of lime being replaced by carbonate. It was found beneath four beds of lava, and in the fourth bed of gravel from the surface; and Professor Whitney, who afterwards secured the specimen for the State Geological Museum, has no doubt whatever of its having been found as described.

But although these numerous traces of prehistoric man found in America might lead us to suppose that there was the birthplace of the human race, we are unable to adopt that theory. In that continent there are at the present time no anthropoid apes, and so far as we know there never have been any in past ages. Nevertheless we can hardly refuse to admit that the evidence clearly shows that our ancestors were in North America during the later portion of the Tertiary Epoch, and that they came there from or by the Arctic regions, Behring Straits, or Greenland.

In a letter to the *Times* newspaper in August, 1897, I pointed out that science would appear to teach us that our planet was at one time a fiery mass, the heat of which was too great to permit of either animal or vegetable life, and that as this fiery mass cooled down the first parts to reach a temperature sufficiently low to allow life to exist would be the North and South Poles. At these parts evolution would be going on through long ages, and eras of many millions of years, while the tropics were still a fiery girdle round the earth, across which no living creature might pass.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his interesting *Memoirs of the Month*, observes that 'birds, drawn by a hereditary impulse, press as far northwards as possible to rear their young, bearing witness that in Polar, not in Equatorial regions lies the source of animated nature.' And Professor Miall in his *Round the Year* points out that

racés of men, races of animals, races of plants, religious faiths, modes of civilisation all originate in the Northern Continents and spread out in successive waves; . . . the Palæ-Arctic region, and, in a less degree, North America, have been the *officina gentium* of which Jornandes spoke, the laboratory in which new tribes are fashioned, the starting-point of waves of migration which at length reach to the remotest corners of the earth.

This corresponds in a great measure with my own view on the subject, which is that the cradle of the human race was probably the vast tract of unbroken land lying between the Ural Mountains on the west and the Behring Straits, the Sea of Okhotsk, and Manchuria on the east. It also is partly in accordance with the opinion of Mr. Wallace, who suggests that the birthplace of man was probably in Central Asia; but the region to which we refer more especially lies to the north of Central Asia. It is three thousand miles across from the Ural Mountains to Manchuria, and in so large a country the human race may have multiplied for centuries and have reached more than a million members before it spread to the other continents. This region is little known from a geological point of view, and may contain any number of human relics, fossils, flints, skeletons, &c., for anything that we know to the contrary. During the Eocene Epoch the climate and temperature would be similar to that of the south of France at the present time, and would not, therefore, be too hot to allow the race not only to exist but also to progress and improve. As its extreme northern boundary is close to the polar regions, in this respect it also meets the view of those who hold that the source of animated nature was located at the Poles and not at the Equator. Its propinquity to the Behring Straits, where there was probably at that time an isthmus joining the two continents, would enable the race to pass over into America, and would account for the fact that they were apparently in that country at an even earlier date than that at which they reached Western Europe. They would also at once spread into China; and we know from the unique and primeval character of the Chinese language that there is no older race on the earth than the Chinese, and that in China mankind may possibly have first learned to talk and develop the faculty of speech.

In this vast region between Manchuria and the Ural Mountains there are high tablelands and other districts that are comparatively destitute of trees, and it is not improbable that primitive man got separated from, or driven out of, the forest and was compelled to give up tree-climbing and to take to walking on these wild plateaux and prairies. After scrambling along on his 'back hands' or 'hind-feet' for a long time the latter at length would develop the strength and form of the human foot, and would lose the shape and character peculiar to the ape. But this would not take place so long as he was living in woods and was accustomed to use his 'back hands' in clasp-
ing boughs and climbing trees to reach the fruit that grew thereon. It would not have taken place if his cradle had been a tropical forest.

Almost opposite Manchuria lies the island where dwell the hairy Ainus, so graphically described by Mr. Landor. Is it possible, we would ask in conclusion, that these closely resemble our early ancestor, prehistoric man?

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

ARMY MANŒUVRES IN FRANCE

ANY of those great continental powers whose very existence rests immediately upon its efficiency in arms and which has, at immense sacrifice, devoted itself to the creation of a vast and formidable army should, one would suppose, present a model of military perfection. And of all nations the French pre-eminently have united to worship their military power. With the great lesson of 1870 before their eyes, with a record of glorious enterprise in the past, and suffering from an extraordinary emotion of unrest as to their future, it would seem that in France, at all events, but few imperfections should be found, and that there should be but little reason to bring against any part of her military system any of those charges which, for the last few months, have been so roundly hurled against the management of our own small British army. It is difficult at the present moment to open a newspaper without discovering some violent criticism of our methods, without being arrested by the charges of an aristocratic indolence in our officers, and, during the past year, no field day at Aldershot has been allowed to pass without a storm of indignation in our journals at our utter incompetence to conduct operations in the field. We have been told that in Africa we shipwrecked largely because of our want of scouting, that our guns were hopelessly antiquated and that a long series of easy victories over savage enemies, coupled with a faulty system of training at home, had rendered our forces unequal to any active service even against an enemy who had not the advantage of military instruction.

France, upon the other hand, was in the nature of things free from many of our disadvantages. I do not mean that our forces were thus absolutely compared, but in France at all events the rank of officer was open to all ranks of the community, no class prejudice handicapped the hard-working and intelligent candidate, and the immediate danger of a European convulsion, coupled with the personal interest which all Frenchmen must feel in an army in which at the first hint of danger they will be compelled themselves to serve, made us believe that in armament, tactics, and the knowledge of war, we stood to them somewhat in the attitude of the amateur to the professional.

In a moment like the present, when our own system is on trial and when our eyes are turned at home and abroad in search of some scheme of training or modification of our present *régime* which may serve to better our condition, it is difficult to write of any foreign service without comparison with our own. To do so is, perhaps, to destroy the balance of proportion, yet if it be fully recognised that we are dealing in numbers too disproportionate for any real comparison, I cannot but believe that we may perhaps draw some useful conclusions. And if we limit ourselves to the observation of the French manœuvres in the vicinity of Chartres this year, when 160,000 men could be observed operating in the field, we may perhaps be able to note the method of their training without being overwhelmed by that vast difference in numbers and composition which will always render impossible any comparison between the regular British army and any force raised purely by conscription.

It must be understood that no description of an army derived solely from their field manœuvres is complete; but as these manœuvres are the culminating point of the year's training, and as they are intended to represent the conditions that will obtain in war, I cannot think that any notes upon the strategy and tactics of the leaders, or the endurance and movements of the men, can be considered as altogether one-sided.

The French have at the outset one great advantage over us. Recognising that their army is for service and not for display they do not conduct their trainings as we do at Aldershot or Salisbury, upon well-known ground and within the limits of a ring fence, but, having decided upon the scene of their operations, they move freely across the country side over an almost unlimited area and fight their battles, not upon any prescribed spot, but upon positions which are the most suitable for their purpose. The troops, instead of returning to a standing camp, bivouac upon the ground they hold or withdraw to the nearest village for the night, and at the first glance it seems that, having acquired such freedom of action and having so great an opportunity, the commanders would have done anything possible to carry it to a conclusion and play the game of war in the most complete manner possible. But they do not take advantage of their opportunity. The forces this year were divided into two armies, that of the North consisting of the 1st Cavalry Division and the 4th and 10th Army Corps under the command of General Negrier; and that of the South, the 5th and 9th Army Corps and the 5th Cavalry Division under General Lucas. Had these forces been mobilised at distant points and then left to find each other, some of the conditions of actual war would have been present, and not only would a large number of officers and men have obtained valuable lessons in scouting, but the commanding generals themselves would have been able to put to the test the theories of the lecture room and to have shown

their own ability in command. It seems strange that having once embarked upon manœuvres upon so vast and so expensive a scale, having inflicted so many hardships upon the soldiers, so great inconvenience upon the inhabitants of so large a stretch of country, no attempt should have been made to practise those strategical exercises which would have been the most valuable lesson of the training. Nothing of the kind was however attempted, and instead of groping for one another in the dark the armies settled into purely tactical manœuvres upon a progressive scale, operating against each other first as divisions, then as army corps, and finally in their ultimate form as armies. And even when operating in this way the scheme of concentration upon a given point made it necessary to decide each day which force was to retire.

It is necessarily so difficult to approximate the conditions obtaining during manœuvres to those of real war that it seems strange that strategy and scouting should alike have been discarded; nor are these the only matters of the highest practical importance which the French appear to pass lightly over in their war game. Neither during the concentration of the forces nor upon the actual field of battle was any system of signalling employed, but all messages were conveyed by cyclist despatch riders. These men were, by the rules of the game, both invulnerable and free from danger of capture. They rode unconcerned along the face of a volleying enemy, and one could not help remarking as the fight developed how different might have been the issue of a battle had it been possible to disregard the arbitrary rules and stop or intercept the orders of the enemy. Thus, instead of the operations affording an opportunity for the display of commanding ability or even for the education of the commanders, every care was taken to make the conditions as unreal as possible, and preserve the generals from criticism. I cannot think that this was the intention of the restrictions, but such was certainly the result.

But though it was immediately apparent that no strategical display was permitted, and though the entire absence of scouting and the immunity of the despatch riders on the field must constantly differentiate the results of manœuvre movements from those of real war, the practical experiences of the men, and the manner in which they moved easily from place to place, the absence of unnecessary transport and the magnificent marching and stamina of the troops, led one to expect that the manœuvres, if they were not strategical were at least tactical, and that a nation which so gloried in its army would at least furnish an astonishing display of knowledge of the science of modern warfare. We are ourselves at this moment so divided upon these matters that it may perhaps be doubted if any Englishman is competent to pass an opinion on the subject. As the only nation which has fought under the effects of modern fire, we are perhaps liable to

overrate this effect. Our experiences in the Transvaal, from a variety of local and even atmospherical conditions, are likely to be unique, and we are in equal danger of modelling our army upon our African experiences, and of throwing away all that we have learnt as solely African and unlikely to be repeated elsewhere. We may either be brought to believe with M. Block that everything was due to the inherent power of a well-armed defence, or that everything was due to local conditions, and that in other and less favourable countries the effect of modern fire will be no greater than that which all nations have experienced in the past. It is probable that the destructive effect of our rifle fire in recent savage wars will ultimately restore the balance of our opinion. The French, as seen at their manœuvres, however, appear to be in no doubt upon these points, and it is hardly credible that any body of men armed with such deadly weapons, and well aware that if ever they fight at all upon a large scale they will be compelled to face an enemy of equal numbers and as well armed, should complacently practise such tactics as were shown at Chartres, or be so little appreciative of the changes which have indubitably altered the conditions of the battle field. Without being carried to the extravagant exaggerations of M. Block, it may surely be conceded that the conditions which now prevail are widely different from those of the past, and that many movements which were possible, and even successful, in face of the old, high-trajectory, short-range weapons are next to impossible to-day. Upon returning from South Africa I had occasion to watch the training of a volunteer brigade, and was much struck by the differences apparent in their training and methods from that which prevailed in the face of the enemy in the Transvaal. These volunteers advanced to the attack in close formation, took but little advantage of cover, and afforded, as it seemed to me, such a target as it would have given us great pleasure to have found amongst the Boers. But though the spectacle of the volunteer advance was at first somewhat disconcerting, I soon found that the French army still clung to formations which one had supposed had now passed away, and that the battle scenes at Chartres reminded one more of the magnificent spectacles of the throng of the fight as shown in the pictures of Napoleon's campaigners than of the grim, unpicturesque reality of the recent war.

In recalling the manœuvres, so many splendidly dramatic scenes present themselves that I find it difficult to give any idea of this difference in tactics which I wish to describe, and as I feel that I shall with difficulty convince anyone of the extraordinary and almost incredible movements that were made, I must describe one typical affair.

The country was almost flat. Here and there were small villages with warm red roofs half hidden by young trees. Roads, straight and white, chequered the view into squares. There were no fences ;

the fields, for the most part in stubble, were divided only by narrow paths, and here and there was a small wood about an acre in extent. Beyond, on the edge of the plain, were a few spare trees. It was still, and even at that early hour the day was warm and dry.

As I rode to catch up the Northern army, brilliant groups of mounted officers and foreign attachés flashed and glittered as they cantered across the scene; and before us, upon either hand, a vast mass of infantry in their beautiful dull blue uniforms moved forward to the battle. On the left a brigade of cavalry stood dismounted by a farm, and the sun shone back from their metal helmets with a dazzling glare. As we came through a little village, from far off on the right we heard the sound of firing. One shot, then two together, and then a short, crisp volley. That sound which Steevens likened to the hammering of nails and which recalled many a bright African morning to the mind. The fight was beginning. A battery of artillery came by at a trot headed by gendarmes to prevent too close an inspection of the guns. A moment afterwards guns opened to the left. Though they have such great expectations of their artillery, the French do not appear to greatly regard its effect during their manœuvres, so I shall pass it over for the moment. Beyond the village the ground sloped gently towards the horizon, and far away we could distinguish the white caps of the enemy and the movements of the indistinct masses of their cavalry. Our own troops were advancing in column, and without any advance guard save that furnished by a handful of men thrown out some hundred yards in front of each battalion, who appeared to be in great danger from their friends without being able to render any service. It is one of the inestimable advantages of mimic war that the spectator is able to ride forward into the zone of fire and observe the operations without the necessity of taking those precautions which so limit the field of vision in the firing line of an actual action. But though I was glad to take advantage of this delightful security, I was astonished to discover that the combatants enjoyed similar advantages, and when a long line of the enemy marched forward, and, halting within two hundred yards of our ranks, remained standing at full height, though entirely enfiladed by a like number of our men, whose fire they did not trouble to return, and exposed to a frontal fire from an entire division, and when they had in this position checked our advance for a considerable time without suffering any loss or attempting to retire themselves, I supposed that the delay, which was certainly to the advantage of the enemy, had been caused by the absence of the umpires from the neighbourhood. The white caps having retired, our advance continued, and was so far successful that we forced the enemy to retire into some villages upon a little hill which they occupied in great force. There for a time the movement ended. The artillery upon both sides was about

equally matched and was presumed, I suppose, to be too much engaged with each other to turn its attention to the infantry. The latter now held the field, and anything more extraordinary than the scene which followed it is impossible to describe; nor can I conceive the effect which such a development would have had upon our military critics had they chanced to see so ghastly a movement attempted at Aldershot. The defenders, as I have said, were holding very formidable positions behind the walls of a long, rambling village. It was difficult to determine their numbers, but there were certainly several thousands, and in a little hollow of the ground behind them lay very large reinforcements. Indeed, the bulk of the white cap forces in that part of the field were close at hand. The attacking force was composed of rather more than a division of infantry. These, the position having been examined, moved forward to within 400 yards, leaving the usual supports some 100 yards in their rear, and there, having halted upon the bare field without a vestige of cover and standing or kneeling in the most correct lines, they proceeded to open fire upon the defenders, who were able to return a frightful fire whilst remaining almost entirely invisible. Having spent some twenty-five minutes in this position, during which they were reinforced by half companies in close ranks, the division gathered itself together, and, to the sound of drums and bugles, charged down upon the village walls.

But there were yet more extraordinary episodes to follow. Not long afterwards it became necessary to move another division of infantry against a position held by some 4,000 men. This position, which was of itself of no natural strength, was some half a mile away across ground without a vestige of cover. The attack, however, nothing daunted, came on at a slow double without firing a shot, and in close formation. Not only did it drive out the defenders, but it appeared to do so with the greatest ease and under the immediate eye of the umpire. From the ensuing conversation I learnt that as the attack had not been prepared in any way either by artillery or even by rifle fire, a considerable percentage of loss was said to have been sustained. So entirely incomprehensible did these tactics appear that I made the most diligent inquiries to assure myself that I was not dreaming; nor even when I had been assured that my suppositions had been quite correct could I bring myself to realise that a high European training could still adhere to tactics which had been so disastrously employed by the Kalipha. I give these as examples and as typical of every day's fighting. In following the movements of the cavalry the same utter disregard of the power of rifle fire was apparent. Single squadrons came charging forward on to lines of bayonets and moved freely through the hottest rifle fire.

We must remember that these are only *mancœuvres*, and that many

things are attempted on such occasions that would not be dreamt of in war, but when we read the sweeping criticisms of our own field days, though we cannot be content to rest upon our oars, we must either suppose that the critics have not seen continental tactics or that we aim at a higher standard of efficiency than we suppose.

In war a faulty system will tend to disappear. A few days' fighting, and the real stands separate from the theoretical. But if the tactics employed at Chartres are those of the next European war, the loss in result will be too ghastly to contemplate.

I cannot resist a word upon the French artillery. To have seen these guns in action with a blank charge does not allow one to form any estimate of their real worth. But as the system, as far as one can observe the working of a contrivance that is so jealously guarded, is so different from our own, some description may not be without interest. It should be remembered that the French in eagerly adopting this gun have discarded one not very different from our own, and that they are so deeply interested in guarding the secret mechanism of their present weapon that they enclose it in a metal case so that, as I was informed, even the artillery officers themselves are unacquainted with its construction. Great vigilance is exercised to prevent its secret from being divulged during its manufacture, and I was informed that only three or four men are permitted to assemble the parts, which are made in different parts of France, and that no others are allowed to view the contrivance when once set up. Unless we are to suppose the French to be children, it is inconceivable that they should demand such secrecy if they do not possess a gun with qualities which ours notoriously lack. It has been the ambition of all manufacturers to produce a field gun in which the violence of the recoil may be so minimised that it may not be necessary to re-lay between shots. If that result can be obtained rapid fire can be easily maintained; otherwise it is impossible. The French Field and Horse Artillery use the same gun—a 12½-pounder—and fire both shrapnel and melinite shells. On coming into action the ammunition wagon unlimbers beside the gun and is then tilted up till the rear end of the wagon rests upon the ground. Folding doors are then opened outward which form a shield for three gunners; and the ammunition which is 'fixed' is disclosed in racks. The appearance of the wagon when thus arranged is not unlike that of the large cedar-wood cases in which cigars are imported. As it stands alongside the gun the operation of handing the ammunition is much simplified and can be done almost entirely under cover. The gun itself, which is also provided with a bullet-proof shield, is fixed in position by a spade at the extremity of the trail, and by brakes on the wheels; whilst the body of the gun itself appears to lie in a grooved contrivance so arranged that the most part of the recoil is taken up by the movement of the gun along this groove under control of some spring

or pneumatic buffer. It is this portion of the mechanism that is guarded from observation. Any force of recoil that remains beyond that taken up by the buffer acts directly upon the spade and brakes in the usual way. The breech block is controlled by a single action, and the cartridge is automatically extracted. It is claimed that thirty aimed rounds may be fired a minute. If even fifteen shots may be so fired the weapon is immeasurably superior to ours.

At a time when many Englishmen have been somewhat in doubt as to the reception they were likely to meet with in France, it was pleasant to find the great courtesy with which all those who attended the manœuvres were treated.

It was my good fortune, however, to have an opportunity for considerable conversation with a young and distinguished officer, and I was much struck by the quiet contempt with which he spoke of the recent achievements of the British arms, and by the eminent opinions which he quoted as his authorities. 'Your navy is strong, but your army—you have no army,' he would say, and then hasten back to praises of the fleet to cover the unguarded utterance. His opinion of the course of any future war between England and France was not without interest. They would draw away the fleet from the Channel and if they could keep the sea clear for forty-eight hours, a hundred thousand men might land in England. 'The war would then be over. 'The English! I know the English,' he would say. 'We should kill a few, we should march on London and kill a few more, and when they saw that the others would stop fighting and pay. We know the English. Look at their surrenders in Africa! It is all arranged. But I hope there will never be a war. It would be a pity. I like the English very well myself. Oh yes, it would be a flying column, but what of that? There would be very little danger, and we should make our ammunition at Woolwich. And then you have no army.'

This appears to be the general opinion, and an utter want of comprehension of the difficulties of the South African campaign has completely shattered our military prestige.

But if ever there comes an invasion when the invading force puts into practice the lessons learnt at Chartres, I cannot help believing that our military prestige will be restored.

H. SOMERS SOMERSET.

THE CASUALTIES OF WAR AND OF INDUSTRY

THE war casualty lists are a dreadful daily item in the morning papers. We wonder how many people realise the fact that the daily industrial casualty lists of killed and wounded workmen in England show a heavier expenditure of life than that revealed by the war lists. Such, however, is the fact. The *Labour Gazette*, in its current number, gives a summary for the present year up to the end of August. During these eight completed months of 1900 there have been 3,058 workpeople reported killed and 59,274 injured—far more than the total number killed and wounded since the war began in South Africa. The Reservists, who were called up for service from our mines, quarries, railways, and workshops, have apparently only exchanged one risk for another.

So spoke one of the most intelligent of our London evening newspapers in September last. And it would be difficult to select a paragraph, written no doubt in good faith, which better illustrates the dangers which lie in wait for the users of statistics. I do not allude to the mere inaccuracy of fact—though it is a matter of common knowledge that the deaths in South Africa from battle, wounds, and disease had reached in September a total of over 9,000 officers and men—but to the incautious assumption that deductions can be drawn from mere figures before they are reduced to some common basis which allows them to be compared. Even if the casualties of industry had in number exceeded during the present year the casualties of war it would have been in the highest degree inaccurate and unscientific to suggest, without further examination, that the risks of war and industry were in any way comparable. Before one can measure the dangers of any trade, whether of a soldier or of a quarryman, one must ascertain the number of persons in that trade, and then calculate what proportion the losses by death and injuries bear to the total number exposed to risk. Until this is done it is both futile and misleading to toss raw masses of figures at the reading public. This calculation I have set myself, and those who are good enough to read this article may gather from it what were the risks which our Reservists faced in their mines, quarries, railways, and workshops, and how small were the daily dangers which they gallantly exchanged for the terrible hazard of war.

Let me begin with war. During the year which closed on the

10th of October, 1900, military operations were carried on in South Africa by a constantly varying body of men. For the first few months our forces there did not exceed 70,000 men all told, and for the greater part of the time between October 1899 and January 1900 were much fewer than 70,000. Then the numbers were rapidly increased until a maximum of some 250,000 was reached. It must be remembered, however, that by no means all these were effective. Deaths, wounds, and disease continually removed large numbers from active operations, and others also were locked up in Boer prisons. It would no doubt be inaccurate to regard these last as free from risk, since Boer prisons do not appear to have been exactly sanitary, yet at least they gave security from the dangers of battle. In estimating the average strength of our forces during the year's campaign I have adopted the method followed by a writer in the *Times* of September last. This gentleman arrived at the 'mean strength' by working out an average of the effective strength at the end of each period of three months. His conclusion was that 5,260 officers and 188,000 non-commissioned officers and men were exposed to risk during the year, and with the best will in the world I have not been able to improve upon this estimate. For the purpose then of this article these figures have been taken, and I am satisfied that they produce results which are substantially accurate.

The fate which met those 5,260 British officers was quite unprecedented in the experience of other campaigns. No less than 384 have been killed or have died of wounds, 152 have died of disease, and 1,105 have been reported wounded. It is, of course, necessary to reject from the total of wounded officers the number of those who subsequently died of wounds, thus reducing the wounded to 1,015. The rates of loss per 1,000 work out as follows: killed or died of wounds, 73; died of disease, 28·9; wounded, 193; total, killed and wounded, 294·9 per 1,000. In other words, one in four of the British officers in South Africa has been killed or wounded, one in five has been wounded, and one in ten has been killed or died of wounds. And this takes no account at all of the multitude of officers who have been in hospital for sickness which has not proved fatal. Indeed, the wonder is whence Lord Roberts scraped up sound officers for his operations.

The mortality among officers in this war will always stand out prominently among vital statistics, but at present it concerns me less than the experience of the non-commissioned officers and men. For among these were those Reservists who exchanged the risks of industry for those of war. I find that of the 188,000 men 3,838 were killed or died of wounds, 5,900 died of disease, and 12,681 suffered from non-fatal wounds. Turning these also into rates per 1,000 we get non-commissioned officers and men killed or died of wounds, 20·5; died of disease, 31·4; wounded, 67·4: total,

119·3 per 1,000. That is to say, roughly speaking, 1 in 11 of the men exposed to risk has been killed or wounded, 1 in 15 has been wounded, and 1 in 20 has died of wounds or disease.

Now, it would not be correct to take these rates of deaths and wounds as they stand, and to compare them with the corresponding rates of deaths and injuries suffered in industrial employments. If the troops in South Africa had not been engaged in warlike operations a considerable number would still have died from the ordinary risks of life on foreign service. Actuaries have calculated that the rate of mortality of British troops in countries like South Africa is 15 per 1,000 per annum. I must, therefore, assume that of those soldiers who died of disease 15 per 1,000 would have perished in time of peace, and that the difference—16·4 per 1,000—only is attributable to the risks of war. A year of war, then, has been responsible for a death rate from battle, wounds, and disease of 36·9 per 1,000—20·5 and 16·4—and a non-fatal wound rate of 67·4 per 1,000.

Let me now turn to a year of industrial casualties and examine the figures which the Board of Trade and Home Office furnish. The twelve months which I shall take are from September 1899 to August 1900, a period which is not precisely contemporary with the year of war, but which is sufficiently near to it for all practical purposes. The returns for September last, which were not available when this article was written, do not differ from those of September 1899 to an extent which will appreciably affect the rates per 1,000 of either fatal or non-fatal injuries. It is not possible either to include quite all the accidents which have occurred, since a small number are reported each month under various Acts, and no official figures are available as to the number of persons among whose ranks these accidents happened. Nevertheless I am able to deal with fully 95 per cent. of the reported industrial casualties, and, moreover, to deal with these in a manner which will ensure complete accuracy.

When one begins by saying that in the year from September 1899 to August 1900 4,308 persons were killed and 89,042 were injured by industrial accidents the statement does certainly produce something of a shock. But when one goes on to point out that during the year no fewer than 5,416,043 persons were exposed to the risk of these accidents the figures at once bear a different aspect. The important question is not so much the gross total of casualties, but the individual risk which workmen run of being killed or injured. And this individual risk is very small. The actual rate of deaths to every 1,000 men employed works out at only 0·79, while the rate per 1,000 of injuries was 16·44. That is to say, in the year 1 workman in 1,260 was killed and 1 in 60 was injured. These rates may or may not be high when the conditions of the several industries are considered—they are rather higher than those for 1898–1899—but

they are insignificant when compared with the casualties from deaths and wounds in war. The only occupation which will bear comparison in risk with that of the soldier on active service is that of the sailor. Sailors, as far as fatal accidents are concerned—in which, of course, is included the danger of drowning—run more than six times the daily risk of workers on railways and in mines, and nearly forty times the risk of workers in factories. This will be seen readily from the following rates per 1,000 of fatal accidents during 1899–1900: Railway servants, 1·2; miners and quarrymen, 1·21; sailors, 7·89; factory workers, 0·205: average, 0·79. It will be noticed at once that the factory workers have so much the best of it as regards immunity from fatal accidents that they are far below the average, while the workers in other classes—especially sailors—are considerably above it. Indeed, the low average is due to the overwhelming numbers of the factory workers—3,775,221—as compared with the three other groups.

If the rates per 1,000 of those who suffered in the year from non-fatal accidents are calculated the results work out as follows: Railway servants, 30·96; miners and quarrymen, 6·31; sailors, 10·97; factory workers, 17·07: average, 16·44. The most interesting feature is the low rate shown for sailors as compared with their very high death rate, and this is in itself an additional indication of the hazardous life led by the seaman. When a sailor meets with an accident the chances are about two in five that it kills him outright. On the other hand the favoured factory worker has only one chance in eighty-five of dying from any accident which may befall him.

As I have observed, the only occupation which will bear comparison in danger to life with that of our soldiers in South Africa is that of a sailor, and it is, to say the least, unlikely that there were many merchant seamen called up with the Reserves. No; the Reservists came from the railways, the mines, and the workshops, and exchanged comparative safety for terrible perils. One must not merely set the great death rate of 36·9 per 1,000, from which our soldiers suffered, beside the 1·2 of railway servants, the 1·21 of miners and quarrymen, and the 0·205 of factory workers. It is also necessary to consider the difference in severity between the wounds received in battle and the injuries which are due to industrial accidents. It happens that I am able to illustrate forcibly how great was this difference. Out of 13,531 wounded soldiers 850 subsequently died of their wounds, whereas out of the 89,042 industrial accidents reported month by month during the year only one case—and that of a sailor—was subsequently returned as a death. One might give half a dozen plausible explanations of this immense discrepancy, but it would still remain immense.

It is well that the risks to life and limb which our soldiers face should be clearly realised, for it is only from the full understanding of

their dangers that one can appreciate the courage and patience which they have shown. Even if we ignore the considerable chances of death from disease, and reckon only the dangers of battle, there is still no comparison between the relative risks of war and industry. Our soldiers in South Africa would then show a casualty rate of fatal and non-fatal wounds of 87·9 per 1,000, against 32·16 per 1,000 in the case of railway men, 7·52 of miners and quarrymen, 18·86 of sailors, 17·212 of factory men, and against a general industrial average of 17·23 per 1,000. That is to say, the Reservists by exchanging industry for war multiplied their daily risks of injury by more than five times, and in addition ran all the hazards of disease.

It is easy to juggle with figures; it is easy to put forward statistics in undigested lumps, in such a manner as entirely to alter their true significance. There is a growing habit with both speakers and writers to deal with numerical facts merely to point some passing argument, and to have little regard for their real meaning so long as a temporary advantage is derived from their distortion. This would matter less if statistics were less valuable. But it happens that few things are more valuable. Almost all our exact knowledge of trade, of employments, and of the conditions of men's lives is hidden in figures, and the person who handles them in ignorance, to suit his temporary ends, is an enemy of truth. It may not seem to matter much at the time, but it matters a great deal if it causes the intelligent public to think that 'statistics will prove anything.' Statistics will not prove anything; they will prove no more and no less than the facts which they enwrap, but in order to get at those facts the man who deals with them must have a special training in his work and must have no political or social axe to grind. He must deal only with the facts and be guided solely by what they teach him.

In this short article I have dealt solely with facts, and now I gather them together and offer them to the reader in the form of a table. The rates of mortality and accident in this table are calculated at so many per 1,000 of the persons exposed to risk, and from the death rate of soldiers in South Africa is deducted 15 per 1,000 (the normal rate of mortality of British troops on foreign service).

—	Non-Comm. Officers and Men in S. Africa	Railway Servants	Miners and Quarrymen	Sailors	Factory Workers	Industrial Average
Deaths . . .	36·9	1·2	1 21	7·89	0·205	0 79
Those wounded or injured . . .	67·4	30 96	6·31	10·97	17·07	16·44
Total . . .	104·3	32·16	7·52	18·86	17·275	17·23

THE VULGARISING OF OBERAMMERGAU

WHATEVER we may think of the errors into which the Roman Church has fallen, this one glory must always be hers, and must ever rouse our sincerest admiration and respect—namely, the fact that she has, by a great and wonderful power, read and understood and captured the hearts and souls of the poor. The Church of England has not done this. She stands on a platform of rigid respectability, she pursues a policy of virtuous openhandedness, and she sends her accounts with business-like regularity to the office of her chartered accountants; but in spite of all this, nay indeed *because* of all this, her shafts of redeeming light have never really penetrated the chaotic darkness of ignorance, want and sin which shrouds the very poor.

The secret of this strange power of the Roman Church lies in the fact that she ‘descends to meet.’ She bends to their superstitious fancies; she condescends to their taste in church decoration; she draws her priests largely from the peasantry; and she holds them fast and secure under the tyranny that centuries of voluntary submission and surrender to the priesthood as keeper of their souls has created and fostered.

But it is not only by doctrine, nor yet by the surrender of their wills in confession, nor by the tie of absolution, that she holds these poor in her grasp. Her wisdom has been greater than this. She has welded the life of the Church with the life of the poor so completely, so subtly, that they have learnt to look to her for all the comfort and brightness that their hard lot denies to them. The Church of Rome has done literally what she does ceremonially once a year on Maundy Thursday—she stoops to wash the feet of the poor. And in return for this great condescension, out of gratitude for innumerable ‘festas;’ for brilliance and brightness in church and services which they cannot afford to seek elsewhere; for spiritual consolation and frequent absolution of what weighs down their consciences and burdens their souls; from a dread fear of the supernatural power that—to their imagination—lies vested in priestly hands, the Roman Catholic poor love their Church and hold their religion as their dearest possession upon earth.

Nowhere is this to be seen to such advantage as among the poor of Bavaria, and in its perfection it is to be seen in the simple peasants of Oberammergau. In this small village everything seems to suggest their devotion to Church and faith. They have climbed the highest peak that overlooks their valley and planted a cross there where every eye can see it; they have, in many cases, painted the outside walls of their houses with sacred subjects, that none may pass in or out without looking upon this expression of faith; they have a shrine in every field, that none may sow their plot of ground or gather in its fruits without being reminded of Him who called Himself the Lord of the Harvest. Their lives are said to be singularly pure, and subjected to a rigid scrutiny in order that none of the four hundred who are chosen to take part in the Passion Play shall be of doubtful or careless character. No one who watches them play their parts, or lives with them in their homes, can fail to see that it is something more than an inborn simplicity which keeps them humble and unaffected through the glare of publicity and fame, and something far deeper and more powerful than natural talent or training which enables them to sustain their parts in a manner that is above criticism and almost beyond praise.

It is only when we take all this into consideration that the fact that the Passion Play has ceased to move its audience becomes a matter of extreme regret and of very real pathos. Ten years ago Dean Farrar writes that during some of the scenes 'there was scarcely a face among the four thousand spectators which was not wet with tears, and, what is more remarkable, some of the actors themselves were visibly weeping.' What a contrast to the atmosphere of the Ammergau theatre of to-day!

Looking round one Sunday in July upon the huge audience, chiefly composed of Germans and Americans of the lower middle class, as they giggled and whispered or stared about them obviously indifferent and genuinely bored, one felt it was a matter for wonder why they were there at all. In spite of the admirable arrangements for the orderly conduct of the Play and the comfort of the visitors, the audience were by no means settled in their seats when the gun fired and the chorus walked on to the stage, and an effort was made to obtain silence. Those who had entered the building from the left when their seats were on the right, and *vice versa*, were still walking about, refusing to believe they could not get to their seats without going out again and re-entering the theatre by the proper door. Others came in late, and this was an unpardonable offence, causing in each case a whole row to rise and block out the view of the tableaux, which were sufficiently fleeting without any such interruption. These disturbances met with the expressions of annoyance which they undoubtedly merited, but angry hisses and exclamations were hardly the evidences of an appropriate spirit in which to watch the calm

endurance of suffering which was presently to call forth a dumb and silent sympathy from all earnest witnesses. But from beginning to end a devotional spirit, or even a spirit of reverence, never breathed its softening influence over that crowded house, and when the doors were thrown open in the middle and at the close of the Play any constraint that there had been was gone immediately, and like a kettle of boiling water when the lid is removed, the pent-up steam escaped, and laughing, pushing and talking, the crowd elbowed its way out.

On this particular Sunday referred to, the weather was extremely wet and cold, and the shivering audience sat wrapped in rugs and cloaks and still were not warm. It was doubtless this fact which caused them so far to forget what was seemly and reverent as to stamp with their feet between the scenes in spite of individual efforts to silence them; only the scenes of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion were exempted from this display of irreverence. We may well ask what has occurred to transform the audience of ten years ago into the unsympathetic, indifferent and unimpressed crowd which to-day fills the theatre in its thousands and complains it cannot sit through the Play.

The fault most assuredly does not lie with the peasant actors. Nothing can exceed their reverence and devotion. They are not yet spoilt. Their rendering of their extremely difficult and trying parts is admirable. The scenic effects leave nothing to be desired but sunshine and gloom at appropriate moments, and which sometimes—as for instance a thunderstorm during the act of the Crucifixion—occur with startling impressiveness. But whether they act with the assistance of the weather or in spite of it, they act with an equally praiseworthy self-forgetfulness and devotion. The disillusion, if disillusion there is, is the work of the audience, and of the Americans in particular. But the degree and kind of the disillusion depends on the spirit in which a man goes to the Play. The American goes to see a sight because it is unique and everybody is talking of it. Treating it in this way—as a mere sight—he is naturally disappointed. He finds it too long: the tableaux are to him quite meaningless: the spirit of the Play never touches him. He is just as indifferent to it as an unmusical person at the Opera, who goes there merely because it is ‘the thing to do.’ Others go as a sort of emotional experiment, simply for the pleasure of having their feelings played upon and taking a sort of morbid psychological interest in studying the effect the Play will have upon their inner nature. These too, as a rule, find disappointment. Some of these emotional people, who are easily reduced to tears by a tragic love scene at the theatre, will sit through the performance of the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen, and will watch it through all its stages of increasing pathos to its acutely pathetic end without

so much as a single heart throb. They come away] completely puzzled, but the explanation is very simple.

The audience of 1890, described as so deeply moved, was not the audience that swarms into the little village to-day. The people who went then were people to whom their religion was the most important thing in their lives ; what they went to see represented to them was the very thing they knew most about and cared most for. They went with the object of realising more fully the tremendous power of the Passion, and they felt it. The audience, chiefly of peasants, met there with one common object, sat there in profound silence, following every scene with breathless interest and swayed with all the conflicting emotions that the various scenes exacted. And when it was over they left the theatre *silent*, with hearts too full for any expression, feeling literally that 'they had been with Jesus.'

But even to-day there are still some few who go to the Passion Play in a religious spirit and come away with a blessing. In the little loft which does duty for an English church about fifty persons receive the Sacrament at 5.30 a.m. on the mornings of the Play, and in the Roman Catholic church there is a crowd of three hundred peasants at a still earlier hour gathered there for the same reason. Perhaps, roughly speaking, there are four hundred people who go to the Play with a devout mind and a reverent intention, and the audience numbers four thousand. The heaven is insufficient to work any transformation, and the Passion Play is abused. Small wonder that it should become a subject for general speculation whether the Play can be continued.

Circumstances and the modern spirit of cynicism and flippant irreverence have combined to make it little less than an act of sacrilege.

In these days it is perhaps not impossible to imagine several thousand people watching a representation of the sufferings of Jesus Christ with indifference ; but that it should be right to give them the opportunity to do so is a matter for very grave deliberation.

Another subject for thought is the contaminating effect that the spirit of the audience must have upon the villagers of Oberammergau. They have been accustomed to regard the Play as something solemn and sacred, and the peasants of the surrounding country who come in to see it have hitherto looked upon their journey in the light of a pilgrimage. Ten years ago they used to kneel and pray on entering the theatre, but now they must scramble and push for their seats with the rest. They see, week by week, crowds of careless tourists pouring into their village and their theatre, treating them and it with the same vulgar indifference that they treat the other sights they visit, and it would be a miracle if they left them untainted.

One of the most remarkable things in this most remarkable Play

is its entire freedom from any Roman extravagances. There is nothing throughout the Play to suggest that its players are members of the Roman Church. It seems at first sight as though for once she was holding this simple portion of her vast flock by the pure power of her Faith, instead of by the spell of superstition. But it is not so. The great head of the Church, himself perhaps the greatest superstition of all, is doing his best to corrupt the players by a scandalous system of reward which might well cause Luther's bones to stir in their grave. The particular instance of it under our notice is that of Josef Mayer, the distinguished simple-minded actor who for three years took the part of Jesus Christ with immense success. Wishing to confer some mark of favour upon so eminent a disciple, His Holiness has bestowed upon him a pardon, not only for all his own sins, past and present and future, but also, with a truly lavish generosity, for those of all his children. It is with a face of genuine pride and wholesome satisfaction that this greybearded child of Rome shows to a few favoured visitors the slip of paper signed by the Pope which means so much to him and his. But to the mind that has not been fed and nourished at the bosom of the Roman Church, such an idea is not only vain and preposterous, but constitutes a hideous mockery. Given the fact that the peculiar circumstances which gave rise to the Passion Play, and the purity of the lives led by all who take part in it, are in themselves a sufficient excuse for its representation, how is it possible to shield from a charge of gross profanation the act of wiping out a man's sins and those of his children, as a reward for representing the character of Jesus Christ before a multitude of careless spectators?

Thus it is that the One Supreme Authority in whose hands a remedy for the present abuse of the Passion Play might have been looked for is himself discovered to be a prime mover in its corruption.

L. C. MORANT.

*THE GAEL AND HIS HERITAGE*¹

THE last tragedy for broken nations is not the loss of power and distinction, nor even the loss of that independence which is so vital to the commonweal. It is not, perhaps, even the loss of country, though there is no harder thing than to see the smoke of the stranger, or to hear upon the wind the forlorn business of the going of those who are dispossessed and the coming of those new in possession. The last tragedy, and the saddest, is when the treasured language dies slowly out, when a sad autumn falls upon the legendary remembrance of a people. Sometimes a bitter destiny descends suddenly upon a nation, as when Russia all but strangles Finland, permitting that broken people, when it gasps for life, to live, but on condition that it relinquishes freedom, language, tradition, hope, pride, and honour. The wrong is not the blind wrong of a barbaric people too savage to know the sacredness of pledge and solemn oath, but is the open wrong of a cynical Government, scorning the most sacred pledge and the most solemn oath. Then again the destiny that comes upon a crushed nation may be only retributive and regenerative, as with Spain. Such nations are bent, not broken : they have no tragic sunset. They have not lost the irrecoverable, and they have hope. Another destiny there is, that which awaits a people who have never been a sovereign power, but have had national greatness ; who have never striven to extend their dominion, but have seen their own frontiers, liberties, possibilities, and at last even their language and cherished national inheritance of legend and gathered incalculable beauty shrink from age to age, from generation to generation, from decade to decade, from year to year. Such a people are the Gaelic people. I do not speak of the Anglo-Gaelic people of Ireland and Scotland, but of the small Gaelic remnant in the Scottish Highlands and in the Isles, and of the like small remnant in Ireland. These people have not the bitter solace of a drowning absorption in the language,

¹ *Carmina Gadelica*. Hymns and incantations, with illustrative notes on words, rites, and customs, dying and obsolete ; orally collected in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, and translated into English by Alexander Carmichael. In 2 vols. large 4to. Printed by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, for the author, and sold by Mr. Norman Macleod, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.

the written thought, the active, omnipresent, and variegated energy of the dominant race. They have to keep silence more and more, and soon they too will be silent.

It is a strange thing: that a nation can hold within itself an ancient race, standing for the lost, beautiful, mysterious ancient world, can see it fading through its dim twilight, without heed to preserve that which might yet be preserved, without interest even in that which once gone cannot come again. The old Gaelic race is in its twilight indeed; but now, alas! it is the silent, rapid twilight 'after the feast of Samhin,' when still and dark winter is come at last, out of the sea, out of the hills, down the glens, on the four winds of the world.

There are some, however, who do care. There are some whose hearts ache to see the last pathetic passage of a defeated people, and who would gladly do what yet may be done to preserve awhile the beautiful old-world language and the still more beautiful and significant thought and legend and subtle genius enshrined in that language; who are truly loth to let die and become legendary and literary that which had once so glorious a noon, and has now a sunset beauty, is even yet a living aspect, is still the coloured thought of life and not of the curious imagination only.

Those who think thus and desire thus will be deeply grateful to Mr. Alexander Carmichael, who now in his old age, after so many years of preparation following upon a long life of loving and sympathetic heed for the beautiful things of the past as seen and heard in the Hebrides, but now, alas! hardly to be seen and rarely to be heard, has given us the invaluable record of his life-work. It is not too much to say that Mr. Carmichael is the last great chronicler of the Gael. Even before the late John Campbell of Islay died, having won a European reputation for his collection and translation of Gaelic folklore, he feared that the day was over when much more was to be gleaned. He knew that when Mr. Carmichael left the Hebrides, and went to Edinburgh to prepare the life-work of forty years, he would have no like successor. This not because there are no willing workers now, but because it is too late. Even in the Gaelic-speaking Irish west, from Donegal to Clare, the native collector finds more and more difficulty; for the old are proud, and the middle-aged have forgotten or are silent, and the young do not know and do not care. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the late William Larminie, and others have done what they could, but the gleaners now have a small aftermath for their gain, because of the narrowing pastures of a once vast and fruitful national heritage. Most of the folklore and folk tales now got in Ireland are at third-hand, got by the person who tells them from some other, who had them from this man or that woman, but in English, and too often with a perplexing dual light on them as of noon and moonlight, and even at the best without the determining

savour and unalloyed colour and unique inward accent of the Gaelic original.

By a singular irony the students of Gaelic literature and Gaelic language are increasing : of ancient Gaelic, indeed, there are many scholars to whom we owe much and shall owe more—Whitley Stokes and Kuno Meyer and Dr. George Henderson, in Ireland Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, and others. Soon there will be only a few old peasants and a few learned men (mostly Germans) who will be able to speak in the old language.

Now that Mr. Carmichael has given us so much of his life work (let us trust not nearly all, and that he has yet much accumulated lore to give us from remembrance and translation), and that advanced years will prevent him from again relinquishing time and means in his enthusiastic labour, there are few who can take up his work. What is sadder is that there are fewer and fewer among the islanders and the Highlanders of the remoter districts of the mainland who can or will repeat the desired old wisdom, beauty, and strangeness of ancient faiths and customs. The Gaelic-speaking islesman or Highlander has an all but unconquerable reticence now, and will seldom speak of the hidden things that were once common and beautiful with the commonness and beauty of sunlight and wind. Many causes have led to this. When a people is forced by circumstances to speak two tongues the native speech naturally remains that of the inward life, the inward remembrance, the spirit. The English-speaking Gael is apt to be silent and morose in English if he does not know it well or is not at ease in its use, and naturally is not found communicative by those who would hear him speak of the things they wish to hear. He is proud and sensitive too, and does not appreciate the superior smile and the ill-bred laugh with which his interrogator so frequently punctuates his curiosity. When things sacred to his forefathers, and to him too for that very association as for others, are broached—as when one would ask about the potato blight or the herring failure—it is surely only natural that he should be irresponsive, or, if he answer, be evasive, or take refuge in a seeming boorish dulness. But how much greater a gulf exists between these Scottish and English foreigners and those Gaels who practically have no language but their own, so little English have they, and in that isolation are so remote from the confusedly coloured verbiage of modern speech, and our modern ways of thought, and, above all, the modern ways of life. It is a gulf that few can realise, except those few who perforce live much with both, and speak readily the speech of both, and understand what is in each that here repels and there attracts the other. I have known many instances of Gaelic crofters and fishermen who have not only refused to be drawn into confidence but have wilfully misled their interrogators. I remember on one occasion crossing the Sound of

Eriskay, between the island of that name and South Uist. Two men were in the ferry, and with them was a man whom they had hired to go with them on their fishing excursion in Uist and Benbecula. They asked many questions of the boatmen, and learned little, the men for one thing having their work to see to, and their daily needs to bear in mind, and not caring for the idle curiosity of strangers. The latter seemed aggrieved, and spoke heedlessly concerning the stupidity of 'these Highlanders,' and how ignorant they were. A week or two later I met the man who had gone with them to fish. 'Well, Pòl McPhail,' I said, 'and how did you get on with your English friends? Did you tell them what they wanted to know about what we do, and what we think on this and that?' 'At first I told them nothing,' he said, 'and then when they bothered me every hour I told them a little that was nothing at all, and they were pleased; and at last when they wanted more, and spoke of things I did not wish to speak about, I told them a fathom o' nonsense, and the older man he put a net into my words and took out what he fancied, and told his friend to write them down as he said them over. I laughed at that for sure, for it was all foam and forgetfulness. And on the last night, when he brought out a book with nothing but white paper in it, and said he wanted to take down some things from me, and for me to put my name and place at the end of it, I said then I could not, for being only a Barra man I had no more English, having used all I knew in telling the fine tales I had told. And at that he seemed surprised, and I don't know yet if he has thought it out, and sees that a man can tell tales only with the words he has, and that when these are used up he can tell no more tales.'

I recall this little anecdote as significant. One other, equally significant, will suffice as commentary on what I have said. I was staying with some friends who had taken a farmer's house in Glen Usinish, under the shoulder of mighty Hecla, in South Uist, and heard from a crofter of a foreign gentleman who had the Gaelic like the *gruthmara* (flowing tide), though it was not the Gaelic of the isles; and this gentleman was asking, asking everywhere, and writing down whenever he could get what he wanted. 'No,' added the crofter, 'it was not old tales or old songs he wanted, like good Father Allan of Erisgey, but if we did this or if we did that, and the why of it, and who did it now, and did we believe in it, and could we give names? So we just all had a heavy silence like mist on us. For we knew that though he had the Gaelic tongue he had not the Gaelic heart. For sure it was not for love and kinship, but just to find out and to speak scornfully to others about our ways, that he asked. So he got little, and what little he got would not be a good catch for any one but an *amadaun* (a fool).' The next day one of our company was fishing on Loch Druidibeg, and there met the folk-

lore hunter, who was fishing there also, and learned from him that he had got much unexpected information, though confusedly told, and that he found the people strange and quite unlike what he had read about them, with nothing of that peculiar imagination and Celtic beauty of speech and thought of which he had heard so much and found in books both old and new, and that, far from being a spiritual and poetic race, he found the highlander and still more the islander dull and prosaic, and with interests wholly commonplace and selfish. In the following winter I chanced to hear that this gentleman lectured on 'The Gael as he is to-day' (I give, not the title, but the subject of his lecture), and though I had merely the vaguest report of it I can well believe, as my correspondent said, that the lecturer betrayed not only a radical ignorance of the actual manners, customs, and thought, the outward and inward life of the Gael of to-day, but constantly misapprehended and misinterpreted what little he had been able to gather. We have an old saying that it takes three years to get into a man's mind, and twice three years to get to what is secret in a man's mind, and thrice three years to get a man to speak of the secret things that are in his mind.

This, then, is one of the obvious reasons why it is so difficult for those of foreign speech and manners and ways of thought and life to reach into the true life of the Gael, by which, of course, I mean not the Anglicised or Scoticised persons of Highland parentage who live in Glasgow or in Inverness, for example, but the remoter Gael who speaks his ancient tongue, and to a great extent lives the life of his ancestors for many generations.

Of the relatively small number capable of this sympathetic understanding and this adequate interpretation only for a very few it is possible to do anything even approximating the great service done by Mr. Alexander Carmichael. Dr. George Henderson, for instance, a Gaelic-speaking Gael and one of the most learned Celtic students living, is fitted for the congenial work; but his labours in Oxford and elsewhere render a task of the kind practically impossible. Even the greatest enthusiast, and a clansman, cannot get into the life of the people in the sense of intimate comradeship in a few holiday weeks; and, as all of us who are of the north know, there are interclan suspicions and jealousies which, superficial and removable as they commonly are, yet perforce have to be considered. Indeed (now that John Gregorson Campbell, of Tiree, is also gone from us), I know of only one man who can do for us anything equivalent to the great task which Mr. Alexander Carmichael has now triumphantly brought to the long desired end. I allude to Father Allan Macdonald, of Erisgey in South Uist, a priest who is not only beloved of his people, and truly a father to them, but is an enthusiast in Gaelic lore and literature, who in his many years' ministration has collected what, if ever translated,

will be almost as invaluable a treasure trove as these 'Ortha nan Gaidheal,' the *Carmina Gadelica* of Mr. Carmichael.

Incidentally may I be excused the personality and say with what eagerness those of us who love and cherish the beautiful oral literature and legendary lore and folk-songs of the Gael wish that there were more priests and ministers like Father Allan, Macdonald, and Gregorson Campbell? I do not think any one who has not lived intimately in the Highlands can realise the extent to which the blight of Calvinism has fallen upon the people, clouding the spirit, stultifying the mind, taking away all joyousness and light-hearted gaiety, laying a ban upon music even, upon songs, making laughter as rare as a clansman landlord, causing a sad gloom as common as a ruined croft. And even where matters are no longer so bitter as they were a generation ago, even where to-day a certain half-hearted turning towards a truer conception of human life is evident, it is too late—too late for the recovery of that which is gone away upon the wind.

But as this is a matter on which (when I have written to a like effect) I have been held unjustifiably prejudiced either from the Gaelic or religious standpoint or both, I will give without comment an episode incidentally introduced by Mr. Carmichael in his Introduction, and give it with the more propriety as the excerpt will reveal to many readers the splendid native material which has been so piteously perverted.

During my quest I went into a house near Ness. The house was clean and comfortable, if plain and unpretending, most things in it being home-made. There were three girls in the house, young, comely, and shy four women, middle-aged, handsome, and picturesque in their homespun gowns and high-crowned mutches. Three of the women had been to the moorland pastures with their cattle, and had turned in here to rest on their way home.

'Hail to the house and the household,' said I, greeting the inmates in the salutation of our fathers. 'Hail to you, kindly stranger,' replied the housewife. 'Come forward and take this seat. If it be not ill-mannered may we ask whence you have come this day? You are tired and travel-stained, and probably hungry?' 'I have come from Gress,' I said, 'round by Tolasta to the south and Tolasta to the north, taking a look at the ruins of the Church of St. Aula at Gress, and at the ruins of the fort of Dunothail, and then across the moorland.' 'May the Possessor keep you in His own keeping, good man. You left early and have travelled far, and must be hungry.'

With this the woman raised her eyes toward her daughters, standing demurely silent and motionless as Greek statues in the background. In a moment the three fair girls became active and animated. One ran to the stack and brought in an armful of hard, black peats; another ran to the well and brought in a pail of clear spring water, while a third quickly spread a cloth, white as snow, upon the table in the inner room. The three neighbours rose to leave, and I rose to do the same. 'Where are you going, good man?' asked the housewife in injured surprise, moving between me and the door. 'You must not go till you eat a bit and drink a sip. That indeed would be a reproach to us that we would not soon get over. These alips of lassies and I would not hear the end of it from the men at the sea, were we to allow a wayfarer to go from our door hungry, thirsty, and weary. No! no! you must not go till you eat a bite. Food will be ready presently, and in the mean-

time you will bathe your feet and dry your stockings, which are wet after coming through the marshes of the moorland.'

Then the woman went down upon her knees, and washed and dried the feet of the stranger as gently and tenderly as a mother would those of her child. 'We have no stockings to suit the kilt,' said the woman, in a tone of evident regret, 'but here's a pair of stockings of the houseman's which he has never had on, and perhaps you would put them on till your own are dry.'

One of the girls had already washed out my stockings, and they were presently drying before the bright fire on the middle of the floor. I deprecated all this trouble, but to no purpose. In an incredibly short time I was asked to go 'ben' and break bread.

Through the pressure of the housewife and of myself the other three women had resumed their seats, uneasily, it is true; but immediately before food was announced the three women rose together and quietly walked away, no urging detaining them.

The table was laden with wholesome food sufficient for several persons. There were fried herrings and boiled turbot fresh from the sea, and eggs fresh from the yard. There were fresh butter and salt butter, wheaten scones, barley bannocks, and oat cakes, with excellent tea and cream. The woman apologised that she had no 'aran coinnich' (moss bread—that is, loaf bread) and no biscuits, they being simple crofter people far away from the big town [Stornoway].

'This,' said I, taking my seat, 'looks like the table for a "reiteach" (betrothal) rather than for one man. Have you betrothals in Lews?' I asked, turning my eyes towards the other room where we had left the three comely maidens. 'Oh, indeed, yes, the Lews people are very good at marrying. Foolish young creatures, they often marry before they know their responsibilities or realise their difficulties,' and her eyes followed mine in the direction of her own young daughters. 'I suppose there is much fun and rejoicing at your marriages—music, dancing, singing, and merry-makings of many kinds?' 'Oh, indeed, no; our weddings are now quiet and becoming, not the foolish things they were in my young days. In my memory weddings were great events, with singing and piping, dancing and amusements all night through, and generally for two or three nights in succession. Indeed, the feast of the "bord breid" (kertch table) was almost as great as the feast of the marriage table, all the young men and maidens struggling to get it. On the morning after the marriage the mother of the bride, and, failing her, the mother of the bridegroom, placed the "breid tri chearnach" (three-cornered kertch) on the head of the bride before she rose from her bed. And the mother did this "an ainm na T. Beannaichte" (in the name of the Sacred Three), under whose guidance the young wife was to walk. Then the bride arose and the maidens dressed her, and the bards sang songs to her, and recited "rannaghail mhora" (great rigmaroles), and there was much rejoicing and merry-making all day long and all night through. "Gu dearbh mar a b'e fleagh na bord breid a b'fhearr, cha 'ne hearr bu mheasa" (Indeed, if the feast of the kertch table was not better it was not a whit worse).

'There were many sad things done then, for those were the days of foolish doings and foolish people. Perhaps, on the day of the Lord, when they came out of church—indeed, if they went into church—the young men would go to throw the stone, or to toss the caber, or to play shinty, or to run races, or to race horses on the strand, the young maidens looking on the while, ay, and the old men and women.' 'And have you no music, no singing, no dancing now at your marriages?' 'May the Possessor keep you! I see that you are a stranger to Lews, or you would not ask such a question,' the woman exclaimed, with grief and surprise in her tone. 'It is long since we abandoned those foolish ways in Ness, and, indeed, throughout Lews. In my young days there was hardly a house in Ness in which there was not one or two or three who could play the pipe or the fiddle or the

trump. And I have heard it said there were men, and women too, who could play things they called harps, and lyres, and bellow-pipes, but I do not know what those things were.' 'And why were those discontinued?' 'A blessed change came over the place and the people,' the woman replied in earnestness, 'and the good men and the good ministers who arose did away with the songs and the stories, the dancing and the music, the sports and the games, that were perverting the minds and ruining the souls of the people, leading them to folly and stumbling.' 'But how did the people themselves come to discard their sports and pastimes?' 'Oh, the good ministers and the good elders preached against them, and went among the people, and besought them to forsake their follies and return to wisdom. They made the people break their pipes and fiddles. If there were foolish men here and there who demurred the good minister and the good elders themselves broke and burnt their instruments, saying:—

"Is fearr an teine beag a gharas la beag na sithe
Na'n teine mor a loisgeas la mor na feirge"

(Better is the small fire that warms on the little day of peace
Than the big fire that burns on the great day of wrath).

The people have forsaken their follies and their Sabbath-breaking, and there is no pipe, no fiddle here now,' said the woman, in evident satisfaction. 'And what have you now instead of the racing, the stone-throwing, and the caber-tossing, the song, the pipe, and the dance?' 'Oh, we have now the blessed Bible preached and explained to us faithfully and earnestly, if we sinful people would only walk in the right path and use our opportunities.'

'But what have you at your weddings? How do you pass the time?'

'Oh! the carles are on one side of the house, talking of their crops and their nowt, and mayhap of the days when they were young and when things were different; and the young men are on the other side of the house, talking about boats, and sailing, and militia, and naval reserve, perhaps of their own strength, and of many foolish matters besides.'

'And the girls, what are they doing?' 'Oh, they, silly things, are in the "culaist" (back-house), perhaps trying to croon over some foolish song under their breath, perhaps trying to amble through some awkward steps of dancing on the points of their toes; or, shame to tell, perhaps speaking of what dress this or that girl had on at this or that marriage, or, worse still, what hat this girl or that had on on the Day of the Lord, perhaps even on the day of the Holy Communion, showing that their minds were on the vain things of the world instead of on the wise things of salvation.'

'But why are the girls in the "culaist"? What do they fear?' 'May the Good Being keep you, good man. They are in the "culaist" for concealment, and the fear of their life and of their death upon them that they may be heard or seen should the good elder happen to be passing the way.' 'And should he, what then?' 'Oh, the elder will tell the minister, and the good minister will scold them from the pulpit, mentioning the girls by name. But the girls have a blanket on the door and another blanket on the window to deafen the sounds and to obscure the light.'

'Do the young maidens allow the young men to join them in the "culaist"? 'Indeed, truth to tell the maidens would be glad enough to admit the young men were it not the fear of exposure. But the young men are so loud of voice and heavy of foot, and make so much noise, that they would betray the retreat of the girls, who would get rebuked, while the young men would escape. The girls would then be sahamed and cast down, and would not lift a head for a year and a day after their well deserved scolding. They suffer most, for, sad to say, the young men are becoming less afraid of being admonished than they used to be.'

'And do the people have spirits at their marriages?' 'Oh, yes; the minister is not so hard upon them at all. He does not interfere with them in that way unless

they take too much and talk loudly and quarrel. Then he is grieved and angry, and scolds them severely. Occasionally, indeed, the carles have a nice "frogan" (liveliness) upon them, and are very happy together. But, oh, they never quarrel nor fight, nor get angry with one another. They are always nice to one another and civil to all around them.'

'Perhaps were the minister to allow the people less drink and more music and dancing and merry-making they would enjoy it as much. I am sure the young girls would sing better, and dance better, with the help of the young men. And the young men themselves would be less loud of voice and less heavy of heel among the maidens. Perhaps the happiness of the old people too would be none the less real nor less lasting at seeing the joyousness of the young people.'

To this the woman promptly and loyally replied, 'The man of the Lord is untiring in work and unfailing in example for our good, and in guiding us to our heavenly home, constantly reminding us of the littleness of time and the greatness of eternity, and he knows best, and we must do our best to follow his counsel and to imitate his example.'

Mr. Carmichael speaks also of a famous violin-player, who died a few years ago in the island of Eigg, a good man celebrated for his knowledge of old-world airs and for his old-style playing. One day at divine service a preacher denounced him, saying, 'Tha thu shios an sin cùl na comhla,' &c. (in effect, 'You that are down there behind the door, miserable grey-haired man with that old fiddle beside you, that you play with a cold hand without and the devil's fire in your heart.') After that public admonition the old man's family pressed him to play no more of his sinful airs and old songs and to burn his fiddle. In vain this last minstrel pleaded that his violin was a valuable one, as indeed it was, and famed for its tone and as the handiwork of a pupil of Stradivarius. At last he was forced to part with it to a passing pedlar for a few shillings. 'It was not the wretched thing that was got for it,' he exclaimed afterwards, 'that grieved my heart so sorely, but the parting with it! the parting with it! . . . and I too that gave the best cow in my father's fold for it when I was young.' The voice of the old man faltered, and tears ran down his face. He was never again seen to smile.

One other instance and I have done. A lady, still youthful, related to Mr. Carmichael what follows: 'When we came to Islay I was sent to the parish school to obtain a proper grounding in arithmetic. I was charmed with the schoolgirls and their Gaelic songs. But the schoolmaster (a Lowlander) denounced Gaelic speech and Gaelic songs. On getting out of school one evening the girls resumed a song they had been singing the previous evening. The schoolmaster heard us, however, and called us back. He punished us till the blood trickled from our fingers, although we were big girls with the dawn of womanhood upon us. The thought of that scene thrills me with indignation.'

I think the thought of that scene, and of a crowd of incidents of a kindred nature, must fill with bitter resentment and indignation every man and woman who has a drop of Gaelic blood in his or her

veins, all men and women who have any ancestral pride, any love for the things of beauty and honour that their fathers and mothers loved and their forbears for generations loved.

For forty years Mr. Carmichael collected a vast mass of oral lore, written down from the recital of men and women throughout the Highlands and Islands, from Arran to Caithness, from Perth to St. Kilda, but the greater part in the Outer Hebrides. The present collection, long announced as *Òr agus Òb* (Gold and Dross), and now more adequately and fitly called *Carmina Gadelica*, is a selection from this mass. *Ortha nan Gaidheal*, runs the Gaelic title; and the setting forth, 'Urnán agus Ubagan, le solus air facla gnatha agus cleachdana a chaidh air chul crussaichte bho bhialachas feadh Gaidhealtachd na H-Alba: agus tionndaichte bho Ghaidhlig gu Baurla, le Alastair Macgillemhicheil,' which, being interpreted, means in effect that this collection of ancient hymns and incantations, and records of old rites and old customs, has been gathered in the Highlands and islands of Scotland (the Gaeldom of Alba-*Gaidhealtachd na H-Alba*) and translated from Gaelic into English by Alexander Carmichael. Of the people who to this day, at the winter *ceilidh* or in the boats on summer nights, still repeat the legendary tales Mr. Carmichael gives several interesting sketches. In every crofting townland there are several story-tellers who recite the oral lore of their predecessors. These story-tellers of the Highlands, says Mr. Carmichael, 'are as varied in their subjects as are literary men and women elsewhere: one is a historian, narrating events simply and concisely; another is a historian with a bias, colouring his narrative according to his leanings. One is an inventor, building fiction upon fact, mingling his materials, and investing the whole with the charm of novelty and the halo of romance. Another is a reciter of heroic poems and ballads, bringing the different characters before the mind as clearly as the sculptor brings the figure before the eye. One gives the songs of the chief poets, with interesting accounts of their authors, while another, generally a woman, sings, to weird airs, beautiful old songs, some of them Arthurian. There are various other narrators, singers, and speakers, but I have never heard aught that should not be said nor sung.'

There is no people in the world so well bred in this beautiful reticence as the Gaelic peasant. He has a culture and refinement which made him unique among races. It is this people which is now but a remnant, and soon will be a memory.

And what stores of old wisdom and legend and song they had as their common heritage, that a few (alas a small and ever diminishing few!) still have. Here are two types in instance, Hector Macisaac and his wife. This old couple lived alone (their daughter having gone into service to help her parents) in a turf-walled hut

thatched with reeds; and their life, like that of so many of the crofters, was one of utmost penury and often of actual privation. Mr. Carmichael knew both well: from the woman he heard many secular runes, sacred hymns, and fairy songs; from the husband numerous heroic tales, poems, and ballads. Indeed so many were the stories and poems which the old islander recited at different times that Mr. Carmichael says they would fill several volumes; and many books, he adds, could have been filled with the stories and poems recited by two others alone, out of the many score like-gifted islanders he knew—an old blind cottar, Hector Macleod of Lianacuthe, in South Uist, and another old cottar, Roderick Macneill of Miunghlaidh, in Barra. Yet neither of them told more than a small part of what he knew. None of the three men knew any letters, nor any language but Gaelic, nor had ever been out of his native island. All expressed regret in well chosen words that they had not a better place in which to receive their visitors (Mr. Carmichael and Campbell of Islay), and all thanked them in polite terms for coming to see them and for taking an interest in their decied and derided old lore. All were in all things courteous.

Some idea of the way in which the continuity of oral lore is maintained is given by Mr. Carmichael in an account such as that of his friend Kenneth Morrison, an old, blind, and poor man of Trithion, in Skye. He knew many stories and poems, but mentioned the names of many old men in the extensive but now desolate parish of Minnhnis who had been famous story-tellers in his boyhood—men who had been born in the first decade of the century. Several of these, he said, could recite stories and poems during many nights in succession, some of the tales requiring several nights to relate. Kenneth repeated fragments of many of these, identical with poems and stories or with parts of poems and stories published by Macpherson, Smith, the Stewarts, the MacCallums, the Campbells, and others.

Of the treasure of old songs, hymns, and folk-lore of incalculable interest brought together in these two beautiful volumes—among the finest volumes that even the Messrs. Constable have ever turned out, and made the more valuable to Celtic students by the great number of ancient initial letters now reproduced for the first time, these having been carefully copied by Mrs. Carmichael from Celtic MSS. in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and many of these letters being of extraordinary grace and charm—the greater number have been rescued from oblivion in the islands and among the Roman Catholic population. Broadly speaking the northern Hebrides are Protestant, the southern Catholic. At the same time, it should be added, many of these treasures-trove have been equally common on the mainland, and a large proportion among Protestants also. Nor was the collector content with a single version only. From one to ten have

been taken down, differing more or less; and it must often have been no easy matter to select. In some instances Mr. Carmichael has given variants. Even this selection, however, could not be used as it stood, and the collector adds that several poems and many notes are wholly withheld, while a few of the poems and all the notes have been abbreviated.

The collection comprises *Achainè* (Invocations, Blessings, and Prayers); *Aimsire* (Hymns of the Seasons); *Oibre* (Songs and Hymns of Labour); and, in the second volume, *Uibe* (Incantations Charms, Spells) and *Measgain* (Miscellaneous).

Every one of these *Achainè*, *Aimsire*, and *Oibre* has a singular beauty of thought and generally of expression also, and often that beauty is made more excellent for us by the note that goes with the *rann*, *achanaidh*, or *urnuigh* (rune, invocation, or blessing). Take, for example, the 'Rann Romh Urnuigh' or Rune before Prayer. 'Old people in the isles sing this or some other short hymn before prayer. Sometimes the hymn and the prayer are intoned in low, tremulous, unmeasured cadences, like the moving and moaning, the sighing and the sighing of the ever murmuring sea on their own wild shores. They generally retire, perhaps to an outhouse, to the lee of a knoll, or to the shelter of a dell, that they may not be seen or heard of men. I have known men and women of eighty, ninety, and a hundred years of age continue the practice of their lives in going from one to two miles to the seashore to join their voices in the voicing of the waves and their praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea.'

This 'Rune before Prayer' is as follows in English:—

I am bending my knee
In the eye of the Father who created me,
In the eye of the Son who purchased me,
In the eye of the Spirit who cleansed me,
In friendship and affection.
Through Thine own Anointed One, O God,
Bestow upon us fulness in our need,
Love towards God,
The affection of God,
The smile of God,
The wisdom of God,
The grace of God,
The fear of God,
And the will of God,
To do on the world of the Three
As angels and saints
Do in heaven.
Each shade and light,
Each day and night,
Each time in kindness,
Give Thou us Thy Spirit.

Can we imagine an English peasant or a peasant of any other country repeating nightly, alone and solemnly, this poem or one of

the hundreds like it; or an aged English or any other peasant going habitually from one to two miles to the seashore 'to join his voice with the voicings of the waves and his praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea'?

The very names of many of these rescued songs and hymns are beautiful. Some of the songs are very ancient, with their meanings obscure or lost now, as the *Duan na Mathairn*.

Thou King of the moon,
Thou King of the sun,
Thou King of the planets,
Thou King of the stars,
Thou King of the globe,
Thou King of the sky,
Oh! lively thy countenance,
Thou beauteous Beam.

Two loops of silk
Down by thy limbs,
Smooth-skinned;
Yellow jewels,
And a handful
Out of every stock of them.

Very likely this is but a fragment, remembered perhaps with some dim recollection of when and how it should be said, and to what end. 'The Guiding Light of Eternity,' 'The Light'ner of the Stars,' 'The Soul Plaint,' the several Sleep Prayers and Resting Blessings and Consecrations of Peace and 'The Soul Peace' are among the most beautiful names. Sometimes, in a relatively modern poem some old-world wisdom will suddenly appear, as in this quatrain in a singular 'Ora Boisilidh,' or Bathing Prayer:—

A chuid nach fas 's a chumhanaich,
Gum fas 's an dubha-thrath;
A chuid nach fas 's an oidhche dhiot,
Air dhruim a mheadhon la.

(*The part of thee that does not grow at dawn, may it grow at eventide; the part of thee that does not grow at night, may it grow at ridge of middle-day*).

Sometimes too a peculiarly Celtic symbolism occurs even in the most unlikely place, as in an 'Invocation for Justice' for an intending litigant, where the wronged man says he will go forth in the likeness of a deer, in likeness of a horse, in likeness of a serpent, and at last as a king, meaning that he will be wary, strong, wise, and dignified.

A beautiful and touching poem called *Eosaí Bu Choir a Mholadh* (Jesu, who ought to be praised) is made the more wonderful for us by the knowledge that it was composed by a poor illiterate woman of Harris, and a leper. She had to leave the upland community and dwell alone on a desolate tract of sea-shore, and live on herbs and shell-fish. After a time she became cured, and made this touching song, remembered with affection to this day. In some of the good-

wishing poems there are not only lovely lines but others which enshrine old names and legendary associations once familiar to the ancient Gael of a now forgotten day. Thus the *Ora nam Buadh*, or Invocation of the Graces, opens in these lines :—

I bathe thy palms
In showers of wine,
In the lustral fire,
In the seven elements,
In the juice of rasps,
In the milk of honey,
And I place the nine pure choice graces
In thy fair dear face,
The grace of form,
The grace of voice,
The grace of fortune,
The grace of goodness,
The grace of wisdom,
The grace of charity,
The grace of maidenliness,
The grace of whole-souled loveliness,
The grace of goodly speech.

This *ora* is one of the longest poems in Mr. Carmichael's collection. In it is one of those survivals to which I have alluded, as in the verse beginning, ' Is tu gleus na Mnatha Sithe '—

Thine is the skill of the Fairy Woman,
Thine is the virtue of Bride (Bridget) the calm,
Thine is the faith of Mary the mild,
Thine is the tact of the woman of Greece,
Thine is the beauty of Emer the lovely,
Thine is the tenderness of Darthula delightful,
Thine is the courage of Maebh the strong,
Thine is the charm of Honey-Mouth.

How typically Gaelic this is, with its mixture of Christian and old Celtic and pagan lore, the Virgin Mary and St. Bride, *Muime Chríosd* (Christ's Foster Mother) alternating with the Fairy Woman and with some dim legend of Helen of Troy,² and she again with the fair wife of Cuchulain, the great champion of Gaeldom, and with Deirdré (Darthula—Deardhuil—*Dearshul* as in this Gaelic text), the Helen of the Gael, and with Maeve, the Dark Queen whose name and personality loom so vast and terrible in ancient Gaelic history, and 'Honey-Mouth' (*Binne-bheul*), whom I take to be Angus, the God of Love.

Of a singular and touching beauty also is the strange 'farewell' or death poem called *An Treoraich Anama*, The Soul-Leading—or sometimes *Fois Anama*, Soul Peace. This is slowly intoned over the dying person by some dear and intimate friend, and all present join in his strain. During the prayer, the *anama charu*, or soul friend, makes the sign of the cross with the right thumb over the lips of the

² At least I take it that *Is tu gniomh na mnatha Greivig* is an allusion to Helen.

dying. A strange scene, truly, and fit for a Gaelic Rembrandt, that of the smoke-begrimed turf cottage of a poor crofter, with the soul friend and others near and dear intoning this invocation to 'strong Michael, high king of the angels,' and the dying man with his feet already *abhúinn dubh a bháis* (in the black river of death), and his soul about to go on its long wayfaring across the *beanntaibh na bith-bhuantachd* (the mountains of eternity).

The whole second section consisting of the *Aimsire*, or Seasons Chants, is fascinating and valuable to an extraordinary degree, and in no part of the two volumes is there such a wealth of valuable commentary, particularly in the long sections devoted to St. Michael and to *Sloinntireachd Bhride*, the genealogy of St. Bride, the Mary of the Gael, the beloved Muime Chríosd, Christ's foster mother, the dearest of all the great dead to the heart of every true Gael. Michael is the Poseidon of the Gael, is indeed no other than Manannan, perhaps the greatest of the Celtic gods. From Mont St. Michel in Brittany and in Cornwall to Ard-Micheil in far North Uist there were temples to his honour, and to-day the scattered names keep him in remembrance, and many places have remains. His legendary tomb, though Mr. Carmichael does not allude to this, is at Kilmicheil, in the Kyles of Bute; but perhaps this was not the *brian Micheil*, the god, but some good saint from Columba's brotherhood on Iona. To this day on the 29th of September the Feast of St. Michael is still celebrated in the Hebrides, and perhaps elsewhere; but the ceremonies are much curtailed, and are rapidly being ignored and forgotten. In the invaluable pages which Mr. Carmichael has devoted to 'Michael nam Buadh' and to St. Bride there is a treasure of legendary lore and beauty, a profoundly significant record of now forgotten customs.

In lovely and primitive beauty the third section, that of the *Oibre*, or Chants of Labour, stands unique. These kindling blessings and smooing of the peats blessings, these herding croons and milking croons, these shepherd songs and reaping chants, these beautiful lamb-marking chants and quaint waulking or warping songs and loom blessings, these hunting blessings and sea prayers, and solemn ocean blessing, for sure there is not in any country in the world so beautiful a heritage.

What would the sportsman of to-day think of the young Gaelic huntsman, who was consecrated before he began his experiences? Oil was put on his head, a bow placed in his hand, and he was required to stand with bare feet on the bare grassless ground, and to take a solemn oath as to what not to do—not to kill a bird sitting, nor a beast lying down, nor the mother of a brood, the swimming duck (*i.e.* because of her young), and so forth.

The white swan of the sweet gurgle,
The speckled dun of the brown tuft

are to be held free. The *Beannachadh Seilg* ends quaintly with—

[And with you for guidance be]
The fairy swan of Bride of flocks,
The fairy duck of Mary of peace.,

Fascinating as is the second volume its appeal is to the folklorist primarily. Here are scores of strange and often in their inconsequence bewildering examples of the *eolas* and *sian*, the charm or spell. These range from the beautiful 'Charm of the Lasting Life' to various spells of the evil eye and to mysterious and weird maledictions. In the Miscellaneous section are some very curious poems, notably *Ban-tighearna Bhàinn*, the Melodious Lady-Lord, and the singular *Duan nan Daol*, a Poem of the Beetles, with interesting notes by the translator dealing with this ancient and peculiar Christian superstition. The great collection ends with a strange and apt little song, a fragment of a sea chant perhaps.

Mar a bha,
Mar a tha,
Mar a bhitheas
Gu brath.

As it was,
As it is,
As it shall be
Evermore.

Ri tragaadh,
'S ri lionadh.

With the ebb,
With the flow.

The book itself concludes with over a hundred and twenty large pages of closely printed notes of incalculable interest and value. There is an appendix of the names of the reciters to whom Mr. Carmichael was indebted, their occupation, place of residence, and district. Many of his informants were women—as Ciorsdai Macleod, who had much lore about the *sluagh*, the fairy hosts, and the second sight; or Morag Mackay, who had her isolated cot among the green, grassy mounds of the ruined nunnery on the lovely little island of Heisgeir-nan-Cailleach; or Oighrig Maccriomthain (Macrimmon), 'who had many beautiful songs;' or Isebeal Chisholm, a wandering tinker of North Uist, who knew innumerable incantations and incantation formulæ; or Fionnaghal Macleod, of Clachan-reamhar, in South Uist, 'who was full of occult lore and old beliefs of many kinds.'

There was another woman, Mary Macrae of Harris, from whom Mr. Carmichael learned much, including the beautiful prayer and invocation, *Dia Liom A Laighe*, 'God with me lying down,' given in vol. i. In her youth this woman came to the Hebrides from Kintail with her father, Alexander, whose mother was one of the celebrated ten daughters of Macleod of Rarasay, mentioned by Dr. Johnson and Boswell. Let me finish this article by quoting what Mr. Carmichael has to say of her, for indeed I think she also is a type of the half forlorn and weird, half wildly gay and young spirit of her ancient, disappearing race, ever ready to dance to its own

shadow if nothing else be available, yet so sad with a sadness that must live and pass in silence.

She often [writes Mr. Carmichael] walked with companions, after the work of the day was done, distances of ten and fifteen miles to a dance, and after dancing all night walked back again to the work of the morning fresh and vigorous as if nothing unusual had occurred. She was a faithful servant and an admirable worker, and danced at her leisure and carolled at her work like 'Fosgay Mhoire,' our Lady's lark, above her. The people of Harris had been greatly given to old lore and to the old ways of their fathers, reciting and singing and dancing and merry-making; but a reaction occurred, and Mary Macrae's old-world ways were abjured and condemned. But Mary Macrae heeded not, and went on in her own way, singing her songs and ballads, intoning her hymns and incantations, and chanting her own 'port-a-bial' (mouth-music), and dancing to her own shadow when nothing better was available.

Truly Mary Macrae stands for her people, who, poor and ignored remnant as they are, heed little the loud ways of a world that is not for them, but go their own way, singing their songs and ballads, intoning hymns or incantations, chanting their own wild, sea-smitten music, and dancing to their own shadow, to the shadow of their ancestral thought and dream, whether in blithe waywardness or in an unforgetting sorrow.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Friday, the 28th of September.—It has been my lot to spend the last two evenings in witnessing the production of two new plays, both written by men who have made their mark in connection with literature and the stage, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. J. M. Barrie. Without attempting anything in the shape of 'dramatic criticism,' I may say frankly that I found much to admire and enjoy in both these plays, and that on each occasion I was struck by the enthusiasm of the welcome which the 'first night' audiences gave to them. But on turning to my newspapers to see what the dramatic critics had to say of the productions, I was struck anew by the fact that dramatic criticism, as it is displayed in the columns of our morning newspapers, seems to bear but little relation to the things it professes to criticise. One critic sits down to write a literary essay that would be brilliant if it were more free from affectations of style. The essay is excellent reading, but the thread which attaches it to the play that is supposed to be criticised is so slender as to be almost invisible. Another critic makes no pretensions to style, but sets forth his opinion of the performance in all the technical jargon of the professional playgoer. From newspaper to newspaper I wander in the vain hope of finding that any critic takes the sane human view of the plays, or shares the pleasure which the performances of the last two evenings gave not only to myself, but apparently to most other persons who were present. What ~~was~~ the mere ignorant public—found to be enjoyable the critics found to be foolish, or puerile, or worse. I have no desire to pose as an authority on dramatic matters, but as a critic of the newspapers I am bound to point out that much of the dramatic criticism of the London press appears to be absolutely unconnected either with sound art or with public opinion. The natural result is that people do not go to see plays in consequence of anything that is written about them in the newspapers. They go because they hear their friends talk of particular actors in particular parts with enthusiasm. If one wished, indeed, to learn the limitations of newspaper power, it would be only necessary to study the relationship between our dramatic criticism and the success or failure of contemporary plays.

Saturday, the 29th of September.—The General Election has advanced many stages during the present week, and though there is still something of the apathy which was so conspicuous when the dissolution was first announced, the contest has developed into one of quite unexpected keenness on both sides. Lord Salisbury's appeal to the electors on Monday not to abstain from voting encouraged the Opposition more than his own followers. It was generally interpreted as a cry of alarm, and it nerved Liberals to a more vigorous attack upon the citadel of their opponents. Even more important was Lord Rosebery's letter to Captain Lambton. Its very brevity gave additional force to this strong indictment of the Ministry, which was hailed with delight by that large and growing section of the Liberal party which is resolved to allow no monopoly of Imperial sentiment to its political opponents. Since then the battle has proceeded on what may be termed the regular party lines. Mr. Chamberlain has been fighting with all his old vigour, and has struck out vehemently, almost ferociously, at his enemies. They, on their side, have been not more gentle in their handling of the man whom they regard as their most formidable adversary, and the struggle has, to a certain extent, become merged in a furious personal contest between the Colonial Secretary and those who hate him. It is a long time since a General Election has furnished us with a spectacle like this. Whatever the issue may be, Mr. Chamberlain has at least the satisfaction of knowing that a great national struggle has raged round his person.

Upon one point it is now clear that the Government was in error when it resolved to dissolve at this moment. It miscalculated the effects of the khaki wave of enthusiasm. A month ago Ministers, and not Ministers alone, really believed that a dissolution would show that it was a case of 'Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere.' Not only were the divisions of the Liberal party so grave that it seemed hopeless to expect its members to unite on any distinct issue, but the man in the street was believed to be as full of enthusiasm for the war and the Ministry as in the week when Mafeking was relieved. The awakening from this dream has been complete. The Opposition has rallied, and, though it is not wholly united, it has shown that there are certain points upon which at least 95 per cent. of its members are in agreement. On the other hand, the wave of khaki enthusiasm, though by no means spent, is certainly a languid force in comparison with its state last May. The consequence is that the fight is far more nearly equal than it was expected to be. No one dreams of overthrowing the Ministry; but a belief prevails widely among Liberals that the Government majority in the House of Commons will be sensibly reduced. The attempt to make the whole election turn upon the single question of the war has not succeeded, and politicians on both sides have awoke to the fact that electors

are interested in many questions besides those which absorb the attention of London clubs and yellow journals.

Something like a state of funk has been established with regard to the growth of Liberal Imperialism. Lord Rosebery, since he penned his letter to Captain Lambton, has received almost as much attention from the Ministerial leaders as Mr. Chamberlain has received from the Opposition. In the meantime troops of Liberal candidates have openly owned him as their leader. It seems clear that popular opinion has settled the question of the Liberalism of the future, and has settled it in the way I have always indicated in these pages. Malwood and Birmingham—divided on everything else—are united in their detestation of Liberal Imperialism, but their very hatred of the movement is only fresh evidence of its strength.

One still looks in vain for the humours of the fray. Perhaps the most humorous incident I have yet met with is the almost incoherent outburst of indignation on the part of the eminently respectable *Standard* at the fact that Mr. Wyndham was refused a hearing when he sought to address a meeting in Lambeth the other evening. The *Standard* deals with the incident as though it was unparalleled in our political history, and is hardly capable of giving full expression to its sense of the enormity of the crime committed by the electors in declining to hear the Under-Secretary for War. How many weeks is it since any attempt on the part of a suspected pro-Boer to discuss the question of South Africa could only be made at the risk of his life? After all the Lambeth electors contented themselves with 'booing,' and broke neither bones nor windows.

Monday, the 1st of October.—The announcement that Lord Roberts has been appointed to the post of Commander-in-Chief in succession to Lord Wolseley comes as a surprise to nobody. Under any circumstances it is probable that Lord Roberts would have been the new Commander-in-Chief, but after the experiences of the war, and the brilliant personal triumph which it has secured for Lord Roberts himself, his promotion to the highest office in the Army was certain. His is at present a singularly enviable position. Adored by his troops, he enjoys at the same time the admiration of foreign critics and the full confidence of his fellow-countrymen, and there are few honours which the latter would regard as being beyond his deserts.

At this critical moment in our military history, and with a root-and-branch reform of our Army forced upon us by the bitter experiences of the last twelve months, there are unquestionably some who think that a Commander-in-Chief of sixty-eight will find his task almost too great for his years. But his exceptional position and authority will remedy this drawback of his age. The story that Lord Kitchener will be associated with Lord Roberts at the War

Office is one that needs confirmation. At present all that can be said is that the promotion of the hero of the South African war meets with general approval, and that men look eagerly to his career as an Army reformer to crown his reputation as a brilliant and successful soldier.

To-day the battle of the ballot boxes begins. The fight is waxing hotter with every hour that passes, and some of the speeches and episodes of Saturday bear eloquent witness to the extent to which party passion has been stirred by the struggle for supremacy. It is curious that only one big political meeting should have been held in London itself during the General Election. The Unionists appear to feel that their forces may be more usefully employed than in attending mass meetings. The Opposition have, however, so far yielded to conventional custom as to hold one big meeting on Saturday evening in St. James's Hall. The promoters of the meeting were not so careful as they should have been to secure a good attendance, but those who were present declare that the spirit displayed was all that could have been desired, and that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman met with an excellent reception.

To-night we shall see the clubs—I mean those which have a political basis—stirred out of their accustomed apathy by the receipt of news from the places in which contested elections have taken place. The average Londoner sees little of the political excitement that from time to time rouses the country. But if he is a member of one of the great political clubs he has an opportunity at a General Election of partaking in that excitement to the fullest extent. At the Carlton and the Reform, for example, the night of a great polling day is one always to be remembered. As result after result is ticked out upon the tape, it is announced to the crowd of waiting members, who cheer or groan according to the nature of the news communicated to them. But this year one can hardly expect the excitement or the enthusiasm to be what they have been in most recent General Elections.

Nobody is thinking about China, and yet the Chinese news is distinctly ominous. The degradation of those Ministers who favoured the Boxers, and the removal from office of Prince Tuan, are steps clearly meant to propitiate Russia and strengthen her line of policy. This afternoon comes the announcement that the Russian and United States troops are actually being withdrawn from Peking. In the meantime the policy of the other Powers is still veiled and mysterious.

Tuesday, the 2nd of October.—The result of the first day's polling reveals a condition perilously near to one of stalemate in the constituencies. Certainly the sanguine on both sides are disappointed by this earliest result. But whereas the Ministerialists can afford to be disappointed, the case is different with their

opponents, and their failure to make any inroad upon the Government majority in this preliminary engagement does not augur well for the future. The din of the controversy waxes shriller than ever to-day, and here and there controversialists, even of eminence, seem to have cast aside their self-respect in the desire to win votes. In the streets London at last begins to wear the aspect it usually assumes at election times, and the newspaper offices are besieged by crowds waiting for results.

Wednesday, the 3rd of October.—Yesterday's election results present some features of special interest. They are in the main favourable to the Opposition, which gains six seats whilst losing three. This is not a large gain in itself, but it more than compensates for the losses on the first day of polling. Among the noticeable features of the results of yesterday is the overwhelming defeat of the Liberal candidates, among whom is a man so universally liked and appreciated as Mr. Birrell, in Manchester and Salford. One cannot but remember that it is precisely in these constituencies that the *Manchester Guardian* circulates most largely, and it is difficult to dissociate the results attained yesterday from the manner in which the policy of which the *Manchester Guardian* has been the strenuous advocate ever since the war began has been preached. Clearly it is not in Manchester, at all events, that the new Manchester school of politicians can boast of having converted public opinion. Another feature of the polls is the number of Liberal Imperialist candidates who have been returned, whilst some notable Liberals of the Little England school have fallen in the fight. It is too soon as yet to express any positive opinion as to the ultimate result of the General Election, but appearances seem to indicate at present that in the new House of Commons the Opposition will be much more favourable to the policy of Lord Rosebery than it was in the House which has just passed away. Mr. Labouchere's victory at Northampton is, of course, a striking fact that points in the other direction. But Mr. Labouchere's case, like his hold upon his constituents, is peculiar, and it would be dangerous to generalise from it. Mr. Bryce's return for Aberdeen will be regarded with pleasure by all who can appreciate his great intellectual and moral qualities; but even Mr. Bryce has had to pay tribute to the feeling that possesses the constituencies.

Friday, the 5th of October.—The battle of the boroughs has been fought with great energy during the past two days, and has produced some curious results. In the main it has gone against the Opposition, who on the balance lose some seven seats. In the big towns, with one or two notable exceptions, the khaki fever is clearly not yet subdued—a fact which shows how potent 'infectious enthusiasm' is where large masses of the populace are to be dealt with. The most surprising result yet announced was that at Newcastle,

where the huge Conservative majority seems to have astonished everybody. Newcastle apart, the returns show that as between Liberal Imperialists and Little Englanders the feeling of the constituencies is unmistakably in favour of the former. Among those who have lost their seats during the last two days are some of the most pronounced opponents not only of the war but of that section of the Liberal party which supports Imperialist views. The minority in the new House of Commons will at least be more homogeneous than in the old House.

In the meantime what about the war, and what about China? Of serious discussion on either of these questions there is at present none. Mr. Morley's second letter to the electors of Montrose does, indeed, touch upon the graver aspects of the political questions that now confront the country; but his is a voice crying in the wilderness. Possibly, indeed, it is the very fact that he has unfortunately been laid aside by serious illness that enables him to speak in a different strain from that of the hot rhetoricians of the platform. So far as the war is concerned everybody believes that the end is at hand, and preparations are already being made for welcoming the Guards, the City Volunteers, and other popular branches of the Army. But China is another matter, and though to-day's news of the action of Germany is reassuring, it is only too clear that we are still far from the solution of that grave problem. The British public, however, is wholly unable to deal with more than one question at a time. To-day the General Election holds the field, and even if events in China were graver than they are they would pass unnoticed amid the tumult of the party struggle.

Sunday, the 7th of October.—Yesterday there seemed to be a lull in the forward movement of the Ministerial party. The Government gained no seats, and lost one—proof of the sturdiness with which the struggle is maintained on both sides, and of the resolution with which Englishmen can fight even with the odds against them. Whether the county constituencies will reverse the verdict of the boroughs so far as to bring the Ministerial majority back to the figure at which it stood in the last Parliament no one can say: but there are some who are sanguine enough to believe that this will be accomplished. In the meantime attention is once more being called to the preposterous system under which general elections are carried out in England. In other countries a single day suffices for the polling. The verdict is given simultaneously in every constituency. Here we have been polling already for a week, and the contest will dribble on for more than a week longer. The waste of time, temper and energy, to say nothing of money, involved in this preposterous system can hardly be exaggerated. Surely the time is at hand when some attempt will be made to mitigate the worst nuisance attaching to our present electoral system.

Tuesday, the 9th of October.—There is a change in the movement of public opinion as indicated by the election returns. After hanging motionless for a day, the balance seems to be slowly but perceptibly swinging in favour of the Opposition. It is not much of a change and it cannot affect the ultimate result; but it furnishes proof of the severity of the struggle, and shows that the Liberal party is by no means the decaying force that some have believed it to be. In the meantime, now that the Government is assured of a majority almost if not quite as large in the new House as that which it had in the old, some curious cross-currents in Conservative opinion are revealing themselves. The cry for a reconstruction of the Ministry which was raised so loudly on the eve of the election is again being heard. All manner of speculations on the subject of such a reconstruction are finding their way into print—some of them speculations of almost inconceivable folly. To-day we are told, however, with a great air of authority that there is to be no reconstruction, nor any change beyond that caused by the retirement of Mr. Goschen. This, if true, would be a great blow to the Army reformers, who, rightly or wrongly, believe that under Lord Lansdowne no thorough-going scheme of military reform will have any chance of being carried.

In another direction a cross-current of a singular character is making itself felt. The Conservative press seems to be alarmed lest all the credit for the victory of the Ministry should be carried away by the Colonial Secretary, and several Government organs protest vigorously that Lord Salisbury is still the leader of his party and the real author of the policy which has just secured a verdict of approval from the electors. Unfortunately for this contention it is impossible for any one to deny that the leading figure in the great battle now drawing to a close has been Mr. Chamberlain. That he is not likely to make any needless sacrifice of the claim he has thus established upon the gratitude of his party need hardly be said. But the anxiety shown in some quarters to make light of his personal achievements and to bring Lord Salisbury into prominence as the undisputed leader of the Conservatives of Great Britain strikingly confirms the views I expressed last month as to the true state of Conservative feeling with regard to the Colonial Secretary.

Thursday, the 11th of October.—Another two days of hard fighting again shows a movement of public opinion favourable to the Opposition. The Ministerial gains have now been wiped out, and there is a balance on the contest slightly in favour of the Liberal party. It is so slight as to be almost microscopical; but it has put the Liberal leaders in good spirits, and has inspired them to fresh attacks upon the electioneering methods of the Colonial Secretary. The sensational news of this morning is only indirectly connected with the election, however. The *Express* announces that Lord Cromer has been recalled from Cairo to England, and this is generally

associated with the possibility of his taking high office in the Ministry. The discussion of the future of the Government is kept up with vigour in the Ministerial papers, but it is evident that there is no substantial foundation for the speculations in which they indulge. That Mr. Chamberlain must remain at the Colonial Office and that Lord Salisbury must continue at the head of affairs are the only conclusions as to which unanimity prevails in the Ministerial press. For the rest Tadpole and Taper are as busy distributing offices, according to their wont, as if the General Election had resulted in a change of Government.

A few stories of Scottish 'heckling' have reached me from candidates during the election. One friend of mine was gravely asked if he was prepared to maintain that there were organs in Heaven—a rooted objection to instrumental music in religious services being one of the characteristics of a certain class of Scotsmen. Another, having begun to give an explanatory answer to a difficult question, was told that he must answer Yes or No. 'But there are some questions to which you cannot answer with a Yes or a No,' said the heckled candidate. 'That's no true,' responded his interrogator; 'an honest man can reply either Yes or No to any question.' Then the candidate, recalling a lesson learned at the University, said, 'I'll ask my friend himself a question to which I venture to say he will not answer either Yes or No.' There were shouts of approval from the meeting, and the challenged heckler was compelled to submit to the test proposed by the candidate. 'I ask my friend,' said the latter, 'if he has left off beating his wife?' The man fairly gasped in confusion, and the meeting cheered with delight at the candidate's adroitness. This was in a Scotch constituency. In an English borough a candidate from whom the inevitable Yes or No reply was demanded retorted by asking his questioner to say aye or nay to the question, 'Are you as great a fool as you look?' But so far this election has given us very few good stories.

Saturday, the 13th of October.—Lord Cromer, we are told officially, is not coming back from Egypt to take office in the Ministry. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach denies the story that he is about to retire from public life in consequence of failing eyesight, and other canards equally specific in character are also stamped out. It is once more asserted that no general reconstruction of the Ministry is in contemplation, and some of the Ministerial organs insist that almost any change would be for the worse. The electoral fight has once more inclined slightly to the Government side, and good Ministerialists take comfort from the thought that the country, by an overwhelming majority, has expressed its confidence in Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. One of the most notable features of the election has been the smallness of the number of men of any kind of eminence who have been defeated at the polls. The only Minister who has

fallen is Mr. Horace Plunkett, who owes his^{*} defeat entirely to the wretched division in the ranks of the Unionist party in Dublin. Among the Opposition, if we except Sir Wilfrid Lawson, no prominent member has been unseated. Mr. Birrell's defeat at Manchester is hardly to be described as a case of unseating, seeing that he had retired from his old seat and was seeking to win another from the Government. In Ireland, however, some notable Nationalists have been defeated, among whom Mr. Arthur O'Connor and Mr. Molloy must be specially mentioned. They seem to have suffered from the determination of Mr. O'Brien to make himself, if possible, the Grand Elector of his country.

* To-day's *Times* contains a document of absorbing interest in the shape of Dr. Morrison's account of the events which preceded the siege of the legations at Peking. It is impossible to read this heart-stirring narrative without recognising the futility of the efforts that have been made in some quarters to bring in a verdict of 'not proven' against the Dowager Empress and the members of the Chinese Government. The atrocious deeds which preceded the siege are clearly shown to have been due, in great measure, to the treachery of the Tsung-li-Yamén, and the complicity of the Empress in these crimes is not to be questioned. Unfortunately, there are other lessons to be learned from Dr. Morrison's story, among which the want of prevision among the Europeans both at Peking and Tien-tsin is conspicuous. It is hardly a consolation to learn that the blundering extended to the representatives of all nationalities; nor is it reassuring to learn that not only blundering, but jealousy of each other, was common to all.

Monday, the 15th of October.—London is suddenly filling with the candidates who have been engaged in the campaign that is now virtually concluded. The victorious and the defeated come together and exchange notes. If I were to attempt to summarise the story of the great electoral battle, I fear that I should not convince the majority of my readers of my absolute impartiality, and I therefore confine myself to the task of enumerating one or two points about which there seems to be a pretty general agreement. The Government candidates profited greatly by the fact that, from the outset, it was admitted on the Opposition side that there was no alternative Government to that of Lord Salisbury before the country. Some Liberals voted for the Government candidates for this reason, and many more abstained from voting at all, from the feeling that national interests might be endangered if the only possible Ministry were weakened when so many critical questions awaited consideration. On the other hand, the Opposition candidates suffered not only from the time of the dissolution, and from the khaki cry, which was not so potent as had been anticipated, but from want of money, and from the large number of constituencies which were left uncontested. That

the fortunes of the Opposition improved as time passed, the record of the elections shows. This was, in fact, due to a reaction against the violence and bitterness with which the whole Opposition, regardless of the past history of the majority of the Liberal party, was assailed with the cry of 'pro-Boer' and 'traitor.' The letter of Mr. Wanklyn in the papers to-day throws a somewhat unedifying light upon the manufacture of the statement that every vote given to the Opposition was given to the Boers. The election has at least made one thing certain. That is that, whether men called themselves Conservatives or Liberals, the great majority of the electors had no sympathy with Little Englandism and were resolved to maintain the interests and unity of the Empire as a whole. Both parties to the stubborn fight profess to be satisfied with the result, and both are in their hearts disappointed. If the Government is left with a majority practically equal to that which it had in the last days of the old Parliament, it has fallen short by more than a score of votes of the majority which it had in the General Election of 1895. That election seems to indicate the high-water mark of Conservatism in this country. The Irish electors in England and Scotland were divided; but it is believed that the majority of Catholic votes were given to the Government candidates, and to this fact is attributed the great Conservative majorities in Glasgow and some other cities. These are some of the points which seem to stand out prominently in a survey of the election as a whole. Now, the first thought that seems to occupy everybody is as to the course which Lord Salisbury is likely to adopt with regard to the reinforcement of the Ministry that has received this vote of confidence from the country.

The second instalment of Dr. Morrison's account of the siege of the Pekin legations is even more thrilling reading than the first portion of the narrative. It is a story of much suffering, of great heroism, and of diabolical cruelty and treachery. Perhaps the last is the feature of the tale that impresses itself most strongly upon the public, and the demand for the punishment of the ringleaders in the atrocious plot is not likely to become less strenuous with the fuller knowledge we have now obtained of the details of this dismal chapter in the history of the dying century. To-day's news of the diplomatic proceedings in connection with China is happily more reassuring. The 'blood-bond' which now unites the armies of the Powers—including the new Power that has sprung into existence in the furthest East—seems likely to have its effect upon the deliberations of statesmen and diplomatists.

For some time past it has been known in many quarters that the health of the Empress Frederick was far from satisfactory. The official intimation of the fact that her condition has caused grave anxiety to the Queen will draw forth the sympathy of all Her Majesty's subjects. For the moment any immediate cause of appre-

hension seems to have been removed, but there is too much reason to fear that the health of the Empress must continue for a long time to come to occasion deep concern not only to her own relatives but to the peoples of the two great countries with which she is so closely connected.

Wednesday, the 17th of October.—The legal appointments announced this morning fulfil the general anticipations of the members of the Bar. Lord Alverstone may not be an ideal Lord Chief Justice, but there is certainly no one on the judicial Bench whose claims to that high post will be regarded as superior to his, and there is every reason to believe that his comparative youth and his mental and physical vigour will enable him to do full justice to the duties and responsibilities of his new office.

Lord Justice A. L. Smith was marked out not merely by seniority, but by his personal qualifications, for the Mastership of the Rolls, and his promotion gives general satisfaction. These appointments may be regarded as the forerunners of the changes which are likely to take place before long in several important offices. The Government, secure in its majority, can now proceed not so much to the work of reconstructing itself, as to that of completing several changes in the executive that would have been carried out ere this if the General Election had not intervened.

From South Africa the news is not wholly satisfactory, for desultory fighting is still taking place, and there is an attendant loss of life which is all the more to be deplored because it comes unexpectedly after the serious resistance of the enemy has ceased. The revelations made at the sittings of the Transvaal Concessions Commission, last Thursday and Friday, do not furnish pleasant reading. The statement that one or two Englishmen who have made themselves prominent by their extreme advocacy of the Boer cause were actually receiving payment, directly or indirectly, from the Transvaal may require confirmation, but the mere fact that such a statement should have been made in a quasi-judicial inquiry is a very serious one that must cause some friends of the Boers in this country to modify the opinions they formed at the outset of the struggle. Here in London we are preparing to welcome the City Imperial Volunteers on their return next week from the seat of war. Nobody will deny that they deserve a hearty reception, but there is some fear that the process of welcoming our returning troops may be overdone, at all events in the beginning. The City Volunteers have done excellent service and deserve well of their country, but they are not the only troops we shall shortly have to welcome on their return to England. Many persons who have been most ardent in their support of the war are now expressing their fear that popular enthusiasm may be carried too far for the good of the Service and the maintenance of Army discipline. This would be nothing less than a national misfortune.

Thursday, the 18th of October.—Prince Hohenlohe's resignation had been discounted beforehand, and will have little effect upon public affairs in Europe. The German Emperor has made himself so completely his own Chancellor, indeed, that but a languid interest attaches to the identity of the nominal holder of the office. Yet the general situation is so grave that it must strike most of us as strange that a change in the occupancy of an office once held by Prince Bismarck should hardly ruffle the surface of public life. The latest news from China is as confused and mysterious as any which has preceded it; but the alarmists and Russophobists are convinced that Russia is playing a double game and that some dramatic coup will before long startle the world. One has but to try to imagine what the situation would have been if Bismarck had still been at the helm in Berlin in order to realise the vastness of the change that has come over the general situation in Europe within the last dozen years. To day the panic-mongers in the halfpenny newspapers are trying to frighten us with a fresh scare with regard to the intervention of Europe in South African affairs. It is evident that Mr. Leyds has not yet exhausted his quiver, and that his arrows are as poisonous and as pointless as of yore.

The condition of the Liberal party seems to call forth the sympathies of all the busybodies and quidnuncs, and columns of sage advice are being lavished upon it in the *Times* and journals of smaller importance. The chief lesson that seems to be taught by the result of the General Election is that until the party has been consolidated under responsible and effective leadership it cannot hope to improve its position, and from many different quarters comes to-day the cry for Lord Rosebery's return. If he is to return, it will have to be to a party very different from that which allowed itself to be shattered by those fierce internal struggles which have done more than anything else to reduce it to impotence during the last four years. In the meantime, the counting of heads indulged in by both sections of the party does not seem a very useful or dignified performance. That the constituencies in the main showed their determination to support those candidates who were resolute in supporting the unity of the Empire is not to be doubted; but the attempt to arrive at an exact classification of the members who were returned is not very wise. The manner in which the party will ultimately be divided—if divisions are to continue—will be settled not by lists drawn up by rival wirepullers to-day, but by the inevitable course of events.

Saturday, the 20th of October.—Yesterday's sensation was the speech of Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, of which the *Standard* has been fortunate enough to secure a summary. Sir Redvers, more than any other commander, has been the victim of circumstances in this campaign. His strategy has been condemned unsparingly by

the omniscient Moltkes of the newspaper offices, and the man in the street has come to regard his name as a synonym for disaster. Did not one of them inquire the other day, in an evening newspaper, if he had achieved a single victory during the war? It was only when the dignified courage and frankness which Buller showed under the painful humiliation of the publication of the *Spion Kop* despatches was revealed to the world that the public began to feel that, after all, General Buller was every inch a soldier and a hero. His speech of Thursday does not seem to be relished by some of his newspaper critics, but it is a clear vindication not only of his own strategy, but of the Government, which was accused of having compelled him to alter his plans in order to suit the exigencies of party politics. It is safe to predict that no man in the returning army will meet with a warmer welcome than the soldier to whom the relief of Ladysmith was due.

This evening's newspapers have furnished us with the most striking piece of news we have had for many a day. This is the agreement between England and Germany with regard to China. At the first blush the agreement seems to be wholly satisfactory. The two countries have united in a clear expression of their wish that the policy of free competition for the commerce of China should be maintained, and that there should be no attempt to dismember the Empire. These have from the first been the cardinal points of the policy of this country so far as China is concerned, and Lord Salisbury is entitled to all the credit that is due to the English statesman who has succeeded in securing the adoption by Germany of the same policy. But it is impossible to ignore the bearing which this agreement and its publication to the world have upon the general situation. Politicians see in it something like a defiance of Russia, which, whilst proclaiming its resolve to maintain the integrity of China, has taken steps in Manchuria that unquestionably point to the annexation of that part of the Chinese Empire. It remains to be seen how the joint action of Germany and Great Britain will be regarded by the rest of the world. In the meantime there are many people here who see in the announcement made to-night the real reason for the unexpected dissolution of Parliament. Lord Salisbury, it is notorious, is a pessimist on the subject of the English Constitution and its efficiency as an instrument for dealing with the graver problems of our foreign policy. Again and again he has refused to enter into compacts with other Governments on the express ground that in a democratic country like ours it is impossible for any Minister to bind the nation in the matter of its international relationships. It would almost seem as though he had sanctioned the late appeal to the country in order that he might be able to speak with confidence as the head of a united people in his negotiations with Germany.

Few more important steps than this which has been announced to-day have been taken in our foreign policy. It marks a new departure in that policy. Years ago, as those behind the scenes are aware, Great Britain showed her sympathy with the Triple Alliance by entering into an agreement with Italy and Austria for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. But this agreement, which had something more than the passive sanction of Prince Bismarck, was not only secret, but was strictly provisional. Lord Salisbury had to admit to the foreign governments with which he was in negotiation that he could not answer for the acquiescence of his master, the British elector, in the agreement into which he entered. In this new agreement with Germany, which virtually completes our admission into the Triple Alliance, he has at once taken the public not only of this country but of the whole world into his confidence. In doing so he has given us the first fruits of the General Election. The continuity of our foreign policy, a doctrine first preached, and not only preached but practised, by the ex-Premier, has met with a sudden and remarkable exemplification in the announcement made in this evening's newspapers. If England, Germany, Austria and Italy are united not only in their determination to allow of no alteration in the territorial *status quo* on the shores of the Mediterranean, but in their policy with regard to China, the days of 'splendid isolation' are ended, and we find ourselves brought definitely within the sphere of European alliances. It is a great and far-reaching step that has been taken, and speculation is rife as to the spirit in which this striking departure from the old traditions of the Foreign Office will be treated by the peoples and governments of Europe.

Mr. Kruger's secret departure from the soil of Africa is not an event over which any generous foe will exult. He has been beaten after a tough struggle; and whatever his faults may have been his adversaries will respect the tenacity with which he fought for the cause that has now suffered shipwreck. Nor will sensible Englishmen feel any desire to exaggerate the significance of the demonstrations which are likely to attend his landing upon the shores of Europe. The stalwart imperturbability with which we sustained the enmity of the Continent during the darkest moments of the war is hardly likely to desert us now when we are victorious. Yet it is satisfactory to find that some important French journalists are striving to moderate the enthusiasm of their fellow-countrymen over the approaching arrival of Mr. Kruger on their shores. After all we have no cause of quarrel with France, and the interests of both countries demand the re-establishment of good relations between them. We shall not complain too loudly if Mr. Kruger is made the object of a popular demonstration of sympathy, but it would be well both for England and for France if that demonstration were kept within proper bounds.

Monday, the 22nd of October.—The comments of the press on the Anglo-German agreement show that the critics labour under the disadvantage of being only partially informed as to the meaning of the new treaty. France regards the policy of Lord Salisbury as a discomfiture for M. Delcassé and a triumph for Downing Street; in Germany it is looked upon as a brilliant victory on the part of the new Chancellor; whilst the United States newspapers, in their characteristic fashion, see in it the virtual acceptance by Europe of the diplomatic leadership of Washington. Even in London the press criticises the agreement in a hesitating and uncertain fashion that betrays some degree of bewilderment on the part of the critics. Everybody is anxious to assure the world that the agreement is not aimed at Russia, and undoubtedly this statement is true, if Russian policy is correctly represented by the declarations of the Czar. But there is an uneasy feeling that, although his Imperial Majesty can assent to every word of the Anglo-German declaration, this will hardly prevent the inevitable drift of Russian policy in a direction which must lead sooner or later to a collision with the policy of other Powers. Upon the whole, it may be said that English feeling is entirely favourable to Lord Salisbury's latest diplomatic step, but that its importance and ultimate consequences are as yet only dimly realised in this country.

Wednesday, the 24th of October.—The visit of Lord Salisbury to the Queen is universally associated with the changes and promotions that will follow the General Election. The *Times* of this morning returns to the discussion of the *personnel* of the Ministry, and again treats of the necessity for a thorough-going reform of the War Office. The popular movement in favour of administrative reform which has been originated in the pages of this Review will bring to bear upon the Government a pressure that is clearly needed if anything effectual is to be done. Even now, when we are still waiting to welcome the first corps of the victorious army that has returned to England, the cold fit appears to be creeping over those in authority, and we are being told that all is for the best in the best of all possible War Offices. Lord Salisbury's visit to Balmoral may be followed by evidence that this is not the view of Ministers themselves; but in any case the full pressure of public opinion will have to be brought to bear upon the Government if anything substantial is to be effected. If we fold our arms and relapse into the old self-satisfied somnolence, the fate which our Anti-Imperialists predict for all empires that have profited by the sword will be upon us before we are aware.

WEMYSS REID.

THE
ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM
ASSOCIATION

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THE
ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM
ASSOCIATION

A COMPLETE list, up to the present date, of the members of the Association for Administrative Reform is here subjoined.

It will be recollected that the object of the Association, as set forth in the July number of this Review, was to fix public attention steadily upon some of the most important lessons taught by the South African war, foremost among such lessons being : (1) the necessity for examining the condition of the defences of the Empire and their administration by the public offices charged therewith, and (2) the need for conducting the business of the country, as administered by all the various Departments of State, upon ordinary business principles and methods. The Association was to be in effect a Committee of Vigilance for considering and promoting administrative reform, and membership of it was to entail no pecuniary liability and to convey no significance whatever as to party politics.

A draft of its proposed Constitution is also subjoined for the information and consideration of members.

EDITOR *Nineteenth Century*.

(Draft)

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION

(1) The Association shall be called The Administrative Reform Association.

(2) Its purpose shall be to work for increased efficiency in the administration of the business of the nation, notably:

(a) By advocating more extended application in the great Departments of State of the ordinary business principles of—

(1) Personal Responsibility, (2) Payment by Results, (3) Promotion by Merit.

(b) By ascertaining, organising, and expressing public opinion on Departmental Administration.

(c) By supporting such measures as may tend to remedy defects in or introduce improved methods of dealing with national business.

(3) Membership of the Association shall be entirely devoid of any party significance.

(4) All persons approving of its purpose can become members without subscription, but only annual subscribers of one guinea and upwards, or donors of twenty-five guineas and upwards as a life subscription, shall be entitled to vote on any question.

(5) A general meeting of members of the Association shall be held at least once a year.

(6) The Association shall be under the direction of a President, Treasurer, General Council, and Executive Committee.

(7) At each annual general meeting the Treasurer and the Executive Committee to conduct the business of the Association for the ensuing year shall be appointed. Such Committee shall have power to add to their number and to elect the said President and the members of the General Council.

(8) The funds of the Association shall not be disbursed and no liability incurred unless authorised by the Executive Committee.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION

LIST OF MEMBERS

NAME.	ADDRESS.
DUKE OF ABERCORN . . .	Hampden House, Green St., W.
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EARL OF DURHAM . . .	Lambton Castle, Durham.
EARL OF EGERTON . . .	7 St. James's Square, S.W.
EARL GREY . . .	1 Connaught Place, W.
EARL OF JERSEY . . .	Osterley Park, Isleworth, etc.
EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE . . .	Roehampton House.
EARL OF MAYO . . .	Palmerstown, Straffan, Ireland.
EARL OF MEATH . . .	83 Lancaster Gate, W.
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EARL OF STAMFORD. . .	15 St. James's Place, S.W.
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THE BISHOP OF LONDON . . .	Fulham Palace.
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VAUGHAN DAVIES, M.P. . .	House of Commons, S.W.
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W. H. GRENFELL, M.P. . .	Taplow Court, Bucks.
SIR EDWARD GREY, BART., M.P. . .	Falloden, Chathill, Northumber- land.
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HON. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P. . . .	Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames.
ALFRED THOMAS, M.P.	Bronwydd, Cardiff.
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CARDINAL VAUGHAN	Archbishop's House, Westminster.
BISHOP BRINDLE, D.S.O.	Archbishop's House, Westminster.
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SIR EDMUND VERNEY, BART.	Claydon House, Winslow.
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MAJOR-GEN. H. T. ARBUTHNOT (<i>late R.A.</i>)	Doe Bank House, Sutton Cold- field.
LIEUT.-COL. JAMES BAKER (<i>late Min- ister of Education and Provincial Sec., British Columbia</i>)	Athenæum Club.
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THE
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*THE STRATEGICAL VALUE OF THE
CHANNEL ISLANDS*

IN the event of war between Great Britain and France the first and most important part of the struggle would be for the command of the sea. Should Great Britain succeed in retaining the command of the sea, France would thereby be reduced to a condition of impotence so far as offensive operations are concerned, and would sooner or later be obliged to submit to the will of her rival, although, it is true, the war might last for a long time. If, on the other hand, France should succeed in wresting from Great Britain the command of the sea, and in keeping it, Great Britain would be so much more hopeless and impotent than France in similar plight would be that the war would terminate quickly. In a word, France, even without the command of the sea or anything approaching to it, remains capable of prolonged resistance, firstly, because she is a self-supporting country; secondly, because the French national sentiment and strength are already concentrated within her borders; and thirdly, because she stands among the best equipped of the military Powers; while Great Britain, deprived of the command of the sea, would collapse with relative rapidity, firstly, because she is in no sense a self-supporting country; secondly, because her national sentiment and strength are scattered over the world, and cannot be concentrated save by way of the sea; and thirdly, because she is not a military Power according to the standard set up by Germany, France, Russia, and Austria-Hungary.

These are truisms, but I recite them here in order to recall to the reader how vitally important it is for Great Britain never to lose the command of the sea, and, in peace time, to take such steps as may justify her in being able to count upon retaining the command in

war. I believe that in neglecting, as she now does, the offensively defensive value of the Channel Islands she is deliberately wasting one of the most favouring features of her general strategical position ; a feature, moreover, which is far more favouring now than it has ever been hitherto, and which must become far more favouring in the future than it is even now. Let us see briefly what the general strategical position in the southern home seas is, and what would there be the objects and methods of Great Britain's naval strategy upon the outbreak of war with her nearest neighbour.

Upon her Atlantic seaboard France possesses two naval ports of the first rank, and two only, Brest and Cherbourg. Both of them derive additional significance from the fact that they lie close to the main highway of British sea-borne trade. Both of them are within a few hours' steam of the coast of England, Brest being about 110 miles from the Lizard, the nearest English point, and about 140 from Plymouth ; and Cherbourg being about seventy miles from Portland, and about 100 from Portsmouth. A modern cruiser from Brest could, in other words, appear off Plymouth Hoe in seven hours, or a modern destroyer from Brest could reach Plymouth Sound in less than six hours ; while a cruiser from Cherbourg could sight Southsea in five hours, or a destroyer from the same port could anchor at Spithead in four. France has two other naval ports on her Atlantic seaboard ; but, for several reasons, neither of them will be likely to play any leading part in a war with Great Britain, so long at least as Britain's maritime supremacy remains substantially unbroken. Lorient, at the entrance of the Scorff into the Blavet, on the coast of Morbihan, besides being a second-class naval arsenal only, is not a fit port for a considerable fleet of heavy ships, and is much farther than Brest from the nearest point of England and from the great trade routes ; and Rochefort, also a second-class arsenal, on the Charente, besides being still further removed from the great trade routes, is hampered in its usefulness by the fact that its approaches are encumbered with shoals and banks.

The first great naval movements of France against Great Britain would, therefore, naturally originate from Cherbourg and Brest. Each is, or could be rendered, almost impregnable ; each is full of stores, resources, guns, and ships ; each has roomy and safe anchorages, and splendid docks, basins, and workshops ; and each, in war time, could fit out, send to sea, and, *pace* the enemy, keep at sea a formidable and well found squadron.

If you draw on the map a straight line between Cherbourg and Brest, or if you mark out on the chart the nearest course for a ship between Cherbourg and Brest, you will see that both the straight line and the course run right through the group known as the Channel Islands. You will also perceive that no heavy vessel passing between Cherbourg and Brest, and inside of the Channel Islands,

can avoid going within long gunshot of at least two of them, Alderney being less than thirteen miles from Cape La Hougue, and Jersey only about twenty miles from the nearest point of the mainland of the Manche, to which heavy vessels cannot approach very closely. You will further note that, should a vessel desiring to pass from Cherbourg to Brest elect to take a route outside of the Channel Islands she must make a very considerable *détour*, which in war time will expose her to great risks if a hostile fleet be watching for her in the Channel, and especially if that fleet be in wireless electrical communication not only with Alderney and Guernsey but also with its look-out scouts. Thus you will arrive at the conclusion that, even if they were only properly gunned, the Channel Islands, in time of war, might throw serious difficulties in the way of sea communication between the two large French Atlantic ports, and might go far towards paralysing any attempt of the commanders-in-chief at the two places to combine their squadrons.

But I have now drifted somewhat ahead of my immediate subject, and must go about to regain a position whence I can endeavour to forecast what would be Great Britain's objects and naval methods if she hoped not merely to perplex and hamper French plans of concentration, but also to bring to an early and satisfactory issue the hypothetical war.

Cherbourg, as I have said, is, roughly, one hundred miles from Portsmouth, one of our great naval bases, and seventy from Portland, which, though not an arsenal, is now, in some sense, a regular station for the fleet. Brest is very much further than Cherbourg is from either Portsmouth or Portland; and thus, in case of hostilities, Portsmouth would become the natural home base for a British squadron watching or operating against Cherbourg, just as, to the westward, Plymouth, because it is much nearer than Portsmouth is to Brest, would become the natural home base for a British squadron watching or operating against the formidable Breton arsenal. From Brest Plymouth is 140 miles or thereabouts, while Portsmouth is more than 250.

The probable course of procedure, upon hostilities becoming imminent, would be the despatch from Spithead of the largely reinforced Portsmouth flotilla of destroyers, accompanied, or quickly followed, by a squadron of fast cruisers. Some of the cruisers would take up a station off Cherbourg, say on or near a curved line running round from Granville to the mouth of the Seine; others would steam up and down in the Channel, so as to look out for French ships and, at the same time, form a chain of signallers between the cruisers round Cherbourg and the Portsmouth division of the fleet, which, when not itself cruising, would refresh at Spithead or Portland. The destroyers, together, perhaps, with one or two larger craft and some torpedo boats, would form the inshore squadron near Cherbourg; and

it would be their business, if the French ventured out, to communicate the fact, and the enemy's course and apparent intentions, to the cruisers, and through them to the Portsmouth division of the fleet. It would also be their business, in that case, to dog and try to harass the French, and to use all arts to delay them pending the arrival on the spot of a force competent to deal with them decisively. If the French did not come out it would be the business of the destroyers to carry on the work of commercial blockade, to worry the enemy in his ports, to stop all coast-wise traffic, and to obtain and report information. From Plymouth an observation of Brest would be carried on in a similar manner. I need not consider details. Whether one or more Channel fleets would be employed; whether those fleets would keep mainly at sea, or would lie at anchor with banked fires---those and kindred questions are immaterial, and need not be now debated. The important point is that, by some modification of the methods which I have here outlined, Great Britain would seek to watch Cherbourg and Brest, with the objects, firstly, of snapping up anything that might issue from them; secondly, of preventing anything from entering them from the sea; thirdly, of stopping French maritime trade in the neighbourhood; and, fourthly, of gaining useful information for ulterior purposes. And the brunt of all this work, along the French coast, would have to be done by fast light craft, including cruisers, with their boats, destroyers, and torpedo boats.

Now, while destroyers and kindred craft are, in many respects, suitable for the in-shore work of a modern squadron of observation, they are, it must be admitted, placed at great disadvantage if they have to do that work, especially for considerable periods of time, at a long distance from their base. An in-shore flotilla, watching Cherbourg, would, as has been seen, be at least four hours' steam from its base at Portsmouth. That four hours' steam would become six hours' or even ten hours' for a partially disabled craft—a destroyer, for example, with one broken screw-shaft, or with leaky boiler tubes, or with damages along or near her water line. Nor is there at present any place nearer than Portsmouth where she could repair such defects. There are not the necessary facilities in the Channel Islands; and if there were such facilities, or if the dépôt ship, *Vulcan*, were at hand with her forges, her artificers, and her materials, there is no anchorage in which the injured craft could lie in safety and be nursed by her big mother. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been poured into the sea at Alderney in pursuance of an ill-designed and now discredited scheme to make Braye harbour into a fortified port, suitable for men-of-war. Even if Braye harbour were all that it was ever intended to be it could nowadays be shelled from Cape La Hougue, supposing that the French should deem it worth while to mount very heavy guns there and make

provision for giving them the necessary elevation. As a matter of fact Braye harbour is not, and never has been, what it was intended to make it; and it is in such an unsatisfactory and dangerous condition that commanding officers of destroyers, when among the Channel Islands, often deliberately avoid it, and lie instead, as those of two divisions have lain this summer, in an open bay on the west side of Sark, or in some other natural anchorage.

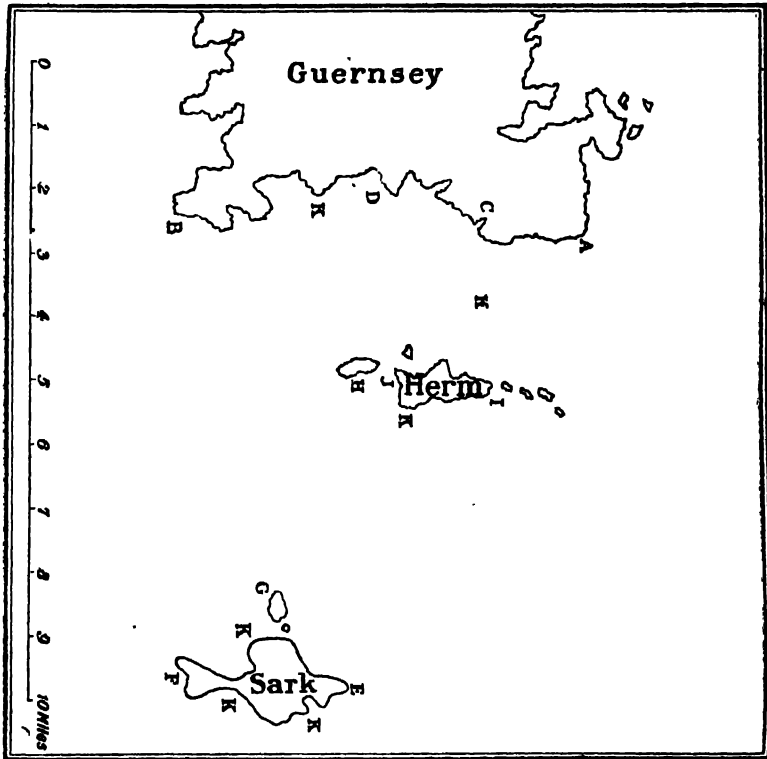
It is not only for repairs that destroyers on in-shore blockading duty would have to quit their station. They frequently need coal; and their people frequently need rest. They might, of course, if the weather were propitious, coal from colliers without going far from their post of observation; but coaling from a collier is a very risky business for such a delicate craft as a destroyer, except in still water. And there are no places in the Channel Islands where colliers and destroyers could lie in safety, supposing that the French torpedo boats and submarines were half as active as the traditions of the French navy lead us to suppose that they would be. Alderney, I repeat, is useless. The island is studded with forts, as any inquirer may see for himself. They are chiefly forts dating from the days of the Palmerston foolishness. Should some member of the new House of Commons desire to know what modern guns are mounted in them, let him ask a question. I, for my part, should not like to make public what I have ascertained about the armament of the works. As for Guernsey and Jersey, I believe it is notorious that they do not possess one heavy modern gun between them, and that such old defences as they have are no longer of the slightest value. Neither St. Helier nor St. Peter Port would, as they stand at present, be safe in war time from a raid by French torpedo boats, and all vessels lying in or near them would be exposed to be sunk. For, be it remembered, there are French torpedo boats at other places than Cherbourg and Brest along the coast. In time, no doubt, we could run many of them to earth and make an end of them; but at the beginning of a war, no matter how alert we might be, we could not hope to keep them all in port, or catch every one that ventured out. There are far too many for that. And if a destroyer could not lie in reasonable safety anywhere in the Channel Islands, how could her crew rest and refresh themselves there? Yet rest and refreshment the people must have, particularly after hard work at high tension. No one who has not knocked about at sea in manœuvres in destroyers and torpedo boats knows what the strain, mental and physical, is. Few men could stand it for many days in succession. Indeed, it is probable that in our next naval war we shall have to solve the difficulty by having two ships' companies for each destroyer, and by letting them rest turn and turn about.

Let me hasten to say that I do not advocate the fortification of the Channel Islands against a set attack on the part of the French,

or any other possible enemies. On the contrary, my view is that if the French can see their way to seizing any of the Channel Islands in the next war it is wise to permit them to seize them with as little bloodshed as possible. They would be of no use to France during the war; after the war they would quietly revert to us, supposing that we were victorious; and, if we were, unhappily, not victorious, France could exact them as part of her spoils, whether she had first seized them or not. She could not, in any case, hold them as against us, unless she had command of the sea. No; certainly I do not want to see the Channel Islands, or any of them, fortified against invasion. The fleet is their fortress against invasion, as it is England's. What I do advocate is that, since in the Channel Islands we have a possible base, comparatively close at hand, for offensive operations in war time against Cherbourg and against the naval combinations dependent upon that port and Brest; and since also, as I have incidentally pointed out, the islands, if properly fitted for the purpose, would go far towards preventing any easy junction of the Cherbourg and Brest squadrons, therefore it behoves us to utilise to the full their natural strategic advantages, which, by-the-by, are at present not utilised in any practical way whatsoever. There are, of course, military garrisons in Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney; and in all the islands there are militia laws which are capable of providing quite as many and quite as good land-service troops as the places are likely to need. But the islands have no modern guns worth mentioning; and such guns and works as they do possess are distributed rather with a view to purely defensive ends than in accordance with any scheme for offensive operations against the enemy, or for hampering communication between his two great naval depôts. I believe that this state of things might with wisdom be altered; nor do I think that very great expense need be incurred over the matter, in any case not nearly so much as has been already incurred in the, to my mind, absolutely futile work of defending Alderney alone.

It seems to me, after careful and prolonged study on the spot, that in the stretch of water lying between Guernsey and Sark we have the kernel or heart of a most invaluable naval position. That stretch of water measures, roughly, eight miles on the north, between St. Sampson, Guernsey, and Bec du Nez, Sark, and nine miles on the south, between St. Martin's Point, Guernsey, and the Sark cliffs above Port Gorée. The eastern boundary is formed by the craggy island of Sark, which has an average and nearly continuous height of about 300 feet, and which is between three and four miles long. The western boundary is formed by the only slightly and in places less lofty island of Guernsey, and is almost eight miles long. In the midst of the expanse are the islands of Herm and Jethou, both of which are also fairly lofty, and, especially to the

northward, a number of islets and rocks; and near the middle of the Guernsey boundary of the sheet of water is the flourishing town of St. Peter Port, a couple of miles to the north of which are the town and harbour of St. Sampson. This last faces and is commanded by Herm, at a distance of three miles; while St. Peter Port similarly fronts and is commanded by Jethou, at a distance of four: so that the position may, with sufficient clearness, be set up in type as follows:—



- | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|--|--------------------|
| A, Fort Doyle. | B, St. Martin's Point. | C, St. Sampson. | D, St. Peter Port. |
| E, Bec du Nez. | F, Port Gorée. | G, Brecoqhou I. | H, Jethou I. |
| I, North point of Herm. | J, South point of Herm. | K, Anchorages suitable for destroyers, &c. | |

Here we have about thirty square miles of water and islets, amid which are numerous anchorages, some of which could be used by destroyers and torpedo boats in any wind, and all of which would be good at any state of the tide. On the east we have Sark, a lofty, flat-topped island, exceedingly difficult of access on account of the steepness of its cliffs. In the middle we have Herm and Jethou, islands presenting on the whole somewhat similar characteristics; and on the east we have Guernsey, with two small though decent harbours into which destroyers could at all times enter. To fit the position to play a very leading part indeed in any future war with

France remarkably little seems to be requisite. The anchorages have to be protected ; a *dépôt* (by which I mean stores, magazines, and an adequate repairing establishment for destroyers) has to be created somewhere within the area ; a proper day and night signalling system, not only within the area, but also north-eastward to the Casquets and Alderney, and south-eastward to Jersey and the Ecrehos, has to be arranged and got into working order ; and a certain number of search lights have to be provided, both as part of the signalling system and for those purposes of defence for which search lights are more particularly employed. This is not a very expensive programme ; nor is it one which would take many months to carry out ; and it is a programme which ought to be begun to-morrow. It cannot, I feel, be ever carried out so as to fully effect all its objects, if its commencement be postponed until war seems imminent. In those days there will be such panicky demands from a hundred other quarters for guns, ammunition, engines, and search-lights that, in the confusion, it will inevitably happen that some of the soundest claims will be lost sight of, and only the noisiest claims will be noticed. Moreover for such a piece of strategical machinery to be efficacious it should be in full running order ; and those who have to work it in war time should be already familiar with its ways and its possibilities.

The protection of all the anchorages could be secured by guns on Jethou, Herm, and Sark. Jethou is, I believe, already the property of the War Office, which purchased it some years ago for defensive purposes, but has never done anything with it. Herm is held by a German gentleman, who has a house on the island. Sark is a little self-governing dependency of Guernsey, with its own seigneur. Fixed heavy gun positions seem unnecessary and even disadvantageous, save in Jethou, which is very small. In Herm, and especially in Sark, which has a nearly level summit, from which in numerous places both sides of the island can be commanded simultaneously, it would be more economical and effective to use some modification of the Waldemar-Lillioswic railway battery, an invention which permits of the heaviest guns being mounted on mobile carriages and moved rapidly from point to point. If the necessary 'battery railways' were laid down in Herm along the highest part of the island, and in Sark along the island's entire length, about three 8-inch and half a dozen 6-inch quickfirers, with, of course, smaller weapons, should suffice to render the whole extent of water between Guernsey and Sark secure from any sudden French raid, and therefore a safe resort and place of refreshment in war time for destroyers and their people. There should, in addition, be search-lights low down at A, B, E, F, H, and I, to cover the approaches to the anchorage. Its safety would naturally depend not only upon the guns and lights overlooking it, but also upon the degree of watchfulness maintained outside it by the cruisers in the Channel, by the

detached destroyers off Cherbourg and Brest, and by the signal staff in Jersey and Alderney, and on the Ecrehos and Casquets; and that signal staff is at present non-existent. But it could be very easily established and made efficient. Its material should consist of apparatus for wireless telegraphy, search-lights which can be also used for flashing intelligence by the Morse code, semaphore towers, flags, and rockets. Sark would be the proper centre of this signalling system and the headquarters of the station. The only other work required would be the establishment, somewhere within the area, of a dépôt for the care and repair of destroyers and torpedo boats, and for their supply with coal, stores, and ammunition. If cheapness were the main object, such a dépôt could be formed at St. Sampson; if efficiency rather were aimed at, a better place for such a dépôt would be a considerable patch of beach and shallow water which is to be found at the back of Herm, on the west. There the necessary buildings could be easily erected; and the necessary work could be carried on, away from observation and from any possible supervision by spies.

Let us suppose such a dépôt and station to have been created and to be in thorough working order before the outbreak of war with France. We should then have a base within fifty miles, or two and a half hours' steam, from Cherbourg, and within 140 miles, or five and a half hours' steam, from Brest. If a squadron issued from Cherbourg the fact would be signalled from the cruisers and from Alderney, and should be known in Sark within a few minutes; and the squadron, no matter in which direction it might proceed, could be immediately caught and followed up by fresh destroyers, while the wearied scouts from off the port could return at once for a needed rest. There would be no possible chance for the Cherbourg squadron to escape observation, and to vanish for a time into space, to reappear, perhaps, unexpectedly in the Bay of Biscay or the North Sea. Sark is little or no closer to Brest than Plymouth is, but it is in a much more useful direction. The process of catching and following up a squadron from Brest, the movements of which would be reported by the cruisers through Jersey, would be less rapid, but not, I think, less certain. And I pity the fate of any squadron that has at its heels, especially at night, a considerable flotilla of fresh destroyers and sea-going torpedo boats. As for any junction of the Brest and Cherbourg squadrons, that should be quite out of the question, unless affairs were grievously mismanaged. And, in that connection, I may say in passing that the Normandy coasts are, all things considered, singularly free from fogs.

But, it may be urged, would not your whole system be crippled if, for example, the French were to begin operations by seizing Jersey, Alderney, and Guernsey, or any of them? And could not the French do this, seeing that you leave those islands in their present practically

unfortified condition? I should reply No, to both questions. I do not see how an enemy, not possessed of the command of the sea, could seize Jersey, Guernsey or Alderney so long as, in the midst of those islands, lay, ready for action, a flotilla of destroyers in touch with a fleet or fleets in the Channel. Nor, even granting that Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney had been seized, would the system break down, provided, of course, that the *dépôt* were in Herm and not in Guernsey. The system would be rendered somewhat less efficient for the time being; but the large islands could not be held for long while the British fleet maintained its supremacy; and ere big guns could be mounted in Guernsey—if indeed they could be mounted there at all in face of the guns in Herm, Jethou, and Sark—Guernsey and the other large islands would be recovered and the entire system would be re-established. To attempt a *coup de main* against Sark, Herm, or Jethou would be hopeless.

Naval men will, I believe, agree with me that it is well worth while to adopt some such plan as this for the full utilisation in war time of the undoubted strategical advantages which are given us by our possession of the Channel Islands. It may also be well to remember that there are no fighting men and seamen in the world better than those of these Norman Isles. It is the race that has given us the De Saumarezs, the Careys, the Durands, the Durells, the De Carterets, the Brocks, and the Corbets. At present the islands have little or nothing to remind them that they are the outposts of a great naval nation. They seldom see any British man-of-war save a wretched old gunboat which looks after the fisheries; and in consequence comparatively few of the islanders, all of whom, by the way, speak French as well as English, now enter the Royal Navy.

WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES.

‘BALFOURIAN AMELIORATION’ IN IRELAND

SHORTLY after the dissolution of the late Parliament, the Orangemen of the city and county of Dublin were summoned to a meeting, the object of which was set forth in the following words of a notice issued to the public Press:—‘The attitude of the Orange Institution in Dublin towards Mr. Horace Plunkett and his policy of Balfourian amelioration will be clearly defined beyond the possibility of doubt or misrepresentation.’

Before the meeting thus convened was held, in order that no injustice might be done to me through any misunderstanding of my policy, I was invited to forward replies to three categorical questions. The first was, ‘Do you go forward for election as an Independent Unionist, or as a nominee of the discredited Unionist party?’ The second interrogation related to ‘lawlessness in the Church of England,’ and the third to the Irish University question.

The incriminated party offered to attend the inquisition personally on condition that he was allowed half an hour, without interruption, to explain his position and that the Press were admitted. The offer was accepted, and the conditions were fulfilled. When the speaker and the Press had withdrawn, a lengthy debate took place and a series of resolutions was passed, from which, for the purposes of the present article, it is enough to quote one sentence:—‘We condemn the Irish policy of Her Majesty’s Government as a betrayal of Irish Unionists, who have done so much to place the present Executive in power.’ For the rest, the resolutions went to show that the statement of the Government candidate for South Dublin had failed to carry conviction on any point, and that the Orange Institution of Dublin was to be ranged on the side of the Independent Unionist, ‘even though,’ to quote a resolution passed on another occasion, ‘the result may be the loss of a seat to the Unionist party, as they [the Orangemen present] consider an open enemy preferable to a false friend.’

That the result contemplated with such complacency actually followed is now well known. I have shown in a letter to the *Times* that the loss of the South Dublin seat was largely to be accounted

for by the electioneering tactics which were employed, and which confused the issues before the electors. I have no personal object in reviving the issues of a contest in which I was beaten, and least of all do I wish to say a word to defend myself from the charges levelled against me. On the contrary, I wish I could represent my own shortcomings as the sole cause of my defeat. For I am now only concerned with the defence of an Irish policy which I did not initiate, but which I have done my best to support—a policy which has never been generally understood, and the meaning of which the South Dublin election is being used still further to obscure.

The manifest object of the Independent Unionists was to prove that they represented a force in Ireland which must be allowed to dictate to the Government so much of its policy as affected their interests. They have succeeded in unseating a subordinate Minister, and they appear to see in the departure of Mr. Gerald Balfour a condemnation of the latter's policy. It is hard to understand how any such conclusion can be drawn from the promotion to another post, with Cabinet rank, of a Minister who has held the Irish Office for a term only exceeded on two occasions since the Union. Supporters of 'Balfourian amelioration' and 'discredited Unionism' will, on the other hand, share their satisfaction at the appointment of a Chief Secretary who, as private secretary of Mr. Arthur Balfour, was intimately associated with the initiation of the very policy which they have ceased to support. The Independent Unionists forget, too, that Lord Cadogan stays behind, whose statesmanship is not likely to miss so rare an opportunity of trying what effect an experiment in continuity may have upon Irish Government.

The South Dublin controversy, which was not confined to that one constituency, but which elicited strong expressions of opinion from all parts of Ireland, showed that the Independent Unionists had no representative, and but little individual, support outside their own well-worked area. Nevertheless, the bitter condemnation of the Government, in which such a powerful duumvirate as Lord Ardilaun, with two newspapers, and Professor Dowden, with a quiver of apt quotations, was arrayed against me, misled some English opinion. Even the *Times* committed itself to the statement that the Chief Secretary and I had 'driven the loyal portion of the Irish people to revolt.' This charge rests upon a total misunderstanding of the constructive side of the Balfourian policy, and a failure to appreciate the difficulties which had to be surmounted. It will be the purpose of these pages to submit that policy as a whole to the higher but unusual test of the ends of national development at which it aims.

It must always be remembered, especially by English readers, that a policy of constructive effort is beset with grave and peculiar difficulties in Ireland. Such a policy ought to be considered or judged in the light of its possible developments, or, at any rate, by

the standard of the existing conditions with which it seeks to deal. But in Ireland it is viewed in its bearings on political, social and economic conditions that are passing away and cannot be restored. It is supposed by one set of politicians to be sacrificing the vested interests of those who have stood for loyalty and Empire, and who, in my opinion, have never understood the foundations upon which such sentiments can be built up. Another set of politicians denounce it as an attempt to undermine the 'national demand.' The thinking men who can stand back and take an impartial and comprehensive view of the essential conditions of progress in the Ireland of to-day are mostly not active politicians and, consequently, make little impression on English public opinion. Indeed, such a policy as that under review has to rely upon the support of moderate men whose influence is probably enduring but is not of much value to a Minister who has to commend his policy to the House of Commons. It will be seen, however, that the quiet men of all parties in Ireland have been stimulating economic thought in the country, the growth of which has provided a common foundation both for an economic movement of their own to which I shall presently refer and for the economic policy of the Balfours.

Again, continuity has not been a characteristic of Irish administration. The path of political progress may, under the best conditions, be a spiral rather than a direct route; but the zigzag of party government in Ireland has hitherto merely increased the friction of every progressive movement. A statesman who introduces a large measure of popular reform in England has, at any rate, a powerful public opinion in sympathy with his aims and competent to estimate them at their true value. The position of a statesman—especially if he be a Conservative—who attempts to solve a cognate problem in Ireland is very different. Conservatives and Nationalists alike are his critics. To conceive and carry out a policy of reform requires, then, in an English statesman in Ireland, not only high qualities of intellect, but a moral courage and a political imagination excessively rare. He can look forward only to the personal satisfaction that must inevitably accompany a good action nobly planned and the prospective reward of recognition whenever the history of his administration may be impartially chronicled.

The Chief Secretaryship of Mr. Arthur Balfour is remembered for his courageous administration of the law, for the creation of the Congested Districts Board, and for the construction of Light Railways. Of the first little need be said. In Ireland a high courage, especially when it is combined with an understanding sympathy, always wins admiration and respect. Into the formula, 'Twenty years of resolute government,' one might as well read at once a hundred or a thousand years. Any other kind of Irish administration would be as unpopular as it would be disastrous.

The Light Railway policy was essential for the proper industrial development of the western districts. Without direct market communication, the great extension of the west coast fisheries which has actually taken place could not have been effected. It was no unusual thing in pre-railway days for the poor fisherfolk of those remote western districts to be compelled to use the surplus of a big take of mackerel or herring (after the small local demand had been met) as manure for their land. When we also consider the subsidiary effects—such as, for instance, opening up this wild and beautiful country to an increasing tourist traffic—it becomes doubtful if 1,500,000*l.* of public money has ever been so judiciously applied in Ireland. Mr. Arthur Balfour and his brother did more than spend money; they personally supervised its expenditure. The result was that an immense boon was conferred, at a relatively small cost to the State, on the whole western seaboard of Ireland. Still, even this boon—which was the first evidence Mr. Balfour gave of his insight into the economic needs of Ireland—fades into insignificance when compared with the later and wider developments of a policy thus inaugurated. Unhappily, the storm and stress of the land war denied to Mr. Balfour, until almost the eve of his departure to occupy the high post which he still holds, his longed-for opportunity of constructive statesmanship on lines which he had deeply thought out. In a famous speech delivered at Alnwick in the summer of 1895, Mr. Balfour struck the keynote of the policy which he initiated in Ireland.

I learned [he said, referring to his sojourn in that country] a lesson which I shall never forget, that, after all, many of the ills of Ireland arise from the poverty of Ireland; and this poverty was, I fear, in generations long gone by in part the work of England and Scotland. . . . There was a time when the British Parliament thought it was well employed in crushing out Irish manufactures. It was a cruel, and it has proved a stupid, policy.

We have here the recognition of the fact that the ills of Ireland are mainly economic, that England and Scotland have a continuing responsibility therefor, and that the discharge of this responsibility is not beyond the reach of practical statesmanship. Mr. Balfour had seen at that date the successful working of the greatest of his achievements, the constitution and endowment of the Congested Districts Board. Speaking on the third reading of the Bill which established this institution, he showed in the clearest manner the economic principles which he was the first to apply to Irish administrative problems.

This Bill [he said] is the first organised legislative attempt to deal with a most difficult and anxious problem. I am no believer in the squandering of money. I think the West of Ireland has suffered almost more than it has gained by half the money which has been expended on it. . . . If the Congested Districts Board is to do any good at all it must not only provide the machinery of production, but teach the people how the machinery is to be used.

In the 'organised legislative attempt' we find the principles here formulated imported into Irish administration with some prospect of permanent effect. The working of the scheme was handed over to a body of representative Irishmen predominantly unofficial. The widest possible discretion, both as to projects and methods, was allowed to the unpaid body thus constituted. The country received, and has continued to treat, the Congested Districts Board in the spirit in which it was given by its author; and, speaking of my colleagues on the Board rather than of myself—my own time having been largely occupied by work of a similar character over a different area—I feel justified in saying that they have at least arrived at a correct diagnosis of the evil, and have shown by innumerable successful experiments on land and sea the lines upon which the solution of Mr. Balfour's 'anxious and difficult problem' is ultimately to be found.

It is bare justice to Mr. John Morley to recall his attitude towards the constructive part of the Balfourian policy. It was one of helpful sympathy. He had no opportunity of further developing it, because the Government which he represented had, with the full concurrence of their Irish allies, pinned their faith upon a single remedy for all Irish wrong-goings. But in administration Mr. Morley did all in his power to nurture the seedlings sown by the chief opponent of his Irish policy.

In the late summer of 1895, Mr. Gerald Balfour came to Ireland, and immediately went to see his brother's work in the congested districts. Only the other day, in an impromptu unpublished speech, Dr. O'Donnell, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Raphoe, bade him good-bye on behalf of his colleagues on the Congested Districts Board in terms which none of those present will readily forget. It was a generous recognition of unremitting labour which not only took the form of invaluable assistance in the Board's administrative work, but also resulted in a large addition out of Imperial funds to its annual income, and in two amending Acts which considerably increased the usefulness of its work. The continuance of the calm which had followed the stormy days of his brother's administration enabled Mr. Gerald Balfour, with the full approval and co-operation of Lord Cadogan, to devote himself to an extension of the new policy to the whole of Ireland.

Quite apart from the change from storm to comparative calm, the situation had undergone an even more important alteration since his brother had first turned his attention to Irish affairs. An organised self-help movement had grown to considerable proportions in the interim. That movement itself was fortunate in coinciding with, and in part owed some of its strength to, the recognition in Ireland that the Government had at length entered on a constructive policy whose aim was the material development of the

country. No doubt, too, English statesmen had begun to realise that Ireland was a portion of the great Imperial estate which had been sadly neglected, and which it would pay to develop. Whether as a producer for the marts of Great Britain, or as a consumer of her products, Ireland had immense latent resources whose value and importance, in a possible day of need, could not be exaggerated. Motives of economic urgency thus combined with those of historical restitution to attract the attention of thoughtful Englishmen to the backwardness of the sister-island. Mr. Gerald Balfour, at any rate, came to Ireland impressed with the vital necessity of continuing and extending his brother's policy in the somewhat altered conditions of 1895. He had, happily, no serious police work to do—though, by the way, this did no service to his reputation in England, or even amongst certain classes in Ireland—but he lost no time in studying the main currents of Irish affairs.

The story of Mr. Gerald Balfour's political life for the succeeding five years ought to be, and no doubt some day will be, written by some one who can maintain an impartial attitude towards things Irish. The humour and pathos of it all should be preserved long after we have forgotten the rancour and stupidity which, to all appearances, allowed such a man to leave a country not usually ungrateful, unwept, unhonoured and unsung. After the tour to which I have alluded, the new Chief Secretary went to keep a political engagement at Leeds. The occasion was one of those terrible functions which politicians dread. 'The meeting,' we read in the daily Press, 'was chiefly of a social character, and took the form of a conversazione and ball.' Nevertheless, Mr. Gerald Balfour faced not only the music but the chaperones, and delivered himself of a characteristic declaration of his Irish political and economic views. He told his audience of the cordial reception which he had met with in his then recent tour in the poorest and most congested districts of Ireland. He then went on :

I do not wish to build too much upon that. I do not for a moment suggest that that implies that the majority of the Irish people have lost their desire for Home Rule. On the contrary, I have not the slightest doubt that, if they had to vote again on the subject to-morrow, they would again vote for Home Rule as they voted for it at the last election ; but I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that I do notice a real and important change in the spirit of the people of Ireland. I think they are gradually becoming tired of political agitation ; I think they are beginning to feel that they will do better to turn their energies to some projects by which they will obtain material benefit for themselves, and I am sure that they are prepared to receive in a kindly spirit—a spirit of welcome—anything which Parliament may be able to do for them. This change, which is in the first instance a change amongst the body of the Irish people, has gradually extended itself to their political leaders also, and I believe I shall find, and that Parliament will find, in any endeavours it may make for benefiting Ireland, some measure of co-operation from those who in Parliament itself have up to the present time been most

hostile towards us, and this I regard as a great step in advance. It is perfectly true that the Nationalist leaders frankly tell us that, while they are ready to take what we are ready to give, they do not abate one jot of their Nationalist pretensions or their Nationalist claims, and that whatever we give them they will use against us when they get the opportunity. Well, we are ready to take the chance of that. We should be glad enough, no doubt, to kill Home Rule with kindness if we could, but, whatever may be the result of our efforts, our intention is to do our utmost to introduce and pass such measures as will really promote the interests of the material prosperity of Ireland.

The effect of this speech furnishes a perfect illustration of the difficulties which beset a Chief Secretary who faces the problems before him with courage, and with sympathy which is often mistaken for disloyalty. The first impression created was favourable all round, and showed that the obvious meaning and sincerity of the words had gone home. To some of us the attitude taken up towards the people of Ireland was simply ideal. The grasp of the situation on its sentimental as well as on its practical side seemed to promise a dealing with the issues involved in a manner consistent with the aspirations of Irish Unionists. But soon these large considerations were lost to memory, and only so much of this statesmanlike utterance was remembered as could, with adequate distortion, be used for the purposes of an attack upon certain minor incidents of an unusually long and fruitful Administration. One sentence—no, not even a sentence, but a phrase—wrenched from its context and divorced from its clear meaning (of course I allude to the phrase 'killing Home Rule with kindness') survived to serve as the watchword of the party which has set itself to belittle Mr. Gerald Balfour's efforts to promote the material prosperity of Ireland.

The head and front of the Government's offending was the Land Act of 1896, and the failure to give effect to all the recommendations of the Fry Commission. The limits of a single article, or, indeed, the whole of this Review from cover to cover, would not suffice to settle the controversies thus raised. None of the provisions of the Land Act of 1896 inflicted any substantial injury on the landlords. This result was, of course, anticipated at the time of its passing, and experience has borne it out. Unfortunately, just at the time of its enactment the judicial rents fixed in the first term were being revised, and the reductions made were falsely attributed to the Land Act of 1896, and not, as they ought to have been, to the Act of 1881, which the late Administration bitterly opposed. In reference to the Fry Commission, it may be pointed out that almost all the recommendations which did not involve fresh legislation have been already adopted, while many that would require new legislation have been found on examination to be undesirable and unsound. Moreover, the Government was naturally reluctant to open up once more the whole question of land tenure in Ireland so soon after the Act of 1896, which they had found hard enough to pass. I do not for a

moment, however, desire to deny that the landlords have since 1881 suffered, and suffered severely.

They had, indeed, real and substantial grievances, though the responsibility for them was wholly misplaced. This was shown when Mr. Gerald Balfour's every act came to be attributed to the motive which he was falsely declared to have confessed as his ruling idea in the government of Ireland. In his determination to kill Home Rule with kindness, every law-breaker in the country (so the fable ran) was assured of Castle favour; attention was given to 'the recommendations of the disloyal rather than to the recommendations of those who made every exertion to support the Crown and constitutional government;' such a state of affairs was brought about that, in the words of an ex-President of the Irish Unionist Alliance, 'the name of a loyalist or of a Unionist is a bar to any office or preferment in this country;' that, in fine, Ireland had been allowed 'to drift into a state of social anarchy and civil war.' While these slanderous attacks were being made on 'Balfourian amelioration' from one side, there was, surprising as it may seem, an equally vicious cross-fire on that policy from the extreme Nationalist camp. The following, for example, is a choice but characteristic utterance of Mr. Davitt, made in a speech against my candidature for South Dublin :

A vote for Mr. Plunkett would mean a vote for Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, a vote for Dublin Castle, and a vote for Irish landlordism with all its bloody records in the process of the extermination of the Irish nation. Mr. Plunkett also represented the Government which had waged war on the Transvaal, and he [Mr. Davitt] challenged Mr. Plunkett between that date and the day of the poll to utter one word of censure against the Government which had decided upon waging that war.

Again, the *Freeman's Journal* of the 8th of October, 1900, in the course of a leading article representing 'Balfourian amelioration' as a policy to put money into the pockets of the landlords, writes : 'Neither he (Mr. Plunkett) nor his friends disguise the fact that where the landlord interest and interest of the general community come into conflict the interest of the general community must give way.'

The same spirit of bitter opposition to Mr. Gerald Balfour not only denied him the credit of his monumental industry and ingenuity in the framing of the Local Government Act of 1898, but also made the attitude of the landlords as a body appear to be antagonistic to the policy itself. He had appealed to them, in introducing this measure, to give it their generous co-operation.

Much of the success or failure of the new system will depend [said Mr. Balfour on that occasion] on the attitude towards it of those in whose hands the administration now rests. The experience of England and Scotland shows that in rural districts the local gentry are the natural leaders of the people, and the people

willingly recognise them as such. In the past that has been the case in Ireland also, and it may be so again in the future. Everything depends upon themselves. Will they look askance at the new order of things? Will they stand aside in silence, or play the more manly part and seek from the suffrages of their fellow-citizens that position which no others are so well qualified to fill? They may meet with rebuffs at first, but let them persevere and their reward is certain. I rejoice to know that on this subject several friends of my own who live in Ireland, members of the House, as well as others, have spoken in no uncertain voice. If the spirit which animated them animates members generally of the class to which they belong, I, for one, firmly believe that the changes we now propose will carry with them a healing power rich in blessings for the future of Ireland.

In the light of this utterance the attitude of the Unionist critics of the late Administration towards the Bill of 1898 is remarkable. The policy of local government, in its main outlines, was announced in 1897. It is safe to say that never was a declaration of policy received with a more general chorus of approval, and at no stage in the progress of this long and complicated measure through Parliament was serious objection taken in either House to its provisions by the Irish Unionist representatives. The Government were under a well-known pledge, given by Lord Randolph Churchill in the days when any alternative to Home Rule was eagerly grasped at, that in the matter of local government reform, then in contemplation for England, Ireland should have the advantage of 'similarity and simultaneity.' The pledge was a rash one in view of the utter lack of interest in the subject on the part of the Irish Nationalists and their English allies, and no blame can be imputed to the Unionist party because a decade elapsed between the passage of the English and of the Irish Acts. But, when legislation did come, the pledge as to similarity was generally felt to hold good.

Of course, similarity did not imply identical provisions, as the conditions to be dealt with were different in many respects. There was one exceptional feature of the Irish situation which confronted the Government with what appeared to most of us to be an insoluble problem. The Irish landlord, as is well known, paid half the poor rate on holdings over 4*l.* valuation, and the entire rate on holdings at and under that valuation. Hence, democratic local government meant that in wealthy districts the democracy would be able to scourge the aristocracy, and in poor districts to tax them out of existence. To everybody's amazement a way out was found. Ireland had at least a moral claim to a share of the 'agricultural grant' which had been given to the depressed English agriculturists in relief of rates in 1896. The Government conceded this claim and divided the amount due to Ireland into two parts, one to be given to the landlords to safeguard their interests, and the other to the occupier. The ingenious method of distribution was as follows. The landlord was relieved of the poor rate, except that where he paid the whole rate he had to make a reduction in the rent equivalent to one-half of

the rate. The occupier was relieved of one-half of the county cess. Where then, it may be asked, is the landlords' grievance? They have a very real one, but it is not against the present Government. In the first elections they were practically wiped out as a local governing class throughout the whole of Nationalist Ireland, the elections being run on purely political lines. They say the Government ought to have provided for minority representation. My own strong conviction is that any device which failed to secure them an actual majority in these democratic bodies would have been infinitely more inimical to their chances of an ultimate influence commensurate with their education and administrative capacity than letting democracy have its fling. And I cannot but believe that this opinion was shared by the landlords' representatives in Parliament; for no amendment to protect the position of the class in local administration was introduced into either House during the passage of the Bill.

The effect of this great measure has, so far as it has gone, justified Mr. Balfour's hopes. It has thrown on the shoulders of the people themselves the responsibility of administering their own local affairs. It must ultimately generate a business sense in the mass of the population, and by emphasising the difficulties of good government, even on a comparatively small scale, it will, in my opinion, secure more tolerance in Ireland for all administration. The work of carrying into effect this great reform was a work the difficulty and magnitude of which can only be realised by those familiar with all the intricate questions of rating and finance in a country where, prior to the passing of the Act of 1898, a triple network of overlapping areas of administration had made confusion worse confounded. The new bodies have, on the whole, fulfilled the preliminary work of reconstruction with intelligence and efficiency, and though it is premature to speak of the permanent effects of so vast a revolution in local government, it can hardly be doubted that the reformed system will ultimately prove an enormous advance on the one it has replaced.

'The Local Government Bill had,' to quote Mr. Balfour's words in introducing that measure, 'become almost a condition of the further reforms which,' he added, 'I hope ultimately to see accomplished.' But another and at least equally important condition of economic progress had been assured during his administration—namely, the growth of organised local effort in the rural districts. Upon this double foundation of representation and organisation Mr. Gerald Balfour proceeded to build. The agricultural co-operative movement had, it may be stated, spread over Ireland. I was personally convinced that one of the truly undeveloped resources of my country was the intellect of her inhabitants; and it was on the strength of this faith in the quick-

wittedness of the Irish farmer that, more than a decade ago, I—a Protestant, a member of the landlord class if not actually an Irish landlord, and a Unionist—and a few able colleagues determined to see if we could not convince the Roman Catholic and Nationalist farmers of Munster that in organised self-help lay the salvation of Irish agriculture, and, by consequence, of Irish material prosperity generally. The task that lay before us was not easy. Our nearest prototypes were Continental ones. The co-operative movement in England, brilliantly successful as it has been, is essentially a co-operation in distribution—a co-operation, in other words, of consumers—admirably designed to meet the needs of densely populated centres of industry in a great manufacturing country. Our Irish needs were altogether different, and, though we early associated ourselves with the Co-operative Union of Great Britain, we had to apply the principles of Neale, Hughes, and Holyoake to the conditions of a country and a people whose sole resource, broadly speaking, was agriculture. Our success was great. There are up to the present time 469 registered societies scattered throughout every county in Ireland, with a membership of over 45,000 farmers and labourers, mostly heads of families; while many more are in course of formation.

The idea of a Round Table of Irish politicians, since known as the Recess Committee, arose out of this movement, in which men of all shades of political opinion had combined for the material advancement of their country. The Recess Committee was formed in 1895. Mr. Gerald Balfour, as I have said, came to Ireland as Chief Secretary in the same year. He at once grasped the significance of a Committee of Irishmen of the most opposed political views sitting round a table to discuss in a calm and business-like spirit 'any measures for the good of Ireland upon which all parties might be found in agreement.' But this was not all. When, in August 1896, I, as Chairman of the Recess Committee, submitted to the Chief Secretary the report of our deliberations and proposals, Mr. Balfour had the courage and the wisdom to accept this Irish-made policy as the basis of legislation. In that very year a Bill dealing with Irish agriculture and technical instruction on the lines laid down in the report of the Recess Committee was drafted; but the press of important legislation crushed it out. In 1897 a fresh Bill of a similar kind was introduced in the House of Commons, but had again to give way to the epoch-making legislation on local government in Ireland. These postponements, however, were not without their compensations. The Agriculture and Technical Instruction (Ireland) Act, 1899, would have been far less salutary than it is bound to become in the near future if, as conditions precedent, the agricultural community

had not been organised on a sound basis, and had not that element of popular control which is so important a feature of the constitution of the Council of Agriculture and the Boards which are the advisory bodies of the new Department been realised in the local government of the country. And I may add from myself that, whatever criticism may be passed on the working of the local government of the country, the officials of the new Department of Agriculture have found in its popularly elected advisory bodies both helpful and capable support and an admirable spirit of co-operation.

This economic legislation, following upon local government reform, focussed attention on another vital need of Ireland—that of educational reform in the three great divisions of primary, secondary, and university education. To Lord Cadogan is due the credit for the appointment of two Viceregal Commissions—one on manual training in primary schools, the other on the working of the Irish intermediate system—whose reports are likely to give Ireland an admirable and continuous educational code in direct relation with her industrial needs. The reform in primary education is already begun, and is destined to go far. The Intermediate Board, strengthened by an addition of five members, will no doubt see that secondary education also is brought up to the level of latter-day requirements. The reform of university education—or, in other words, the provision for the higher education of Roman Catholics in Ireland—is, unhappily, a more vexed issue. But this, too, is at bottom largely an economic question; and any one closely identified with the industrial life of the country must feel, at every turn, the disadvantage from which the great majority of Irishmen suffer in not having an opportunity open to them of coming under the influence of university life and teaching. Hence, this reform also is part of that policy of ‘Balfourian amelioration’ which aims at securing for Ireland the conditions of a material prosperity commensurate with her natural resources and the acknowledged ability of her people. It was on its economic side that this question of the need of a university for Roman Catholics forced itself on the attention of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and I believe, from personal experience, that all effort towards progress in Ireland will be truncated unless the claims of Roman Catholics in this matter are fairly dealt with. Here, too, the statesmanship of England in dealing with Irish questions is brought to the test of a consistent and continuous policy for the development of the unworked resources of Ireland.

I have now given a rough and hurried sketch of the policy which I have watched from its inception to its latest development. I have written under great pressure of other work on the eve of my departure for my annual holiday in the United States. I cannot even see the proof before I leave for America. I have said things

which I wish I had said before, for so absorbed have my friends and I been in the general scheme of helping to build up our national life that it was not until the, to us unexpected, loss of Mr. Gerald Balfour that we came to realise of what a monstrous injustice he was being made the victim. Knowing the source of their information, I had taken little notice of the accounts I saw in certain English newspapers of the Reign of Terror under which we were told we lived in Ireland. It is regrettable that Irish outrages are given such disproportionate prominence in the English Press. If in a dairying district ten thousand cows were made tributary to creameries owned and worked harmoniously and successfully by organised bodies of farmers, they would, of course, escape notice. But if some fine night one of the herd lost its tail, she would for a season reflect the moral and social condition of Ireland under the policy of killing Home Rule with kindness. We knew all about the United Irish League, but we never thought that sensible people would condemn one member of the Irish Government for not committing the mad folly of prematurely proclaiming it, a step which is generally understood to involve a Cabinet question.¹ It is quite possible that the influence of such incidents as the South Dublin election may turn the minds of the people again towards agitation, as being the sole means of securing concessions for Ireland—a belief not without historical justification, but one which the Balfourian *régime* had done much to uproot. If such a fate be in store for Mr. Wyndham, he will find comforters in plenty who will tell him that he is only reaping the whirlwind where his predecessor had sown the wind.

It is, however, with the policy, and not with the man, that most readers will be concerned. Those of us who believe it was one of the greatest policies, and in some respects the greatest, ever tried in Ireland, and that its ends are yet destined to be attained, base our belief on the way in which the statesman who guided it worked with the people as well as for them. Indeed, that is why we, who, as some think, carry our faith in the efficacy of organised local effort to

¹ With reference to the United Irish League, it is worth recording that Mr. Gerald Balfour prophesied that, while it might succeed in forming a political organisation, it would break down inevitably as an engine of intimidation used for agrarian purposes. So far this forecast has been fulfilled to the letter. At the Summer Assizes held on the 21st of July of the present year in Mayo—the birthplace of the new League—Mr. Justice Andrews was able to say in his address to the Grand Jury that, 'after consultation with the County Inspector and Resident Magistrate, he thought he felt justified in saying that the state of the country was not in an unsatisfactory condition.' Again, the County Inspector of Constabulary of Mayo has further stated that very little difficulty was experienced this year in letting land for grazing purposes, and that the agitation against the grazing system had been a complete failure. Lord Arran, the Lieutenant of the County Mayo, in a letter to the *Daily Express* of the 17th of October, confirmed these statements. How long this state of affairs will continue is another question.

the limits of the practical, are so sanguine of ultimate success. What the future may hold I cannot, of course, say—no more than I can tell what policy Mr. George Wyndham may see fit to pursue as Chief Secretary. Indeed, he is too wise and prudent a man to have yet made up his own mind on that point. But what I do ask is that, if he ultimately decides to carry on the work of his predecessor, he shall not be condemned without a consideration of the facts which I have attempted to set forth in this article.

HORACE PLUNKETT.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THERE are some compensations, I am beginning to think, in the reflection that by 1860 I was qualified, by age at least, to enjoy the spectacle of intellectual swordplay. In that year took place the famous encounter at Oxford between Huxley and Samuel Wilberforce. It was one incident in a remarkable outburst of intellectual activity. The old controversy between scientific and ecclesiastical champions was passing into a new phase. Darwin's teaching had not only provided a fresh method, but suggested applications of scientific principles which widened and deepened the significance of the warfare. A 'new reformation,' as Huxley afterwards called it, was beginning, and the intellectual issues to be decided were certainly not less important than those which had presented themselves to Erasmus and Luther. In the struggle which followed Huxley took a leading part. He made original researches; he was the clearest expositor of the new doctrine to the exoteric world; he helped to organise the scientific teaching which might provide competent disciples or critics; and he showed most clearly and vigorously the bearing of his principles upon the most important topics of human thought. Whatever his success, the strongest antagonist could not deny to him the praise due to a strenuous and honourable combatant. The most careless Gallio looking on from the outer ring might be roused to applaud the intellectual gladiator who could hit out so straight from the shoulder and fairly knock accomplished prelates out of time. Many could admire 'Darwin's bulldog,' as he called himself, even if they felt some sympathy with the bull whom he pinned. Those who watched him from first to last will be glad to make a more intimate acquaintance with so grand a specimen of the fighting qualities upon which Englishmen are supposed to pride themselves. In Mr. Leonard Huxley's volumes they will find ample materials for filling out the more obvious and strongly marked outlines; and will end by adding to their respect for the sturdy intellectual warrior a cordial affection for a noble and warm-hearted human being.

The method which Mr. L. Huxley has adopted was clearly prescribed for him. He has appreciated the conditions of his task, and fulfilled them with excellent judgment. The biographer can

never quite equal the autobiographer, but with a sufficient supply of letters he may approximate very closely to the same result. Huxley's letters are fortunately abundant, and amount to a singularly clear, though quite unconscious, self-revelation. The book, it is true, is of considerable dimensions, but, in the first place, Huxley had so many interests that many topics require notice; and, in the second place, the letters are almost uniformly excellent. The common complaint of the decay of letter-writing is partly answerable by the obvious consideration that most letters of our own time are still lying in their pigeon-holes. It is true, no doubt, that only an Edward FitzGerald or so here and there has the chance to write letters breathing the old-world charm of lettered ease and playful dallying with the humorous aspects of life or books. Huxley's letters were necessarily thrown out at high pressure to give pithy statements of his judgment of some practical matter, or friendly greetings for which he can just find time between the lecture-room and the railway station. Their vivacity and constant felicity of phrase are the more remarkable. R. H. Hutton remarked quaintly upon the quantity of 'bottled life' which Huxley could 'infuse into the driest topic on which human beings ever contrived to prose.' A more congenial phrase would perhaps be the amount of 'potential energy' which was always stored in his brain. It is convertible at any moment into the activity of a steam-hammer hitting the nail on the head in the neatest and most effective fashion. There are none of the flabby, tortuous blunderings round about a meaning, nor of the conventional platitudes of which so many letters are entirely composed; every word is alive. His mother, he tells us, was remarkable for rapidity of thought. 'Things flash across me,' she would say by way of apology. That peculiarity, says her son, 'has been passed on to me in full strength;' and though it has 'played him tricks,' there is nothing with which he would less willingly part. The letters often scintillate with such flashes, the brighter for the strong sense of humour which is rarely far beneath the surface. They vary from the simply playful to the deeply earnest moods. He does not scorn even atrocious puns. But of course it is not the occasional condescension to 'goaks,' as he calls them, but the fine perception of the comic side of serious matters which gives a charm to his casual phrases. Sometimes it shows itself in a bit of friendly 'chaff.' When Matthew Arnold has appropriated—unconsciously, let us hope—an umbrella at the Athenæum, Huxley slyly exhorts him to consider what that excellent prelate, Arnold's favourite Bishop Wilson, would have advised in a case of covetousness. An excellent example of grave logic conveyed in an apologue is the letter in answer to Cardinal Manning's defence of indiscriminate charity. Huxley had told an Irish carman to drive fast, and the man set off at a hand-gallop. 'Do you know where you are going?' cried Huxley. 'No, yer honner, but anny way I'm

driving fast !' A phrase in a letter to Mr. Clifford dashes out a quaint comment upon human nature. 'Men, my dear, are very queer animals, a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness, and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset ; and when they can do exactly as they please, are very hard to drive.' This, says Mr. Leonard Huxley, sounds like a bit of his conversation ; and in a very interesting description Sir Spencer Walpole remarks on that manifestation of his powers. Huxley, he says, 'could always put his finger on the wrong word and always instinctively choose the right one.' In private talk, lecturing, and public speaking he was conspicuous in the humorous felicity which equally marks his admirable literary style.

'Science and Literature,' said Huxley, 'are not two things, but two sides of one thing.' An aphorism in an after-dinner speech must not be too literally construed, but the phrase indicates the quality which makes Huxley's writings as refreshing to the literary as to the scientific critic. 'Exposition,' he observes, 'is not Darwin's *forte*. But there is a marvellous dumb sagacity about him like that of a sort of miraculous dog, and he gets to the truth by ways as dark as those of the Heathen Chinee.' The final cause of Huxley might seem—though the theory is a little out of place—to have been the provision of an articulate utterance for Darwin's implicit logic. He points an old moral for young literary gentlemen in want of a style. He does not believe in moulding one's style by any other process than that of 'striving after the expression of clear and definite conceptions.' First, indeed, he adds, you have to catch your clear conceptions. I will not presume to say that for writers of a different category—Stevenson, for example—a different method may not be the right one. But most of us may heartily subscribe to Huxley's theory. The best way to be happy, as moralists tell us, is not to make the acquisition of happiness a conscious aim. To acquire a good style, you should never think of style at all. It will be the spontaneous outcome of adequate expression of clear thought. Some writers, Huxley admits, might have learnt dignity from a study of Hobbes, and concision from Swift and simplicity from Defoe and Goldsmith. The names are significant of his taste ; but he learnt by adopting the methods of his predecessors, not by imitating them as models. The labour which he bestowed upon his work is the more remarkable considering his quickness in seizing the right word in his hastiest letters. He speaks of writing essays half-a-dozen times before getting them into the right shape. He had the passion, unfortunately rare in Englishmen, for thorough logical symmetry. His 'flashes' must be finished and concentrated. The happy phrase has to be fixed in the general framework. Arguments are terribly slippery things ; one is always finding oneself shunted into some slightly diverging track of thought ; and brilliant remarks are most

dangerous seducers. They illustrate something, but then it is not quite the right thing. Huxley gets his Pegasus into the strictest subordination; but one can understand that he had to suppress a good many swervings to right and left, and only found the lucid order after experimental wanderings into the wrong paths. The result is the familiar one. What is easy to read has not, therefore, as the hasty reader infers, been easy to write. An 'unfriendly' but surely rather simple-minded critic declared that the interest of Huxley's lectures was due not to the lecturer, but to the simplicity of the theory expounded. That is the effect which Swift produces in the 'Drapier's Letters.' He seems to be simply stating obvious facts. Huxley's best essays deserve to be put on a level with the finest examples of Swift or other great literary athletes; and any one who imagines the feat to be easy can try the experiment.

Professor Ray Lankester, in describing this quality of Huxley's essays, points out also how this implies a revelation of the man. When Swift's tracts purport to give an unvarnished statement of plain facts and figures, we are all the more sensible of the fierce indignation boiling just below the surface. Huxley's resolution to be strictly logical and to be clear before anything only forces him to exert his powers of vivifying the subject by happy illustration or humorous side-lights, or sometimes by outbursts of hearty pugnacity, and now and then by the eloquent passages, the more effective because under strict control, which reveal his profound sense of the vast importance of the questions at issue. He had one disadvantage as compared with Swift. If Swift wanted a fact, he had not many scruples about inventing it, whereas Huxley's most prominent intellectual quality was his fidelity to fact, or to what he was firmly convinced to be fact. This brings me to some characteristics strikingly revealed in these volumes. Huxley claims that he had always been animated by a love of truth combined with some youthful ambition. The claim, I think, is indisputable. Yet a love of truth must be considered, if I may say so, as rather a regulative than a substantive virtue. Abstract truth is a rather shadowy divinity, though a most essential guide in pursuing any great inquiry. Love of it presupposes an interest in philosophy or science or history, and then prescribes the right spirit of research. Huxley was not one of the rare men to whom abstract speculation is a sufficient delight in itself. He was most emphatically a human being, with strong affections and a keen interest in the human life around him. He had to live as well as to think, and to reconcile his intellectual ambition with hard necessities. The pith of his early story was already known in part from his autobiographical fragment. Further details make the picture more impressive. For a time he had to thrive under conditions which were only not blighting because his courage made them bracing. The school at which he got his brief training

was a 'pandemonium.' He wished to be an engineer, but was forced to become a medical student against the grain. He found, however, a sufficient arena for the exercise of his awakening faculties. Physiology, the 'engineering of living machines,' attracted him, though he cared little for other parts of the necessary studies. From Carlyle he learnt a hatred of 'shams,' or perhaps rather learnt to formulate an innate antipathy to that commodity. Carlyle, too, set him upon the study of German, afterwards invaluable, and suggested some early incursions into the field of metaphysics. A fortunate accident afterwards forced him to spend four years in the 'Rattlesnake,' where his personal accommodation, as he testifies, was not much better than Jonah's; where he had to pass months without seeing civilised beings, except the companions who were as indifferent as the Australian aborigines to scientific pursuits. He made friends of them not the less, and declares that the life on board ship, under sharp discipline, with a 'soft plank' to sleep upon, and weevilly biscuit for breakfast, was well worth living. It taught him to work for the sake of work, even if he and his work were to go to the bottom of the sea. He returned to England to find that some of his work had been appreciated, and to gain some warm friends. Still, it looked as though a 'life of science' would mean not a 'life of poverty,' but a 'life of nothing,' and the art of living upon nothing, especially with a family, had not yet been discovered. Yet the desirability of living somehow had been enforced by the greatest blessing of his life, the engagement in Australia to the lady to whom he writes this account. He still feels, however, and he counts with complete confidence upon her sharing his feeling, that he is bound for his own credit, for the sake of his friends, and of science itself, to keep his hand to the plough. How his persistence was rewarded, how he gradually emerged, secured in spite of vexatious delays a sufficient support to justify the long-delayed marriage and to carry on the task which he had accepted, may be read in these volumes. In later years the duties of a husband and a father forced him to give up the line of research to which he had aspired. But he was not less working in the great cause of propagating what he believed to be the truth; fighting its enemies and organising its adherents. He was 'driven into his career,' as he says in his autobiography, rather than led into it of his own free will. Yet the dominant purpose was equally manifest, though stress of circumstances and conflict of duties might force him to set his sails to devious winds. If he could not select the career which ambition of purely scientific fame might have dictated, he would accept none which involved the slightest compromise with falsehood; and probably took, in fact, the part most suitable to his peculiar cast of intellect. When Huxley took up the gauntlet for Darwinism, and first became widely known to the extra-scientific world, his aspirations might be described with curious

accuracy in the words of the poet whom he held to have appreciated most clearly the tendencies of modern scientific thought. The first speaker in Tennyson's *Two Voices* recalls the early phase when he listened as 'the distant battle flashed and rung': sang his 'joyful Paean,' and burnished his weapons,

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life.

He was to 'carve out free space for every human doubt:' to search through

The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law ;

and finally to die,

Not void of righteous self-applause
Nor in a merely selfish cause,

but,

Having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed.

Huxley, indeed, never gave in to the despondency which led the second voice to recommend suicide; nor did he precisely accept the consolations which the first voice ultimately accepts in the sight of a lady and gentleman going to church with their daughter. He plunged into the war and found satisfaction in the simple joy of successful combat. When, thirty years after the round with Bishop Wilberforce, he again attended another meeting at Oxford, and, veiling criticism in eulogy, welcomed Lord Salisbury's address as an involuntary testimony to the victory of evolutionism, he could look back with a feeling of triumph. A change of thought of unprecedented magnitude had been admitted even by the enemy. Some, indeed, held that the doctrine once scornfully rejected was to become the corner-stone of a new edifice of faith. In any case, if the chief value of a new speculation lies even more in the fermentation which it sets up than in the results which it finally establishes, no one disputes the enormous importance of the Darwinian theories. I have sufficient reasons for not saying a word upon the part which they have played in the physical sciences. Their influence, however, upon other problems has been one of their most remarkable peculiarities. Huxley insisted upon such applications; and as many of his ablest writings appeared in the pages of this Review, I will venture—not, of course, to examine his arguments, but to note the characteristic position which they implied. Huxley remarks somewhere that he had learnt to be a judge of the art of controversy; to appreciate the skill displayed in the contest abstractedly from the merit of the positions defended. That may seem to imply a delight in battle for its own sake. The athlete rejoices in putting forth his power; and I cannot see my way to deny that Huxley was

pugnacious. In fact, I cordially admire and envy a quality which indicates both courage and the spirit of fairplay. Huxley himself, indeed, was given to make frequent disavowals; his fights—they were many, he admits—were forced upon him; except, indeed, in two (or ‘by’r lady,’ one is tempted to interject, some ‘threescore’) instances. What is the ‘forcing’ in question—who really began the fight—is a difficult question to answer in most quarrels. If a man has hazel eyes, according to high authority, another man who cracks nuts is obviously taking the aggressive. Huxley, while warning a younger man against quarrels, anticipates the obvious *tu quoque*, and explains that in his own case warfare had been a simple duty. The position is explained in one of his prefaces. He never, he declares, ‘went out of his way’ to attack the Bible. The dominant ecclesiasticism thrust the book in *his* way, and marked ‘No thoroughfare’ where he claimed an indefeasible right of passage. He therefore brushed the barrier aside, and expressed his contempt for it with a slight excess of vivacity. Other men—his leader Darwin, for example—were content quietly to disregard the warning; to leave the destruction to be done by the professional critics, or perhaps by the authorities themselves, who would presently explain that ‘No thoroughfare’ really means ‘Please walk in.’ Huxley was not a man to suffer fools gladly, or to lay down a principle without admitting and emphasising its unpopular consequences. That might possibly show a want of prudence; but the alternative course may be imputed, with at least equal plausibility, to want of sincerity. Once, as Huxley admits, he showed ‘needless savagery’ in his early youth, and no doubt could use pretty strong language. His adversaries had set the example. The special constable in Leech’s drawing says to the rough: ‘If I kill you, it is all right; but if you kill me, by Jove, it’s murder.’ If I call you a child of the devil, and sentence you to hell fire, says the orthodox, it shows my holy zeal. If you call me a bigot or a fool, it is flat blasphemy. Huxley might plead that he was not bound to use the gloves when his opponent struck with naked fists. No one has a right to object to plain speaking; and the cases in which Huxley’s plain speaking is edged with scorn are always cases in which he is charging his antagonists (as I, at least, think on very strong grounds) with want of candour. Refusal to withdraw a disproved personal allegation, or an attempt to evade the issue under a cloud of irrelevant verbiage, roused his rightful indignation. ‘Thou shalt not multiply words in speaking’ was, he observes, an old Egyptian commandment, specially congenial to him, and most provokingly neglected by a conspicuous antagonist. A plain speaker may be pardoned for resenting attempts to evade plain issues under clouds of verbiage. The pugnacity remained to the end. A challenge to a controversy acted as a tonic, and ‘set his liver right at once.’ But he cannot fairly be accused of a wanton

love of battle. Forced by health and circumstances to refrain from scientific research, Huxley had taken up with all available energy the old problems of religious belief. He read the latest authorities upon Biblical criticism with singular freshness of interest and keenness of judgment. He could not, of course, become an expert in such matters, or qualified to take an authoritative part in the controversies of specialists. But he was fully competent to insist upon one essential point, and even bound to speak, if it be a duty to propagate what one believes to be a truth of vast importance. His articles converge upon a principle which, if fairly appreciated, explains and justifies his method. In the long war between faith and science, one favourite eirenicon has been a proposed division of provinces. Reason and authority may each be supreme in its own sphere. Huxley argues that this separation is radically untenable. An historical religion must rest upon evidence of fact; and the validity of evidence of fact is essentially a scientific problem. When Protestants appealed from the Church to the Bible, they pledged themselves unconsciously to defending the Bible in the court of reason, and the old evidence writers frankly accepted the position. They tried to prove fact by evidence. Whether Noah's flood did or did not really happen is a question both for the geologist and for the historian. One relies upon what is called 'direct,' and the other upon 'circumstantial' evidence, but the canons of proof are identical, and the fact to be established is the same. If it cannot be established, the inferences, whether religious or scientific, must go with it. Some readers complained that Huxley was slaying the slain, and that it was as needless to disprove the legend of Noah as the story of Jack the Giant-Killer. The complaint was an incidental and perhaps not unnatural result of his method. His strategical instinct led him to seize the weakest point in the line of defence. He had occupied the key of the position; and though a guerilla war may still be carried on by people who don't know when they are beaten, their final defeat can be only a question of time. But that was just the point which hasty readers might fail to perceive. The disproof of the flood implied, as he held, the disintegration of the whole foundations of orthodox belief in the Hebrew legends. The argument about the Gadarene swine, as he admitted, seemed to some people to be superfluous—though one gallant antagonist still held to the truth of the legend. When, indeed, it branched out into the further question whether, if the miracle had taken place, it would have involved a disregard of the owners' legal rights, he apologised for his pugnacity by the incidental bearing of his argument upon Mr. Gladstone's authority. But, as he fully explained, especially in his prefaces to the collected essays, the force of the argument is in the necessary implication. Accept the story, and you must admit the whole system of demonology,

which is flatly contradicted by all scientific evidence. Admit its absurdity, and you destroy the authority of the witnesses to the cardinal points of the miraculous story—the supernatural birth and the resurrection upon which the Christian dogmatic system is founded. The witnesses may record honestly the beliefs of their time, but they do not tell us upon what evidence those beliefs rested; and their whole intellectual attitude prepared them to accept statements which now seem monstrous. The early Christians were still Jews, in theology as well as in demonology. It tickled his sense of humour to call in Newman as an ally. There is no better evidence, as Newman had urged, for the early than for the later miracles—that is to say, none worth mentioning. Newman's doctrine of development admits equally that the Christian dogma was not taught by the primitive Christians: and the conclusion naturally follows that the development was perfectly intelligible, and requires no supernatural interference. When the admission of scientific canons of evidence has compelled the abandonment of certain positions, the application of the same canons excludes the whole supernatural element of belief. Huxley, in short, presses a dilemma. You rely upon evidence. Rejecting altogether the *a priori* argument against miracles, he admits that sufficient evidence might prove any facts whatever, however strange. But all evidence must be tested by appropriate canons of proof. If the proof involves the acceptance of an obsolete demonology, you must not accept it for theological and reject it for medical purposes. Frankly to accept the superstition implied in the Gadarene story is the only position logically comparable with orthodoxy, but it involves a declaration of war against science in general. Reject the superstition, and you have then destroyed the value of the evidence upon which you profess to rely. Men, whose ability is as unquestionable as their sincerity, have of course implicitly denied the force of this challenge. Theologians have assimilated evolution, even in the Darwinian form, and accepted the results of a criticism once supposed to be destructive without admitting the destructiveness. The final result remains to be seen, and I will only suggest that Huxley's challenge requires a plain answer. To accept the criteria of historical inquiry essentially implied in your methods is to abandon the results of the old methods. To make the narrative thoroughly historical, must you not in consistency get rid of the supernatural? If you admit that the evidence is at second-hand, or given by credulous, superstitious, and uncritical writers, and is therefore worthless for scientific, can it be sufficient for religious purposes?

I merely wish to emphasise Huxley's position. He was not simply attacking mere outworks—excrescences which might be removed without damage to the structure; but arguing that to abandon them was to admit the invalidity of the whole system of orthodoxy. He

was surely not trespassing beyond his province. The truth of religious belief cannot be a question reserved for critical experts. If a man of science, or even of simple common sense, is required to believe, he is entitled to inquire into the method by which the belief is supported. The evidence adduced must be such as on the face of it to satisfy the general criterions of proof. Huxley's argument is that the testimony is by its nature not admissible for its purpose, and that to accept it would imply the abandonment of the most established scientific doctrines. He was therefore quite justified in asserting that he had not gone out of his way. A man of science may, of course, be content to write about electricity and leave Biblical criticism to others. But, in the first place, Huxley's scientific researches were on the very border where science and theology meet, and led directly to some fundamental problems. And, in the second place, he had been profoundly interested in the practical applications which affect a man of deep affections and compelled both by character and circumstances to take life in deadly earnest. He had to pass through a sharp struggle and, as a brave man should, resolved to come to a clear understanding with himself as to the aims and conduct of life. A very remarkable letter to Charles Kingsley exactly illustrates the point. It shows, as his son remarks, the genuine man more clearly perhaps than any of his writings. Huxley and his wife had suffered under the almost crushing calamity of the sudden death of their first child, who had lived just long enough to become the apple of his father's eye. Kingsley, one of the most generous of men, though not one of the sharpest dialecticians, had written a cordial letter of sympathy and taken occasion to set forth some of the beliefs in which he would himself have found consolation. Huxley replies at length, with a frankness creditable to both. He has no *a priori* objection to the belief in immortality, except that it is totally without evidence. The further assertion that an unproved and unprovable doctrine is necessary to morality is altogether repugnant to him. The 'most sacred act of a man's life' is the assertion of a belief in truth. Men may call him what other hard names they please, but they shall not call him 'liar.' The blow which had stirred all his convictions to their foundation had not shaken that belief. 'If wife and child and name and fame were all lost to me one after the other, still I would not lie.' He speaks, as he says, more openly and distinctly than he ever has to any human being except his wife. He has been standing by the coffin of his little son, and his force and solemnity show how deeply he is moved. The clearness and moral fire unite, as Mr. L. Huxley says, 'in a veritable passion for truth.' The summary of his position reveals the secret of his life and character. He had learnt, he says, from *Sartor Resartus* that 'a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology.' Science had given him a resting-place independent of

authority ; and finally love had 'opened up to him a view of the sanctity of human nature, and impressed him with a deep sense of responsibility.' Any one who has passed through a similar trial can read one secret. 'Consolation' offered by well-meaning friends deserves the gratitude which Huxley expresses to Kingsley. Yet the suggested comfort becomes an unintentional but a most bitter mockery if it be not solid as well as sincere. Proof that your sorrow is founded in error might be infinitely welcome. But in proportion to the satisfaction which would be given by a real proof is the pang of recognising that it is a baseless assertion. It really declares, not that the belief is true, but that, if true, it would be pleasant. You are invited not to face your trouble, but to seek refuge in dreams. When such beliefs are defended, not in some cruel crisis, but as an encouragement in the great battle of life, they encourage systematic self-deception, and, when laid down as the ultimate ground of morality, they become not only empty but directly corrupting. Huxley's hatred of shams meant the refusal of a brave man to shut his eyes, and scorn for those who deliberately provided convenient bandages for the purpose. His strongest conviction, as he says in the autobiography, was that the one road to the alleviation of human suffering was veracity of thought and action, and 'the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.'

The religion reached from such a starting-point is of course not such as appears to most people to be a religion at all. Yet it is a system of belief which has been enough for the greatest minds. 'The only religion which appeals to me,' he writes to Romanes, 'is prophetic Judaism. Add to it something from the best Stoics and something from Spinoza and something from Goethe, and there is a religion for men.' The Stoics, as he says elsewhere, 'had cast off all illusions' and found in the progress towards virtue a sufficient end of existence. He valued even the orthodox dogma for the same reason. He was for Butler against the deists. Theologians had recognised realities—though in strange forms. Predestination, original sin, the 'primacy of Satan in this world,' were a good deal nearer the truth than the comfortable optimism which culminates in Pope's lines 'Whatever is, is right.' Adherence to fact is the base of his philosophy. Agnosticism according to him means simply that you are not to accept as an established fact anything not fairly proved. It led to conclusions which appeared paradoxical to some readers. He used, as he says, 'materialistic terminology,' and repudiated materialistic philosophy. Physiology proves that, in fact, the brain is a mechanism and the organised body an automaton. Psychology shows equally that every phenomenon must, as a fact, be an affection of the mind. You must neither pervert nor go beyond fact. Materialism and Spiritualism are 'opposite poles of the same absurdity'—the absurdity

of assuming that we know anything about either spirit or matter. The apparent contradiction is the result of trying to transcend the necessary limits of thought. The striking essay upon 'Evolution and Ethics' brings out another contrast. Evolution, he maintains, 'accounts for morality,' but the principle of evolution is not 'the ethical principle.' The ethical progress 'of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it.' The microcosm will have a long fight against the macrocosm, and 'may count upon a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts.' These are the facts, and, while giving hope for the future, he orders us not to indulge in any millennial anticipations. We see why he appreciates the truth implied in the 'primacy of the Devil.'

I cannot inquire, of course, into the validity or consistency of these doctrines. But they illustrate the concluding formula of Huxley's creed. Love, he says, has explained to him the meaning of 'sanctity' and 'responsibility.' The phrase perhaps might suggest a vein of thought not very congenial to Huxley's turn of mind. He was fully alive to certain misapplications of his text. 'The world,' he observes to Tyndall, 'is neither wise nor just, but it makes up for all its folly and injustice by being damnably sentimental.' The truer Tyndall's portrait of the world, therefore, the louder will be the outcry. Nobody could be more heartily opposed to 'sentimentalism.' If I had space, I might illustrate the obvious remark by the admirable common sense of his remarks upon political, educational, and social questions. He is far too sensible of the gravity of the existing evils not to part company with the enthusiasts who believe in hasty panaceas and manufacture them out of fine phrases. To convert an amiable sentiment into a maxim of universal validity, to override facts and refuse to listen to experience, to 'drive fast,' like his Irish carman, without asking where you are going, was of course contrary to all his convictions. But the deep and generous interest in all well-directed efforts at alleviation is equally conspicuous. He was not an indiscriminate philanthropist; he hated a rogue and did not love a fool; and he held that both genera were pretty numerous. But he was a most heartily loyal citizen; doing manfully the duties which came in his way and declining no fair demand upon his co-operation. And the secret is given in the phrase about love. His son has given, for obvious and sufficient reasons, little direct account of Huxley's domestic life, and the allusions to his private happiness suggest more than could find overt expression. Yet the book cannot be read without a pervading impression of the life which lay behind his manifold scientific and official activities. Like Wordsworth's 'happy warrior,' he was one who, though endued with a 'faculty for storm and turbulence,'

Was yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentler scenes.

It was not merely that he was surrounded by a sympathy which strengthened him in his work and soothed the irritations of intellectual warfare; but that such a home makes life beautiful, gives a meaning to vague maxims of conduct, and deepens the sense of 'responsibility.' The happy warrior is 'more brave for this, that he has much to love.' The intensely affectionate interest, combined with a high sense of duty, spreads beyond the little circle in which it is primarily manifested. That Huxley had his sorrows, felt with unusual keenness, is incidentally revealed; but we can see more clearly than it would be right to express openly, even were expression possible, what was the source of the happiness and continued vigour which threw brightness over his career. I have been in company with eminent men whose brilliant talk, revealing wide knowledge and great powers of mind, has charmed their hearers and justified cordial admiration. The special characteristic of the evenings spent at Huxley's was that such admiration was almost lost in the pleasure of belonging for the hour to a circle made perfectly harmonious by the unobtrusive but obvious affection which bound its members to the central figure. His home was a focus of the best affections not less than of intellectual light.

One result is more open to observation. Men of science have their weaknesses and temptations. They are not always more free than their literary brethren from petty jealousies and unworthy lust for notoriety. Huxley's life shows an admirable superiority to such weaknesses. His battles, numerous as they were, never led to the petty squabbles which disfigure some scientific lives. Nobody was ever a more loyal friend. It is pleasant to read of the group which gathered round Darwin, himself the most attractive of human beings. Huxley seems to have retained every friend whom he ever made; and one understands their mutual regard. His life proves what was already illustrated by Darwin's, how honourable and dignified may be a career honestly devoted to the propagation of truth, little as it brings in the way of external rewards. The quaintly named X club, which for twenty years lost none of its members, consisted of Huxley himself, George Busk, Sir E. Frankland, T. A. Hirst, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Herbert Spencer, W. Spottiswoode, and John Tyndall. It is enough to mention the names of men with such high and varied acquirements, to suggest a pleasant reflection. There is, I fancy, no period of our history at which an equally accomplished group of scientific luminaries could have been brought together or preserved such friendly relations. Huxley had the best of comrades, and well deserved to have them. He would speak of the pleasure given in his early controversies, by the consciousness that he was serving under so well-loved a leader as Darwin. Between all the members of his society there seems to have been the

cordial comradeship of loyal fellow-soldiers in some great enterprise. There is a kind of short history, as I fancy, given in the portraits in these volumes. He had been, as his mother assured him, a very pretty child; and the assurance convinced him that this was one of the facts which are strongly in need of sufficient evidence. The earliest portraits, in fact, do not suggest good looks: though they show a quaint, humorous face with a mouth clearly suggestive of the bulldog. But he improves as he grows older; and in the final portrait we have the expression remembered by all who saw him; where the old combativeness is represented by the straightforward glance of the timeworn warrior, but softened by a pathetic glow of the tender and affectionate nature which blends so happily with the sterner expression, and shows the truly lovable emerging from, and naturally blending with, the masculine nature.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

RECENT SCIENCE

I. UNSUSPECTED RADIATIONS. II. INSECTS AND MALARIA

I

THE sensation created five years ago by the discovery of the Röntgen rays had hardly begun to subside, and the patient, minute exploration of the newly-opened field was only just beginning, when new and new discoveries of formerly unsuspected radiations came to add to the already great complexity of the phenomena, upsetting the provisional generalisations, raising new problems, and preparing the mind for further discoveries of a still more puzzling character. At the present time the physicist has to account for not only the kathode and the X or Röntgen rays, but also for the 'secondary' or 'S-rays' of Sagnac, the 'Goldstein rays,' the 'Becquerel rays,' and, in fact, for all the radiations belonging to the immense borderland between electricity and light. Nay, most fundamental questions concerning the intimate structure of matter are being raised in connection with these investigations; and the physicist cannot elude them any longer, because one of his most important principles, established by Carnot and generally recognised since, seems also to require revision, or has, at least, to receive a new interpretation.

So many different 'rays' are now under consideration that it is necessary to begin by well defining them in a few words, even at the risk of repeating things already said in these pages and generally known. The 'vacuum tube' is the starting point for all new radiations, and in its simplest form it is, as is known, a sealed glass tube, out of which the air has been pumped, and which has at each end a piece of platinum wire passed through the glass and entering the tube. When these two wires are connected with the two poles of an induction coil, or the electrodes of an influence electrical machine, or a powerful battery, they become poles themselves. The tube begins to glow with a beautiful light, and a stream of luminous matter flows from its negative pole—the kathode—to the positive pole. These are the *kathode rays*, the detailed exploration of which was begun years ago by Hittorf, but won a special interest when Crookes took them in hand, and once more when the Hungarian Professor Lenard began to study them in the years 1893-95. It is evident that the glass tube may be given any shape

that is found convenient for some special purpose, and that the degree of exhaustion of air (or of any other gas with which the vessel was filled before exhaustion), the forms and the disposition of the two poles, as also all other details of construction, may be varied at will, according to the experiments which are intended to be made. Now, if such a tube be placed inside a black cardboard muff which intercepts its light, and if it be brought into a dark room near to a screen painted with some phosphorescent substance, this substance begins to glow, although no visible light is falling upon it. If a wire be placed between the tube and the screen, its shadow appears on the screen, and if the hand be placed instead of the wire, dark shadows of the bones, but almost none of the flesh, are projected; a thick book gives, however, no shadow at all: it is transparent for these rays. Some radiations, proceeding along straight lines, must consequently issue from the tube and pass through the cardboard muff. Like light, they make the phosphorescent screen glow, move in straight lines (as they give shadows), and decompose the salts of the photographic film; but they are invisible and pass through such bodies as are opaque for ordinary light. These are the *X* or *Röntgen rays*.

Various secondary rays originate from them. If the *Röntgen rays* meet a metallic mirror, they are not reflected by it, but simply diffused—that is, thrown irregularly in all directions; and, although they do not pass through metals as a rule, they may be made strong and penetrating enough to pass through thin metallic plates. But in both cases they will acquire some new properties which will depend upon the metal which has diffused them or through which they have passed. Some new radiations will be added to them, and these radiations were named *secondary rays*, or *S rays*, by M. Sagnac, who discovered them. On the other hand, if cathode rays have been passed through a perforated metallic plate, they also get altered, and in this case they will sometimes be named *Goldstein rays*. And, finally, there is a very wide set of extremely interesting (also invisible) radiations emitted by phosphorescent substances. They were discovered by H. Becquerel, and are named now *Becquerel rays* or *Uranium rays*. More will be said of them presently.

This is, then, the world of radiations the very existence of which was mostly unsuspected five years ago, and which have to be explained—the difficulty being in that they link together the Hertzian waves which are now used for wireless telegraphy, the visible light, the invisible radiations in the ultra-red and the ultra-violet parts of the spectrum, to so-called ‘actinic’ glow of various substances placed in the violet portion of the spectrum, and many other phenomena. Light, electricity, magnetism, and the molecular movements of gases, liquids and solids—all these formerly separated chapters of Physics have thus been brought into a most intimate connection and huddled together by these wonderful radiations.

Thousands of most delicate experiments have been made, and hundreds of papers have been written, during the last five years in order to determine the properties and the constitution of these different sorts of rays. Various hypotheses have been advocated, and yet scientific opinion is still hesitating, the more so as new discoveries are made all the time, and they show that we are not yet the masters of the whole series of phenomena brought under our notice. Upon one point only—and a very important one—a certain consensus of opinion begins to be established; namely, as to the kathode rays. Most explorers, including Lenard,¹ begin to be won to the idea that the kathode rays are the paths of very minute particles of matter which are thrown at a very great speed from the surface of the kathode and are loaded with electricity. Even under ordinary conditions, when an electric discharge takes place between one metallic electrode and the other, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure in a room, we see that most minute particles of the metal are torn off the negative electrode (the kathode) and are transported in the electric spark. Molecules of air join in the stream, creating the well-known 'electric wind,' and the air-path of the electric spark becomes electrified to some extent. The more so when the discharge takes place in the extremely rarefied medium of a vacuum tube.² In this case the molecules of the rarefied gas, as also the metallic particles joining the current, are transported at a much greater speed, and we see them as a cone of light.

That kathode rays are real streams of particles of matter seemed very probable already in 1896, when the subject was discussed in these pages.³ Recent researches tend to confirm more and more this idea. They act as a real molecular or atomic bombardment, and they heat the objects they fall upon; thus, a thin lamella of glass which is placed in their path will be molten.⁴ It is also known from Crookes's experiments that when a little mill is placed so as to receive them on its wings, it is set in motion; and a back-current seems to be originated at the same time, as has been demonstrated by Swinton.⁵ They are deflected from their straight path by a magnet, and are twisted along the lines of force. Besides, a weak electrostatic force has upon them the same effect, showing that they are

Annalen der Physik, 1898, vol. lxiv. p. 279.

² I chiefly follow here Professor J. J. Thomson, who has explained his views in several articles (*Philosophical Magazine*, October 1897, vol. xlv. 5th series, p. 293; 1898, vol. xlv. p. 528; 1899, vol. xlviii. p. 547. Also *Nature*, 1898, vol. lviii. p. 8; 1900, vol. lxii. p. 31); and also Dr. L. Zehnder, the author of a *Mechanik des Weltalls* (1897), in his address before the Freiburg Natural History Society in 1898.

³ 'Recent Science,' in *Nineteenth Century*, March 1896.

⁴ Goldstein's researches into the compound nature of the kathode rays and their effects deserve a special notice. They are published in several issues of the *Annalen der Physik* for the last few years.

⁵ Swinton, in *Philosophical Magazine*, 1898, vol. xlv. p. 387; Broca, *Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. cxxviii. p. 356.

electrified negatively. Perrin⁶ and others who followed him have proved that these rays carry negative electricity with them. If they are taken out of the vacuum tube in which they originated to another tube, and are made there to fall upon an electroscope, they discharge it. Negative electricity cannot be separated from them; it follows with them when they are deflected by a magnet; it is *their* property—not something added to them.

Moreover, it was already noticed by Crookes, and confirmed since by Professor Thomson, that most of their properties do not depend upon the nature of the gas—air, oxygen, hydrogen, &c.—with which the tube was filled first, and of which a minute quantity always remains in the tube. They appear as a property of matter altogether rather than a property of this or that gas. And when attempts were lately made to measure the sizes of the particles which are carried in the kathode rays, it was found that they are extremely minute—much smaller than the probable size of atoms—while the charges of electricity which they carry with them are relatively great.⁷

All these facts have brought Professor J. J. Thomson to the conclusion that the matter which is carried in the kathode rays is not ordinary matter, such as we know it in our everyday chemical experience, but matter in a state of a high dissociation. We know that the molecules of all bodies in nature consist of atoms; but even these atoms, small though they must be, are giants in comparison with the particles transported in the kathode streams. Consequently, we must think that the atoms themselves are dissociated in the intensive electric field. They divide into what we may call the primary atoms of some primary matter out of which the atoms of all chemical elements must be built up, and these primary atoms are carriers of electricity.⁸ Of course, not every molecule need be dissociated, and some experiments show that the number of dissociated molecules is really very small in comparison with their total number. If one out of each three milliards of molecules is in a state of dissociation, this will do to account for the facts and the measurements which have been made, although many more molecules may have been dissociated in the kathode stream only to be reconstructed after having exchanged atoms with their neighbours.

It must be said in favour of this hypothesis that dissociation under the action of violent electrical vibrations—*i.e.*, the breaking up of molecules into *ions*, or elementary atoms carrying electricity with them—is familiar to physicists. Besides, if we cannot yet specify

⁶ *Annalen der Physik*, 1898, vol. lxxvi. p. 1.

⁷ J. J. Thomson, *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. xlv. p. 528.

⁸ Professor Thomson names them 'corpuscles,' but this is hardly an appropriate name for such minute subdivisions of the atoms. To the biologist it conveys an idea of organisation; and in physics it was used formerly as a substitute for 'molecules.'

what we mean by our atoms 'carrying negative or positive electricity,' we may imagine that this means carrying a certain vibratory or, perhaps, spiral movement, or any other sort of motion which we prefer not to specify in order to avoid spreading conceptions which may prove to be erroneous. But we know for certain that gases, which usually are no conductors of electricity, become conductors under the influence of electric discharges, as also of the ultra-violet light, or even after having passed through flames. In such cases they become able to transport electricity—that is, some motion or some state unknown, which we name electricity—from one spot of space to another. A stream of dissociated and electrified particles of matter rushing in the kathode stream is thus a very probable explanation—the more so as similar streams are already admitted in order to explain the electro-chemical decomposition of salts and many properties of solutions.⁹ The kathode rays would then be 'an electric dance of atoms along the lines of force,' as Villari and Righi have expressed it.

One question only must be asked: Is it necessary to suppose that the molecules are so dissociated as to set free the 'primary matter' out of which the atoms of all elements are composed? Theoretically, there is no objection to this view. Modern science knows that the atoms—or the 'chemical individuals,' as Mendeléeff would prefer to name them—are only treated as indivisible in the chemical processes in the same sense as molecules are (or rather were) treated as indivisible in physical processes. The modern physicist does not consider the atoms indivisible in the sense Democritus taught it, but in the sense in which the sun is an individual amid the boundless inter-stellar space. He is even inclined to admit that the atoms have a complicated structure and are vortex rings similar to rings of smoke (Lord Kelvin and Helmholtz), or minute systems similar to planetary systems (Mendeléeff).¹⁰ The 'dissociation of atoms' would therefore be admissible; but before admitting the ultimate dissociation advocated by J. J. Thomson, can we not find a simpler explanation? Several explorers are inclined to think so, and Dr. Villard points out one possible issue. The kathode rays are, in his opinion, mere streams of hydrogen atoms or molecules—the presence of this gas in all tubes, even the best exhausted, being explained by the particles of water sticking to the glass, or by the decomposition of the alkalis of the glass. One fact certainly speaks in favour of Villard's view: a small copper oxide plate, being so placed as to receive the kathode rays, parts with its oxygen (is reduced) just as if it had been struck by a jet of hot hydrogen. Besides, the spots

⁹ See 'Recent Science' in *Nineteenth Century*, August 1892, and January 1894.

¹⁰ Let me mention in connection with this a brilliant article by Mendeléeff on 'Matter,' in the new Russian *Encyclopædic Dictionary*, published by Brockhaus & Efron, vol. vi. p. 151.

where the rays fall upon the glass of the tube are blackened, and these black spots, again, are such as if they had undergone a hydrogen bombardment. Moreover, the spectroscope reveals the hydrogen line in the glowing tubes.¹¹ But all this, while proving the presence of hydrogen in the vacuum tubes, does not speak against the hypothesis of J. J. Thomson, which still remains, up till now, the most plausible explanation of the kathode rays.

And yet one feels that the last word, even about these rays, has not yet been said. Dr. Joseph Larmor was quite right when he remarked, in his suggestive address delivered before the British Association at Bradford,¹² that the study of the electrical discharge in rarefied gases has conduced us to enlarged knowledge 'of the fundamental relations in which the individual molecules stand to all electrical phenomena.' Up till now we took these phenomena in a block; we studied the sum total of the actions of an infinity of molecules in a certain direction. Now we are bound to question the molecule itself as to its speed, its behaviour, and its constitutive parts; and we find that a mobility of its component parts must be taken into account instead of the rigidity with which we formerly endowed it.

The philosophical value of this new move in electrodynamics—the value of the principle of action being introduced into the theories of vibration of the formerly 'immaterial' æther—is immense, and it is sure to bear fruit in natural philosophy altogether. Æther itself, after having resisted so long all attempts to seize its true characters, becomes dissociated matter, filling space and upsetting many an old preconceived idea. No wonder, then, if it takes us some time before our views are settled upon these new phenomena, so full of unexpected revelations and philosophical consequences.

If the kathode rays are in all probability streams of dissociated molecules which are thrown off the kathode, what are, then, the Röntgen or *X* rays? They certainly originate from the former, either in the spot where they strike the glass or, what appears more correct, within the tube itself, in the kathode stream. But are both of the same nature? Röntgen himself indicates many points of resemblance between the two, and considers them in his third memoir¹³ as 'phenomena probably of the same nature.' Lenard goes even a step further: he represents them both as parts of the same scale or of the same 'magnetic spectrum;' the *X* rays,

¹¹ Dr P. Villard, in *Revue Générale des Sciences*, 1899, vol. x. p. 101.

¹² *Nature*, the 6th of October, 1900, vol. lxii. p. 449, gives it in full.

¹³ *Sitzungsberichte* of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, 1897, p. 576; summed up in various scientific reviews.

which are not deflected by a magnet, being at one end of the scale, while a series of intermediate radiations connect them with the kathode rays occupying the other end of the scale.¹⁴ Both provoke fluorescence, both produce similar photographic and electric effects, and both have different degrees of penetration through opaque bodies, which depend upon the source of electricity and the media through which they have passed. Moreover, the *X* rays are certainly not homogeneous, and consist of a variety of radiations.

And yet the many analogies which have been noticed between the Röntgen rays and ordinary light stand in opposition to a full assimilation of the *X* rays to the kathode streams; and the opinion that, like light, they are vibrations of the æther takes the upper hand.¹⁵ These may be vibrations of a very short wave-length, perhaps a hundred times shorter than the waves of green light; or they may be 'longitudinal vibrations,' as Lord Kelvin had suggested at the outset;¹⁶ or, as Professor J. J. Thomson thinks, they may be a mixture of vibrations of different sorts—'pulsations' of the æther, as he puts it—that is, something similar to what is called 'a noise' in the theory of sound.

Already in his second memoir Röntgen had indicated that his rays discharge an electrified body, both directly when they fall upon it, and by their action upon the surrounding air, which they render a conductor of electricity. This was an important remark, because the researches of the previous four years had firmly established that the violet rays—*i. e.* the short waves of light—as well as the invisible ultra-violet radiations, have the very same effect. A link was thus established between the problematic rays and common light, and some of the best physicists (Lord Kelvin, Righi, Perrin, Guggenheimer, Villari, Starke, and many others) engaged in a minute experimental work in order to specify these analogies. The result was that the resemblance between the *X* rays and the short-waved radiations of light was proved.

A further confirmation of the same analogy was given by the discovery of the 'secondary' and 'tertiary' rays by the Paris professor, G. Sagnac.¹⁷ He studied what becomes of the Röntgen

¹⁴ *Annalen der Physik*, 1897, vol. lxiii. p. 253.

¹⁵ See Geitler's objections against such an assimilation, based upon their different behaviour towards electrified bodies (*Annalen der Physik*, vol. lxvi. p. 65), to which it may be added that the heating effect of the first radiations is very much smaller than the same effect of the latter (E. Dorn); and compare these remarks with *the anode current*, the existence of which was maintained by Crookes since 1891. Swinton (*Phil. Mag.* 1898, xlv. p. 387) confirmed its existence, and Riecke (*Ann. der Physik*, xlv. p. 954) has measured its energy.

¹⁶ See *Nineteenth Century*, March 1896, where the meaning of this suggestion was explained.

¹⁷ He gave an account of his researches in *Revue Générale des Sciences*, the 30th of April, 1898.

rays when they strike different metallic surfaces. They are not reflected by them, but only diffused irregularly; however, this diffusion differs from reflection, not only by its irregularity but still more by the fact that the character of the 'secondary' radiations (or 'tertiary,' if they have been diffused twice) is altered. They become more like ordinary light. Their power of penetration through opaque wood or the human flesh is diminished; and just as a phosphorescing surface which has been struck by ultra-violet radiations begins to glow with a yellow or green light—of a diminished wave-length, as G. G. Stokes had remarked it—so also the diffused secondary radiations behave as if they were of shorter wave-lengths than the rays which originated them. The space between the violet light and the Röntgen radiations is thus bridged over, their analogy with light becomes closer, and the hypothesis according to which they are treated as vibrations of the æther gains further support.

Many other curious properties of the Röntgen rays have been revealed during the last four years. The most interesting is that they are not quite 'invisible light.' When they are of a great intensity they become visible. However, the portions of our retina which are excited by them are the peripheral parts only, which contain more rods than the central parts lying opposite the iris. The cones, or those constituent parts of the retina which are supposed to convey to our brain the colour sensations, are, on the contrary, but very slightly, if at all, irritated by the X rays.¹⁸ Then the more perfect is the vacuum in a Crookes tube, and consequently the greater is the electrical force required to originate Röntgen rays, the more penetrating they are. In such cases they pass through metals, and Röntgen himself has photographed bullets inside a double-barrelled Lefauchaux pistol, while other explorers have obtained radiograms with rays which had passed through an aluminium plate 1·4 inch thick, and even a cast-iron plate nearly one inch thick.¹⁹ The inside of a watch which had a steel lid, the inner mechanism of a lock, as also both sides of a bronze medal were photographed in the same way; while, on the other hand, Goldstein obtained beautiful radiograms showing the internal structure of a *Nymphaea* flower, of a hermit crab inside its shell, and so on.²⁰

But the chief progress was made with the medical applications of the Röntgen rays. The half-mystical enthusiasm of the first days, when they were supposed to provide a new curative

¹⁸ Professor Elihu Thomson's address delivered before the American Association of Science in 1899 (*Science*, 1899, vol. x. p. 236; translated in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, xiv. p. 585).

¹⁹ Radiguet, Sagnac, Hall Edwards.

²⁰ Max Levy, 'Fortschritte der Röntgentechnik,' reproduced in various periodicals.

method, rapidly subsided. But their usefulness for ascertaining lesions in the bones, and for the discovery of the actual position of strange bodies—bullets, needles, and so on—in the human tissues, has grown in proportion as surgeons have learned better to handle them.

The pernicious effects of the invisible rays on the skin are now eliminated by shortening the time of exposure which is required to obtain a good radiogram, and the morbid effects have been traced by Russian explorers (Danilevsky, Tarkhanoff) to electric radiations altogether, rather than to the *X* rays themselves. Formerly it required eighteen minutes to obtain a radiogram of the hand. Now we are told that Dr. Donath obtains in two seconds a distinct radiogram of so difficult a subject as the shoulder and the chest; while Tesla, with his powerful alternate currents could show distinct shadows at a distance of 165 feet from the vacuum tube. In the hands of an able surgeon—as Professor E. Bergmann illustrated before the Association of German Naturalists and Physicians in 1899—the *X* rays become a most precious means of exploration. The growth of the bones, from birth till matured age, could be studied with their aid, and the various causes which retard growth (rachitism, tuberculosis) or produce midgerts could be ascertained. The fearful splintering of the bones by the modern bullets, and especially by the English Dum-Dum bullet, became known, and the radiograms of Bruns showing the effects of the Dum-Dum provoked on the Continent a unanimous indignation against this bullet. Many limbs were saved during the last Greek-Turkish War by Nasse and Küttner continually resorting to radiography. So also in the Soudan War. In fractures of the kneecap the Röntgen rays have proved simply invaluable. But perhaps the best service they rendered was to demonstrate that in many cases it was far preferable to leave pellets of lead, small revolver bullets, and even Peabody-Martini bullets where they were lodged in the tissues instead of trying to get them out. In fact, Dr. Bergmann's radiograms prove that a bullet may sometimes remain even in the lungs without occasioning any trouble. Such was the case of a German soldier who had carried a bullet in his lungs for twenty-nine years, since 1871, without knowing it. The German professor goes even so far as to maintain that there are cases when a small bullet lodged in the white mass of the brain will remain there firmly imbedded, without producing any noticeable trouble, and that there is less danger in leaving it there than in extracting it.

If Röntgen's discovery had only the effect of alleviating so many human miseries, it would already rank among the great achievements of the century. But its profound effects upon natural philosophy are far from being yet exhausted.

Every one knows the phosphorescent match-boxes provided with a white surface, which is usually protected from moisture by a glass, and glows in the darkness, making the box visible at night. Sulphide of lime is generally used for making such glowing surfaces, but various compounds of barium, calcium, strontium, uranium and so on possess the same property of glowing in the dark after they have been exposed for some time to light. They are said, in this case, to 'store up' light energy, which they give away afterwards; this was, at least, the explanation that used to be given some time ago.²¹ Now, it was in this rather neglected domain that Henri Becquerel discovered the wonderful radiations which have received his name, and which, owing to the speculations they provoked as regards the theory of matter, have engrossed for the last four years the attention of physicists, even more than the Röntgen rays themselves.

It will be remembered that a phosphorescent screen which began to glow in the proximity of a vacuum tube upon which Röntgen was experimenting led him to his memorable discovery. It was only natural, therefore, to see whether phosphorescent screens would not reinforce the *X* rays; and in the course of such experiments M. Henry noticed that a phosphorescent sulphide of zinc gave up radiations which, like the Röntgen rays, would pass through black paper, and affect after that the photographic plate.²² M. Niewenglowski, also at Paris, made the same remark concerning a sulphide of lime previously exposed to light.²³ Then, at the next sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences Henri Becquerel came forward with a work on the radiations emitted by phosphorescent substances,²⁴ and this first work was followed by quite a number of papers, in which the new radiations were studied under all possible aspects. Becquerel was joined in his researches by many others, and especially by Mme. Sklodowska-Curie and her husband, M. Pierre Curie, who soon discovered, with the aid of the new radiations, two new elements, and by this time the 'Becquerel rays' have already a

²¹ The terms 'phosphorescence' and 'fluorescence' are rather indiscriminately used to describe glowing after an exposure to light, as the distinction between the two, proposed by Wiedemann, cannot be maintained any longer. Other causes may also provoke 'luminescence': the diamond glows after having been slightly heated, quartz after some rubbing, and gases when they are electrified. As to the many luminescent animals, such as the glow-worm, various marine animals and bacteria, we are not concerned with them now.

²² *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, the 10th of February, 1896, vol. cxvii. p. 312.

²³ *Ibid.* cxvii. p. 386.

²⁴ *Ibid.* the 24th of February, 1896, vol. cxvii. p. 420. Further communications in the same and subsequent volumes.

bulky literature. During the past year nearly every week brought with it the discovery of some new and puzzling property of these radiations.²⁵

The main point of the discovery was that phosphorescent bodies emit not only the well-known glow, which is visible to our eye, but also invisible radiations, similar to the Röntgen rays. Some salts of the metal uranium, and the metal itself, need not be exposed to light for more than one-hundredth part of a second to begin to glow, and long after the glow has disappeared they continue to send out the invisible radiations affecting the photographic film for months, and even years, as it appeared later on, even though the salt or the metal remained all the time in a closed box locked in a drawer in a dark room. The Becquerel radiations are thus quite different from phosphorescence or fluorescence. They are similar in nature to the cathode rays and the Röntgen rays, with one substantial difference only. In the vacuum tube we know the force—electricity—which supplies the energy for setting the atoms or the molecules of the gas into motion; while here we see no such source of energy—the radiations continue months and years after the phosphorescent body has seen the light, and there is no notable diminution of its radiating activity. Besides, certain substances need not be influenced by light at all for sending out radiations, and this property belongs, as it appeared later on, not only to phosphorescent bodies, but to a great variety of substances, organic and inorganic; so that one has to ask oneself whether the Becquerel radiations are not a property of matter altogether.

The first experiments of Becquerel were these: A little lamina of the double sulphide of uranium and potassium, which has a great phosphorescing power, was placed upon a black paper envelope containing a photographic film. A glass plate, or a thin plate of aluminium or of copper, was introduced between the two, and the whole was either exposed to diffused daylight or closed in a black box and put in a drawer. In a short time in the first case—in a few hours in the second—the photographic film would show that some rays had been radiated from the sulphide. They had traversed the paper and partly also the metals, though less so than the paper, and the plate bore the image or the shadow of the piece of copper.

The analogy with the Röntgen rays was thus evident, and further inquiry confirmed it. Like the cathode rays, the Becquerel radiations are deflected from their rectilinear paths by a magnet; but, like the Röntgen rays, they cannot be reflected, or broken, or

²⁵ The literature of the subject is already immense. The main contributions to it will be found in *Comptes Rendus*, *Philosophical Magazine*, and *Annalen der Physik*. Excellent articles for the general reader appeared in *Nature*, the 14th of June, 1900, and in *Revue Générale des Sciences*, the 30th of January, 1899, by Mme. Sklodowska-Curie.

polarised.²⁶ And, like the kathode rays, they render the air through which they pass a conductor of electricity; they carry electricity with them, and consequently it is most probable that they are not vibrations of the æther, but electrified particles of matter, or *ions*, like the kathode rays. And so we have the puzzle, or, at least, the quite unexpected fact, of matter radiating molecules without any electrical, or luminous, or heating cause provoking and maintaining that radiation or evaporation.

The Becquerel rays, as was just said, send electrified particles which are capable of neutralising the electricity of other bodies with which they come into contact. The gold leaflets of a charged electroscope drop at the contact with them.²⁷ But Becquerel was not satisfied with merely stating this fact: he immediately devised a very delicate instrument for *measuring* the activity of different rays given up by various bodies. Perhaps he did not realise that he was thus endowing science with a new method of analysis, which would lead, like spectrum analysis, to the discovery of new elements; but in the hands of M. Curie and Madame Sklodowska-Curie, this method really led to the discovery of at least one element, radium, and perhaps two more—polonium and actinium.

From the very outset it became evident that compounds of uranium, and especially the metal itself, prepared in a pure state by Moissan in his electric furnace, were possessed of the greatest radio-activity. Thorium with its compounds came next. As to the other elements, nearly all of which were examined by Mme. Sklodowska, they were all much inferior to these two. It was also noticed during these researches that, as a rule, the compounds were inferior to the pure metals themselves. One mineral, however, the Bohemian pitchblende, as also two others of less importance—all compounds of uranium—proved to be much more radio-active than pure uranium itself, and M. and Mme. Curie, suspecting that the pitchblende must contain some new substance more active than uranium, began a most painstaking laboratory work in order to isolate that special substance. They obtained at last a metal, identical as to its chemical properties with bismuth, but far more radio-active, and they named it *polonium* in honour of Madame Sklodowska's fatherland. Then, beginning once more, in company with G. Bémont, the whole research from the beginning, in order to hunt for another very radio-active substance of which they had suspected the existence, they obtained another metal similar to barium by its chemical

²⁶ In his first researches Becquerel thought that he had seen reflection and refraction of these rays; but now he has abandoned this idea (*Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. cxxviii. p. 771).

²⁷ This fundamental property of the Becquerel rays was announced on the very same day by Becquerel at Paris (*Comptes Rendus*, 1897, vol. cxxiv. p. 438) and by Lord Kelvin, J. C. Beattie, and Smoluchowski Smolan at Edinburgh, before the Edinburgh Royal Society (*Nature*, 1897, vol. xlv. p. 447).

properties, but still more radio-active, which they named *radium*.²⁸ And finally A. Debierne has discovered lately by the same method a third element named *actinium* and chemically similar to titanium.²⁹ Mr. Crookes, while disagreeing with the Curies as regards their new elements, came also, after a long research, to some new element, or at least to some new variety of uranium, which he named 'Ur X,' and which in his opinion is neither polonium nor radium.³⁰ The new method of 'radiation analysis' had thus completed its proofs.

Of course, so long as these new elements have not been separated chemically from their nearest of kin—bismuth, barium, and titanium—their existence must still remain doubtful. But the spectrum of radium has already been examined by Demarcay³¹ and by Dr. C. Runge under a very great dispersion; and the great German specialist in spectra found that radium really gives three distinct lines which belong to no other element.³²

The radio-activity of these new metals is really striking. For polonium it is 400 times, and for radium 900 times, greater than for metallic uranium. Radium illuminates a phosphorescent screen indefinitely, and its salts glow without requiring for that a preliminary excitement by light. F. Giesel, who almost simultaneously with the Curies obtained a substance that must be radium, saw the chloride and bromide of this substance, although chemically identical with the same compounds of barium, sending such strong rays that the shadow of a hand appeared on a phosphorescent screen at a distance of 18 inches and the rays pierced metallic plates $\frac{4}{10}$ and $\frac{6}{10}$ of an inch thick. Salts containing an admixture of the new substance were so phosphorescent that one could read in their blue light. As to polonium, although a pure specimen of it was as phosphorescent as pure radium, its invisible rays had, however, a much smaller penetrating power: even cardboard would weaken them.³³

The main interest of these researches is, however, in the problematic nature of the Becquerel radiations. Are they not a general property of matter, only varying in degree in different substances?—this is the question which is now asked. Some thirty or thirty-five years ago it was mentioned in some scientific reviews that various objects—a printed page or a piece of metal—left their impressions on a white sheet of paper if the two had been kept for some time at a small distance from each other. These experiments,

²⁸ *Comptes Rendus*, 1890, vol. cxxvii p. 1215.

²⁹ *Ibid.* 1900, vol. cxxx. p. 906.

³⁰ *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, the 10th of May, 1900.

³¹ *Revue Générale des Sciences*, the 30th of September, 1900, gives a photograph of this spectrum.

³² *Annalen der Physik*, 1900, 4th series, vol. ii. p. 742. Polonium gave no characteristic lines.

³³ *Physikalische Zeitschrift*, vol. i. 1900, p. 16.

which seemed to prove the existence of some sort of radiation of matter, interested me then a great deal because they gave support to a very ingenious theory, developed by Séguin, concerning the existence of infinitely small particles of matter dashing in all directions through space and penetrating matter. With the aid of these particles, Séguin endeavoured to explain gravitation, heat, light and electricity. Now W. J. Russell, continuing the experiments of Colson on zinc and other metals,³⁴ laid before the Royal Society in the autumn of 1897, and later on, with more details, in a Bakerian lecture, experiments having very much the same purport. He found that certain metals (magnesium, cadmium, zinc, nickel, &c.) and certain organic bodies (printing-ink, varnishes) will act on a photographic plate by their 'emanations,' exactly as if the plate had been acted upon by light—the boiled oil of the printing-ink and the turpentine in varnish being the active substances. Remarkably clear photographs of a printed page and a lithographic print were thus obtained without the aid of light. Many organic substances act in the same way, and a piece of old dry board gives its likeness simply after having been laid for some time over a photographic film; while a plate of polished zinc, separated from the film by a sheet of paper, will send its radiations through the paper and give a photographic reproduction of its water-marks.³⁵

In what relation these 'emanations' stand to the Becquerel rays cannot yet be determined. But it becomes more and more certain that, like the kathode rays, the Becquerel radiations also consist of material particles projected from the radio-active bodies and carrying electricity with them. They may possibly be accompanied by vibrations of æther of the nature of light, but the fact of a real transport of particles of matter is rendered more and more apparent by the researches of Becquerel, the Curies, Elster and Geitel,³⁶ and Rutherford.³⁷ The 'emanations' from thorium compounds are even affected by draughts in the room. But these emanations are neither dust nor vapours. They must be atoms, or *ions*, of the radiating body, and they communicate radio-activity, and consequently the power of discharging electricity, to the surfaces of the bodies with which they come in contact. From glass that 'acquired' activity may be washed away, while to other bodies it clings like a sprinkling of the 'jack-frost' powder, and M. Curie is described in *Nature* as being unable for a time to make electrostatic experiments on account of this 'acquired' radio activity.³⁸ Moreover, the Becquerel radiations

³⁴ *Comptes Rendus*, 1896, vol. cxxiii. p. 49.

³⁵ *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. lxi. p. 424. Bakerian lecture, delivered on the 24th of March, 1898; *Nature*, the 28th of April, vol. lvii. p. 607.

³⁶ *Verhandlungen der deutschen physischen Gesellschaft*, 1900, p. 5; summed up in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, vol. xv. p. 103.

³⁷ *Philosophical Magazine*, 1899, vol. xlvii. p. 109; 1900, vol. xlix. pp. 1, 161.

³⁸ See E. Rutherford's paper in *Philosophical Magazine*, 1900, vol. xlix. p. 161; also *Nature*.

exercise a chemical action: they ozonify air, as they 'ionise' it, and a glass bottle which contains salts of radium takes a violet colour, thus showing that chemical processes are provoked by the radiations.³⁹

Many problems relative to the structure and *life* of matter have thus been raised by these researches. Various hypotheses are offered to explain them, and J. J. Thomson's hypothesis—a further development of his kathode-rays hypothesis—appears, after all, the most probable. The molecules of which all bodies are composed are not something rigid. They *live*; that is, an atom or a 'corpuscle' is continually being detached from this or that molecule and it wanders through the gas, the liquid, or even through the solid;⁴⁰ another atom (or corpuscle) may next take its place in the broken molecule, and so a continual exchange of matter takes place within the gaseous, liquid or solid bodies, the wandering 'corpuscles' always carrying with them the sort of motion which we call an electrical charge. Those atoms or corpuscles which escape from the surface of the body would give what we call now Becquerel rays, and it would not be a simple coincidence that those two elements which possess the greatest atomic weights, and consequently have the most complex molecules,⁴¹ possess also the highest radio-activity. We know that in solutions the so-called unstable compounds play an immense part: they are continually broken up, losing part of their atoms, and are continually reconstituted as they take in new atoms. And we know that in living matter the most compound molecules—those of albumen—are those which are split up most easily, and that what we call life consists in a continual splitting up and rebuilding of these molecules. Are not the Becquerel radiations revealing to us that continual splitting and rebuilding of molecules which constitutes the life of both inorganic and organic matter? These are the grave questions which natural philosophers are brought to ask themselves, and which will certainly require many more patient researches.

II

Few human diseases are so widely spread and few so much paralyse the vital forces of man as malaria does, both in its distinct

³⁹ A salt of uranium may be submitted to absolutely any chemical transformations, but when you return to the salt from which you started in your work, you find in it the very same electrical radio-activity which it had at the start. Impurities do not affect it. The radiation seems thus to belong to the molecule of uranium, and hardly to be influenced by external causes (Sklodowska-Curie, in *Revue Générale*, 1899, x. p. 47).

⁴⁰ Compare with Roberts-Austen's researches on the permeation of solid metals, mentioned in a previous 'Recent Science' article.

⁴¹ Thorium, 232.6; uranium, 239.6. Both belong to the twelfth and last series of Mendeléeff. The atomic weight of radium must be greater than 174 (*Comptes Rendus*, cxxxi. p. 382).

and its insidious forms. At the same time, it is also one of the greatest obstacles to colonisation. Its ravages among the settlers in new countries, before the thickets in the woods have been cleared and the ponds and marshes have been dried, are simply incalculable; and one could lately read in a monograph on malaria in Caucasia that this disease, which is at its worst in the low and fertile portions of that territory, has contributed more to the repulse of invaders than even the inaccessible mountains themselves.⁴² Even in civilised countries, and especially in Italy, millions of acres of fertile land lie waste on account of the ague. It is easy, therefore, to understand of what an importance is the discovery of the parasite which occasions malaria, of its modes of propagation, and of the main agents of infection—the gnats.

It was the French doctor Laveran who, after a stay in a deadly malarial region of Algeria, discovered the malaria parasite in 1880.⁴³ True, that pigment-cells, which we should now describe as malaria-parasites, were observed in human blood as early as 1835, among others by Virchow; but their relation to the disease was not known. In 1881, Laveran embodied his researches in a book,⁴⁴ but its importance was overlooked. Bacteria attracted then general attention, and Laveran's parasite, not being a bacterium, was little thought of. He stuck, nevertheless, to his discovery, and was soon joined in his researches by Golgi (the Italian professor to whom we owe the method that led to the discovery of the neurons), as also by Marchiafava, Celli, Councilman, Sternberg, and the Viennese doctor Mannaberg who published in 1893 a full compendium of these researches.⁴⁵ Dr. Mannaberg proved in this book that the real cause of malaria is Laveran's parasite, and he told its most interesting life-history so far as it was then known.

The parasite of malaria is not a bacterium. It is one of the protozoa—namely, as it appeared later on, a coccidium, which, like all other members of that family, undergoes in its development a series of transformations. It appears first as an amœba developed from a spore, and, like all amœbæ, it protrudes pseudopodia and moves about. It is adapted to life within a red corpuscle of the blood, upon which it feeds and which it gradually destroys, leaving in a vacuole of its body its waste produce in the shape of characteristic dark pigment spots. It soon fills up nearly the whole of the red corpuscle, and then begins to subdivide into from six to twenty sectors, grouped round a central pigment mass like the petals of a flower. These sectors gradually grow round, separate, and each of

⁴² Pantukhoff, in *Caucasian Calendar* for 1899.

⁴³ Ten years before, Ray Lankester had discovered a similar parasite in the blood of batrachians.

⁴⁴ *Nature parasitaire des accidents de l'impaludisme*, Paris, 1881.

⁴⁵ Dr. J. Mannaberg, *Die Malaria-parasiten*, Vienna, 1893.

them becomes a spore which gives origin to a new amoeba; and this process of reproduction continues so long as the fever keeps hold of the patient. When the subdivision of the amoeba begins, there begins also the paroxysm of the fever—once every twenty-four hours, or once every second, third or fourth day. This was fully proved, and it appeared, moreover, probable that the diurnal, bi-diurnal, tertian and quartan malaria were characterised each by a special variety of the same parasite.

Another important observation was made by Laveran, and next by Golgi. Besides these amoeboid bodies Laveran saw that some parasites (*corps à flagelles*) would send out thin and long flagella which soon parted company with the mother body, and, owing to a proper helicoidal movement, disappeared in the plasma of the blood. This never happened, however, in the body of man, but only when a drop of his infected blood was drawn and placed on the glass plate under the microscope. Laveran noticed, moreover, minute 'crescent-shaped bodies' which adhered to the red corpuscles and looked very much like cysts, protected by a harder envelope. From fifteen to twenty minutes after these bodies had been placed under the microscope, they also gave origin to a great number of 'flagella;' and this evolution, too, he remarked, seemed to be accomplished only when the cysts were taken out of the human body.

It was only natural to conclude from these observations that the further development of the flagella may take place in the body of some other animal than man, and this consideration brought Laveran, in a book which he published in 1884, to the idea that, taking into consideration the quantities of mosquitoes in malarial countries, they may be the agents of transition of malaria.⁴⁶

This remark passed, however, unperceived. Many had the suspicion that gnats may play some part in the inoculation of malaria: the Italian peasants always thought so, and in the medical literature an American doctor, Mr. King, had advocated the same idea. But the complete life-history of the malaria parasite being not yet known fifteen years ago, the necessity of the mosquito or of some other living being serving as a host for the completion of the reproduction-cycle was not understood. Consequently, little attention was paid to the subject.

Help came now from a different quarter—namely, from an extensive series of researches which were made into the modes of reproduction of the tiny unicellular organisms, or protozoa, and especially of one of them, a coccidium which infests sometimes the epithelium cells of the intestine and the biliary canals of the rabbit. It would be too long to tell here the history of these

⁴⁶ *Traité des fièvres palustres*, 1884; also Dr. F. Mesnil in an elaborated paper on 'Coccidies et paludisme,' in *Revue Générale des Sciences*, 1899, Nos. 6 and 7. I follow Dr. Mesnil in these lines.

memorable researches, inaugurated by R. Pfeiffer in 1892,⁴⁷ and continued by Simond, Léger, Siedlecki, Schaudinn, and many others.⁴⁸ Sufficient to say that two sorts of reproduction were found with this coccidium. One is similar to that just described for the malaria parasite. The coccidium grows, and then subdivides into sectors, each of which becomes a spore giving origin to a new individual. This is its simplest mode of reproduction; but there is also a more complicated one, during which a portion of the cells store a great quantity of materials, in order to give origin to minute cells playing the part of ovula in higher animals; while the others give origin to little lively bodies provided with flagella, which unite with what might be named the ovula of the former, and after that cover themselves with a protective layer, thus forming a cyst. These cysts are evacuated, and, after having been swallowed by another rabbit with its food, they give origin to spores, from which the original parasite is born.

A perfect analogy was thus established by this great biological discovery between reproduction in higher animals, and one mode of it in the lowest and simplest unicellular organisms.

Exactly the same thing was found later on with the malaria parasite. Its simpler reproduction we have seen; but it has also a more complicated mode of reproduction during which some of the crescent-shaped bodies will be filled with what corresponds to ovula, while the others will give origin to tiny organisms provided with flagella which join the ovula and form 'oocysts.' This process, however, seldom, if ever, takes place in the warm blood of man. It seems to require a cooler medium to stimulate it, and this medium is offered in the intestine of a gnat, after it has sucked the blood of a malaria patient infected with crescent-shaped bodies. The copulated cyst then furrows itself into the epithelium of the gnat's intestine; it grows and then bursts, giving origin to numerous spores ('sporozoites'), which are carried by the lymph to the salivary glands of the gnat; and when the insect next sucks a man's or a bird's blood, it introduces the sporozoites into the blood of its victim. Malaria follows; but without the gnat, in whose intestine one phasis of the life-history of the parasite is accomplished, malaria would not be transmitted so easily from one sick person to another.

For simplicity's sake I have given here the whole process as it is understood nowadays. But it is evident that when these researches were still in progress, it was the discovery of the complicated life-history of the coccidia which gave support to the mosquito hypothesis.⁴⁹

⁴⁷ R. Pfeiffer, *Beiträge zur Protozoen-Forschung: I. Die Coccidien-Krankheit der Kaninchen*, Berlin, 1892. Koch's mosquito-hypothesis of malaria, p. 22.

⁴⁸ A bibliography of these works will be found in the already mentioned article by Dr. F. Mesnil in *Revue Générale des Sciences*. Schaudinn's researches were published in the *Abhandlungen* of the Berlin Academy, 1898, and in *Sitzungsberichte der Ges. der naturf. Freunde*, Berlin, 1899, and were fully analysed by Dr. Koenen in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, 1900, vol. xv. 4 sq.

⁴⁹ Several books were published about that time, besides L. Pfeiffer's work, in

Then another group of researches also helped it. Danilewsky had noticed in 1890 the existence of a unicellular parasite, quite similar to Laveran's, in the blood of birds. Sakharoff continued his work in 1893, and Professor W. G. MacCallum and E. L. Opie undertook to study for this purpose American birds.⁵⁰ They found in them both the just mentioned forms of the malaria parasite: the amœba-like being multiplying by subdivision and probably producing the fever which is said to recur in birds every third or fourth day, and also the cells provided with flagella. MacCallum even saw under the microscope that sort of reproduction which Schaudinn and Siedlecki saw so distinctly with the coccidia.

More decisive steps could now be taken to verify the mosquito-hypothesis. It was endorsed by Dr. Patrick Manson, who had demonstrated the part played by the gnat in the transmission to man of a filaria, and he induced, in 1895, Surgeon-Major Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, to verify that hypothesis. On the other side, a society for the investigation of malaria was formed in Italy, and the Italian explorers of malaria, Celli, Grassi, Bignami, Bastanielli, and Dionisi, as also Dr. R. Koch, continued their work in the ague-stricken provinces of Italy. Dr. Ross conducted his inquiry in South India in a truly admirable scientific spirit. For two years in succession he used to breed mosquitoes from the pupæ and to feed them on the blood of malaria patients, hunting afterwards in their organs for a parasite similar to the malarial 'hemamœba' of man. He had already dissected a thousand of the brindled and grey mosquitoes—but in vain. One can easily imagine what it means dissecting a thousand gnats under the microscope, hunting for parasites in the epithelial cells of the gnats' intestines. And yet Dr. Ross did not abandon his work. At last, in August 1897, he found in two individuals of the large dapple-winged species epithelial cells containing the characteristic malarial pigment. Preparations of these cells were sent to London and were recognised by specialists, including Laveran, as rendering the discovery of malarial parasites in gnats very probable.⁵¹

Professor MacCallum's discovery having been published in the meantime, Dr. Ross, now transferred to Calcutta, directed his re-

order to familiarise doctors and veterinarians with these researches. Wasielwsky's *Sporozoenkunde*, Jena, 1896, G. Schneidemühl's *Die Protozoen als Krankheitserreger des Menschen und der Haustiere*, Leipzig, 1898, and Dr. Manson's *Tropical Diseases*, 1898, deserve special mention. Dr. Laveran also published a work, *Traité du paludisme*, Paris, 1897, which contains a full bibliography of the subject. English translation, 1893, by J. W. Martin.

⁵⁰ Professor MacCallum, in *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, 1898, vol. iii. 103, 117; E. L. Opie in same periodical, iii. 79.

⁵¹ *British Medical Journal*, the 18th of December, 1897, p. 1788. Dr. Ross's letter was followed by notes by Dr. Manson, Bland Sutton, and Dr. Thin. A further communication of Ross to the same journal (the 26th of February, 1898, p. 550) announced the discovery of the same cells in two more gnats.

searches towards the malaria parasites of birds.⁵² Some birds, as is known, suffer from malaria. Consequently, out of thirty healthy gnats raised from pupæ, ten were fed on much infected sparrows, ten on less infected ones, and ten on quite healthy birds. The results this time were most satisfactory. The malaria parasites were found in the gnats, and their evolution was followed as far as the presence of the 'sporozoites' in the salivary glands of the gnats.⁵³

There then remained only to see whether infected mosquitoes would transmit the infection to birds. This was also done by Dr. Ross. He took about a hundred sparrows whose blood was examined beforehand and found free of malaria parasites. Half of them he then brought in contact with infected mosquitoes under a special net, while the other half he guaranteed from a contact with the gnats. Four-fifths of the first lot had their blood infected with the malarial proteosoma, but none of the second lot; however, when the birds of this lot were also exposed to the bites of the infected gnats, they also got the parasite in the same proportion.⁵⁴ The proof was thus conclusive; and when the Italian explorers, as also Koch, repeated Ross's experiments on birds, they fully confirmed them.

The Italian explorers now made in their turn a further step.⁵⁵ They cultivated the malaria parasite of man in mosquitoes (*Anopheles claviger*) and studied the full cycle of its reproduction, as it has been told on a preceding page.

They made experiments in order to infect men with malaria through the intermediary of gnats. Several persons who had never before suffered from malaria—among them the explorers themselves—volunteered to sit in a room in which mosquitoes caught in malarial regions had been set free, and to be bitten by them. Some of these persons passed through the ordeal without infection, but others really got the disease, and one of them took it in a very heavy form. On the other hand, when Grassi with a family of workers who had come for work to an extremely malarial district, bringing with them their five small children (children are especially liable to get malaria), slept eight nights during the worst malarial season with an open window

⁵² Dr. Manson, in same periodical, the 18th of June, 1898, p. 1575.

⁵³ See Dr. Manson's address before the British Medical Association at Edinburgh in July 1898 (*British Medical Journal*, the 24th of September, p. 849). Dr. Daniels's Report about his visit to Dr. Ross and the researches they made upon Ross's specimens for determining the life-history of the parasite, is full of a deep interest (*Nature*, the 3rd of August, 1899, lx. p. 332).

⁵⁴ Dr. Ross's lecture before the Royal Institution, the 2nd of March, 1900 (*Nature*, lxi. p. 522), in which all the exploration is told in detail.

⁵⁵ B. Grassi, 'Cultivation of the Crescent-shaped Malaria Parasite of Man in a Mosquito (*Anopheles claviger*)' and 'On the Spreading of Malaria by Mosquitoes,' in *Rendiconti* of the Academy dei Lincei, November 1898; Grassi, Bignami and Bastianielli, 'Further Researches into the Development-cycle of the Malaria Parasite of Man in the Body of Mosquitoes,' *Rendiconti*, December 1898; Grassi and Dionisi, 'Development-cycle of Hemosporides,' December 1898; Celli's 'Yearly Report of the Italian Malaria Society for 1898,' in various periodicals.

protected by a wire grate which excluded gnats, none of them caught the disease.⁵⁶

Then Grassi undertook a study—not yet terminated—in order to see which species of gnats, in different parts of Italy and in Sicily, carry with them the infection. The big *Anopheles claviger*, quite common in the worst malarial districts, proved to be the chief culprit. As to the common species, *Culex pipiens*, which was very much suspected of mischief, it proved, on the contrary, to be innocent as regards man; it carries about the bird parasite but not that of man. Besides, Dionisi discovered the human parasite of malaria in some bats.

Further evidence now accumulated at a rapid pace owing to the combined energies of both the Italian Society for the Study of Malaria and the London and Liverpool Schools of Tropical Medicine. In order to prove that gnats are the chief agents in the spreading of malaria—not air, drinking-water, or emanations from marshes—it was necessary to show that men protected from gnat-bites could live during the bad season in a malarial district without catching the disease. Consequently Dr. Sambon and Dr. Low, of the London School, chose a most malarial and marshy spot in the Roman Campagna near Ostia, and volunteered to stay there during the worst part of the malarial season in a gnat-proof hut, retiring to it one hour before sunset and not leaving it before one hour past sunrise. The experiment was quite successful: on the 13th of September both were found by Grassi in excellent health. As to Grassi, he made his experiment on a grand scale. He induced 104 railway employes who stay with their families in ten railway cottages in the deadly malarial district of Capaccio, near Salerno, to strictly follow his instructions—that is, to retire to their cottages, rendered gnat-proof, at the same hours and to otherwise protect themselves from gnat-bites. Several of them had previously suffered from malaria; nevertheless, on the 16th of September only three persons out of the 104 had contracted the illness.⁵⁷

And, finally, the members of the malaria expedition of the Liverpool School, who had been sent under Dr. Elliott to Nigeria, after having spent there four months, living practically amongst marshes and in places regarded as deadly malarial, returned all in perfect health. Their only precaution was the careful use of the mosquito nets at night.

The counter-experiment, already made in Italy, was repeated in London under still more convincing circumstances. Gnats fed under Professor Bastianelli's supervision on the blood of a sufferer from malaria at Rome, were sent last July to London. A son of Dr. Manson volunteered to submit to their bites, and soon was

⁵⁶ Paper read at Munich in September 1899, before the German Association.

⁵⁷ *Nature*, the 11th of October, 1900, vol. lxii. p. 578.

suffering from a distinctly malarial infection : the microscopic examination of his blood showed the presence in it of the malarial parasite.

Such is the present state of these researches. They certainly do not prove that there are no other causes of malarial infection but the bites of insects ; but they strongly militate in favour of the assertion that insects' bites are the main agents in spreading the infection, and that all measures should be taken for the destruction of gnats in small pools and marshes near human dwellings, as well as all measures of protection from gnat-bites. With the plague at our doors, and the certitude that rats, mice, flies, gnats, fleas, &c., are active agents of its propagation, this discovery acquires a wide importance. As to the researches themselves, they offer an admirable illustration of the combined work of pure science and applied science, as well as of the international character of science divested of national rivalries.

P. KROPOTKIN.

THE RÔLE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY

I. IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE

II. IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND

I

THEY were very delightful, those Frenchwomen of the eighteenth century. They were witty, clever, unscrupulous; often very loyal, always very powerful, as acknowledged rulers of their house or *salon*, and of Society. Their political opinions were hopelessly wrong, but not more so than those of the men of the time.

Why did they possess a power denied to their English contemporaries; or rather held by these in far less strength? (One might inquire why Society in France in the eighteenth century shows to that of England in the present day so many points of resemblance. It might be diverting, but unforeseen difficulties forbid a close comparison. Difference of tradition, of surroundings, of education are to be met with at every turn; yet the analogy is at moments so exact, that it should be possible, by keeping the respective threads of resemblance and dissimilarity clear and untangled, to arrive at a fairly true presentment.

The psychological, physiological, analytical introspective method has been done to death. In studies of this order, even of the first rank, let us say such as M. Bourget's *Cosmopolis*, or Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella*, the author acts too much as showman; you cannot get rid of his presence; he or she is for ever looking over your shoulder, pointing out how you ought to see this and detect the other. The value of impartiality in an artist has often been pointed out, and this rare quality he best shows by leaving it to the spectator to form his own judgment on what he sees, giving him no clue and pursuing him with no comment. This impartiality is more likely to be ours if we gather our information of a past epoch from contemporary memoirs, letters, and individual sayings, rather than from comments and disquisitions in which the place of critic and exponent takes up too much room. As a rule, however, it must be owned that a French writer rarely over-explains. In England we have improved in this respect, but we are still harassed by the over-explicit writer of

biography. It is true, certain young and clever authors are drifting away from this position, perhaps too far, into a 'green carnation' and cheaply paradoxical vein of impressional writing; yet the general public likes explanation, and, to please it, explanations rounded with literary platitudes are reeled off. On the stage, this mania for explanation, this craving for diffuse details, produces a still more offensive state of things. In order that the inevitable and satisfactory *dénouement* should be rightly understood, it has been found sometimes necessary to add an act to an English adaptation of a French play, so that nothing may be left to the intelligence of the audience. But, in the present inquiry, in spite of our wish to leave the ordinary reader to his unbiassed judgment, it is impossible, even in a slight sketch on so knotty and intricate a question as the rôle played by women in past and present times, to ignore what has been written by some of our would-be teachers. When, for instance, some few years ago, Mrs. Lynn Linton made a series of fierce but able attacks on the champions of women's rights, she little guessed that that object of her particular scorn—the new woman—would be as extinct as the ichthyosaurus before the end of the nineteenth century, or that the inference she drew points to a source of power in the famous women in the past which, if analysed, she would have been the first to reject. Mrs. Lynn Linton in her accounts of the women of Rome and Greece admits that their power was, in the main, in proportion to their frailty. This granted—and that there is no way of accounting for it, except by allowing for the different standard of morality then prevalent or by the fact that love in its sensual aspect will ever prove itself the strongest factor in the art of ruling man—then there is an end of the controversy. Women would be justified in accepting the sceptre which, granted to their licentiousness, was refused to their intelligence.

This sceptre Frenchwomen wielded almost irresistibly in the eighteenth century. Their reign was still more remarkable in the seventeenth, but, except to glance at the qualities derived by our eighteenth-century friends from their predecessors, we must refrain from dwelling on the never-failing interest and charms of Mesdames de Sévigné, de Lafayette, de Maintenon, &c. The pedantic tone of the Hôtel Rambouillet was gradually abandoned after the appearance of *Les Femmes Savantes* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. After a while, nobody in Society durst indulge in long and wordy *jeux d'esprit*. For all that, a shadow of the old pedantry darkened the social sky at intervals. Mazarin's nieces, especially Marie Mancini, Princesse de Colonna, and la Duchesse de Mazarin, brought Italian exaggeration to bear on French frivolity, and the result was not a happy one; but it is in the picture of the Cour de Sceaux that the acme of stilted and, at the same time puerile and extravagant, artificiality seems to have been reached.

The manner of life of this Court, inspired by the Duchesse du Maine, as described in the memoirs of the day, fully deserves this description. She paid her satellites to be amusing, but amusing in the mode she prescribed. Amused she would be, by day and by night, and everyone had to contribute to this hunt for happiness through what would appear to the uninitiated as the very tedious paths of madrigals, sonnets, *bouts-rimés*, in which the little Duchesse appeared sometimes as Venus, sometimes as Minerva, now as a nymph, then as a siren. *On n'avait jamais une heure devant soi pour être bête en paix*; but the lighter recreations of poetical invitations to dinner, of anonymous compliments inserted in a bouquet, of laborious pleasantries which weary the soul even to hear of, began to pall on the *châtelaine* of Sceaux. Acting became the rage, and the indefatigable Duchesse divided her time between the stage and assiduous studies in astronomy, philosophy, and the classics. Needless to say, each pursuit and study was followed under the special guidance of the favourite reigning in that department. Among the Duchesse du Maine's intellectual disciples—let us put it so—she at one time could boast of Voltaire, who, having quarrelled with the authorities, took refuge at Sceaux. He was hidden away in a room apart, with closed shutters, and there he remained for two months. In the daytime he amused himself by writing his *contes*, and during the night he joined the Duchesse and her friends in their celebrations of *les grandes nuits de Sceaux*. These diversions of the Duchesse du Maine appear to have been more innocent than their title would imply. The form this amusement took made so severe a call on the literary capacity of those engaged in it that even scandal finds no place in the record of these nocturnal orgies. All the ardour, the misplaced energy, the Duchesse had spent on fruitless political intrigues and small hole-and-corner conspiracies she now diverted to this frantic struggle against *ennui*. Her sleeplessness was what led her to turn night into day, and the guests, exhausted with games, madrigal-turning, sonnet-composing, and perhaps, who shall say, love-making, implored with no effect for a moment's peace during the gorgeous breakfasts served to them at sunrise; but the rule held good, in spite of a sleepless night, *de l'esprit, encore de l'esprit, toujours de l'esprit*. With the arrival of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet the programme was altered, and tragedies, operas, ballets, farces, took the place of less ambitious pastimes. Madame du Châtelet evidently bored Madame du Maine considerably with her mathematics, her translations of Newton's works, her geometrical problems strewn over every available table in the comfortable reception-rooms; so Madame du Maine swept away the learned rubbish and insisted on forcing Madame du Châtelet on to the stage, and making her take an active part in the private theatricals. These, under the new direction,

became a scene of indiscriminate social licence; Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet inviting every one, known and unknown, to the Théâtre de Sceaux, so that a disturbance took place which threatened to break up the whole concern. Voltaire pleaded, wrote, faltered, and won his way back into favour, begging that the protecting genius, the soul of Corneille, the spirit of the great Condé, would deign to be his literary Egeria; and all ended well. The little Duchesse forgave and retained her star. She pursued her way undaunted, and her seventy-seventh birthday found her still hard at work, amusing herself, vexed now and then at the abrupt departure of some of her friends for the next world, but observing, at the same time, that after all it was less annoying than to keep her waiting for an entertainment or a card party. Perhaps her rank and her belief in the divinity of royal blood prevented the parties at Sceaux from being quite accurately typical of the artificial and pedantic *salon* which survived long after the Hôtel Rambouillet had been swept away. Be this as it may, one impression is worth noting—that not a trace of the love of the natural to be found even in the most pedantic and pompous moment of the *grand siècle* can be detected in the social atmosphere of Sceaux. We have seen that some interest in that miniature Court was derived from the flavour and point which Voltaire's sayings and doings always seem to carry with them; but how incapable were the Duchesse du Maine and her friends of the enthusiastic appreciation of Lafontaine by Madame de Sévigné and her friends, Madame de Bouillon, Madame de la Sablière, &c.! Their admiration is more striking than the homage paid him by Molière, Racine, and La Rochefoucauld, who, of course, having *le flair littéraire* in a supreme degree, detected the master poet and writer, in spite of his extraordinary simplicity. Madame de Sévigné and her friends loved him for this simplicity. I do not know whether Madame de Maintenon was one of this group, but she certainly felt the reaction towards the natural and the actual that she is always insisting upon in her correspondence. Here we shake off the long and wordy *jeux d'esprit*; the tedious and rounded periods gave way to short and witty epigrams. These were the direct offspring of La Rochefoucauld's maxims. Women decided it was wicked to be bored. A hushed whisper to this effect soon found its way into the sacred precincts of the Court. Madame de Maintenon, who, it may be shrewdly suspected, put on the airs of a pedant to avoid tiresome functions, gave her rival, Madame de Montespan, enough to do when the latter attempted to answer the governess's sarcasms on the empty silliness of the lives of the courtiers; and Madame de Montespan always got the worst of the encounter. In one of her letters to a friend Madame de Maintenon says:

Que ne donnerais-je pas pour que vos filles vissent d'aussi près que je le vois combien nos jours sont longs ici, je ne dis pas seulement pour des personnes revenues des folies de la jeunesse, je dis pour la jeunesse même qui meurt d'ennui, parce qu'elle voudrait se divertir continuellement et qu'elle ne trouve rien qui contente ce désir insatiable de plaisir . . . je rame en vérité pour amuser madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne.

The good-humoured but very distinct aversion of Madame de Sévigné to bores inspired some of her wittiest letters and her most brilliant epigrams. The joyousness of her tone (Ninon de Lenclos said of her wit, 'La joie de l'esprit en fait la force') took the sting out of the dart. She gave the word in favour of brightness and she damned heaviness. The notes of her friend Madame de Lafayette on La Rochefoucauld outdid his very maxims in brevity and pith, and very good advice these ladies gave their friends on style. Madame de Coigny, in a letter to Mademoiselle X—, 'lui recommande de prendre des notes sur la lecture ;' 'd'écrire ses pensées c'est une façon de savoir si on est bête. . . . Penser ses lectures, ne pas lire comme si on mangeait des cerises.' Their games even had become racy and amusing. One of the most diverting was the game of portraits, when each member of an assembled company, after taking the oath of sincerity, was bound to write a truthful account of himself in a few lines. To relate the disputes and corrections evolved by these worded portraits would take us too far from our present purpose. One quotation will suffice to show that the demon of pedantry had been for the time exorcised. Madame de Courcelles, before becoming the adventuress we have all heard of, wrote thus about herself: 'Pour de l'esprit j'en ai plus que personne. Je l'ai naturel, plaisant, badin, capable des plus grandes choses, si je voulais m'y appliquer ; j'ai des lumières et connais mieux que personne ce que je devrais faire, quoique je ne le fasse quasi jamais.' When all is said and done, what a charming woman that must have been !

It is easy to see that the ground for the reign of fair women of the eighteenth century was well prepared. The rule of *la parfaite bonne compagnie* was established in the absence of all moral law, and became an authority from which there was no appeal. The note of perfect and sincere politeness, the distinction in speech, manner, and expression, became a kind of freemasonry protecting the admitted members from any intrusion from without. The acquirement of a perfect manner may seem but a trivial aim ; but when we find the code of rules to be observed to include delicacy of touch in dealing with the feelings of others, a readiness of perception as to what would cause offence, the avoidance of all unnecessary friction, the art of praising without flattery, of showing off the merits of others without appearing to protect them ; and if you add to these characteristics the charm of ease and naturalness, and the feeling that air, manner and speech combine to convey graceful and intelligent kindness, you

feel inclined to agree with the author quoted by the De Goncourts who compared the spirit of good society at that time with the spirit of charity, a bold comparison, a little in the way of a very modern saying that defines 'tact as inspiration in small things.'

And so this code of gentle manners and conduct, rigorously enforced, supported the more important fabric of the law of honour—the law from which there is no appeal, the last religion of France. From the grand utterance, 'Tout est perdu fors l'honneur,' to the present day there have been doubtless violations of that code; and it is, perhaps, ridiculed by those who would rather sneer at it than account for it. In England and in France to-day it is running some risk of extinction from the worship of money, but human nature as we find it in the average gentleman has still an unconscious love of the ideal as represented in the point of honour. In England we prefer the men found dead with the colours of their regiment wrapped around them to the reformers who cynically advise the disuse of the flag as a useless coloured rag. In France, in spite of the destructives who are ready to cry 'À bas la patrie! À bas l'honneur!' the current opinion of honest men flows in the opposite direction. The view that the complaisant husband is the lowest animal extant, that to be mercenary in love is vile, that to hold up even the caprice of a woman to the ridicule of one's friends is ignominious, is still held, as a matter of course, by men of honour, at the same time that they are unconscious of the source from which it springs. It is a truth of all time that men are slow to recognise what they owe to beliefs they may have shaken off, but which control their instincts, after the expression of such beliefs in set form has ceased to compel their assent and to embody their convictions.

In the eighteenth century the code of honour was enforced in vigorous and uncompromising terms, and it is for this reason that we find it regulating the lives of women strongly, if indirectly. In some respects it might seem that the honour of women had never been so lightly regarded, and that unbounded licence reigned supreme; but, if we look more closely into the matter, we shall find it not exactly true. To generalise in this way would be as misleading as if, looking back still further, we were to regard the rough and brutal manners in the days of *La Fronde* as the essential feature of the time. At first sight it seems difficult to believe that the code of honour and morality of the heroes and heroines of that day was based upon a strong belief in themselves. But so it was. The 'Gentleman,' as he is called in *Marguerite de Navarre's* *heptameron*, never doubted that success in love, be it ever so unlawful, must be accomplished, and the lady's consent was rarely questioned; but if she proved severely virtuous, death made the disappointed lover interesting for all time. The crudities, even the indecencies, were never vicious, and the whole atmosphere was charged with more vitality and

strength than can be found with their descendants two hundred years later.

But, in judging the standard of conduct in the days of these descendants, we must allow as broad a margin for the spirit of the times as we find ourselves giving their predecessors. Let us take their views on marriage. In marriage, in the eighteenth century, there was little conception of a solemnity, still less of a sacrament. In exceptional instances, in the days of the Marguerites of Navarre and Valois, we find the atmosphere of crime and licence lightened by redeeming traits of high loyalty and devotion, and by a distinct note of poetry and religion; but no such gleams illumined their descendants; yet we must allow that a conventional sense of honour persisted, and it led to curious contradictions in its application. The *mariage de convenance et non d'inclinaison* was as much the rule of good French society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a rule admitted and applauded, as it is, in spite of denials and disclaimers, in the England of to-day. In France the secret of a woman's life was kept so closely that her dearest friends never knew, or they affected not to know, the exact terms of her relations with her male friend. As an instance, and a signal instance (in the seventeenth century, which does not prevent its holding good), we may cite the case of La Rochefoucauld and Madame de Lafayette. For many years La Rochefoucauld's *liaison* with Madame de Lafayette seemed to follow the usual course of such intimacies, beginning with ardour and devotion. When age and distaste of the world overtook both, they were still inseparable, and the strong friendship of their latter years was scarcely less intense, according to Madame de Sévigné, than had been the emotions of their youth; yet M. d'Haussonville, *à propos* of this, writing on Madame de Lafayette, declares his belief that it was a case of platonic love. Few, however, share this belief. At all events the doubt was there. The same might be said of Madame de Rochefort, *la femme la plus parfaite qui ait jamais vécu*, who lived wholly at St. Maur with the Nivernais, and of whom nobody dared to say that she was the mistress of the Duke of Nivernais. When she received the confidences of Madame de Nivernais on the subject of the Duke's revived devotion to his wife, Madame de Rochefort did not for a second hesitate; she worked hard against her own strong inclination to fill the difficult place of friend to both. For years she was at hand, a soothing presence in the grief that followed the death of their sons. Their contemporaries ever spoke of a *liaison d'amitié, avouée et avouable*. Some testimony to an opposite judgment exists; this but confirms the evidence of the existence of a peculiar vein of delicacy and reticence in a society which in other ways acknowledged neither. A few months after the death of the Duchess de Nivernais Madame de Rochefort married the Duke.

These examples show that there was observed a code of honour in dishonour as it were, an unwritten law the breaking of which brought the inevitable penalty of ostracism. The limits of a husband's forbearance were strictly defined, and the net result of the restraint which the necessity of keeping up appearances entailed was that a mystery of romance environed a woman who was known to live a separate existence from the man whose name she bore. A passion faithful and deep might be found to be the key to all that was best in her existence. Some, no doubt, were shameless, but they derived from *les femmes galantes* of the sixteenth century; and even among these recklessness, but not commonness, was the main factor in their adventurous lives. Some were simply excellent and devoted wives, like the Duchesse de Choiseul, who had never, she said, been able to conceive greater perfection in mind or body than could be found in her very fickle lord. In England another and very different influence has survived and prevails in certain quarters—the influence of the Puritans. It has leavened the manners and opinions of the England of to-day, and with the result that might have been expected—the reaction of laxity among the rich and idle.

But the analogy between Frenchwomen of the eighteenth century and Englishwomen of the nineteenth cannot be now pursued; the early education of the women of the French aristocracy claims our attention for the moment. It must have been a remarkable education to fit them for the ascendancy which they gained over the lives of all around them. Not only is it true that *l'esprit* was the key which unlocked for them every door to power, but through the excellence of the training they received in the years of their convent life they became supreme in the art of governing their homes. Lucien Perrey's description of the education given to Princesse Hélène Massalska, afterwards Princesse de Ligne, and her friends has been commented upon more than once, I believe, by English writers; but it must be borne in mind, if one is to form a true conception of what was the training, what the manner of life, in their youth of the future rulers of Society in France. It has been said that in order to apprehend the intimate character of an epoch, to discover, as it were, the workings of its conscience, to detect the prejudices which have sprung from past ideas, past tendencies of opinion, it is useless to depend on historical documents. Documents and records, accurate facts and dates, go a very little way towards the production of a living presentment of a given moment in history. You may marshal your facts in solemn array, you may quote unimpeachable authorities, the civil and political records of the lives you are studying may help you to build up the fabric of your work and to buttress it with proofs; yet, if you desire to pierce into the inner recesses of the epoch and to seize the essence of its character, you must leave, as Thackeray bids us, for a time the domain of fact

and try to find the right accent, the right measure, before you begin your work. Therefore my present task being to note apparently insignificant details, to catch the gradations of tint, the shades of feeling affecting these young lives, I am glad to seize upon the opportunity for dwelling a little on the education they received; for later the study of their ways and pursuits in the eighteenth *fin de siècle* will be by no means so pleasing a task. From M. de Ségur's and other memoirs, from Ste. Beuve, De Goncourt, &c., we get details that show that the convent education was much more thorough than we had imagined.

The Abbess at the Convent of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois seems to have been a heaven-born directress of youth. The youngest girls and those nearly grown up vied with each other in their devotion to Madame de la Rochechouart. Her rule was very strict, but also very elastic. She never encouraged the teaching sisters to report cases of insubordination, at which she was more likely to be amused than angry up to the point at which she was compelled to exert her authority; and her punishments were both wise and just. On one occasion the ringleaders of mischief rose from their beds and filled the holy-water vessels with ink. The poor sisters hurried into chapel, and when Madame de la Rochechouart looked up the sign of the cross in black appeared on each forehead. Apparently she did not remark it, but she knew very well who were the culprits. They were summoned to her room, reproved for carelessness in omitting to provide against so stupid a mistake made, she imagined, by the servants; after which these naughty young ladies were kept within bounds and made to clean not only the holy-water vessels, but the plates and dishes generally. On another occasion the tyranny of a *sœur converse* produced a revolt which, but for the forbearance of the Abbess, might have brought discredit on the whole convent. The revolt took the form of a barring-out. A sister capable of cooking and of looking up the wants of the young rebels was captured, and the authorities were defied. I forget whether the kitchen was the fortress or how long the resistance lasted, but at last one of the insurgents, armed with a flag of truce, was despatched to interview Madame de la Rochechouart. She held a council and listened patiently to the complaints of the pupils and to the defence of the tyrannical sister. The insubordination was held to have been in some way justified, but the young ladies were reprimanded in the cause of discipline and forced to apologise. They heartily acquiesced in the sentence, and order was restored. One of the pupils who had refused to join the rebels boasted to the Abbess of her exemplary conduct. 'Je vous en fais mon compliment, mademoiselle,' said Madame de la Rochechouart, and made her a deep curtsy. The discipline which had been broken through for a moment was reorganised, and the rules of the school were recast in a very definite shape.

According to the journal of one of the pupils, the Princesse Hélène Massalska (Princesse Hélène de Ligne), the programme for the younger children, those between seven and ten, ran thus: 'The pupils to rise in summer at 7 o'clock and to find themselves in class and in their forms, to await Madame de la Rochechouart, who appears at 8 o'clock. The children then learn the Montpellier Catechism and repeat it. Breakfast at 9 o'clock. At 9.30 a music lesson. Reading aloud from 10 to 11 o'clock. From 11 to 12.30 a drawing lesson. Dinner at 1 o'clock, recreation; at 3 o'clock, writing and arithmetic; at 4 o'clock an hour's dancing lesson. At 6 o'clock the harp or spinet is practised. Supper at 7 o'clock; at 9.30 dormitories.' Remember, these were mere children; the discipline was to fit them for the studies reserved for the elder girls. This beginning of training will prepare us for the more elaborate system followed by their elders. After the First Communion these were assembled and told off to the different obediences, as they were called, or different employments which each nun at the Abbaye-aux-Bois was trained for; the sacristy, the parlour, the dispensary, the linen room, the library, the refectory, the kitchen; in short, the general good of the community was committed to the care of the *pensionnaires*—one of these being appointed to each—and they were expected for a limited time, strictly defined every day, with the help of a lay sister, to perform this service. The hours for study and art, if it could be so called, were not interfered with, but the foregoing practical work was found by many a useful and pleasant contrast. M. Larive taught them recitation, declamation, reading aloud. Professors of history, of botany, of natural history insisted upon strict and continued attention from their pupils; but, by way of relaxation, the young ladies practised ballet steps and minuets, directed by Noverre, Philippe, and d'Auberval, then reigning at the Opera. It would serve no purpose to study the record of high-sounding names which appear on the roll of pupils, but these young women thus forced into practical work appear and reappear in the history of time, a fact that gives an interest to the account of their early training. Mesdemoiselles de la Roche Aymon and de Montbarrey might be seen arranging carefully piles of towels and sheets in the linen presses, while Mesdemoiselles de Chauvigny and de Mantouillet were laying the dinner; Mademoiselle de Beaumont and Mademoiselle d'Armaillé kept the accounts; Mademoiselle d'Aiguillon repaired the vestments, and Mesdemoiselles de Talleyrand and de Duras waited on the community. We are told Mademoiselle de Vogüé had a distinct talent for cooking. Madame de Bursey, irreverently called by the pupils *la mère Gruillon*, superintended the cleaning of the passages by Mesdemoiselles d'Uzès and de Boulainvilliers. The superintendence of artisans devolved on Mesdames de St. Simon et de Talmont. Mesdemoiselles d'Harcourt, de Rohan, Guemance, and de Brasson looked after the lighting of the establish-

ment under the orders of Madame Royaume, *alias la mère des lumières*. Surely this is a more practical *régime* than convent education is given credit for, and when, later, we meet again Madame de Luxembourg, la Duchesse de Choiseul, Madame de Sabran, la Princesse de Beauvais, la Comtesse de Ségur, we shall not be surprised at the complete control these ladies exercised over their surroundings. When we are told that no mercy was shown to inefficiency or idleness, we cannot wonder at the often-repeated assurance that it was due to this convent education that it was the prerogative of the mother, and the mother alone, to direct the conduct not only of her daughters but of her sons. A young man, says M. de Ségur, who failed in respectful attention to a woman, or to a man older than himself, knew that the fact would be reported to his mother that very evening. I forget whether it was the Duc de Nivernais or the Prince de Ligne who, upon being asked his permission by his sons to organise a *fête champêtre* or some such entertainment, pointed to their disordered dress after a day's chase and said: 'When you have made yourselves fit to enter your mother's apartment and have obtained her leave, I will confirm it.'

And so the rule of women became the principle on which rested not only the government of the family but also the control of the State. The spontaneous and natural note which strikes one in all these women did and said, the right royal power they wielded by reason of the high level of their intelligence—this power acknowledged by all and justifying their unbounded ambition—had for its foundation charm and strength; but charm gradually fades and strength becomes weakness in the downward course. The proceedings at the Court of Sceaux show the dark side of the picture, and it is painful to discern the beginning of the bad taste, the exaggeration, and the other symptoms of disordered brains which, as the century waxed older, seemed to characterise the bewildered women who succeeded the refined, intelligent *spirituelles*, though often profligate ladies, whose education we watched at the Convent of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois. The woman who could reign undisputed over husband, lover, or king was unable to cope with the attack on Society by the new destructive forces of the intellectual world, and fell into a more and more hopeless condition and became a helpless prey to her nerves. The feverish pursuit of pleasure, the ceaseless round of gatherings, brilliant and pointed with wit, but desperately exhausting in the long run, filled every hour of the day and night, and led, needless to say, to the worst form of reaction, the falling back on self and finding nothing there. Hence the demon, called by them in their despair *l'ennemi*, took up his abode in them. The secret enemy, the incurable complaint, the unconquerable and ever-present foe they dragged smilingly about with them. This foe became the motive power of all their exertions, of all their ill-nature, and of their love of scandal; this gave zest to their intrigues, for to believe them-

selves amused, they thought, might shake off the obsession. But no, they could not escape it; the disgust of self, of friends, of society, even of solitude, persisted.

La grande ennuyée, Madame du Deffand, tells us that the bore of solitude is the most overwhelming and crushing form of *ennui*. This downward course was marked by stages which have a strange likeness to phases of social life in England at the present day. The description of these vagaries appears in most of the letters and memoirs of that day. MM. de Goncourt have perhaps collected more material than any other modern author on the mode of life of the eighteenth-century *fin-de-siècle* women. One of the points they insist on is the dryness of spirit and want of heart preceding the outbursts of maudlin sentimentality and affectation of tenderness which became the fashion; also the exaggerated manifestations of friendship between women. Hymns to friendship, altars to friendship, eternal vows of constancy became the vogue; also an exchange of love tokens, of coloured emblematic knots, &c., the messenger employed to convey these being some effeminate man, who, content with the gossiping companionship of the young married woman, made it often his business to prepare the way for another's more signal success in rousing interest to the point of a real serious *liaison*. The path the young woman followed is defined with clearness. In the beginning, an absorbing friendship taken up at first as a means of showing off a conquest before rivals; this languished, and all of a sudden became unattractive when the little man's visits found her alone with no public to admire her triumph. We are assuming, of course, that she had not the faintest inclination to flirt in earnest with her companion; but if the man was skilful the moment quickly came when a mere friendly gossip gradually led to intimate discussion on the ways of love, the absurdities of husbands, with compromising confidences and vainglorious hints on the part of the would-be lover, followed by more or less naïve admissions of former successes from the newly married lady. Often she was wholly unconscious of danger, had no evil intention; but the spark of coquetry, never very difficult to kindle into flame, would suddenly take fire, her imagination would be stirred, and gradually the harmless badinage and fun would take another aspect, and another guileless spirit would be plunged into fathomless trouble. It is not very clear whether MM. de Goncourt, who give us the most interesting examples of these semi-platonic love affairs, think the devoted woman friend or the complaisant *chien-de-poche* kind of man the more dangerous confidant. What they have no doubt about appears to be that religion, marriage and love are equally powerless to influence these eighteenth-century ladies. Exceptional devotion in religion, deep attachment in marriage, and passionate loyalty in love are to be found in the seventeenth century, but no trace of anything

of the kind can be detected in the eighteenth. Happiness in religion was out of date; a well regulated aspect of mild devotion at Mass was held to be part of good manners, even with the indifferent and the sceptical, and it was easier to assume that aspect than to scoff. Happiness in marriage, said Society, was ridiculous and distinctly plebeian. Happiness in love was unknown, and a *grande passion*, whether fortunate or the reverse, was foolishness. All three—religion, marriage and love—would, in the current language of the time, prove to be 'le néant.'

The utter absence of naturalness that we have noted before became more and more accentuated; not a trace of real feeling, not a breath of freshness, not a gleam of light could be detected in this loaded atmosphere in which poor human beings groped, seeking vainly to find they knew not what, and drifting vainly towards their melancholy end. Of course this state of things reacted on the physical condition of these women. They suffered acutely from weakness, over-strung nerves, melancholia, and vapours. 'Les vapeurs c'est l'ennui,' said Madame d'Épinay; and this although the sufferers were spared neither ridicule nor epigrams, and their imaginary ills were branded as affectations and exaggerations. A more acute observer¹ suggests that they were simply suffering intensely from the great malady of over-civilisation, the increase of nervous disease, secret hypochondria, and, above all, from the terrible curse of that mysterious evil hysteria. The doctors now came upon the scene and insisted upon a change of *régime*. This somewhat modified the evil, and a more wholesome programme ensued. Fresh air was prescribed by the great Doctor Tronchin,² and to dig in the gardens, to take violent exercise, to pursue some object, and to work at some occupation hitherto unknown became the order of the day; and these pursuits were undertaken with the feverish excitement Society women had formerly shown in ransacking their gay world in search of a new amusement or a new distraction. The study of science, of natural history, of physics, even of metaphysics, filled the days and nights in the place of coquettish rivalries, of every form of amusement, and of the very fanaticism of pleasure. The mad appetite for pleasure was succeeded by an equal ardour for knowledge, and it is evident there was as little reality in this new search for happiness as there had been in the old. We no longer find the fair ladies affecting languor and exhaustion, perhaps having persuaded, as somebody said Madame d'Estarbey did, the doctor to bleed them, to give their looks a kind of delicate and sentimental interest; but their very attitude was changed. See, we now find them in a costume of stern simplicity, pale, with no trace of rouge, their eyes heavy with fatigue from brain work, the brow resting carelessly on the right

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boufflers.*

² *Les Sports de l'Ancienne France.*—Jusserand.

hand, with a general look of undisturbed attention. This was, indeed, a new picture, and when at last they were roused they were no longer to be found as of yore flitting from fair to opera, from jewellers' to milliners' shops. Now courses of political study, of philosophical systems, of scientific theories, took up the spare hours, and, scarcely less exhausted than they had been before with frivolity, they slept but a few hours, to resume next day their arduous and self-imposed task.

This account by a contemporary marks the transition from one phase to the other, and is too graphic and original to bear translating :

(Esquisse après nature par un méchant à peine, un caricaturiste de l'époque.) La femme sort, elle passe prendre le chevalier, elle l'enlève. Il l'accompagnera au cours d'anatomie où elle va. En route elle rencontre la marquise, qui a besoin de la consulter sur la chose du monde la plus essentielle et qui la mène chez la marchande de modes. A trois portes de la marchande de modes le chasseur du baron aborde la voiture de ces dames, retardée par un embarras ; c'est le baron qui leur propose de voir de nouvelles expériences sur l'air inflammable. 'Je n'aime rien tant,' répond la femme, 'mais vous me garantissez qu'il n'y aura point de détonations. Montez, baron,' et le baron jette au cocher : 'Rue de la Pépinière.' On arrive. 'Je vous laisse,' dit la femme ; 'il est tard, et je manquerai mon cours de statique. Chevalier, serez-vous des nôtres, près de l'Arsenal Germain ? Voici l'adresse imprimée.' On commence à rouler. Mais on aperçoit de jolies perruches. Il faut arrêter pour les regarder, leur parler . . . 'Oh ! descendons ! Nous nous amuserons comme des dieux.' On achète le perroquet. Une berline passe. La femme crie à l'homme qui est dedans : 'Un mot ; où courez-vous, comte ?' 'Je vais voir l'imprimerie des aveugles. Unique ! délicieux ! charmant ! Courons-y tous !' Mais en chemin la femme demande au comte si c'est cette berline qu'il avait le jour où il l'a conduite voir le tableau de Drouais. Voilà la marquise enflammée par la description du tableau, qui veut absolument le voir. On se dit que les aveugles imprimeront encore longtemps, que le tableau peut disparaître d'un moment à l'autre. 'Chez Drouais !' On s'est mis à causer peinture ; le chevalier avoue qu'il point : aussitôt l'idée prend aux femmes de surprendre ses portefeuilles en désordre et de juger ses fleurs. 'A la Barrière Blanche !' Les chevaux tournent et repartent. 'Eh, bon Dieu !' dit la marquise, 'on est venu me dire que le grand serpentaire du jardin du Roi est fleuri, ce qui n'aura lieu que dans trente ou quarante ou cinquante ans peut-être. . . . Si c'était le dernier moment nous l'aurions manqué pour la vie.' Et du Jardin des Plantes l'on revient encore, avant d'être arrivé, à un architecte du Parthenon qui demeure rue des Marais, de l'architecte à un stucateur de Boulevard de l'Opéra, du stucateur à Réveillon, de Réveillon à Disenne pour prendre des brochures. Au bout de quoi le chevalier dit à la dame : 'Vous vouliez aller au lycée ; c'est le mot final de la journée. . . .'—Théâtre intime. (Eloge de l'impertinence.)

And now we must leave our French friends, and with regret we do so. There is something pathetic in the way those who formed French Society hastened on to their doom, in a wholly unconscious way. They had no suspicion of the coming catastrophe. It was as well they did not foresee the Reign of Terror ; but when it came they met their fate courageously.

MARY E. PONSONBY.

(To be continued.)

THE DEFECTIVE ADDITION TO OUR COMPANY LAW

IN an article in this Review of June 1894 I pointed out, as far as space permitted, some of the heads of reform urgently required in our Company Law. At last an attempt has been made in the new Act to deal with some of the matters I referred to.

It does not come within the scope of this article to consider why this very small instalment—for it cannot be said to be more—of a necessary reform has been so long delayed, or what interests have been at work to reduce it to its present form. The matter is a very difficult one for treatment by legislation, as it touches the pockets of so many influential persons who thrive upon the present system. A few remarks as to the general effect, and as to what more the public had a right to expect, are all that space permits.

We pass through certain cycles of public opinion. At present opponents of reform have been favoured by a convenient lull in public feeling. 'Booms' come and liquidations follow as regularly almost as month follows month. We are now passing through the period that precedes another 'boom' of promotion. This lull will probably be further prolonged, owing to the uncertainty caused by the obscure wording of the Act in so many instances. But looking at the new provisions as a whole, it may, in the first place, be safely said that they will place no serious check that cannot be overcome in the way of the usual rapid birth of new ventures, doubtful or otherwise, when the time arrives.

The present attempt at reform is almost entirely directed to details arising out of the evils in the formation and flotation only of certain companies. Much confusion must arise owing to the unwise and unnecessary distinction made in the Act between concerns that are generally known by the misleading name of 'private' companies and companies issuing a prospectus to the public. Very many are really no more 'private' than the so called public companies; the only difference being that the latter issue their shares publicly by prospectus, and the former make a market and then sell to the public. During the last few years there has been an enormous

increase in the number of these 'private' undertakings. The 'one-man' company has been a flagrant instance of this kind of thing. The Bankruptcy laws are conveniently avoided, and creditors suffer just as much as in other companies. The same restrictions are, to a great extent, necessary for both classes of companies.

Even as regards 'public' companies, little indeed has been done to ensure a better state of affairs when they become going concerns. The worn-out fallacies that have been repeated *ad nauseam* against legislation of a more thorough and remedial character, and bringing our ancient criminal and civil law more up to date with entirely modern practices, are no longer likely, let us hope, to create the same misleading impressions. The true question is not one of driving away good directors, but rather of driving away good shareholders and the better class of the investing public. A real reform, thoroughly and once for all purifying the present condition of so called company finance, would bring sounder shareholders, more solid companies, and, in the end, the best of directors.

Again, the suggestion that the work of good companies will be unduly interfered with by such measures is equally fallacious. It is often supported by the allegation that if we look at the number of companies wound up compulsorily, we find how few bad companies there are compared with the good. This is one of the most misleading statements of those who wish to oppose reform. Many companies, when shareholders and creditors have been made the victims of shrewd financiers in one form or the other, are quietly stifled without publicity by means of reconstruction; by amalgamation, where a group of infant companies have been incorporated to work what could have been done by one, and the balance of power has been kept in the hands of the same financiers throughout; by voluntary winding up, the favourite mode by which vendors and promoters regain all their property. Many more companies drag on a miserable and useless existence with shares reduced in value to vanishing point. The enormous amount of capital lost through the present legalised machinery cannot be gauged in this way. Many of the persons who advance this fallacy are themselves doing their utmost to wind up companies by any other manner than by a compulsory liquidation. Others are either in ignorance of the real facts, or they desire to be so.

The black spots are known to exist. One promoter can be fraudulent, but two cannot together; one man may swindle creditors and avoid the Bankruptcy laws, but another may not; a director of his own business may conveniently be as innocent of all common matters as a newborn babe, but an ordinary business man must not; one man must not incur debts when insolvent, but as a company he can remove this difficulty and keep all assets to boot; one vendor can sell his property, clearing off his debts and

defrauding creditors, and then get possession of it again, but another may not; one man is sent to prison for obtaining money by a trick, but the man who uses a company to work out a trick is free. Other strange absurdities are too numerous to mention. For, whatever they may be, the Legislature has merely said: 'Here are further means we give you of looking after yourselves, but we cannot make any direct attempt to deal with the evils, although we know they exist, and although we give far wider powers than any other great country.' In short, the promoter is told to promote anything and everything, but to make some disclosure—a disclosure that in many cases is useless or dangerous. Every one acknowledges, of course, the enormous benefits that have been derived from the Acts, and that there are very many corporations that are standing monuments to the industry, honesty, and energy of our commercial community. But this, be it remembered, is not due to the condition of the law; and it is under the cloak of such bodies that the iniquity of the present age is perpetrated. And, mark also, it is the great number of poor investors living away from great centres that suffer, and are left unprotected by law and unable to protect themselves. Some of the general principles of the Companies Acts have proved to be a great mistake, and patching matters of detail will only make things worse in the end.

We may now shortly consider what may be expected from the new provisions.

The very first words of the Act raise expectations that we are about to find some important measure. They are 'Incorporation and Objects.' We look in vain for anything about objects under this heading! When first the present mode of incorporating companies was conceived, it was, no doubt, intended that the Memorandum of Association should be signed by seven persons having a substantial interest in the concern, and that the real objects—that is to say, the chief business that a company was formed to work—should be set out in what was to be its charter, in order that shareholders and creditors might be protected against any attempts of promoters or directors to go beyond the objects held out originally as the reason for the company's existence. But what has the Memorandum of Association really become in many instances? A document that is a disgrace to any civilised legislation.

It is true that the effect of Section 2 may make it necessary that directors of public companies, who are to be appointed by Articles of Association requiring a qualification, shall subscribe the Memorandum for such qualification shares; and that Section 10, Sub-sect. (1) (a), now provides that a prospectus issued by a company or by any person engaged in its formation must state the contents of the Memorandum, with the names of the signatories, and the number of shares subscribed for by them. I believe there are some who

actually think that the provision made for this disclosure in the prospectus may put an end to the present defects. Why not have dealt with the matter in a direct manner, and provided that this empty, and now senseless, form should be either done away with altogether, or that there should be something real in it? A serious check might also have been given to 'one-man' companies.

Turning then to the objects of a company: how great is the present latitude given to the promoters to set out anything under the sun in the Memorandum! It commences, as a rule, with the main and avowed object, and then an endeavour is made to follow this up by every undertaking that has ever engaged the industry of the commercial community. The setting out of the objects has thus become a farce in the majority of cases, and is usually no guide at all to the real work that will be done in the company's name, or to the limits of its powers. The result often is this: Among the regulations are included, in a delightfully innocent manner, powers to the directors to do, with few exceptions, everything that the company can do. The company starts on its career by carrying on what is presumably the real undertaking. One fine day the shareholders are startled to find that the directors have ventured upon some enterprise that they never expected, and in which they never intended to have taken an interest. Disaster follows, but the directors were only acting within their powers! It is, however, quite impossible for shareholders individually, and more often than not equally impossible for them collectively, to throw light upon the hidden interests that have been at work from the initiation of the company. Some control should of course be exercised over the extraordinary titles under which certain companies trade, and over the endless powers that are often taken with the object of concealing the real and ultimate intentions of those interested in the working of the concern. The present system of licensing incorporation by the State is far too loose, leaving promoters free to insert all kinds of powers and rules in the Memorandum and Articles of Association in their own favour. Years ago, before the Companies Acts, these matters were considered previous to a charter being allowed. The unrestricted licence given by the State to promoters is detrimental to shareholders, particularly as regards unlimited powers of borrowing by debentures, scope of objects, and investigation of accounts &c. The harm is always done before the power hidden in pages of printed matter is discovered, or understood by the ordinary layman. It has become clear that it was a serious mistake to give promoters an entirely free hand to draw up their own charter without any restriction.

When we turn to the sections relating to directors, here again a great disappointment in respect to this all important subject is in store for us. The only provisions are those relating to their

appointment in the companies there mentioned, and to qualification. The section as to their appointment is so loosely worded that it will at once give rise to several questions. We might have fairly thought that the Act would venture so far as to make a qualification obligatory. If it had been provided that each director should sign a declaration as to not having received either cash securities or shares, it would have been of more real assistance.

But the provisions as to the publication of directors' names, and as to their qualification, are small matters for the Legislature to deal with, compared with the all-important problem of their duties and obligations. No attempt whatever has been made to solve this great question that underlies so much. That an attempt might have been made there can be no doubt. But the strong director-influence, if we may so term it, that is standing in the way of the public interest, has been too overpowering. The amount of capital lost to the British public in consequence of the improper, grossly neglectful, or fraudulent (in the light of common sense) conduct of directors is beyond all calculation. Every one is now familiar with the proceedings that have been brought to light where the misconduct of directors has appeared clear beyond doubt, yet the courts have not been able to touch them, much to the surprise of all. Persons who have suffered a wrong have thus become disheartened, and numerous instances where some steps ought to be taken are allowed to pass. It is satisfactory to find that the Board of Trade in their annual reports have adopted the suggestions that I made in the above-mentioned article as to the inadvisability of applying the old law of trusts to the modern duties and liabilities of directors. It would be well, by-the-by, if these annual remarks were more widely known. They are published for the public benefit, but under the present system they do not get to the hands of the people generally. If the remarks in short form could be so circulated as to come to the notice of every householder up to a given limit, they would undoubtedly assist many living away from great centres to protect themselves. The cost of such circulation would be comparatively small.

How completely different is the position of a trustee to that of a director of a public company! A trustee is a person who is often appointed against his will; who usually acts from a feeling of benevolence, affection, or otherwise; whose duties are clear and defined, and are private and affect no one, as a rule, except his *cestui que trust*. He receives no remuneration whatever, with rare exceptions, for the time and trouble he gives, or the risks he takes; he often does not profess to understand his legal and other responsibilities, and frequently he is not able to get proper advice, either from want of means or other cause. On the other hand, a director generally seeks his office, he is paid for his services, and well paid usually, although

the payment is termed a 'fee;' and, as a rule, he only undertakes the work in consideration of this remuneration. He can nearly always get some advice, his duties are more of a public nature, and affect not only the shareholders but also creditors: and lastly he can, and ought to, make himself acquainted with his real duties and responsibilities, or he should never accept the office. What a vast difference between the two! Yet the Legislature persists in allowing old law framed for other purposes to be applied to two totally different offices.

It is preposterous to say that a conscientious director will be frightened when he is merely asked to bring to bear such reasonable attention and diligence as would be expected from any ordinary man of common sense. It is the present condition of affairs that encourages the dangerous class of financiers and directors, while it prevents many honourable men of the business class, so much needed, from becoming directors. If a wholesome check could be placed upon the large number of ornamental directors, who accept the office—and in many cases several directorships—merely for the remuneration they receive, regardless of any honourable feeling as to the great duty they owe to the shareholders, well and good. The old and respected firms, the 'true-bred merchant' who 'is the best gentleman in the nation,' are going, and ornamental directors with little sense of personal duty to others are too often taking their place.

The Companies Acts offer an extraordinarily convenient form of machinery for some consciences. What has been taking place since the Act of 1862? Of course 'black's not so black, nor white so very white,' and we should find plenty of white if every one was as anxious to look for it as they are for the black. There are many directors who would not do a wicked act with intent, acknowledging in their own hearts that it is wicked and believing it to be so. It may be truly said that the majority of directors in ill-fated concerns have all gone through the process of moulding their conscience to deceive themselves. Providence often puts a large potato in the little pig's way, but there are so many little pigs in connection with companies unable to resist eating it all themselves. Ever increasing are the numbers of those who wish to live without working, to expend without earning, and consequently greater and greater grow the inducements which draw men into the whirlpool of companies. It is true that, being a commercial nation, we must expect to find tricksters and jugglers in finance in all directions; but the tempting facilities offered by this modern machinery now attract classes that in past ages had not tested the flexibility of their consciences on the subject of accounts and balance sheets. Never before were there so many opportunities of approaching close up to the very edge of guilt, close up to the shadowy line prescribed by enactment, without being guilty in law. Highly scrupulous people individually can with ease be unscrupulous

collectively. Never was the contrast stronger between the punishment meted out to the ignorant man who has no means of possessing a properly balanced conscience, who is perhaps driven to act in a manner contrary to his natural disposition, and the man who has sufficient intellect to school his mind to meet doubtful company practices. The ignorant man goes with downcast head to prison, and the director and company promoter sometimes with brazen face to Parliament. One is said to be wicked, the other only indiscreet! I believe that the system of public examinations has done very much to cause persons to reflect upon this subject.

But if a director is still to be treated as a trustee, one of the most fundamental principles is that he shall on no account whatever derive any profit from his office unless authorised by all those interested, or likely to be, in the trust assets. Not only has the Legislature failed to grant any reform, but it has actually countenanced the interest of a director in the promotion of, or in the property to be acquired by, the company, to the extent that it has directed a statement of cash or shares, either to qualify him, or for services rendered in the promotion, to be set out in the prospectus! Not a word is said about the consent of shareholders, and it is nothing less than a trap to put this in the prospectus; the result possibly being to fix them with knowledge of such a serious matter, and one that they have not been specifically asked to agree to. Moreover, the importance of this is increased from the fact that it is not so much the amount of the gift as the enormous sums that are lost by the indirect assistance of the director who is qualified by, or is the recipient of, gifts from the promoters. 'Look after yourself' is all that the Legislature tells the shareholder. He need do so, indeed, with such new traps provided by the Legislature itself. It is a blot on the statute book, and should be removed at once.

Why should not the chief duties and liabilities of directors be put into statutory form? Such a measure would in no way affect the great established corporations of this country. Why struggle to apply old principles of law that were laid down long before directors were thought of? Either one of two things must take place. Limit and define to some extent the duties and liabilities of directors, if the unlimited powers to companies are to be continued. If not, provide proper legislation to meet the evils arising from these unlimited powers. The hysterical nervousness of the Legislature (a large number of directors forming part of it) for the honest director has been carried to absurd extremes. An easier standard of commercial honour follows necessarily from an easier standard of legal responsibilities, and this laxity with which the law treats the misconduct of directors leads to unhealthy trading, and must, with the enormous increase in the incorporation of a certain class of companies, eventually tend to undermine those fair, square

and honourable principles that have always formed the greatest stronghold in this country's commercial relations with her foreign clients. Trade, in the words of Colton, 'flourishes by circumstances, precarious, contingent, transitory, almost as liable to change as the winds and waves that waft it to our shores.'

The provision as to dating, signing and filing a prospectus will be useful to the shareholder who has already been victimised and is bold enough to launch an action. But how far better would it have been to have made the filing in some slight degree an effective operation towards showing that the main provisions had been complied with. Now, it may tend to mislead. So, again, why not expect that a director should do as much as any ordinary individual, and peruse and examine the documents mentioned in the prospectus, and then certify that he had done so when signing?

The much litigated Section 38 of the Act of 1867 has disappeared, after remaining a most useless enactment for over thirty years, and new requirements as to particulars in a prospectus issued by a company or by any person engaged or interested in its formation are substituted. It was Lord Davey who made the unfortunate statement that 'all the Legislature could do' was to give people who invested their money in concerns 'of that character' means of acquiring information about them. Never was a more grave mistake made so far as the interest of the people, apart from other influences, is concerned. If a different spirit had prevailed as to concerns 'of that character'; if an endeavour to remedy the evils had been made instead of leaving them there, and merely offering weak facilities to find them out, the public would not have, as they have now, to regret that their real interests have been sacrificed to others. However, that is the key-note that runs through the Act. As a consequence it seems that every one concerned has devoted his energies to adding some small portion to the long list of particulars to be set out in the prospectus. To deal with this section would require a chapter, and it is only possible to refer to a few striking points.

That any marked benefits will be derived from the provisions as to the prospectus appears to be most problematical. *Imprimis*, there will be a great increase in the number of concerns launched without a prospectus. Promoters will ensure that the particular undertakings are duly 'puffed' before the formation of a company is suggested, and then form a non-prospectus company. Or, they will see that shares are issued without the aid of the real public at first, and the pernicious system of making artificial markets will be further developed with the object of passing off the shares. So, also, there will be an increase in the number of companies registered in another country, for they are left free, it seems, to issue any prospectus here. Secondly, what is the good of all these elaborate particulars, attaining, as they will, to extraordinary dimensions, when the Legislature, again, has not had

the courage, or been allowed to have it, to mete out any proper mode of enforcing them? Injured parties appear to be left with the usual action for damages, the expense of which bars all shareholders but the few rich. Moreover, even the liability to pay damages has actually been pared down, instead of extended, and things have been made easier in this respect for the promoter or 'innocent' director than before the Act. It was difficult enough in the past to get a shareholder to sacrifice the time, trouble, and expense necessitated by an action against a promoter or a director, with the company probably backing them up; but greater difficulties have now, indeed, been placed in the way. Thirdly, the provisions will lead to promotion in a more marked degree by so-called finance companies of the 'one man' description, and to such other modes of evading the provisions as are here referred to.

As a striking example of the occult influence that has been at work, it is curious to observe the apparent unwillingness to make any particulars about founders a necessity. It must be borne in mind that, although called 'founders,' these persons are more often than not nothing of the kind. No such founders were ever contemplated by the original Act. The further particulars in the Bill as to the names and addresses, and also of the control given in relation to the business, have been struck out! Why? Not only ought every particular whatever as to this modern creation to be given, but the Act should have gone very much further, and made these persons in every case what they really are—that is to say, founders in fact and promoters, according to the light of common-sense and common honourable principles.

The requirement as to advertising the bulky particulars, although a small detail, considering the grave omissions from the Act, calls for a few words. It is an instance of the curious anxiety to push things to extremes where no interests are likely to be affected. It was absolutely unnecessary to put the shareholders to this extravagant expense. The suggestion that an abridged form should be allowed, with a requirement that the full prospectus should be sent with the application form, would have fully met all that is necessary on this point.

One of the main objects of the Act has been to check the reckless launching of worthless concerns; and this is attempted to be done by making three important steps necessary before the company can commence active business.

(1) No allotment is to be made of any share capital to the public, unless the amount of the fixed minimum subscription or, if no amount is fixed, the whole of the share capital has been subscribed, and the sum payable on application has been received by the company. Nothing is said about debentures; and as the vendors or promoters in many companies now take up all the share capital, and only raise

money by issuing debentures, these provisions will often be futile. The proportion of the amount of share capital to be subscribed before an allotment could not be fixed by the Act. But some power could have been given to the Registrar; and the omission to do this will leave a loop-hole for various devices by promoters. Moreover, it is specially provided that the section is not to apply to any allotment subsequent to the first to the public. I think that, in practice, it will be found that these provisions will often be evaded in the cases they are intended to meet. An allotment of shares will be first offered for public subscription, which will be taken up by the promoters and their nominees, and then subsequent allotments will be made without any real restrictions. The only provision as to a second or subsequent offer of shares relates to the publicity required in any prospectus as regards certain particulars by Sect. 10 (1) (*d*). It is true that a return is to be filed with the Registrar within one month when a company makes any allotment of its shares; and the best advice to be given to shareholders and creditors is not to have anything to do with certain companies before searching and examining the particulars filed. However, many living in different parts of the country and abroad will be unable to make these searches, or get them made in time; and not unfrequently the particulars will be misleading.

Any allotment made in contravention of the provisions as to first allotments to the public is voidable, but only within one month after the statutory meeting under the Act. Nothing is said about companies that are not required to hold such meetings. Even as regards shareholders close at hand, the time will be very short, but those who live at a distance will often be unable to make their application within this limited time.

The unfortunate distinction made by the Legislature between public and 'private' companies is again felt here, and in the next section as to the commencement of business; for these provisions do not apply to non-prospectus companies. When dealing with the subject of allotment, a good opportunity presented itself for taking some step towards extinguishing what is known as the 'stag,' and for putting a check, as far as possible, on persons applying for shares who never intend to hold them, but whose only object is to make a market, often a fictitious one, and get out on the backs of the real public. This object might have been assisted by providing that a more substantial sum be paid on an application for shares. Such a course would in no way deter *bona fide* shareholders, but would to some extent affect the impecunious 'stag.'

(2) Of the restriction on the commencement of business, and the holding of a really effective first meeting, I have long pointed out the importance. We have now some enactment in this direction. No company inviting the public to take shares can commence

business before it has obtained a certificate from the Registrar. For this purpose, shortly, it is necessary that shares held subject to the payment of the whole amount in cash should have been allotted to an amount not less in the whole than the minimum subscription ; that every director should have paid up as prescribed, and a statutory declaration have been filed with the Registrar. It was to be hoped that these important provisions would have been made completely effective. But they have been whittled down ; for the certificate cannot be relied upon in doubtful cases, as it is only founded on the declaration of the secretary or one director, and no proper independent control has been given to the Registrar. We shall also find that the minimum will often be made up by various devices, such as allotment to worthless individuals.

(3) The most useful piece of new legislation, perhaps, if it can only be made to work properly, is the enactment as to the first statutory meeting. Formerly, shareholders had no such early opportunity of taking into consideration the transactions leading from the promotion to the formation and incorporation of the company, and of coming to a conclusion how far it was wise to proceed with the proposed business. Now, with the directors' report as to allotment, and with the accounts and the list of members in their hands, it will be the fault of shareholders if they do not make this meeting, wherever it is possible, the most important in the whole history of the company. A searching inquiry and investigation should be made, if there is the slightest suspicion of any doubtful dealing, or if the appointment of the directors is not satisfactory ; for at this stage many disastrous consequences may be averted. In many companies, however, where shareholders live in all parts of the United Kingdom, it will be difficult to ensure a proper meeting with the present machinery provided. A great danger will be that if there has been a preponderating allotment, as just mentioned, to nominees of the vendors or promoters, they may work a majority against the interests of the real members. Considerable care will be necessary to prevent 'blackmailing' by persons who will attempt to make use of these meetings with the ulterior object of affecting the value of the shares one way or the other.

When we turn to the subject of commissions paid by companies for underwriting their own shares, we do find one real and substantial alteration of the law, purporting to meet modern company transactions, but not indeed of the kind we expected. The courts held the practice to be illegal, and, consequently, the vendor used to pay the commission, adding it on to his purchase money. Now, the Legislature has actually said, we will legalise the commission so far as regards a public issue of shares, if, among other things, 'authorised by the Articles of Association' and disclosed in the prospectus. As the Articles are usually, as just pointed out, drawn up by the

promoters, how, indeed, can there be any proper authorisation? The unfortunate wording of the section will raise further and quite unnecessary difficulties in the way of distinguishing between 'brokerage' and 'commission.' The practice of making these payments is, with very few exceptions, a bad one, and enables many companies to be floated that never ought to have been incorporated. A company with a solid undertaking does not need any underwriting. Weakly companies may. The system of underwriting tends to create enormous stores of undigested shares of a doubtful kind, and sows the seeds of a dangerous state of commerce that is not visible on the surface. If the object of the Legislature has been, as it ought to have been, to put an end to this kind of underwriting, then they have indeed taken a most extraordinary course to do this by legalising it. If that is not the object, then the provisions are most mischievous and improper. We have, too, this curious and unsatisfactory state of the law now: paying these commissions out of the assets is legal in respect to certain public issues of shares, but it is illegal when a so-called 'private' company is concerned. *Risum teneatis, amici*, when it is suggested that this measure allowing, instead of restraining, this modern system is an assistance to shareholders 'to look after themselves,' and will enable them to form an opinion of the merits of an undertaking? It is a further danger to them. Really, it seems that the Legislature is throughout treating the shareholder as an expert on the subject of promotion and company law generally, and is protecting the promoter. Possibly, certain promoters will now prefer not to pay commissions that they must disclose. What will happen in some of such cases will be that the underwriters will obtain what is known as a 'call' on shares, or will by arrangement take up the shares in their own or their nominees' names, and at a subsequent period foist these shares on the public.

Again, promoters will pay the commission, and the company will know nothing about it; whereas the new section proceeds upon the basis that it will always be known to the company. The new provisions will further lead to collusive arrangements between promoters and persons receiving this underwriting commission. There has been far more roguery resulting from this practice than good. Moreover—and this is most important as regards the launching of worthless companies—if these arrangements had been stopped, the practice of working up fictitious markets to make premiums, and the equally pernicious practice of taking up shares merely for the sake of getting the premium, would have received a severe check. Such a step, also, would have saved the public from any doubtful undertakings with ornamental directors, only obtained because they accept the statement that so much capital has been 'subscribed.' This class of underwriting at the company's expense was never contemplated when

the Companies Acts were originally passed ; the principle is contrary to the spirit of those Acts, and in many instances to commercial honesty. It is contrary to the golden rule that companies shall not issue shares at a discount. Why now legalise it, upon the assumption that it is a necessity ? It is a glaring instance of the present danger to the community, when the power of the capitalists can secure such legislation, while the pressing reforms are left untouched.

The public mind has been greatly exercised from time to time by the exposure of fraudulent transactions said to be due to the misconduct or neglect of auditors. It may safely be said that in nearly every case the directors were more to blame than the auditors. It would have been impossible to have placed any legislation before the public that did not pretend to do something to remedy the serious public grievances in this direction.

There are three sections as to auditors. The first two are more or less what would be found in the Articles of Association of any company. They seem to be mere padding to give an appearance of importance to the title. The fact that the appointment of auditors is made compulsory does not mean very much, because in nearly every company of importance an auditor of some kind has usually been appointed ; the serious matter having always been the kind of man put into the office, and by whom. More often than not, the nomination of auditor will, as before, fall into the hands of directors and promoters. The third section purports to deal with the 'rights and duties' of auditors ; a very pretentious title, but one that is not carried out by the subject-matter of the section. The crucial words are, that they are to report whether the balance sheet 'is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the company's affairs as shown by the books of the company.' This is all that has been done to set out the 'rights and duties' ! If nothing more was to be done, the matter had far better have been left undone. When we find this very grave state of affairs dealt with in a manner that appears to disclose such a light estimate of the lessons that have been impressed in so serious a manner upon the people, not only by the flagrant cases that have been made public, but also by the far larger number that have been silently buried, we must feel keen regret for this kind of legislation. It may be said with confidence that the public will derive no real benefit from these skeleton provisions. There is nothing to prevent things going on, more or less, as they have before the Act. There are no provisions as to books of account and balance sheets. How can a proper audit be expected out of the conditions of the Act ? How can an auditor alone, who is nearly always an accountant, report whether 'a true and correct view of the state of the company's affairs' is made out ? How can he do this from the 'books' of the company alone ? How can such an audit

prevent the payment of dividends out of profits not properly earned, or how can it disclose serious mistakes of the directors in the general line of action or course of proceeding in the business?

Now, I do not suggest for one moment that the auditor should alone be able to carry out the onerous duties cast upon his shoulders. He is being made the scapegoat for the directors, and the latter are endeavouring to get rid of all responsibility on his back. The least the public might have expected was a reasonably rigorous and effective audit. An accountant may be relied upon for the book-keeping part of the accounts, but he is not a day to day officer, and cannot possibly have such a true insight as the directors into the commercial policy of the company and the business liabilities that arise, or may arise, directly or indirectly, out of various transactions. He cannot thoroughly and completely analyse and investigate many matters as to estimates, valuation, or assessment, as to making allowance for the various forms of depreciation in the assets, plant or machinery, as to how far stock is real and the proper proportion of stock compared with turnover, as to manufacturing work in course of construction, and the like matters. Clearly some of the directors ought to be parties to the report. At any rate, something might have been done to make the services of certain directors real. Each director might report on a different subject. But surely they should have a proper knowledge of the matters above referred to, and be able to express an opinion to the best of their judgment.

So very little has been done for creditors that it is satisfactory to find one matter of reform in their interests, touching the long and much needed provision as to registration of mortgages and charges. It seems that one class of mortgages will come under the old, and another specified class under the new, section. Moreover, it will now be necessary for intending debenture holders to search as well as ordinary creditors, in order to make certain that the debenture has actually been registered in accordance with the endorsement. The introduction, consequently, of this endorsement in its present form is useless, and only entails trouble on the holder of a debenture.

One slight alteration as to winding up companies serves only to remind us how very much has been left undone. It is difficult to make the matter of liquidation clear to the lay mind in a few words. But there are some things that seriously affect the public interest, to which I must very shortly refer.

In the article in this Review in 1894 (to which I particularly desire to refer the reader on this matter) I have pointed out how, by the antiquated procedure of a debenture action and a voluntary winding up, a vendor time after time escapes the bankruptcy laws and regains all his property, practically snapping his fingers under

the very nose of the unfortunate shareholders and trade creditors. Space is too valuable to permit a further reference here. With rare exceptions, these debenture actions should, in the interest of the public, be done away with, and no single person but those interested can have any real ground for opposing this. The Act of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has brought about incalculable good to the public, more than most laymen can really appreciate, but it is maimed by the apparent stand made by some lawyers against including debenture actions in this procedure; thus having one instead of two expensive liquidations. These actions and voluntary liquidations have for years played into the hands of a certain class of lawyers, accountants and unscrupulous financiers, to the serious detriment of shareholders and creditors. When the new winding-up practice was first introduced, it was opposed by certain members of the Chancery Division and others. It was sufficient that it was an alteration of the dear old expensive practice. Now it is just beginning to dawn upon some minds that, even from a business point of view, it is an advantage, because it gives practitioners an extra Judge and an extra set of Chambers. These separate liquidation proceedings by action not only cause a great and useless waste of expense, but they materially assist fraudulent transactions, and more especially favour particular debenture holders. Yet the practice remains, and if it is left to the Chancery Division to suggest an alteration, little chance is there of such a step, where even the ancient practice as to motions—*i.e.* no list, no opportunity of knowing when a case from week to week is likely to come on—is still retained, notwithstanding the delay, inconvenience and wasted expense to the public, to many of whom it is a denial of justice. A handful of lawyers can in this country hold the whole community at defiance.

Then, turning to the important subject of public examinations of promoters and directors, greater light than has ever before been possible has been thrown on matters which would have remained absolutely in the dark; and the necessity for reform has thereby been more clearly made out. Further good, too, could have been done if something analogous to bankruptcy practice took place as a result of the examination, such as a certificate of unfitness for directorship. Yet the decision by the House of Lords has placed insurmountable obstacles in the way of what was really intended by the statute, and such examinations are practically crushed. To have omitted from the new Act any attempt whatever to put this practice on a sound basis, is to disregard most important interests of the people. But for these examinations, and the publicity that has been given to them by the *Times*, the community might still be in ignorance of all they have learnt in recent years. The curtain is now down. No doubt, these public examinations were pressing unpleasantly upon the consciences of those who thought they might be affected by them; but to suppress them—for it is nothing less—must lead many

to reflect, in the words of Goldsmith, that 'laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.'

With the Chancery Division unduly favouring voluntary liquidations, and consequently a silent burial of unpleasant facts, and with the curtain drawn in the above way over the improper dealings of directors and promoters, the public will be left more and more in the dark. Who is going to keep this curtain down, and how long will the community submit to it?

I would again draw attention to the advisability of allowing shareholders or the company to make a summary application to the court with respect to difficulties in a company while it is a going concern, instead of putting them to the expense of a cumbersome and useless action. Many troubles could be thus averted. The present Act, too, might be made more workable if the doubtful points were settled in this way.

With the above grievances, a few out of many, in our minds, the present Act is a great and serious disappointment, not only as regards its scope and provisions, but also because it is evident that the sway of the capitalists and other influential persons has to be overcome before more satisfactory legislation is obtained. Some of its provisions will bring abundant work to the lawyers. Nor is it to be wondered at, when we consider how weak are its terms (often just approaching close up to what is required and then nervously stopping short of it), how loose is the manner in which they are expressed—reminding one forcibly of too many cooks—and how illusory and feeble is the attempt to enforce them. It does next to nothing in respect to the management of companies. It will make a certain class of directors even less scrupulous in their conduct, if that be possible. It will not to any great extent protect the large number of shareholders that it ought to assist, but, on the contrary, in many respects may tend to put some at a further disadvantage. It has raised unnecessary difficulties by putting 'private' companies on a different basis. It does not attempt to restrict the unlimited powers of borrowing by debentures and floating charges, a state of affairs that causes gross injustice both to shareholders and to trade creditors. It does next to nothing to redress the great grievances of ordinary creditors. It leaves the door wide open for fresh ingenuity on the part of the class of shady promoters, whose guiding ideas are that *les affaires sont l'argent des autres*. It does not attempt to fix the many persons who undoubtedly ought to be treated as promoters, nor does it enlarge or make clear the definition of promoters. It removes none of the acknowledged evils, but only imposes threats of a mild character, with penalties that are very rarely enforced. Lastly, the new machinery of the Act will unnecessarily tend to embarrass the good companies without placing an effective check on the bad. As little as possible has been done, and that little will do little good.

The chief advantage may be that it will show in a marked manner how much needed is real legislation. Unmask those who are opposing proper reform; throw light upon their interest in so doing, and the unfortunate public may be able to release themselves from the fetters that the capitalists of various classes and others have at present around them.

As far as Company Law is concerned, there need be no ground for saying,

The lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.

For the subject is a modern one which could be easily codified. Let us hope that the present Act is but a dim shadow of the reform that will be quickly followed by the substance in the shape of a codification of the law, with moderate but firm provisions grappling with, instead of countenancing, modern devices, and dealing with general principles instead of details.

ALFRED EMDEN.

*A VISIT TO THE BOER PRISONERS
AT ST. HELENA*

THERE is a natural interest felt in England with regard to the Boer prisoners now at the end of a hard-fought war. It may, therefore, be worth while to put down a very few of my experiences in a month's visit to St. Helena. But in the first place I must guard against possible misconception. I know there are two sides to the war: I know that there have been English prisoners too, and sorrow and hardship in English homes, many long separations and many final ones. It must not be supposed that I forget these things, even if I speak of Deadwood Camp. My purpose just now is simply to tell a few incidents which I saw for myself, and of which I speak only because they came within my personal knowledge.

I was, of course, warned by my wiser friends against the Quixotic idea of going to St. Helena to visit the Boer prisoners. In the midst of an exasperated war what kind of welcome would they give to a stranger from the enemy's country? How could I rid my coming of an air of officious interference, or what reasonable apology could I bring for intruding where my presence might be resented and my purpose repudiated? A rude and rough people, they might be expected, I was told, to meet a woman with insulting words even if veiled in the obscurity of a foreign tongue, and I was warned against entering the camp alone.

However, I was anxious to form for myself a clearer impression of the Boers than I could gain from the public press. By the courtesy of the Secretary of State for War I was given permission to visit the camp at St. Helena. I landed on the 16th of September; the officers in command of the troops and the camp, Colonel Leefe and Colonel Evans, interpreted Lord Lansdowne's permission with a chivalrous generosity, and allowed me a freedom of intercourse with the prisoners for which I owe them my warmest thanks; and added to all other benefits a ready hospitality. My visit might have been a very different one but for their kindness.

But the difficulties of St. Helena are great enough even when man does not step in to aggravate them. I had heard much of the

island—that is of its romantic and picturesque side. What a dark and gloomy emotion fell on me as I saw that colossal slag-heap! For make a slag-heap a thousand times bigger, you do but magnify a thousand times its dreariness and grime. It is true that the hills on either side of Jamestown, the seaport and capital, show the island in its worst colours. Narrow clefts have been cut by streams falling from the heights, and on either side of these valleys walls of burnt-out rock rise for two thousand feet or so—dingy brown, a gaunt waste of formless protuberances and gaping holes. All seems as it were crumbling to hopeless ruin. You scarcely dare to walk under those threatening walls; if the cannon of the fort that crowns the height were fired you feel that the mountain must surely totter on its loose foundations and fall again to chaos.

Once on a time merciful forests covered the less precipitous slopes, but the cutting down of these long ago has left all bare to wind and rain, till the covering soil has been washed from the waste of grit and stone. Even under the ceaseless mists of the rainy season no plants find shelter amid those dead and barren cinders, save where the desolation is made more dreary by shabby reaches of horrible grey cactus, here and there enlivened, if it can be called enlivened, with the green of spiked aloe leaves, crude and repelling. Occasionally at evening the clouds would gather in dark blue masses and cling round the hill-sides, suggesting a hidden beauty behind them. But the clouds would lift again.

I was shown, indeed, better things than this—valleys and hills where a scanty grass covered the slopes, beds of arum lilies flowering along the watercourses, and the beautiful plantations round Government House. I saw the great cliffs rising from the sea, the astonishing circuit of the old shattered crater of an extinct volcano, the striking views where the fundamental rock, stripped of its more friable covering, stands out in strange weird forms, and where cascades fall hundreds of feet over the black precipices. Unfortunately I was unable to get to the most beautiful region, to the highest peaks where the old vegetation still flourishes, and great ferns and the cabbage-tree (which in the lower grounds is sad enough to look on) shelter the indigenous society of the island, the wire-bird and the ancient snails. I was unfortunate. The weather was misty and gloomy. There was no bright sun. The sea was grey. And my journey to Deadwood Camp took me up hillsides that deepened from day to day the melancholy of my first impression. Nothing there but stones and patches of cactus, withered, yellow, and old. In some more sheltered spots a few trees still struggle desperately against annihilation; trees snapped off short by the wind, while some lower branch, bending round and about to find shelter, apes the part of the main trunk; trees bent double till the topmost bough enters the earth and forms a dry, barren arch; trees

that literally crawl along the ground for safety. In the rare spots where there is half an acre or so of level ground, a shanty rises with a roof of corrugated iron, a little verandah, perhaps, and a patch of bananas—all lying under the same ceaseless wind, all in the same stage of obscure and shabby forlornness. What a sordid Nature, tattered and battered, ignoble, dingy, vulgar, and unashamed! Everything is foreign, dejected, incongruous. The Kaffir thorn, the African palm, the Indian banyan, the Scotch fir, the Port Jackson willow, are not at home, but transported as it were to a friendless inn. The beautiful cardinal bird, whose scarlet plumage flames among the cactus and the tormented thorn, looks incredibly homeless and strayed, like a parouet escaped in the London streets. You already see its natural doom—to be snared and sold to the man-of-war lying in the harbour.

And the very people—what are they? Descendants of Chinese, French settlers before the Revolution, West Africans, Malays, Welshmen, men of Lancashire, varied cargoes of negroes landed from slave ships: and to these add sailors of an English man-of-war, a West Indian regiment, a body of artillery, the Gloucestershire Militia, a company of Cape Boys as mule-drivers, and Boer prisoners of war. Portuguese coins are dug up, and plaques of Dutch delft with Bible stories on them. Relics of Napoleon are multiplied. Over that melancholy cinder fortress seems still to hang the shadow of its first human inhabitant, flung there with every limb and feature mutilated, and a few slaves to fulfil for him the functions for which he had no longer hands or feet.

My first visit to Deadwood Camp made me reflect on the wisdom of my friends. Five miles of hill and broken roads took two hours in going and as much in coming again, for neither up nor down those steeps could the horse get beyond a walk. The guide led me through the tents of the English soldiers, with the butchery and bakery, the wood-piles and store-heaps, to the Boer camp beyond, enclosed by a circle of sentry-boxes and a double ring of barbed wire. On through the rows of tents we went to the tin village which the Boers (finding twelve men in a tent somewhat crowded) have built for themselves of aloe sticks and biscuit tins, with their dark blankets over all to keep out heat and cold. Irregular streets of these tin cabins lie one behind the other, some small enough for a man to creep into and sleep, others higher and holding three or four; a miniature restaurant, a ginger-beer palace, a windmill where an ingenious vane of tin and sticks turns a rude lathe for the wood-carver inside; and tiny workshops where men are carving with pen-knives wood from camp packing-cases, meat-bones, cow-horns, or sticks, and show with just pride models of cannons and Cape waggons, carved boxes and bone ornaments. A French mining engineer has engraved a die with an old sharpened file and a block of steel, and struck copper

medals. Illuminators and artists in black and white patiently defy the difficulties of their position. In the streets other artists are at work over the stoves they have made of oil-tins pierced with holes, where, through the fumes of wood fires, beef may be seen stewing and flat cakes of flour and water tossed out. The towering crowd of men (I began to wonder if the peasant warriors among them did not count 6 feet 3 inches for their average height) drifted after me or looked on at a distance, with a superficial curiosity mitigated by indifference. The numbers of that crowd, the foreign speech, the foreign look, filled me with a genuine dismay. I scarcely knew how to introduce myself, and through an interpreter, who saw in me a highly unnecessary intruder and in the crowd a race of rebels and criminals, to tell them why I had come. I thought again my friends were wise.

As I look back I am filled with wonder at the rapid way in which all difficulties disappeared before the courtesy and consideration of the Boers themselves. They received me with the utmost politeness and good breeding, and in all my intercourse with the farmers I found the simple and dignified courtesy of a self-respecting people.

I am aware that there is as great a variety of characters among the Boers as among any other people. 'The camp is like a town,' one said to me, 'with every profession represented in it, even down to the thief's trade.' There is a rough element, recruited, I was told, from Johannesburg. But the foreign prisoners were generally contemptuous of the Boer's want of vivacity in making trouble, and claimed for themselves most of the breaches of discipline. 'If it had been a camp of Europeans!!' they exclaimed. 'Perhaps the Boers are quiet; perhaps they are thinking of their families; perhaps it is superstition.' 'I have seen some things I did not like,' an excellent German said, 'but how I could have lived under these conditions for a year among 2,000 Europeans I dare not imagine. On the whole, there is little to complain of here.' It is very evident that to strong men, used to walk ten or twenty miles a day, confinement to the camp is a severe trial; the deep inward brooding which I saw it produce in certain temperaments is less obvious to a casual onlooker than fits of excitement or revolt, but it is not less serious in its final results.

Even if we allow for all the drawbacks of seeing men only under the artificial conditions of camp life, St. Helena is not a bad place for learning something of the Boers. About 2,500 men are now collected there, of every profession in the Transvaal. I have spoken with war officers and commissariat officers; with magistrates, members of the Raad, and officials of various degrees in Pretoria; with men employed in different capacities in Johannesburg mines, and the wandering Jack-of-all-trades of the towns; with land surveyors of the north and west, and men in good mercantile business; with farmers of all sorts,

rich and poor, incomers and native-born, progressive and conservative ; with men well educated and men of no learning. I knew the Hospital well. I have sat in many a tent, and have been welcomed to a share of their rations. Besides all this I have talked with foreigners of many kinds, both those who have been long in the country and others who came out from Europe to join the war, and, after a brief experience of fighting, have now lived with the prisoners in close association for many months. I have heard what Germans and French, Italians, Danes and Swedes, have to say, as well as men born in America, Australia, or the Cape Colony.

The foreigners were men whose words deserved attention. Not one of them, it must be remembered, was a mercenary. Not one had been a paid soldier. A few had gone out to see war or for the love of adventure ; but they all believed, just as their countrymen in Europe believed, that they were fighting on the side of freedom and justice. Detached as they were, their criticism was absolutely free and frank. They saw faults and blunders, but their main opinion never changed. They might quarrel with the conduct of the war, not with its purpose. The one who had, perhaps, the least personal sympathy with the Boer temperament, and who had suffered a year's imprisonment for what he considered their humiliating failure to carry out a simple enterprise where any trained troops under a skilled officer must have triumphed, told me that, in spite of all, he would willingly go back to fight for a people with so superb a passion for freedom and so devoted a love of country.

Other foreigners had lived long in the Transvaal, and had generally become burghers. It was strange, outside the circuit of barbed wire, to hear these men all lightly classed together as mercenaries bribed by Transvaal pay, or described as the scum of European peoples tempted by the love of loot. Their profit has been scanty indeed. They hold none of the delusions current elsewhere as to the influence of foreigners among the Boers. If we may judge of sincerity by the sacrifices men will make, they had given proof enough. All had risked in the cause of the Boers their whole possessions and their life. One had a son of fourteen prisoner in the camp, and a boy of thirteen still at the front. 'My business is ruined,' another said to me. 'I have lost everything. I am a prisoner. But till now I do not regret that I was on the side of the Boers. I was fighting against injustice. Even to-day, when I see the fight is hopeless, I still feel I could not do other than what I have done.'

Racial partialities must always be taken into account in measuring the value of foreign opinion of the Boer. The French and Italians, for example, do not speak his language, and cannot get very near him. He is, indeed, a sore cross to them. They do not like him, and cannot help respecting him. He has not fire and

dash enough for them, and they hate his form of religion. But that is the worst of their tale; that under feeble leaders he shrinks from attack, and that he has no passion for romantic adventure; that he gives his gaolers no trouble to speak of; that his camp is made hideous morning and evening when every tent group starts its own favourite psalms all at the same time, and the air rings with the discord; that he believes every word in the Bible; and that he complains occasionally that his defeat was a punishment for the unbelief of his Latin allies. But this said, they have no more harm to tell. 'Their greatest fault,' said one, 'and yet perhaps it is not a fault, is that the Boer comes first with them, and every one else a long way after.'

On the other hand, the Germans seem to understand the Boer very well, having known the same type of peasantry at home; reticent, wary, diplomatic, made distrustful by his ignorance of business methods. They do not need to go about for so many explanations of him as the Englishman, but read the story far more simply for themselves. They reserve their own educated scepticisms. They object to psalm-singing that begins at 3 A.M. But they understand the Boer warfare better; the long pertinacity of his valour pleases them more than the more showy French 'fire of straw, which has to be used on the moment'; they admire his refusal to waste life with so desperate a task before him, his steadiness in reserving his fire, and his marvellous contempt of suffering. I spoke to a German of some tale of suffering. 'Ah, that does not matter,' he said, 'they can bear hardship; but kindness is the thing they need. For they are a kind people.' On one point they were all agreed: 'You can lead the Boer by friendship. You can never drive him.' The Germans realise, too, his quite extraordinary qualities as a pioneer in settling waste lands, and the use which might be made of this by sagacious governors.

The Boer had also, in the Scandinavians, Danes and Swedes, most loyal and understanding friends. But not more so, perhaps, than settlers of English blood gone to the Transvaal from America, the Cape Colony, and elsewhere. These were well-educated, upright, independent men, who could see with English eyes—as free men, and as honest as any here in England—honourable pioneers, too, of a solid friendship and union between the two peoples, whose work ought to be better understood and appreciated by those who would extend the true influence of England. Their opinion of the life they have known in the Transvaal, if by any chance it could be made known here, deserves from Englishmen the gravest consideration and respect.

I was of course fully warned that Boers brought up to be *slim*, and thinking only how to overreach their neighbour, would try in some way to out-do me, or at least deceive me with false impressions

and garbled stories. In fact, no such difficulty met me. They do not, as one of them said, 'want to hang their opinions on their noses,' but if you care to know their views they will tell you with truth and frankness. Not for many a day, in fact, have I heard in England so much freedom of speech and real liberty of discussion. Men would gather in a hospital ward or tent, and take their turn in talk with perfect independence. They would freely express opposite views, and discuss them with vivacity and good-humour. In this supreme crisis every man is held free to think and act for himself. One day a party of ten farmers, all born Transvaalers and all new acquaintances of mine, came to see me. We sat in a circle in the garden, and discussed every sort of subject for two hours. Two English well, one knew none at all; the rest spoke a little, but not enough to understand me easily or answer comfortably. If therefore I asked a question, my neighbour interpreted, and the party discussed it in very brief businesslike sentences; my neighbour then summed up for me the result, while they all leaned forward and listened if his version was exact. Twice he hesitated at some answer given, and explained to me that what was said was 'too strong.' But the general voice overruled him. 'Mrs. Green wants to know the truth. What is the use of telling her anything but the truth?' If anyone differed from the rest he said so, and his heresy was then discussed; and on the most important question raised, when it was found that more than one differed, they themselves put the question to each man who had to give his opinion separately (one laggard amid a burst of good-humoured laughter), and then the leading one turned to me and said simply, 'We have the majority.' It was seven to three. In little parliaments such as this without recrimination or nicknames for those who might think differently, I was allowed to hear all opinions and judge for myself. Nor were the groups selected, save in the hospital wards by the accidents of disease, and in the camp by the humour of the passer-by.

I became convinced, too, that in the stories of the war and their personal experiences the men I met wished to give me the simple truth. No second-hand stories were brought to me, or tales of common rumour. Not a man who did not refuse to speak of anything but what he himself had seen, and the accounts they gave were not elaborated, but simple and detailed. One whose story had got into a French newspaper with the colours heightened and some rumours adulterating the facts, came to ask me to take it down exactly, and give his sufferings in their unexaggerated form. In the case of the most terrible story I heard, a group of intelligent and very respectable neighbours of the man gathered and each one spoke, not to facts which they had not seen, but to the character they knew in him, of a specially honest and truthful man, whose word had always weight in all his district. I found no blowing about of rumours to

darken the character of their enemies, and any act of kindness was remembered with genuine gratitude: the name of any officer who did a deed of courtesy or consideration is not forgotten.

I asked about this question of duplicity and deceit from the land surveyors who for years have lived among them, and merchants who had long traded over the country. Their experience, they told me, did not justify these charges—was indeed directly contrary to them. They understood the Boer's fear of being cheated through his ignorance of arithmetic, and his quaint methods of protecting himself. All agreed, however, that in the last few years the evil influence of the foreign element in the goldfields had made itself felt, and that the young men were now beginning to grow restless, looking for excitement, and hastening by any means to make money.

Naturally the old charge of a false and deceiving temper has been given new currency by tales of broken parole. Boers who have spoken to me have condemned the breaking of parole as strongly and sincerely as any Englishman could do. But they will never justify the policy which insists on an oath of neutrality and at the same time gives no protection to the farmers. 'I have been with the Boer armies all down the western side of the Transvaal and Orange Free State,' said one very intelligent and honourable man, 'and I have seen the utterly defenceless state of these poor people.' An English force sweeping over the country comes to an isolated farm where a man with a wife and three children under five years old lives three miles from his nearest neighbour. They demand his oath under threats, and leave him in return, for his sole and sorry protection, a flimsy scrap of paper such as I have seen, perhaps a quarter the size of a sheet of notepaper, stating that he is not to be molested by any British army; and the troop marches off on its way. A month later comes a body of a thousand Boers: they recognise no oath to the enemy, and the man has again his choice between death and service with them. Boers as strong in condemnation of a broken word as the loftiest of Englishmen have seen, what the English at home have not seen, the actual situation of that unhappy farmer. They can guess what some English farmers might do in a like calamity; and they believe that where the man is to be left perfectly helpless the taking of his oath by force can only be justified by force. It is war, not morals; and the officer who gives the oath under such conditions knows its value. A young lad, pale and delicate-looking, told me how he swore neutrality. The officer ordered him to take the oath, twice threatening to shoot him if he refused, and twice he said 'I will not take it.' Then Captain X. put his revolver at his head, with his finger on the trigger. 'Unless you take the oath you will have to face one of these balls.' 'I took it then,' said the boy. I leave it to men of common sense to decide

the value of an oath so administered. The boy failed to keep it when the army passed and the Boers reoccupied the place.

Another charge, the charge of ingratitude, is often brought against the Boers. It belongs to the cheap emotional politics of the day. Statesmen and moralists of a more heroic time held that the only solid ground for dealing between men or nations is sheer plain justice, and for this what honourable man would ask thanks? No certainty or dignity on either side can exist if favours and magnanimities are to be given in a fit of emotional generosity one day and withdrawn the next in a fit of emotional prudence, on the plea that the gift is inconvenient or that the full price of gratitude is not forthcoming. I do not know what man or country would not prefer a strict and unswerving justice to the chances of shifting benevolences, with sudden drafts presented for payment in gratitude. However, be that as it may, I am convinced that the Boer, against whom this charge of ingratitude is brought, is not an ungrateful man. As a wise and by no means sympathetic observer in the camp, one of another nation, said to me, 'The Boer is grateful. It is absurd to say he is not. Of course, if you give him nothing, so far as he can see, he will not be grateful: but ingratitude is not his fault. He has many, but not that.'

In private relations they are undoubtedly a grateful people. I was told by men from whom I could have least expected it that the prisoners were, I cannot, alas! say comforted, but in some sense relieved by having an opportunity to tell their sorrow. Many came to see me. An unknown man brought to the tent door the photographs of his family. Others unknown brought gifts of carvings. In one case a Boer officer came to the tent door: 'A burgher wishes to give you this stick,' and he vanished, nor did I ever know the name of the good burgher. Many, indeed, were the gifts and addresses of thanks which told from day to day of the gratitude and warm kindness of the Boers—the gifts, I believe, had been subscribed for among these poor men and bought from the carvers. I ought to say, perhaps, that I had carried nothing to commend myself. I brought no present. I did not buy of the camp manufactures. I explained that I belonged to no party and was no politician, or able to do anything for them. They felt simply that one who sympathised with sorrow need be no stranger in that camp. Commandant Wolmarans, whom English and Boers, without a single exception, respect and honour, held my hand in both of his while he begged through the interpreter that I would remember them, that I would always remember them in my prayers. He begged it yet again. A group of old men sat round silently and deeply moved. A grey-headed commandant whom I had often seen, but whom I had never heard speak, came forward with the only words I ever heard from him, and certainly the only words of English he knew, and shook my hand. 'God bless you, Mrs. Green,' he said. In my visit I made, indeed,

many friends in camp—friends whom I shall long remember, and hope to meet again in a happier scene.

For Deadwood Camp is a place of sorrow. In saying this I know I am going against the general voice of St. Helena. The island is universally proud of the wholesome influence of its trade-winds, even if the camp turns into a soaking bog under winter rains, and in summer suffers actual water famine. Five months ago miserable men were landed here: some had been imprisoned over three months in ships; fed on biscuit and bully beef, shut down from air, and only allowed one hour in the twenty-four on deck; packed tightly in ships which had been used for cattle and were horribly infested with vermin, the most intolerable suffering to these men; for four months they had had no change of clothes, day or night, from what they wore on the battlefield. Others had come from the horrors of Paardeberg. They had lain, over nine hundred of them, for over a week in the sultry harbour of Jamestown till the camp was ready. Broken with suffering and misery, they took six hours to march the five miles to the camp, and their aspect filled all who saw them with pity. There was some sickness among them at first, but in the healthy breezes and the sunshine their strength returned; and fever has by this time practically died out. There is scarcely any illness now, save among the very old, and a few cases of wounds. In the Hospital, by the wise and kind arrangement of the doctor, the sick Boers are nursed by orderlies of their own race, willing to come from the camp to minister to their compatriots.

There are important problems with regard to camp life which deserve the fullest discussion. But at the best is there no room left for tragedy and sorrow?

There is a great effort in the camp itself to preserve a vigorous and cheerful air. Sports were got up while I was there, which had an excellent effect in raising their spirits. Many of the prisoners are wonderfully industrious. They work hard at the new occupations they have discovered, of carving and the like. Some found a teacher and learned what they could of languages or arithmetic. About forty of them are allowed to work for some of the island people at gardening or painting. Those who are employed, however, must of course be few. The rest have to bear their burden in idleness. It was melancholy to see the boys. When I tried to take a photograph of the lads, it looked like a small school. Young as they are they look even younger than their age, and one's heart sorrows for children in such a camp. In some of the strong young men the devil's work of bitterness and despair is being carried out; for 'great distress has never hitherto taught, and while the world lasts it will never teach, wise lessons to any part of mankind.' Others have patience and unquenchable fortitude; their private griefs they carry with a grave reserve so far as outsiders go, which deceives, as

I came to think, the unobservant looker-on. In all talk the first question is the public welfare, the fate of their country: the rest lies next to it in God's hands. A few have broken down from grief. One, of French blood originally, was sent into a melancholy mania by the sight of a photograph of his wife and children sent to him; others were growing old men and grave. 'This is a place where men grow very serious,' a young man said to me; 'some of them laugh no more, some have grown grey. I am glad I am not married.' One or more have died of senile decay. A few others that I saw will probably follow in the same sad road; it seemed inconceivable, on any theory of war, that it should be necessary to carry as prisoners to St. Helena the group I saw newly brought in—old men over sixty-five, bowed down by paralysis and various infirmities, sitting there motionless, a sick and hopeless company, on the edge of the grave. It seemed as if they had been transported by mistake. I have read and heard, as we all have, a cheap and vulgar mockery of the Boer religious services. But no observer can go to the Sunday gathering of the camp, and sit in the very midst of the people as I did, without seeing a sight that is not laughable, old far-seeing men 'waiting still upon God,' while on some, not all, but in truth on some of the younger faces (very poor men, I thought), there was an ecstasy of rapt entreaty for 'a present help in time of trouble.'

'How could you face war?' I said to a trembling old man of sixty-five, who had volunteered to fight. 'I prayed to the Lord,' he said; 'I gave myself and my family to His care. And it was wonderful to see how He strengthened us. There was not a tear. One daughter carried my rifle, the other my bandolier, and my wife (she is sixty-three) carried my bag. They were all quiet; you would never have thought I was going away. I did a soldier's duty; I did what I had to do. It is strange, in the heat of a fight you do not care what happens. You shoot, and you do not care. How it should come that a thing like that can happen I do not know, but it does happen to a man. But, oh, it is a bitter thing to think of afterwards! When I think of what I saw all round me I shiver with horror. Believe me, I can scarcely keep the tears out of my eyes at night when I think of the sufferings I have seen. I grieve as much for the widows in England as for those of our own people. I know I am a prisoner, and must be obedient,' he added. 'I have my parole, and can go a little way out of the camp, and sit down quietly to read. I am thankful they give me that liberty.' I said a word of sympathy. 'It is well,' he answered gently, 'that we have the Bible left.'

I was often touched to see how the prisoners share the burdens of a common calamity. There is much tenderness to the old and afflicted, and gentleness and respect to those whose sacrifices were conspicuous. I remember the general anxiety that I should humour by taking his photograph a poor shaking deaf old man who had nine

sons and sons-in-law in the war, and, coming into the camp to see some of them, had been taken prisoner of war. The whole crowd stood him up and sat him down, stroked his grey locks, and turned his battered slouch hat up and down to see what particular cock became him best, and shouted explanations in his deaf old ears.

I have unfortunately met some men and women who can feel no compassion for any sorrows which are the just deserts, as they think, of men who have fought against England. By such a spirit as this do we hope to make Imperial rule beloved ! This, however, was the feeling of those who ‘ stood afar off.’ There is many a true Englishman, who has reflected on the story of his own people, who, if he himself could see into the tents of the Boers, must feel grief and awe that sorrow of the quality there known should lie under the English flag. Truly the lessons of tragedy may be learned there ; ‘ to raise and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest—in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion.’

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

THE POET'S END

Hôtel Unprecedented

THE curious people one meets upon one's travels!—the grand tour undertaken, not by the heir to titles or great lands—not by a Philip Stanhope, with the discreetest of tutors Lord Chesterfield could appoint—but by Jones of St. John's Wood, and Robinson, whose fortune comes from carpets in the Westminster Bridge Road. An obvious thought! But I dined, last evening, at the Hôtel Unprecedented—and hence these observations.

With me there was, and is, through all my sojourn in the South, my young ward, Lucy Summers (the General's daughter), to whom I am—admirer scarcely, and never lover at all; but a grave counsellor, who has some joy in her Present, and for her Future some solicitude. Stricken in years, I am found worthy of her friendship. We were not stumped for conversation. Lucy is ever receptive and inquiring, and I am generally communicative—not to say garrulous. Yet we said little. We listened to the talk of others, and watched the ways of those whom Providence has suddenly enriched. It is not our world at all.

Have I dignified with the name of conversation—No, I said 'talk'—the stray remarks which, in sign, as I suppose, of friendliness to each other, rather than from any affluence of ideas, fell from time to time from these good people, transplanted into luxury. Did I hear Art mentioned? Certainly not. Poetry? Did I ever expect it! Politics? Hardly at all. The Theatre? Well, it was Edna May, or some later American, riskier but less pretty, and floundering in bovine clumsiness, in some drama of France. The talk was chiefly, 'Who was Mrs. So-and-So? Last night she wore rubies.' 'The old fellow there again this evening. A couple of bottles of Champagne, all to himself, every night with his dinner!' 'What! Not got any Sloe Gin! What are you here for, Waiter!' Course followed course; the meats were succulent; the service smooth (so was a certain *purée de marrons*); my modest claret was sufficiently silky. But had it not been for Lucy, and the amusement of watching—Heavens! the dulness of the meal! In fashionable London

taverns people chatter, people laugh—you know who people are. They have interests—even if they be foolish ones. For their own sakes, and each others', they have come with their gaiety—they have left their dulness at home. But here—fancy the difference!

In the Musicians' Gallery sat five music-makers, whose strains must have been destined to fill up—yet they could hardly conceal—the emptiness of the conversational desert. What did it matter to the listeners what music was discoursed, provided that the jig upon the fiddle strings was danced gaily, and the hall flooded with sound? The musicians themselves were affected—Lucy pointed out to me—by the colossal dulness of the audience that dines. I noticed, for my own part, that they omitted—it was no tribute to me and to my Past—that *Largo* of Handel's which my heart loves, for I heard it, long ago, at Buxton, when I was satisfied, breathing the air that was breathed by Sylvia. The Past—but they knew nothing of it. And little but the knowledge of their hearers' incapacity made them leave out that Handel *Largo*, whose tones, to me, are resignation and acceptance—'It is time to be old.'

Again, the *Lied* of *Adelaida*—Beethoven's of course—which Sims Reeves sang thrillingly in what was almost my youth—the *Lied* of *Adelaida* they played flatly, inexpressively. Tired men. And that done, and a silly finale, the door shut behind them, and, from the corridor beyond the gallery, their voices revealed the relief that they were conscious of as they withdrew to their Lager Beer. But *Adelaida*, mangled and done to death by treatment like that—*Adelaida*, which, much more than the *Kreuzer Sonata* (whatever Tolstoi may say) is the strongest word of a devoted love—of refined and virile adoration! *Adelaida* is the soul of Passion. Love, maddened and rapturous, alone made such music possible. Passion justified by its works—by the Art it has given birth to.

But, in my thoughts, I have been carried far from the Hôtel Unprecedented. And even while I heard, at dinner-time, those mangled strains, Miss Lucy—sitting prettily, my *vis-à-vis* receded, faded, was lost to my true vision—though I like the girl genuinely. The *Adelaida* that was done so badly, and the *Largo* that was not done at all, but only figured on the programme—they had taken me, I found, to Sylvia.

I am old, I am old: the sands are low in the glass. But I should be content to know that as one shuts one's eyes on Life, that face—even the memory of it—is the last one sees: that in thought, in the dread hour, one holds only that hand.

Real Life

One is amused at the attitude of the honest well-to-do *bourgeois*, if ever, in his company, one's thoughts and talk have strayed a little

into a world of Poetry, noble Art, conceptions not unworthy—in a word, the things of the Spirit. His attitude towards these is one of tolerance and patronage; and then, complacently, he says—or *she* says, oftener—‘To return to *real life!*’

And what he means—and, yet more, what *she* means—by ‘real life,’ is, I find always, something that can be drunk or eaten, touched or bought. ‘Real life!’

War

A patriot, with no need to advertise his patriotism, I detest war, and recognise its need. I detest and yet I appreciate it. Quakers—who, in many a deep thing of life, mistake, nowadays, the shell for the kernel, and the kernel for the shell—blandly and needlessly enlarge on the most obvious of the mischiefs brought about by bloody strife—and feel, I may suspect, to boot, the loss of trade which accompanies that lapse in brotherhood. But if it separates nations, war brings together classes, and brings together men. The conductor of the omnibus does justice to the prowess of a peer; the griefs and sacrifices of the noble are brought home to those who have supposed that an assured position and great name conferred immunity from woe; the faultless courage of the poor astonishes the prudence of the middle class. War is a discipline, an education; the personal effort elevates, the personal loss adds strength to the character, and makes the common nature at least a little more profound.

But one could wish that war, when waged, might be waged always with half-civilised peoples, and that no nation so beneficent as to have had for all the world its Goethe, or its Molière, its Dante, its Beethoven, might be offered again, through unrecorded time, the immense affront of battle. With privileges infinite, unspeakable, each civilised nation has endowed every other. Imagine France feeling no gratitude for the land of Shakespeare!—England no recognition of the sensibility, the brightness, suavity, and grace which, if we possess them to-day in any heightened measure, we possess through that which, for three brilliant centuries of production and charm, France has done and been! It is not sentimental altogether—it is only human, only properly and reasonably grateful—to think of it sometimes like that—that war with Germany would mean a wound to Schiller; war with France an insult to Balzac, an affront to Watteau.

Whatever the offences of the populace of Paris, the attitude of our ordinary folk—often as dull and unimaginative as these others are capricious and reckless—must never be suffered to bring us within measurable distance of that danger. From us war must not come.

But if, indeed, it did fall out that the upper hand in France were given, not to the people of quietude and sense, of happy industry and frugal joy, but to the reckless and the brutal, the 'red fool Fury of the Seine'; if war were forced upon us—well—may my time be over! The thing would have to be. But, knowing all I owe to France—all that Civilisation owes her—the thing would lacerate my being: I have not courage for that time. Put me first, with deafened ears, under the ground; and ask some other poet to sing my England's doleful triumph—her certain, her inevitable, but her too tragic victory!

Principle

Sir William Manchester the great physician, an amiable, only too tolerant, friend of mine—sometimes the effective soother of my later infirmities—discussed with me, I recollect, before I left England, the characteristics of our London lower middle class; averring that their humanity and kindness are as good as the firm 'principle' which they confessedly lack. I would not willingly misjudge or in any thought bear hardly upon folk whose lives have been a struggle for bread—they are without the traditions; they are unconscious of the responsibilities; and their behaviour according to their lights. I am far indeed from condemning it. They have much sense of fairness; they can be helpful, generous; they can even be self-sacrificing; they enjoy to be kind. But to brace them for the uphill struggle to do the difficult Right, I could wish more widely diffused some basis of action, solidier, more certain, than the accidents of mood, the impulses of temperament or race. We want, not impulses, or not impulses only, but standards of tone to support them; a sense of Duty—something beyond the chance benevolences of the hour and day. I am, in many things, democratic. I love the poor, and am at home with them not less at all than with the rich. But Sir William's observations of the soul are not as penetrating as his observations of the body, if he would argue that the kindly wish and lavish act are in truth sufficient substitutes for that steady lighting and sure guide which Principle alone affords to the generations of men.

Poetry

'Colour is so *poetic*,' a young woman once said to me; her rich eyes having noticed, not unsympathetically, my deep refreshment when I saw that somebody had put together, rightly, silver and mauve, and puce and gold, and had flooded lilac with white. But when my young friend—not of the cultivated classes—said '*poetic*,' all that she meant was '*sensuous*.' Poetry, in the common apprehension, is either sensuousness or sentimental maundering. These

—in the ordinary judgment, it is taken for granted—these are her comrades, if not her very self. Thus are things linked together. . . . Poor Poetry! I thought she did not minister alone to Luxury—I thought she had her Dorian mood, and that she braced to energy of action or endurance of trouble.

One's Years

(One realises most effectively the number of one's years, not by one's own feelings, but by the implications of friends and the chance comments of acquaintances. For half a generation at the Athenæum an amiable divine, greatly my senior, has been wont to refer occasionally to our ages with complete contentment, and to assume always that we are strictly contemporaries. 'Elderly men like you and me, you know.' Privately, I scoffed a little. In the autumn, when visiting in Hampshire, I repaired for shaving to the country town. The barber, who is a sidesman at an Evangelical Church, and therefore privileged to utter disagreeable things with something of a spiritual mission, told me with pride that his own years were seventy-one, and, on my bidding him to guess mine, frankly averred that I was sixty-two. 'Several years younger,' I replied, with all the cheerfulness that I could muster. 'Sir, I should never have supposed it!' He had, alas! beside him, no Dictionary of Contemporaries to prevent his unacceptable error.

Again, passing through York, a month before I came into Provence, I made friends over the luncheon table, at the railway station, with a youth, intelligent and energetic, who did me polite services. 'I like everything in York,' I said to him, 'except the climate.' 'Ah!' he replied, and almost tenderly, 'the climate doesn't matter a rush to *me*, but I know that it *is* very trying—to elderly people.'

So the truth comes home to one, and one's diminished days seem to darken.

The Invalid

From the minor offences of the valetudinarian, which it is possible to tolerate, I feel that I am passing, here at La Bocca, into the excesses of the invalid. And these, prolonged, are unpardonable. Of course, I would have mercy; but I have seen, in far too many a case, the claims of the invalid—of 'our dear patient,' or our 'venerable relative,' so long laid up in lavender, upon the shelf—press cruelly, press exactingly, upon the useful and the young. There should be a Statute of Limitations. . . . I believe it to be true that Mr. Browning considered it actually criminal to be unwell.

The Narrowed Ways

As far as this world is concerned—movement, activity—I am become a prisoner, almost a derelict. Not actually old, as men of our day count age, so much has gone from me by Time, by health, and by changed circumstance. The field, how circumscribed!—the ways, how narrow! Madame de Staël declared the best defences against Age were Exercise, Love, Study. But, when the defences have broken down—when the breach is wide and irreparable!

I can still read, be driven, walk a little, see the great skies and changing waters, listen to the music of instruments, and to the yet more personal appeal of that finest instrument, the voice. And not in song only, but in refined and beautiful, considerate speech. . . . It's a time to reflect. I hope I recognise at present, gratefully, the undeserved kindnesses of many, and remember with sorrow, but with no feeling so injurious as remorse, what have been some, at least, of my own errors and deficiencies in dealing with my fellow men—this or that service unrequited; too many generous approaches restrained by my own seeming coldness—my failure, sometimes, to place myself at the point of view of others—to be dramatic and imaginative in Life, as constantly as in my work of Literature.

How much has been extended to me of appreciation and good fellowship, of graciousness and gaiety! How these, and all the charms that I have revelled in, lifted my heart! Great things have been denied me—at least, the greatest thing of all: the answering voice of some one human affection as profound as your own, frankly abandoned to your service, to go your way, to be one with you. At least, when I depart, no heart breaks; though I have not been too busy for Friendship, or too egotistic for Love.

Then, too, in the absence of any constant pre-occupation with a life other than your own—with no child causing you to look to that which may come after with passion of hope, or with solicitude unceasing and profound—may there not be more than the average of warm-hearted goodwill, not for one's friends only, but for the people one does not know, whose eyes are bent upon concerns you only guess at; whose feet have pattered past you on their own errands? People of all social worlds, and 'half-worlds,' and of no 'worlds' at all. Struggling men, hard-worked women, girls making some lovers happy—all the children of your race, your English race, that you thank God that you belong to.

Pain

It was Bishop Butler, I think, who, suffering from the stone, saw reason to declare that the greatest physical pleasure in life was the

cessation of pain. It would not become me to dispute with a Church dignitary these matters: and, sometimes, in my present sufferings, I incline to his opinion. The incomparable rest; the cessation of pain, that gives, not only relief, but a vista—almost a new dawn.

I am entertained, diverted, in any access of suffering, by the mental attitude of my nurse. Her interest in me, I note gladly, is a little human, though at first it was but professional. 'You would like to swear, perhaps? Don't mind me! Please swear, if it eases you.' Thanks—No! If I swore, I should do so only in momentary and trivial irritability—I should never do so in the trough of this deep sea. My pain reminds me of my prospects. In view of them, let me be grave, courageous; as far as may be, self-respecting. I would fold about me, with what dignity is possible, my tattered robe.

The Sands Run Low

Just as in Clarges Street and in my walks over half London, I followed constantly, in thought, with immense interest, the fortunes, the careers, the daily doings, of all sorts of people with whom I may never have exchanged a word—with some of them not even the easier look of unexpressed comradeship: of tacit, pleasant understanding—so now, lying at the western corner of these long English quarters set in the soil of France—here at La Bocca, where Cannes is most French and France is most Provençal—I shut my eyes to imagine the scenes around me, out of my sight, beyond my visiting, but which are the same, still, as when, in earlier sojourns and in stronger days, I drank in with delight all the spectacle of their charm. In London, one is occupied with people; in Provence, with places—places have a life of their own, a personality, a character, it seems at times almost a soul. And so, in solitude, one finds communication.

My windows face the south; my bed is turned northwards. Behind me then, below the house-wall, is the great gravel-walk, level and broad, along the top of the garden. Cactus-edged; short palm trees breaking with their light shadows a course otherwise sunshine. And, where the wide path—almost a terrace—stops, a little falling ground; rocks, and a narrow way hedged here with rose-mary or quince; then, at a sheltered turn, a seat giving sight of the whole line of sea.

That is one view, one place.

If I pierced the eastern wall of my large, sparsely furnished, quiet chamber, all Cannes would stretch away, with its white houses in the sunshine: the great hotels, the flower-market by the quay, the sea-side walk towards the Croisette, the crowded shop-line of the Rue d'Antibes, and, beyond it, the heights of Californie and the Observatory Hill, ending Cannes, and, from the level where I lie, shutting out the crests of the remote mountains, tossed against the sky.

But the tossed mountains—their lines nobly riven, so that there is gorge as well as summit, dark valley as well as shining crest—they are there in front of me, as I lie—could I pierce my northern wall.

And the wall to my left—the western one—in my mind it is no more there. Our villa pathway—the short cut to the main road—goes steeply, with a brook beside it, past carnation gardens, past the last trees of the old avenue of olives, past one stunted pine. The road slopes a little; just at La Bocca Station, cottage succeeds cottage; then, on the level, at the plain's beginning, are the glass-works: only a garden and a line of railway between them and the lipping sea. The railway skirts the coast mile after mile, along the edge of the plain; crosses the Siagne near its broadened mouth, where the white leaves of poplars rustle—and so on, on, till, after Théoule and the first cutting in the advancing hill, it disappears, in distance, in the tunnelled Esterel. While daylight stays, everything is defined, and much is stirring—only at night one properly imagines the companionship, the mystery, of the plain. What lies beyond the plain, at night impenetrable, in daylight definite and clear? Half the Provençal villages I love and know—castled Auribeau, wound about by the Siagne's upper reaches—the river loth to leave the grey rocks and the richest greenery—then all the scattered places with the dear Provençal names: Pegomas, Mougins; Mouans-Sartoux on the hillside; Plan de Grasse—the outskirts of the old-world mountain city.

All this then, that I knew of old, all this is about me. How much is my own, now? For me, the mental vision. For others, the sight of these things, their material realisation—the difference, a symbol of the lives that others lead, and of the narrowed life that I have come to. A mere waiting—for it is scarcely more—a waiting almost over—and the imminent change.

They are all very kind to me. Doctor, a friend. Landlady, actually, a friend. Nurse, human. Lucy, shining and self-forgetful, gladdening my eyes—the mere outside of me, and more than that—now and again with her prettiness. Except in my poor physical system, order reigns. My thoughts go out beyond this bed-chamber—this bodily suffering—and in the journey of the mind, they cross through France, to England . . . England! Sylvia!

A Memorandum by a Friend

The Poet's closing days were, I am told, passed quietly. He was free from pain; but there fell upon him—unexpectedly, one would have said, so much at variance was it with his temperament—listlessness, and something more, a willingness to be gone. It was Influenza's last curse. He was yet, at moments, lively enough to remind those about him that, in the fancy of Anatole France—a

fancy derived from the Classics—the end came only to those who were willing to receive it. Sylvestre Bonnard—he recalled to them—had succumbed, at last, to an attack of apoplexy, ‘des plus persuasives.’ And he smiled. And, for a moment, Lucy Summers—his ward, who knew him well—thought it possible he might fulfil, really, an old cheerful threat, or cheerful promise, that, like Vespasian, he would die jesting.

Our poor friend’s liveliness, however, in these last days, was but occasional. Generally, he was brooding. He would stay quiet and grave. Then his face lightened a little. On paper by his side he wrote, now and again, a few words. Strength failed him. The last scrap was possibly a thought from some French poet: ‘La mort est une restitution.’

Afterwards, he tried no more. They did the little that could be done for him—but he had ‘consented to die.’ The afternoon went on. He would have said, himself, that skies and sea were the immense and silent witnesses of his departure. His eyes half closed. His fingers wandered, groped about, upon the coverlet—seeking, seeking—and then were still. The nurse reports to me that he said two words quite distinctly—‘Sybil’s hand.’

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

PRESENT DAY PROGRESS IN INDIA

THEY repeatedly asked me in America as to how the English ruled India. There was but one answer : the English have united India from one end to another by railroad, by telegraph, by post office, and various other agencies. The English are uniting the great multitude of Indian races in a sense of growing nationality under one government, under the same laws, and under the invaluable gift of the English language. They have been educating the Indians for over the last three-quarters of a century. Unlike other European nations, the English did not go to India with a religious propaganda ; their rule has been a non-religious rule. The neutrality of their educational policy has indeed produced a good deal of scepticism amongst the younger generation of Hindus ; but, in fact, there is always more true religion in this non-sectarian policy than in the aggressive spirit of proselytism. The uprightness and truthfulness of the English rule and English ideas generally have silently spread a higher ideal of personal and public life. Corruption amongst native officials is all but unknown, and a strict sense of duty is the rule. Higher ideals of social life, higher principles of morality, and even higher aspirations of religion characterise educated Hindus. Internal discords are as rare as fears of an external invasion. There is no doubt of the good-will of the Government for the people, or the loyalty of the people for the Government. What is the reason that from so early as 1830 aspirations for a purer religion have sprung up in the higher classes ? In 1831 the Brahmo Somaj (Society of the Worshippers of One God) was founded, and since then a great many other religious revivals have followed, some of them protesting against the religion of the rulers, but all of them working in the spirit and form of Christian movements.

It must not be inferred from this that the people of India have been, or are likely to be, entirely Anglicised. The higher thought of the Hindus retains its national peculiarity. Our idea of the Godhead will furnish an example of this. The Hindu Deity, in the ancient sense, is an All-pervading Spirit embodying Himself in the great creation with such immanence that the distinction between God and the Universe is lost. God is a Spirit, a Presence, an Influence, an

all-absorbing Medium wherein we unconsciously live and move. When we become conscious of this transcendental relation the soul loses the sense of its separate personality, and becomes part of the Infinite. As all creation is to man only a fact of his own consciousness, when he loses himself in God, the universe also is lost in God. God only remains as the All in All, the One without a second. This is the essence of Hindu religion ; it has a Pantheistic as well as a Theistic interpretation, but all Indian spirituality means oneness with God. On the background of these Hindu sentiments Western religion has steadily worked for a whole century, if not more. Christian Theism has differed from Indian Theism in this, that it has fixed an unbridged gulf between the nature of God and man. Christ indeed tried to teach his followers to be one with him and one with God as he was, nevertheless the Christian religion has practically and spiritually recognised the eternal distinction between God and man. These distinctions have impressed themselves upon the mind of modern India, and we in these days feel that our alienation from God, on account of the sense of sin in us, and our sense of littleness and weakness, is grievous. Though we reach forward to the unity of the soul with God as did our fathers (we have always been Hindu Theists in our idea of God), yet we never forget the unapproachable majesty of the Most High, and the need of our trust and dependence on Him. From these two different influences, Hindu and Christian, the Brahmo Somaj has sprung. We believe in the essential oneness of the spirit of God and man, but we believe in repentance, in prayer, in earnest striving for righteousness, just as much as Christians do, in order that the unity of our soul with God may be effected. We believe also in our domestic, social, and national duties. Therefore the Brahmo Somaj has for long decades undertaken various social reforms.

Take for instance the education of women. The Brahmo Somaj has laid aside all unnatural seclusion of the other sex ; female education is a first duty with us. It is no exaggeration to say that at least a hundred thousand Hindu girls attend public schools of one kind or another. We have about three dozen lady graduates of the Calcutta University alone. Many hundred thousands of our women read and write the vernaculars. Some are poets, some are novelists, some are doctors, some are even strong supporters of the Women's Suffrage Movement ! The walls of the historic zenana are slowly dissolving in the distance. But the question is : will such education answer the needs of the Hindu woman's life ? What are the limits of reserve and self-retirement which she must impose upon herself, as Hindu women in all times have done ? What does Hindu society expect from its instructed women ? The fitness of the ordinary University education for a Hindu woman must always be open to question. The possession of an academic degree has its value in the

marriage market both for young men and young women of a certain class. It is becoming somewhat difficult for perplexed parents to find suitable matches for their graduate daughters, some of whom always think most highly of themselves, and not so much of the other sex. And the danger seems imminent that the Hindu girl, like her English sister, might have to grow into an old maid. Against this there is a now steady protest, because for the Hindu old maid there is absolutely no accommodation in Hindu society. Our feeling is that the education of the Hindu woman will have to be remodelled on a somewhat different basis, such as will give sufficient stimulus to the intellect, but combine with it domestic usefulness, and womanly refinement of every kind.

The institution of caste is not so easy to understand as some people think. In India there have been so many races of immigrants and aborigines, so many different moral and physical constitutions, that men must group themselves according to certain common traits and ideas if they are at all to preserve the purity of their blood, or the integrity of their character. Even the English in India have been obliged to form themselves into a very exclusive caste, and it is not unusual to hear Englishmen described as white Brahmins of the time. Could the various professions and arts be protected and perfected as they have been unless the great caste system had concentrated their acquirements into a well-defined heredity by dividing the workmen into distinctive clans? Could the Brahmins have preserved themselves as the custodians of Sanscrit learning if they had not kept so close to their own caste rules, refusing to intermarry or to mix freely with other classes? Caste has a social as well as a moral code, and the morality of the Hindu population has been largely the result of their caste restraints. This caste system has unfortunately lost its old pliable character, and hardened into hereditary institutions which are against every principle of social unity and large common interest. But its mischief is fast dying out. The educated classes are fast becoming one great community laying aside all unreasonable restrictions and exclusiveness.

The Hindu is credited with a large amount of mildness, often perhaps in ridicule. The mild Hindu has fought many a battle by the side of the Englishman, and shown a great deal of endurance and manliness. Not long ago a well-known Governor of Bengal said that Lord Clive fought the great battle of Plassey with the help of a great many sturdy native spearmen and clubmen. Just now there is a growing fondness in our young men for manly sports of all kinds; they have taken to cricket and football with a zeal which surprises foreigners. Indian teams of cricketers have come to England, and may come again. But our complaint is that our boys are not taught the art of self-defence, or the use of firearms as all European boys, and even those of mixed parentage, are taught in the public schools of Calcutta and

Bombay. Their physical backwardness is reproached, but nothing is done to give them that physical education which European and Eurasian schoolboys generally receive. If this injustice were removed, even Bengali boys might some day come up to the lofty standard of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But in every case we men of the Brahmo Somaj give more importance to mind than to muscle. Any superiority which the Hindu ever had was owing to his spiritual culture, and we believe that when he has the virtues of the mind he will acquire the virtues of manliness and physical hardihood also. The converse is not always true.

During the last twenty-five years a great change is observable in the attitude of our people towards Christianity. They have certainly great reverence for the life and teachings of Christ; they have largely outgrown the old prejudice against studying the Bible. They do not, indeed, accept the Christ of popular theology, but they believe in the spirit of Christ. We hold that by worshipping God Christ teaches us how to worship, by loving God he teaches us the love of God and man, by devoutly suffering and dying he teaches us the great truth of resignation to the Will of God. In no country as in India has there been such an apotheosis of great men. The warrior, the king, the saint—nay, whoever has shown any great excellence—is set down as divine, as the incarnation of God. The divinity of Man therefore does not startle the Hindu mind. We believe, in the Brahmo Somaj, that the divinity of Christ is only an intensified form of that doctrine. If God's excellence dwells in every man more or less, the greatest human excellence, as it dwelt in Christ, is nothing more than the incarnation of the Deity in the highest sense. But every teacher is not the same as every other, and the Divine Humanity of Christ as the Son of God is not the same as the divine humanity of every other teacher, and God dwells in him as He dwelt in no other. Yet Christ is our kith and kin, very different in the degree of his perfection, but always imitable and attainable. We believe that the uniqueness of Christ does not lie in his being the Almighty Eternal Creator, but in his identification with what is deepest and divinest in every man and woman. The wisdom of the wise is strange to the ignorance of the foolish, the holiness of the saint repudiates the impurity of the sinner, but the light and love of Christ include the foolish and the fallen if they are only willing to receive his love. The Jew excluded the Gentile, the Hindoo excluded the Mlechha, the Greek excluded the Barbarian, but the Christ ideal embraces all races and all creeds alike. To many of us in the Brahmo Somaj the Christ ideal is the type of all human excellence. Nor do we believe Christ to be an abstract ideal only, but an historical and personal life. This life is the presence and force of God in the actual manhood of the world. It existed in men before Christ was born, and it has entered into men after Christ's death. Let no one,

therefore, suppose that the central idea and type of the Universal Man abolishes the various teachers and types of manhood born in other races. We maintain thus that the greatest and best leaders of all lands will for ever continue to retain their places as national examples and lights, but that the excellences of all peoples and popular heroes shall be summed up to form the unity of the Son of God and Man. Perhaps the Christian missionaries in India have not very largely helped us to form this idea; certainly modern Christian literature of the time has helped us more. The missionaries have, however, always deserved our honour for the humanity and unselfishness of their work. They have been our educators, oftentimes our friends, oftentimes examples of the moral excellence of their races. In great calamities they have befriended the people, in wild uncultivated provinces they have been the messengers of knowledge and civilisation. The only obstruction in their way has been their theology. But even that theology is much more temperate now than it was at one time. They no longer attack Hindu faith and principles with the same violence as before, they no longer criticise our national prophets with the same antipathy, nor do they look upon our national usages and reforms with the same disfavour. But this is not sufficient. We look forward to a day when Christian missionaries and Hindu reformers will form a brotherhood, different indeed in theology, but one in spirit, in aim, in the inspired humanity of Jesus Christ, and the Fatherhood of God.

The moral force of the Christian religion should not be exhausted by ordained Christian missionaries alone, but every English man and English woman in India should be a messenger of the spirit of their religion. They should be conscious of the great responsibility that rests upon them. The good name and the good influence of the Imperial Government rest upon what each Englishman does and thinks in India. The dense masses of our people have no chance of seeing their honoured Empress, nor have they much chance of knowing the Viceroy who is her representative, nor even the representatives of that representative. But they see and deal with the subordinate officials, and the non-official trader, planter, soldier. If each one of these shaped his conduct according to the laws of life laid down in the New Testament, and felt that the august responsibility of the Empire rested upon each and all, the cause of Indian progress would make greater headway. The personal relations of Europeans and native Indians have not, I am sorry to say, improved much. Education has improved, moral character has improved, religion has improved, but the personal attitudes of the two races remain very much the same as before. Some of our newspaper writers, some of our political agitators, even some of our religious revivalists, say things which unmistakably have an under-current of discontent, of estrangement, not a little defiance, as if

everything English were bad, and everything Indian were good. This is often done in spite of the remonstrance and sober examples of the leaders of Hindu society. On the other hand, when I contemplate the behaviour of some of our European fellow-subjects I am filled with grief and dismay. When will their tendencies to personal violence cease? When will they treat with forbearance and Christian patience the faults and shortcomings of their Indian dependents? One outrage, one taking of life in sudden anger, one case of dishonour to women vibrates through the overstrung feelings of our sensitive millions, and is echoed and re-echoed from one end of the country to the other. I regret to say that such acts are not more infrequent now than before. I know the Viceroy deplores them, the judges of the High Court deplore them, the heads of the Government deplore them, and all reputable non-official Europeans are sorry for them. But nevertheless they go unchecked; and that they cannot be controlled by a mighty Christian Government keeps open a sore which may some day prove dangerous. Perhaps nothing can remove this source of weakness except the sense that each Christian man who goes out to India is a responsible representative of his Queen and his Christ.

The freedom of public opinion is the proud privilege which England confers wherever she rules. The same spirit in which the English have wrought and sought and fought for their rights since the ancient days of the Magna Charta they freely confer on those whom they approach, and it has been given to us in India. The English have made our homes free, our thoughts free, our utterances and religious acts perfectly free. Oftentimes we fail to perceive whether the yoke of the rulers presses upon us at all. I doubt whether we have deserved it, whether we are thoughtful and grateful enough for it. But this is not to be wondered at. A youthful man or nation, untrained in the use of the high prerogatives, is apt to be indiscreet. Long and bitter experience induces wisdom and reflection. But, because we lack in the wisdom of experience and self-control, should these privileges, spontaneously given by strong and generous rulers, be withdrawn and curtailed? Should not further training be given, further forbearance on the part of our teachers be shown, so that our drawbacks may be removed in time? If you have given us self-government, give us more and more of it, even if we should not be thoroughly deserving, because the sense of responsibility surely teaches and trains in the long run, whereas the withdrawal of responsibility as surely demoralises. If freedom of the press has been given us, let it not be taken away because some of us have abused it; give us more and more, for with the growth of our moral culture, under the guidance of the indwelling God, we shall surely control our intemperance of speech. Bear with us yet a little

while, and the moral and spiritual laws will make the work of the secular legislator unnecessary.

The great need of the present day in India is the need of mutual sympathy. The duties of the Government in dealing with the vast and conflicting interests of the country are so perplexing that all hostile criticism is disarmed at the thought, and the genuine and respectful sympathy of an educated population becomes a natural impulse. On the other hand, the position of the modern Hindu, with all his new ideas, his arduous conflicting duties, is so difficult that he may rightfully claim the goodwill and sympathy of thoughtful men. I acknowledge my personal indebtedness to the various criticisms of the class of men to which I belong, namely, 'the Bengali Babu.' It has been the target of almost universal ridicule. No doubt it has its faults, and every word of adverse criticism has only opened the way to self-reflection and self-improvement. Though sometimes pained, sometimes grieved, sometimes insulted by the attacks which have been lavished upon us, yet I think the attacks of our critics have often helped us to be worthier men. But it would be a wiser course to give up all this hypercriticism, and learn some feeling of mutual respect and sympathy. A terrible calamity is now ravaging the population of India. The millions of famine-stricken men and women have sunk to the lowest depths of helplessness. The people of England and the Government of India, led by a singularly warm-hearted and sympathetic Viceroy, have exalted themselves by their generous and continuous help-giving. If this spirit of sympathy lasts after the famine has passed away, and a system of progressive measures steadily followed to make another famine less calamitous, the kindness now shown will be practically completed. The plague has broken out in Calcutta not unexpectedly. The unstinted sympathy and benevolence with which our beloved Governor, Sir John Woodburn, has treated the panic-stricken people of Calcutta might be fitly imitated by every ruler in every province.

There is such a thing as the famine of the soul; the hunger and thirst for human fellowship and compassion. The modern educated Indian, separated by his advanced ideas from his own people, is a lonely being. The great masses of his countrymen look askance at him, the great community of Europeans look suspiciously at him. He does not know where to turn for a crumb of compassion. He is proud of the Government under which he lives, he is unspeakably reverent to the august Sovereign whom he calls his Mother. There is just now a great deal of talk about the Imperial feeling, the solidarity of the Colonies, the increasing alliance between England and America. The Indian feels he too is a child of the Empire, the glory of England reflects lustre upon him, England's heroes are his heroes, England's future is his future. He has served England, and his service has often been acknowledged. The sympathy of his

rulers brings to his heart a glow of pride and pleasure. Yet he cannot forget the previous history of his great land and people; he feels, like St. Paul, that he is the citizen of no mean city; he therefore makes his appeal for consideration and help to Englishmen in England, the home of truth, and freedom, and Christian excellence. England represents Western civilisation, Western character, Western future. India represents the East, Eastern imagination, Eastern culture, Eastern impulses. By the approach of England to India, and the relations of India to England, the East and the West are effecting a providential union. When this union is complete, as some day it will be, the East and the West shall make different sheepfolds of the same great Shepherd, and the nations of the rising and the setting sun will enter the great home of the All-Father to live in ever-growing peace and progress.

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. .

‘THE SOURCES OF ISLAM

THIS remarkable book has been written by the Rev. W. St. Clair-Tisdale, Missionary, C.M.S., Julfa, Persia. It takes up a subject never as yet brought properly under discussion either by Mahometans or Christians—namely, the origin of the Coran, and the Sources from which both it and Tradition have been derived. By the teaching of Mahomet the Coran is of divine origin, and was brought down, as tradition tells us, word by word by Gabriel to the Prophet’s ear. The original is ‘written on a tablet, kept in Heaven,’¹ ‘sent down on the night of al Cadr’² by the Almighty. Thus the Coran comes from God alone, heavenly, divine, and uncreate from all eternity. Now if it can be shown that much of this grand Book can be traced to human and unworthy sources existing round about the Prophet, then Islam falls to the ground. And this is what the Author proves with marvellous power and erudition.

Such sources as were derived from the Arabs themselves are treated first (ch. ii.). The shadow of divine unity still subsisted among them. There were a multitude of gods and idols, of which each tribe had its special ones, as Lât and Ozza for the Coreish. The intercession of these was sought; but above and beyond them all was the memory of one great God, Allah—the *Al* (‘the’) a proof of sovereign unity. Curious that the word occurs in the Prophet’s family, his father and uncle being called Abdallah and Obeidallah. There was thus a local source to build upon. Then we have the multitude of national habits and practices, as the Hajj, the Kaaba, &c., maintained in the new faith, though all of earthly origin. It was indeed the Prophet’s endeavour to pull down all purely idolatrous worship;³ and so he did, excepting the kissing of the Black stone, too popular a practice to be abandoned. A curious example of a purely local source may be found in a number of verses of the Coran which are shown to be taken from the Moallaqât,

¹ Surah lxxxv. 21; vi. 19.

² S. xvii. 1. Sent down, then, as they say, to the lowest Heaven, and thence by Gabriel communicated to the Prophet, bit by bit, as occasion required.

³ ‘What think ye of Allat and Al Uzza and ‘Monât, the other third? . . . They are but empty names which ye and your fathers have named Goddesses.’ S. liii. 19.

a plagiarism rather difficult for the Moslem to conjoin with the heavenly origin of his Revelation.

Chapter iii. explains the influence of Judæism. And first we are told that the Five times of prayer were borrowed from the Sabæans. The Jews were numerous and powerful throughout Arabia, and Mahomet, having sought their conversion in vain, at last fought against them and banished them from the country. But in the meantime he had taken much of his teaching from their books, the Talmud, their Commentaries, &c. The first Qibla was Jerusalem, and the marvellous tales thus derived cannot be read without astonishment. Thus there is the story of Cain and Abel, and of their parents weeping while the raven showed how to bury the dead; Abraham cast by Nimrod into the fire unhurt;⁴ the Queen of Sheba uncovering her legs as she walked before Solomon over the glass floor, which she takes for a sheet of water; the descent of Hârut and Mârut and other spirits from above to tempt mankind; Sammâel the Angel of Death speaking out of the Golden Calf—and other fictitious tales too numerous to mention. It is strange that though the Jewish and Christian Scriptures are spoken of throughout the Coran with the utmost devotion, only one passage is quoted from them, viz. 'The meek shall inherit the earth.' In respect also of the Tables of the Testimony put into the Ark, the Moslems (following the extravagant notions of the Jews, who added all their sacred books and the Talmud) place amongst them their own Coran! A vast emerald mountain has also arisen out of the word *Cau* in Genesis i. 2—2,000 years to make its circuit, and 500 its ascent. Such are the wild vagaries of Moslem tradition and the Sources whence they come.

Chapter iv. next shows the apocryphal Christian sources from which Islam has so largely borrowed. There were many Christian tribes in Arabia belonging to heretical sects who had sought refuge there from persecution in Roman lands. Little versed in their own Scriptures, they spent their time in imaginary and childish fables. The Prophet, longing for a universal faith, listened gladly to these, which thus became the source of much we find in the Coran.

First we have the fairy tale of the cave wherein the Seven Sleepers slumbered for ages, fearing persecution.⁵ Next we have endless stories of the Virgin Mary, both in the Coran and with vast detail also in tradition; her mother Hannah, her childhood as fed by angels in the Temple; Joseph chosen by a miraculous rod, &c., much as in the Proto-Evangelium and other Egyptian and Coptic writings.⁶ Then there are the tales of Jesus, as of his speak-

⁴ The story arises out of the strange mistake of *Ur* of the Chaldees (Gen. xv. 7) for the same word signifying an oven or fire.

⁵ It is worth the while of anyone not familiar with the Coran to read this at length, as given in Surah xviii. 8-24.

⁶ Aaron's sister Maryam is curiously confused with Mary of the Gospel.

ing in the cradle, breathing life into birds of clay, &c.⁷ These the Prophet learned probably from Mary his Coptic concubine, as they are all contained in such Coptic books as the Gospel of St. Thomas.⁸ Thus we have the descent of the Table from Heaven (derived no doubt from the table of the Lord's supper); the promise by Jesus of a prophet to come, called Ahmed,⁹ which was apparently caused by the mistake of *περικλυτός* or *παράκλητος*: the notion that the resemblance only, and not the real person, of Christ was slain,¹⁰ derived from the heretic Basilides, &c. Passing over much of interest, we may close our review of Christian sources by notice of the *Balance*, briefly mentioned in the Coran,¹¹ but surrounded by a vast variety of Coptic tales. Two Egyptian books (one of ancient date placed in the tombs to be read by the dead) are quoted at length; a wonderful Coptic picture exhibits how the Balance weighs the spirits, good and bad; and strange sights are given of Adam and Abraham in the Heavens beyond.

Chapter xi. relates many things from ancient Zoroastrian and even Hindoo writings. Persia, far ahead of Arabia, had a sensible influence upon it, and much of what is Oriental in the Coran and Tradition is evidently derived from Pehlavi and other Eastern sources. Thus we have the marvels of the Seven heavens, seen by the Prophet on his ascent from Jerusalem—the Houries; Azazel and other spirits coming up from Hades; the Light of Mahomet, the bridge Sirât, &c.—all illustrated by the author's marvellous knowledge of Eastern literature, beliefs, and history. The Prophet must have learned all these things from the foreigners who frequented Medina. Suspected of this, he indignantly replied that his tongue was not foreign, but pure Arabic alone.¹²

The concluding chapter tells us of a few inquirers in Arabia, called Hanefites, just before the time of Mahomet. There were four at Mecca, of whom one became a Christian, another a Moslem, and a third joined Cæsar. The fourth, Zeid, was first a Jew and then a Christian. One of these, a pious devotee, worshipped yearly in a cave near Mecca, and no doubt influenced the Prophet, who used to visit the same place for quiet and lonely contemplation.

The Sources of Islam, our author in conclusion shows, have been altogether human and misleading. They all passed through the Prophet's mind as he composed the Coran, which thus bears throughout the impress of his own heart and character. One good thing there is in it, viz. a thorough testimony to the Gospel and

⁷ S. iii. 41; v. 19.

⁸ S. v. 121.

⁹ S. lxi. 6.

¹⁰ S. iv. 156.

¹¹ S. xlii. 16; ci. 5 and 6: 'He whose balance is heavy shall live in pleasure; but whose balance is light, his dwelling-place shall be hell fire.'

¹² S. xvi. 103: 'They say a certain man teacheth him; but the tongue of him whom they mention is foreign, while this is simple Arabic'—hardly an answer in point!

'Tourât;' all true Moslems are accordingly invited to study both, and thus through our Saviour Christ obtain the true promises of their father Abraham.

The *Sources* is a noble work, and reflects high distinction on the writer. Hitherto much labour has been spent in showing the falsity and errors of Islam, as has been ably done by Pfander and others. It has remained for our Author not only to conceive a new, and perhaps more thorough and effective, mode of treating the so-called divine and eternal faith, but also in doing so to prove its Sources to be of purely human origin; and that in so masterly and effective a way that it seems impossible for good Moslems to resist the conclusion to be drawn. And for all this the thanks of the Christian world are eminently due to the Rev. W. St.-Clair Tisdale.

W. MUIR.

P.S.—We trust that translations will be made in Arabic and all the languages of the East. An English version would also be valuable. The book has been very poorly printed at Lahore; and issued inadvertently without the Egyptian picture. It should certainly be printed now in better form.

NEGLIGENCE IN RECRUITING

WHATEVER politics he may profess, no reasonable man will assert that the present condition of the British Army is satisfactory. It is useless to remark that Continental troops also would have met with the indifferent success which attended ours in the opening stages of the South African campaign. Equally futile, too, is it to enquire whether the economic starvation from which our Army has suffered in the past is due to Conservative or to Liberal Governments. Discussion upon such points leads only to recriminations, and to statements impossible either of proof or of refutation. True philosophy lies in our ability to accept the facts of life. The Transvaal war has given sufficient proof that the traditional courage of the British soldier has not diminished; and the gallant manner in which all classes of society answered the appeal to arms recently issued by the War Office showed that the spirit of adventure exists to-day as strongly as of yore in the hearts of Englishmen. This discovery is gratifying enough to our national vanity. But now that the darkest clouds have passed, it behoves us to put away this sentiment and to set the house in order. An Empire burdened with great colonial responsibilities requires a more stable protection than can be afforded by a heterogeneous force of patriotic but inexperienced volunteers, hastily collected together after the outbreak of hostilities. In common with other nations, we must maintain a standing army, trained and equipped for service in the field. It need not necessarily be equal in numbers to those of our neighbours; but its strength and efficiency must not fall short of our Imperial requirements.

Before I discuss the subject of this article, I must touch briefly upon two points which affect the constitution of the British Army. Firstly, it is certain that neither universal military service nor conscription in any modified form is suitable, or, to speak more correctly, is applicable to the present temper of the English nation. Soldiers may have their dreams of universal service; but Cabinet Ministers are well aware that to pledge themselves to the introduction of such a measure would be but the prelude of total disaster to their party. In short, universal military service is not within the region of

practical English politics at this moment. We must therefore see that all possible inducements are held out to encourage men to come forward voluntarily to fill the ranks of the Army. Secondly, an Army whose duty is equally divided between the tasks of guarding the Mother Country and garrisoning its colonial dependencies is a more costly article than one which remains always at home. This indisputable fact, therefore, should compel us to keep a strict watch upon the results, so that they may prove satisfactory and commensurate with the expenditure. The first point is a question of recruiting; the second one of general military administration. In theory they are distinct; but as finance is the controlling spirit of all mundane matters, in practice they are apt to overlap.

The state of trade, the condition of the labour market, and a variety of other reasons are liable to affect recruiting at any given moment. Unforeseen fluctuations cannot be guarded against; but, speaking generally, it may be conceded that the supply does not equal the demand. Sufficient numbers can always be secured by lowering the standards of measurements, or in times of great emergency by the more expensive method of offering bounties. But both expedients are bad: the first because it leads to the enlistment of men physically incapable of enduring the hardships of a campaign (it would be instructive to learn what proportion of the enteric fever patients in South Africa were enlisted as 'specials'), or even the exigencies of foreign service; the second on account of its expense. It is our business, therefore, to ascertain why recruits of suitable physique do not come forward.

It is astonishing how ignorant officers generally are of the elementary principles and difficulties of recruiting. A happy belief seems almost to exist in the minds of some that recruits flow into the various depôts arranged for their reception in much the same automatic manner in which rivers find their way to the sea. Nor is this conviction confined to officers of junior rank, for a glance at the Army List will speedily prove how little importance the Horse Guards themselves attach to the recruiting question. Here is a matter on which the safety of the nation directly depends. Yet an Inspector-General with one assistant only is considered sufficient to regulate its administration at Headquarters; and the work of the recruiting agents throughout the United Kingdom is supposed to be effectively supervised by eleven executive Staff Officers.¹ At one period in the history of England, every regiment contained a large proportion of Irishmen. This is not the case to-day; and among the many reasons assigned for the growing disinclination of Paddy to enlist, may not the fact that one Staff Officer for recruiting is all that is believed necessary for the requirements of Ireland find a

¹ Viz.: London (three), Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin. *Vide Army List*, August 1900.

place? It is a constant cry that men born and bred in a Highland district and imbued with its traditions will not enlist in their national regiments. Perhaps the knowledge that the recruiting of these districts is watched by two Staff Officers stationed respectively in Edinburgh and Glasgow may explain this otherwise puzzling fact. Other administrations are not starved in the matter of their Horse Guards' staffs. The Inspector-General of Fortifications has fifteen officers appointed to assist him in carrying out his duties. The Director of Military Intelligence has fourteen, and the Director-General of Ordnance eight. In making these comparisons it is not my wish to infer either that the Headquarters Staff of the Recruiting Department is insufficient for its purposes, or that the other departments are overmanned. But such disparities of numbers as these certainly tend to produce the conviction that the Recruiting Department is the Cinderella of the Horse Guards.²

To be successful in the delicate task of enticing men into the military net requires skill and experience. No doubt the thirteen officers who, according to the Army List, devote their entire energies to recruiting have possessed previous knowledge of the work, and have been selected for their present appointments on account of their former success in it. Even, however, under the most favourable conditions, it can scarcely be expected that eleven Staff Officers will efficiently control the actual recruiting over the entire area of the United Kingdom; and, accordingly, this task is left practically in the hands of the adjutants of Militia and volunteer battalions. Each general officer is nominally responsible for the recruiting results of his own district. But a general officer has many multifarious duties to perform, and unless he happens to command a district to which is attached one of the Staff Officers for recruiting,³ it may happen that this important work is neglected.

Each territorial dépôt is a local recruit-receiving agency. Recruits are found and sent to it for medical inspection and enrolment by selected non-commissioned officers stationed in the larger towns of the county, and by the sergeant instructors of the volunteer battalions. The adjutant of the dépôt is expected to supervise the former, the adjutant of volunteers the latter. Neither officer indeed possesses the requisite time (nor, I fear, in some cases the necessary inclination) to perform properly this duty; and too often both are gazetted to their appointments without regard to their qualifications for recruiting, although the latter work is not the least important part of their office. There are other reasons also why the present organisation breaks down in practice. For example, a recruit of

² It is noteworthy also that none of the officers at present employed upon the Recruiting Staff are in possession of the Staff College certificate.

³ Viz.: Staff Officers for recruiting are attached to five of the seventeen districts into which the United Kingdom is divided.

suitable stamp is not usually out of employment. He cannot therefore be picked up in the street, nor found loafing in a taproom, like some hollow-chested stunted 'special.' He must be angled for as judiciously as a trout in a Hampshire chalk-stream. But during the summer months, when this man will often be at work out of doors, he can be approached, reasoned with, and induced to join the army when work promises to be a little slack. The volunteer sergeant instructors of rural districts ought in these months to look upon every young man at work in the field as a possible recruit. But unfortunately this is precisely what they are unable to do. The exigencies of the volunteer drill and musketry season demand their entire time during the summer, and recruiting returns in the winter consequently suffer. The adjutant of volunteers during the same season ought on his bicycle to be scouring the countryside, seeing that each post-office is provided with a plentiful stock of pamphlets describing the advantages of the Army, that recruiting posters are properly distributed, and, in short, assuring himself that his sergeant instructors are energetically at work. But he, too, is prevented by his volunteer work from systematically performing these duties. The latter must in fact be carried out with difficulty in the autumn and winter, or else observed very superficially. I have mentioned that specially selected non-commissioned officers from the dépôts watch recruiting in the country towns. These men are generally taken from the Militia permanent staff. When, therefore, the Militia comes out for its annual training, they are withdrawn from their recruiting duties, and in many cases the dépôt is unable to spare other non-commissioned officers to take their places. Thus it may happen that many country districts are, from a recruiting point of view, during the summer left unworked.

Much has been expected from the recently introduced practice of marching Line battalions through their territorial homes as occasions offer. It is, however, doubtful if recruiting benefits much by it. The truth is that for all practical purposes the old days of the gay recruiting sergeant, with ribbons on his cap and money in his pockets, are gone. Education has killed him; and the spectacle of a regiment with colours flying and band playing is no more likely in itself to-day to win recruits from the quiet villages it marches through than our old beribboned friend will do. Board schools have put theories and prejudices into the heads of the labouring classes. Thirty years ago, few of the latter were able to read and write. Yet we persistently ignore this and other lessons time's changes should have taught us, and believe that the ancient method of particoloured ribbons and garish posters will still attract men to the Army. What we require in reality is to replace the volunteer sergeant instructors by energetic and smart non-commissioned officers, trained to explain clearly the practical advantages

of the Army to young labourers, and able to combat their unreasoning dislike to a military life; not, according to present methods, by treating him to beer in some disreputable pothouse, but by the employment of suggestive argument. To supervise these agents a clever and capable officer should be appointed to each regimental district. Recruiting must occupy his entire time, and he will have to be constantly on the move.⁴ It will be no part of his duty to write lengthy reports; these, if necessary, must be left to others. But in order that his hands may be freed from local interference, it will be well if he is in direct communication with the Inspector-General of Recruiting. I am aware that in these days of decentralisation such a suggestion savours of heterodoxy. But recruiting has become to-day so pressing and delicate a question that it is advisable to leave its administration entirely in the hands of experts.

The object of these remarks has been to suggest that, under the existing conditions, the Army does not obtain as many recruits as it might do. But, having regard to our increased liabilities, I am uncertain whether a sufficient number would come forward even with an improved administration. In recent years the question of any increase to the existing strength of the regular forces has settled itself in the most simple manner possible. Periodically a cry is heard that the Army is dangerously undermanned. The Government bend before the popular clamour, and, amid the cheers of a patriotic House, propose a small addition of men. In order that nothing shall be wanting, the details of the increase are given. Such and such regiments, we are informed, are to be provided with additional battalions. But this expedient, while swelling the number of battalions of the Army, has little effect upon the supply of recruits. Its result, indeed, is often only to still further accentuate the attenuation of certain regiments with unfavourable recruiting grounds, and who have been accustomed to trust to the surplus recruits of others to fill their ranks. To-day the strength of the Army is fixed practically at double the number of men considered necessary to garrison our foreign possessions. In other words, the battalions at home must be correspondingly as numerous as those abroad.

If the necessary annual quota of recruits is not forthcoming, it follows that the inducements offered by the Army are insufficient to attract young men to it. Given a choice of employment, mankind will select that which tenders the highest wage and the most comfortable life. Taking all things into consideration, the soldier nowadays is not ill-paid; and now that deductions on account of his rations are no longer made, I do not think that he has much to

⁴ His travelling allowances must be liberal. Probably the War Office could arrange with the great railway companies for free passes to be supplied to these officers for use within the limits of their respective districts.

complain of on this point. But I question if the standard of comfort within recent years has advanced as rapidly in the Army as it has done in civil life. Nothing, for example, tends more to discontent men with their surroundings than placing unnecessary restrictions upon their personal liberty. The soldier, unless armed with a pass, must report himself in barracks before 10 P.M. There is no difficulty in obtaining this pass; but it must be applied for twenty-four hours previous to use, and we are not all methodical enough to predict how we propose to spend to-morrow evening. It is true that men of exceptional character are now granted permanent passes; and though this privilege was once criticised freely, I do not think any indiscipline has resulted from its introduction. A certain proportion of men must necessarily remain in barracks in order to cope with fire or other emergency. But I am unable to perceive any valid reason why the remainder should not be free to return to barracks at what hour they please. A soldier is neither a schoolboy nor a fool; and our persistent treatment of him as one or the other has a most injurious effect upon recruiting. Again, the subject of plain clothes is a sore one. At present, warrant officers alone are permitted to wear them. Surely this privilege might be extended to the higher ranks of non-commissioned officers without any grave effect upon the morale of the Army. Matters such as these appear trifling to some, weighty to others. The point of view depends upon whether one believes discipline exists for the Army, or the Army for discipline. This much, however, may at least be said: every unnecessary restriction upon the comfort of the soldier is one more nail driven into the coffin of recruiting.

But the point which tells most hardly against recruiting is the long term of foreign service awaiting the vast majority of our recruits. The antipathy which exists to any description of emigration in the breasts of the labouring classes of the rural districts is almost incredible. Once in the Army, this prejudice soon dies, for soldiers are proverbially restless folk, and like sheep are ready to follow any leader. If indeed we could deal *en masse* with possible recruits, foreign service would have no terrors for them. Unfortunately we must reason with the individual; and yet this is precisely what we are not doing. Take up any of the pamphlets explaining the advantages of the Army, and one is surprised to find how little space is devoted to the unequal division existing between a soldier's terms of home and foreign service. For out of the eight years with the colours, he will spend probably less than two at home. The recruiting posters dispose of the matter by some jocular reference to the excellent opportunities offered of seeing the world at Her Majesty's expense. The levity, indeed, with which the whole subject is treated almost induces the belief that we are afraid to tackle seriously the question of foreign service. But no permanent good

can ever arise from concealment of material fact, and it would be better by far to face this point boldly. Six years is a slice out of a man's life. Looking backwards, they seem an incident only in the march of Time; but to the recruit with his eyes on the future six years will be the limit of his mental horizon. So much continuous service in tropical climates will sap the health and strength of all but the strongest. Officers are inclined to complain if they are unable to obtain leave after three years' absence from home. How much more, then, must Tommy Atkins bewail his hard fate when, without the intellectual and social distractions of his superiors, he is condemned to pass six long years of exile! Whether a shorter term of foreign service would bring more recruits to the colours must be a matter of opinion. I believe myself that the experiment is worth a trial.

The expense of moving large bodies of men is considerable. But if more frequent foreign reliefs would dispose of the recruiting difficulty, their cost at any rate would be less to the estimates than the provision of a substantial increase of pay to all ranks—an increase which must be given soon if we are unable to fill the ranks of the Army by other means. Battalions abroad to-day are kept up to strength by the despatch of annual drafts from home. These drafts are composed of men collected indiscriminately from the eight companies of the sister battalion. On arrival in India or elsewhere, the draft is distributed in the same indiscriminate manner among the companies of the new battalion. Thus the modern tendency to make the company the tactical and administrative unit is defeated by our system of foreign reliefs. But there is one simple method by which the company could be delivered from this stab at its efficiency: viz. to furnish the foreign reliefs by the despatch of companies intact. This, as will be explained later, may offer also a satisfactory scheme whereby the soldier's term of service abroad can be diminished. To carry out this measure, the battalion must be reorganised from eight into four companies. Two considerations dictate this change: firstly, the virtual impossibility of ensuring that each soldier obtains his fair share of home and foreign service under a system of reliefs provided by eight companies in turn; secondly, the fact that the annual waste of a regiment exceeds the strength of a company as constituted at present. Recent warfare has taught us that the fate of battles rests chiefly upon the company and its commander. Once opposing armies are launched against one another, little initiative beyond the disposal of the reserve forces can rest with superior officers. In Continental armies it is almost a maxim that, within reasonable limits, the stronger the company the higher its efficiency. The German infantry battalion consists of four companies, each 250 strong. German methods and principles have been so largely adopted by our Army within recent years that no

apology is needed if we introduce, in imitation of that nation, the four company per battalion organisation. This change would permit the establishment of a roster of company reliefs; and would free the home battalion from the yearly dislocation it suffers under the present system of drafts. Thus, every trooping season, the two companies the longest at home and abroad respectively will exchange places, and each will go to the bottom of the relief roster of their new battalions. The one returning to England will consist of time-expired men, the majority of whom pass at once to the Reserve. Their places will be filled by posting to it all recruits enlisting in the territorial regiment within the ensuing twelve months. At the expiration of that period this company will be closed to recruiting in order to make room for the one arriving from abroad. In this manner a soldier, from enlistment to transfer to the Reserve, will remain in the same company; its commander will have opportunities (hitherto denied to him) of thoroughly training the man; and the latter's service with the colours will be equally divided between home and abroad. Objection may be taken to my suggested change in the organisation of battalions on the score that it would prove the death-blow of regimental *esprit de corps*. But the latter has survived many knocks in the past, and I do not believe the scheme I advocate would injure it greatly. Those, indeed, conversant with the inner life to-day of a battalion of British infantry must be convinced, reluctantly enough perhaps, that the ancient regimental feeling, the *esprit de corps*, is slowly dying among the rank and file. In its stead, however, a sentiment unknown to the older generation of officers has sprung up—a rivalry among companies. If, then, we believe that the company has replaced the battalion as the tactical unit in the field, it is surely our duty to foster this new spirit of emulation by all possible means. And I can conceive none more likely to produce the desired effect than to make the company the family to whose idiosyncrasies the soldier in future must adapt himself.

I submit, therefore, three arguments in favour of carrying out our foreign reliefs by companies in place of battalion drafts. Firstly, such a system would increase the efficiency of the company and strengthen its *esprit de corps*. Secondly, the happiness and comfort of the individual soldier would be enhanced by it; and finally its tendency to shorten the years spent abroad will be the cheapest and most effective means of filling the ranks of the British Army.

P. G. ELGOOD.

THE RETURN OF THE EXILE

A RETROSPECT

ON my return to English life after a service of thirty-five years in India, from 1863 to 1898, I have been repeatedly asked what are the changes that strike me most. My friends do not regard me as a Rip Van Winkle who has just awakened from a thirty-five years' sleep. They are fully aware that Anglo-Indians take trips home during their period of service, and that even when in India they keep up their connection with home as far as this can be done by reading. But they know well that reading about things is very different from living in the midst of them, and that holiday trips—though they may enable members of Parliament and others to master all the varied details of Indian life, social and political, and to supply the world with solutions of the most difficult problems of Indian Government—are not used by Anglo-Indians for the purpose of improving either their own minds or the minds of others. But they feel that when an exile returns after thirty-five years to spend the remainder of his days amidst scenes and people of his boyhood he is likely to both look around him and to think. The questions, 'What changes do you see? and how do they strike you?' appear to me to be put with real interest and desire for an answer; and as it is obviously impossible to give this answer in the ordinary course of conversation, I propose, as briefly as possible, to give it on paper.

To the changes in private life, amongst old friends and old scenes, I will only refer very briefly. They have no general interest, and they must be familiar even to those who have never left England. Many old haunts are exactly as they used to be, others are altered past all recognition. So, too, with friends: some families have risen in the world, some have fallen, some have disappeared altogether; in others the companions of our youth have, of course, become elderly—if not old—men and women, but the generation which has succeeded them is in all essentials a reproduction of its predecessor. I may cite Oxford as an illustration of both these phases. The 'Schools' have been turned upside down, married 'dons' have almost destroyed the old college life, and

covered the suburbs of Oxford with red brick villas. But the grand old buildings stand as they have stood for ages, and around them is the same stream of fresh young life, full of confidence and strength, expending its energy on the river and in the cricket-field in the same way as in the days of old. Amongst the 'dons,' the College servants, and the watermen on the river there are still survivors of the 'old guard,' who seem to have changed but little, and on going on to the University Barge shortly after my return it was very pleasant to be greeted by the man in charge—changed only from a young to an elderly man—with a hearty 'How do you do, Sir? Glad to see you back, Sir; you're almost a stranger, Sir.' He had not seen me for thirty-five years, and I might well be 'almost a stranger,' but the phrase was in thorough keeping with the whole tone of Oxford life—the life inside the College walls, which has flowed on calmly and continuously for centuries, a life in which Civil Wars and Reformations which have convulsed the outside world have been mere ripples, disturbing the surface of the stream for a time, but not altering its course.

To come to public—or general—life, I will first note the changes I see in its social aspect. What strikes me most is the enormous and general increase of wealth. The country gentlemen and the country clergy have, no doubt, suffered severely, and are much worse off than when I left England, but all the other classes have prospered greatly. I do not refer to statistics to show what has been the general rise in wages, or fall in prices, or the decrease in pauperism. I merely give my own general impressions; and these are that, although there is, no doubt, a large amount of destitution and misery in our great cities, the labouring classes generally are far better housed, clothed, and fed than they used to be. But I regret to say I do not see any great increase in habits of thrift and self-restraint. Imprudent and even ridiculous marriages are rushed into as carelessly as ever, and the money wasted on excursions, sight-seeing, and general 'gadding about' would, if properly invested, go far to solve the Old Age Pension problem. But the increase of wealth in what may be called the upper middle classes strikes me as still greater than that in the working classes. In my youth a man with 1,000*l.* a year was considered well off; now he is considered a poor fellow, who can barely provide himself with the necessaries of life. This is not because the price of real necessaries has risen, but because the list of supposed necessaries has been so greatly enlarged. Wealth is, after all, only a matter of comparison: an income of 1,000*l.* a year is wealth if your neighbours have only 500*l.* or 600*l.*, it is poverty if they have from 3,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* It seems to me that the number of people whose income is apparently 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* a year has increased enormously, and the general standard of living has been raised in consequence.

To take the case of education, the 'public schools' were very few. Eton, Harrow, and Winchester regarded themselves—and were very generally regarded by others—as the three, and only three, public schools of England. Westminster had a great historical name, Rugby had been brought to the front by Arnold, Marlborough and Cheltenham were doing good work, and Uppingham was beginning to attract notice. But a public-school education was regarded generally as a luxury for the comparatively rich, and the majority of the smaller country gentry, country clergy, and professional men contented themselves with sending their sons to the local endowed grammar school, where very often an excellent education was obtained at very moderate cost. Now there are public schools, or schools run on public-school lines, all over the country, at which the cost of education, including personal expenses, may be estimated at from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year, and in addition to these there is a whole army of preparatory schools where the cost of educating even a small boy will be fully 100*l.* a year. That all these institutions should be supported, and that many of them should be flourishing, shows that the wealth of the class for whom they are intended must have increased enormously. Whether the increased expenditure on education has produced adequate results is more doubtful. No one can appreciate more fully than I do the advantages of a public-school life for a boy, but it has some drawbacks. A common charge against it is that the average boy learns nothing. This may be true, but it is hardly the fault of the school. I fear it is rather the fault of the average boy himself, whose nature it is to learn as little as possible. The boy who loves learning for its own sake is as great a rarity as the man who loves virtue for its own sake. What I regard as its main drawback is its tendency to make life too easy. One school vies with another in the completeness of its appointments, until both parents and boys expect to find not merely a place of education, but also a comfortable club. Diet which was sufficient for their fathers and grandfathers is now rejected as starvation. The climax was reached some little time ago when a book or pamphlet appeared, professedly under medical authority, which, in giving for an everyday breakfast a menu which would almost make an epicure's mouth water, added that 'delicate boys would require to have their appetites and tastes more carefully considered.' So too as regards games: in lieu of the rough appliances of old, many of them with several joint owners, each boy must have a complete outfit of his own, with his flannels and colours, and each school must have its professional teacher.

This high standard of comfort in school life naturally does not diminish in later life. In my days young men whose fathers were very comfortably off were content to wait outside the pit door (there was really a Pit in those days) for some time before it was opened in

order that they might secure a front seat; if they spent 1s. 6d. at Evans's on a supper after the theatre they thought they had done themselves well. Now, going with a friend to the theatre means stalls booked in advance, an expensive dinner with champagne to precede it, and an equally expensive supper to follow it. It may safely be said that the increased expenditure does not give increased enjoyment, even when it can be afforded; when the entertainer cannot afford it, but feels bound to pretend that he can, he may well be said to 'take his pleasure sadly.'

This great increase of wealth in the higher professional and industrial classes has naturally revolutionised what is called 'society' by substituting a money basis for the old basis of birth, territorial influence, or high intellectual cultivation. The old social divisions of the nobility, gentry, the learned professions, tradesmen and artisans are still set forth in 'peerages' as forming the 'order of precedence amongst men,' and they still exist in a modified form in the rural parts of the country. But in society generally Mammon is king. Men with money, however acquired, but with neither breeding nor manners, are not only tolerated but are courted in circles into which in former days they would never have been admitted for a moment, whilst the poor gentleman is put aside with the remark 'Poor devil, what is the good of him? He has no money.' No doubt the old social system was fast becoming an anachronism, and could not have stood long against the advancing tide of democracy; there was in it much that was absurd and even offensive, but with all its faults I am inclined to prefer its rule to that of the Golden Calf.

In political life the external forms have undergone but little change. The Crown not only still exists; it has even gained strength, for whilst those who would uphold it on mere utilitarian grounds are as numerous and as strong as ever, the sentimental tie between the Queen and her people has grown until it has become one of almost passionate devotion, just as in private life the affections of the whole family seem to centre on the father or mother of them all. The House of Lords still exists also, and can hardly be said to have lost ground. The same old weapons are still employed in attacking it, the conferring of special privileges on any section of the community is denounced as a violation of the rights of man, the principle of an hereditary legislature is condemned as absurd, and the private lives of the worst of the Peers are held up to scorn as if they were fair specimens of the whole body. But those who cry 'Down with the House of Lords' seem to be as far as ever from an agreement as to what they would put in its place. Some would put nothing at all, and leave the country at the mercy of a single assembly whose principles seem to change at every general election. Others would retain a second Chamber, and exercise much ingenuity in devising schemes for working it. None

of these have found much favour, and the country would seem very generally content with the one adopted by the House of Lords itself, which, without formally parting with any of its powers or privileges, has tacitly come to acknowledge that whilst it is its duty to reject hasty or ill-conceived measures passed by the Commons, or measures on which the Nation has not fully made up its mind, it has no right or power to resist a deliberate and definite expression of the national will.

As regards the House of Commons, the first hasty impression is that attributed by *Punch* to the returned Anglo-Indian, one of wonder that 'that old nonsense is going on still.' By 'that old nonsense' is meant the wasting of time and hindrance to real business caused by the asking of foolish or mischievous questions and the making of foolish or mischievous speeches by members whose motive is personal vanity or personal self-seeking. But there is nothing new in this—the fault is one common to all Popular Assemblies in all ages and in all countries. It is one which naturally increases with the increased publicity given to these performances, and it certainly seems to me to have increased in England. Looking at the House from other points of view, the changes in its constitution caused by the passing of various Reform Bills are matters of general history; the broad result has been to diminish local and personal influence—especially territorial influence—and to increase the power of Central Political Committees. As an instance, a rich man desiring a seat in the House of Commons no longer seeks to gain the support of a few local magnates; he pays a large sum to the political committee of his party Club and the matter is arranged for him, apparently without much difficulty, if he will pay enough. It has been said that the House tends more and more to become a 'Gerontocracy and a Plutocracy,' though seats can still be found for the sons of great men. How far the personal character of the members has changed is a question that can only be answered by old members of the House itself, but I have heard that it still keeps up its reputation of being 'the most comfortable Club in London.' As a component part of the English Constitution the House of Commons has long been the dominant power in the State. Not only does this domination show no sign of decrease, it seems to be rapidly increasing until this one part threatens to usurp the functions of all the other parts of the Body Politic. It is no longer of the Crown, but of the House of Commons, that it can be said that its power 'has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.'

Looking at the way in which political life is actually carried on, I find that it goes on, in its general form, just in the same old way. The god to whom all must bow the head is Public Opinion. What

this is, and who makes it, no one can define ; apparently it is formed in two schools, where, to use the words of Tennyson,

Ignorance delivers brawling judgments on all things all day long.

As a member of the public, I find that I am expected to form and be ready to express a decided opinion on every possible subject touched on in the day's papers. I must be able to state offhand what I think about the crisis in the Church, the Chinese problem, the strategy of our generals in South Africa, the Indian famine and administration generally, to say nothing of a host of minor incidents which are expected to strike one in some particular way. It is useless to reply that to form any opinion on most of these subjects would require a much deeper study than I have been able to give to them, and that even when formed the opinion would be absolutely worthless. Such a reply would be regarded as proof that I took no interest in public affairs, or as an intentional snub to my questioner. So I have to content myself with commencing some feeble reply, in the full assurance that my questioner will very quickly cut in with a very decided expression of his own views—and that to relieve himself in this way, and not to impose a difficult task on me, was the real object of his questions. If I desire to take a further part in political life—to sit in Parliament to make speeches, or even to vote—my difficulties increase. For thirty-five years I have been '*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*,' for in India 'party' politics are unknown. Those engaged in the administration do their best to study the real wants and grievances of the people, and they endeavour, either by personal action or by pressing the matter on Government, to supply the one or to remove the other. When asked for an opinion on any measures taken or proposed by Government, they give it freely and honestly, without any regard to the opinions of others, and with very little regard to 'abstract principles.' But in England a man who did this would be regarded as impracticable, unsound, and untrustworthy, and I am told that if I am to be of any real use I must enlist in one of the recognised regiments. When I look for a regiment which would suit me, I find that the two old corps, bearing on their colours the devices 'Liberal' and 'Conservative' still exist, and that two new ones have been raised under the names of 'Liberal Unionist' and 'Irish Nationalist.' Whichever I join, the discipline and daily life will be much the same—I shall have to obey the word of command, to 'vote straight'—to cheer when my own side speak, to groan when my opponents do so, and if I make speeches myself I must take care to say not what is true and just, but what will best 'tell' with my audience. There is nothing new in this; I am merely invited to return to the practices of my youth. But when it comes to choosing my regiment I find that not only have the officers changed, but all the principles and

traditions of the regiment have changed also. If I join the Conservatives I shall still be able to defend the Crown and the House of Lords, but the other pests which the party used to be called on to defend, the then existing Parliamentary Franchise and the system of Local Government, have been surrendered. No doubt this may have been wise and timely, and from a party point of view it has been highly beneficial. In my youth, for a Conservative to stand for a metropolitan constituency, or even for any large town, would have been a mere waste of money, and the idea that there was such a thing as a 'Conservative working-man' was scouted as ridiculous. The Liberal majority in the large towns was certain to be considerable—it might be reduced by the returns for the smaller boroughs—but we had 'to wait till the counties, and even Ireland, came in' to put the rival parties on an equality. Now exactly the reverse is the case.

But to return to principles. If amongst the Conservatives I find but few of the old regimental facings left, amongst the Liberals I can find hardly a trace of the old uniform; or in fact of any uniform at all. The men hardly seem to know who their officers are; and even of those whom they know by name, they cannot say who are on the Retired, who are on the Reserve, and who are on the Active List. If by chance any officer ventures to give a word of command, obedience to it is regarded as quite optional. As for principles by which the party should be guided, I can find only hopeless division and chaos. I hear plenty of general talk about 'the great Liberal principles which unite us all,' but I confess I cannot see any of them. In my youth political economy was regarded as a most important factor in Liberalism, and it was a cardinal doctrine that the State should interfere as little as possible with private enterprise. Its duty was to collect the taxes and keep the peace; the idea that it should attempt to regulate by legislation how long a man should work, what he should eat and drink, and how he should educate his children, would have been scoffed at as 'grandmotherly legislation' worthy only of the most effete Toryism. Now we have been told on the highest authority political economy has been relegated to Saturn, and the more 'advanced' a Liberal is, the more ardently does he advocate the interference of the State to enforce some pet 'fad.'

I do not think I can enlist in the Liberal regiment, and I certainly cannot pose as a Nationalist. Perhaps I shall find life easier amongst the Liberal Unionists; there, I understand, as long as I am 'sound' on Home Rule, I may profess and support with my vote any principles under the sun.

In the Church, too, there have been changes of position, though not, perhaps, as great as in the State. When I left England the religious world was stirred by 'Essays and Reviews' and similar publications, and the proceedings arising out of them, and the two great Church Parties were, to their mutual delight, marching

'shoulder to shoulder in defence of their common Christianity.' The foe to be slain was 'unbelief' in its various forms. There was of course in certain quarters a movement in favour of Disestablishment, but the real question seemed to be not whether the Church of England should remain a State Church, but whether Christianity itself, as a system of theology, would any longer be accepted by the nation. On my return I find the Church not only still standing but even apparently in a better position than before. The cry for Disestablishment has lessened rather than increased in vigour, not because those who raised it have changed their views, but because when they pass from raising cries to framing practical schemes for Disestablishment the task seems so stupendous that they prefer to let it alone. 'Unbelief' also has become less aggressive and intolerant, though I should certainly not say that it had become less in extent. The cause seems to me to be this. The new creed—or rejection of other creeds—started, like most of its predecessors, with all the fervour and intolerance of youth. Men who had only just ceased to believe themselves suddenly felt that it was absolutely impossible that any educated man could continue to believe, and they were convinced that the whole world was eager to embrace the truth as soon as it was proclaimed, and to shake off its chains. Experience has, however, shown them, as it has shown others before them, that, however certain we may be of the absolute truth or correctness of our own views, other men morally and intellectually our equals, if not our superiors, hold exactly the opposite views and are equally certain of their truth, and that a man is not necessarily a knave or a fool because he holds, on matters of religion, opinions which may appear to us absurd. Experience also shows that the great mass of mankind takes very little interest in religious controversy. Countries and races follow a particular religion, not because they have reasoned the matter out, but because the religion has come down to them as a part of their national life, and is endeared to them by custom and tradition. Far from being eager to welcome new truths, they strongly resent their introduction, and missionaries of all kinds must be prepared for a martyr's crown in forms varying from a cruel death in barbarous countries to polite ostracism in highly civilised communities. Thus it is that the ardour of the young agnostic, eager to regenerate the world, has subsided into a mere desire to be let alone, or even into a willingness to occasionally outwardly conform to some creed for the sake of peace. On the other hand, the necessity of repelling these attacks from without appears to have awakened the energies of the Church. Its 'work' of all kinds has extended in all directions, and more people take, or profess to take, an interest in it.

But whilst the Church thus appears to me to have strengthened itself against external attack, the old Civil War within its borders, the dispute between the High and Low Church parties as to whether

the Catholic or the Protestant side of the shield is the right one, has broken out with greater fury than ever. In this retrospect it is sufficient to say that the dispute carries me back, not to the time when I left England, but to the days of my earliest youth, when 'the writing on the wall' was mainly a mixture of 'No Popery' and 'No Puseyism.' It is needless to say that, although the resources of modern science may have furnished the combatants with fresh means of annoying one another, as a controversy the matter stands exactly where it stood then, and where it has stood for the last three hundred years. Not a single new fact has been discovered, not a single argument has been used which has not been known from the beginning and used over and over again. As in all theological controversies, the combatants find themselves at the close of the battle in exactly the same positions that they occupied at its commencement, only more convinced than ever of the correctness of their own views, and exasperated at the ignorance or the obstinacy of opponents who will not, or cannot, accept truths which have been so plainly demonstrated. I do not suppose that either in the former or the present contest the Protestant party really thought that 'the yoke of Rome' was again going to be imposed on the nation, and that the fires of Smithfield would be rekindled. No one who has not 'Jesuits on the brain' can think that there is any more real danger of our being forced to hear mass and attend confession than there is of our being forced to relate our 'experiences' at a revival meeting, or take part in the proceedings of the Salvation Army. It is sufficient to exasperate the Protestant that anyone should venture to deny that the Church of England is Protestant, and should attempt a 'Catholic Revival.' It also seems to me that the composition of the contending Armies has undergone some change. In the old war the proportion of clergy and laity in each army was much the same. Since then there seems to have been a great increase of 'sacerdotalism' amongst the clergy generally, and this is resented by many who reject Protestant as strongly as they reject Catholic theology. Thus, although the Catholic party has no doubt a strong lay following, the contest tends to become one of the clergy on the one side and the laity on the other. Nor is this increase of 'sacerdotalism'—that is, the setting up of the clergy as a body wholly distinct from the laity—confined to the Church of England. I have been much struck at finding that Nonconformist places of worship are hardly distinguishable from churches—that their 'ministers' dress like clergymen, and that they enter the ministry not in obedience to 'a call,' but through the medium of a course of special training in a theological college. No doubt there is a general tendency in the present day to 'specialise' everything, but I think that other reasons have tended to specialise or 'sacerdotalise' the clergy of the Church of England, foremost

amongst which is the decrease in the value of livings owing to agricultural depression. It was the characteristic of the English clergy that they might fairly be said to be English gentlemen first and priests afterwards. They were educated side by side with the laity, at the same schools and the same Universities, and they had the same tastes and amusements. When their ordinary education was finished they 'went into the Church' just in the same way as their contemporaries went into the Army, or were called to the Bar—only by a somewhat easier route and when they 'put on their white tie' they left off such of their former habits as were too distinctly 'unclerical.' Thus the English clergy consisted largely of younger sons who took the family living as naturally as the eldest son took the estate; of college 'dons' who had been compelled to take orders as a qualification for their fellowship; and who, when between forty and fifty, took a college living in order to marry or retire in comfort; and men who, though neither younger sons nor dons, felt that by their own ability they might hope to secure, if not fortune, at least decent comfort. It is obvious that when the best country livings fall from incomes ranging from 400*l.* to 800*l.* a year to incomes ranging from 200*l.* to 400*l.* a year, the Church as a profession must cease to attract the classes I have just mentioned. All that the ordinary man who enters the Church can look forward to is a 'living,' and the country living is in most cases no longer a living for a gentleman: that is, it no longer brings in an income sufficient to enable a man to support himself and his family in the social position to which they naturally belong. It necessarily follows that the Church must now be recruited largely from men,

(1) Who are burning with a zeal that no difficulties can daunt; or

(2) Who have a taste for a clerical life and sufficient private means to enable them to gratify this taste; or

(3) Who are naturally of an inferior social position, and gain in status by taking orders.

All these men would have a strong natural tendency to magnify their office, to develop eccentricities, and to scorn control or advice, and this tendency would be greatly increased by the modern practice of insisting on, or strongly urging, a long course of special training in a theological college previous to ordination. That old English institution, 'The Squarson,' no doubt had his failings, but he also had his virtues; and, taking them all in all, I cannot say that I think the clergy of the present day are an improvement on those of my youth. They may have more zeal, but they have less discretion; they may be more 'earnest' priests or ministers, but they have lost something, I may even say much, of their characteristics as quiet ordinary English gentlemen.

Taking English life as a whole, I find on my return to it that

